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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
July, 1927
More Than 2,200,000 Circulation

Six Ways To Make A Billion Dollars

By Henry Smith Williams

LET me suggest that before you start to read this article you get a glass of water, and put it in front of you.

My object is not to quench your thirst, but to stimulate your imagination. I shall ask you to see in that glass of water only things that are known to be there—things no less actual because they are invisible to the naked eye. And I shall attempt to show you how these infinitesimal habitants of the water give clues to billion-dollar opportunities.

Yes; it was *billion*-dollar I said, not mere million-dollar opportunities. If you can learn to juggle the contents of that glass of water in just the right way, you may count with full confidence on getting a billion dollars for your secret. Indeed, this understates the case, for there are more billion-dollar ideas than one in the glass, as I shall show you later on.

One world at a time, however. Our first concern is not so much with the water itself as with the energy that is stored in it. Yet this is perhaps a distinction without a difference, since energy and matter, in the last analysis, appear to be but two sides of one shield. At any rate, it will soon be clear that, while we *seek* working energy, we must *talk* constantly about atoms of matter, especially about hydrogen, which, as you know, is one of the two constituents of the molecule of water. The hydrogen atom is, indeed, the djinn that is to show you where the billion-dollar purse is hidden.

Tapping the Supply of Atomic Energy: After this preamble, let us get right down to brass tacks. The secret is that the hydrogen atom carries an amazing store of energy, part of which it is willing to dispose of under certain conditions. I will give you a formula which, by implication, tells what those conditions are.

It may be stated thus: "In each molecule of water in this tumbler, two hydrogen atoms are held captive by a big oxygen atom. If you will liberate these captives, and permit them to join, four by four, to form helium atoms, you will learn something to your advantage."

That's all there is to it. And I assure you there will be no trouble at all about forming a syndicate to give you a billion for your process for making helium out of hydrogen.

Helium, as you doubtless know, is an extremely valuable gas, exceedingly useful for filling balloons, because it is not inflammable. You are therefore to make helium, and nothing else; yet the helium, after it is made, will be only a by-product—the smoke that goes up the chimney, as it were. The really valuable product that your invention offers is working energy. When any atom, or any molecule, combines with one or more other atoms or molecules, a relatively enormous amount of energy is released. But in this regard there is no other atom at all in the class of hydrogen. The energy released when any four hydrogen atoms are permitted to join together to form an atom of helium is simply prodigious.

I'm not talking through my hat; I'm speaking from scientific facts. The tumbler of water before you contains roughly 20,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 hydrogen atoms.

If these hydrogen atoms were made into helium, the energy resulting would have the effective heating power of 4,800 *tons* of coal; or, to put it another way, this energy gradually released would be sufficient to propel the "Leviathan" across the ocean at full speed, no other fuel whatsoever being required.

Why, the hydrogen in any teaspoonful of water will generate 100,000 kilowatt hours of electrical energy, or 133,000 horse-power!

And any single drop of the water, if its hydrogen were recklessly made into helium all at once, would explode with the force of a two-pound stick of dynamite.

Incredible? Yet perfectly true. And there isn't any "catch" in it, either. The hydrogen-helium trick is simply waiting for someone to turn it.

The only difficulty is this: When you liberate the hydrogen atoms from their oxygen bondage, as may readily be done with an electric current, they will be able,

The Miracles of To-morrow

COAL and oil in the discard! Food from wood, water, and coal tar, and a whole dinner in capsules! Gold made in factories! Heat that travels in only one direction—from the outside in or the inside out! . . . Are these the imaginative vagaries of a new Jules Verne?

Not at all! Dr. Henry Smith Williams, the author of the article beginning on this page, has an extraordinary scientific training and background. Perhaps more extensively than any other man in America he has written and lectured on the wonders and miracles of science. And in this message he shows that such wonders as these may be accomplished.

What a blessed relief if there were no more furnaces to stoke, no more cooking to be done, and only three or four hours of work a day necessary to keep the wheels of civilization in motion. The Millennium! Why not? We keep reaching millenniums in science, and then calmly accepting them as commonplaces. Who knows what new millenniums are on their way? THE EDITOR.

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under ordinary conditions, to unite only two by two. But this won't do. You must make the conditions such that they can unite four by four.

The difference may not seem to you very material. But, from the atomic standpoint, it is so material that your reward (in units of energy) will be a *trillion* times greater for permitting the four-by-four combination than it will be if you permit only the two-by-two combination.

IN PRACTICAL terms, the hydrogen atoms in a teaspoonful of water, released and permitted to join two by two, will give you the heat-equivalent of a pea-sized pellet of coal. The same hydrogen atoms, permitted to join four by four will give the heat of one hundred *tons* of coal.

Can this bewildering discrepancy be explained? Ah! thereby hangs the billion-dollar tale. Its essence is this:

When two hydrogen atoms unite, it is a tame affair; when four are permitted to get together, the reunion is so riotous that a portion of the very world-stuff of which they were created is annihilated!

Can this be proved? Very simply. Every hydrogen atom by itself weighs exactly 1.008 atomic units. Two hydrogen atoms, united, weigh just twice that. But do four hydrogen atoms, joined to make an atom of helium, weigh four times 1.008? They do *not:* they are short weight, by .032 atomic units. Quite the strangest disappearance ever recorded in cosmic or other history has taken place. About three fourths of one per cent of the very substance of the four hydrogen units has been dissipated, apparently into nothingness. A miracle has happened!

Let us delve into the heart of this mystery. The hydrogen atom consists of two unit particles: the *proton* and the *electron*, the two being held in the grip of electrical and magnetic forces. The proton, however, has the weighable substance of 1,845 electrons. Practically, the total mass of the hydrogen atom is, therefore, proton-substance.

When four hydrogen atoms (four pairs of protons and electrons) unite to form a helium atom, it is mostly protonic substance that is missing.

Where did the missing proton matter, the essence of world-stuff, go? That's the mystery. And fortunately it is solvable. The missing proton matter has been changed into *energy*—basic, primordial, fundamental energy; call it *protonic*, or sub-atomic, energy, if you will, to indicate that it comes from the very heart of the atom.

So, when you induce four hydrogen atoms to unite to form an atom of helium, you are tapping the abysmal depths of the infinite storehouse of cosmic energy.

It is an experience in itself awesome; in its consequences, stupendous. For from each group of hydrogen atoms harnessed four by four, you will get a *trillion* times the energy that was ever obtained from a like mass of matter under human control in any furnace or engine or dynamo or device whatsoever, since the world began.

Your helium machine (when it's invented) portends a new era in civilization! No longer will you be dealing with mere molecules, as in a steam engine, or with interchange of atoms, as in a gas engine, or with the fairy flight of electrons from the power-house generator; but with the colossal power of the basic, primordial particles that are the unit structures of all the matter and all the cosmic energy in the universe.

Dare one tamper with such unthinkable power? Pounds of dynamite in a drop of water! The strength of a hundred thousand horses in a teaspoon! A power-house generator in a tumbler! How release such energies, and escape destruction?

That's easy. Release them gradually, of course. Nature gives the cue, when she makes water rise as vapor. The atoms in your tumbler *individually* are nothing to brag about. It's union, and the correct union at that, that gives them strength.

Even as you sit there looking into the tumbler, billions on billions of water molecules, each freighted with two atoms of hydrogen, are jumping up from the surface of the water, and go hurtling off into air. And when a single drop of water has thus evaporated, and mingled with the air, every cubic millimeter (pin-head size) of space in the atmosphere of the entire fifteen-foot room in which you sit, will contain upward of a hundred billion of the molecules that a few minutes ago were water in the tumbler, and now are no less water because they have assumed the guise of vapor.

There you have the clue.

A drop of water, even a fine spray of water, you dare not attempt to handle for your experiment. But a few cubic millimeters of vapor-laden air might with safety be introduced into a strong compression chamber—perhaps the cylinder of an automobile engine—in which you are to conduct your hydrogen-helium experiments.

Suppose you put about ten drops of water into the empty gasolene tank to evaporate. Small whiffs of this vapor-laden air, introduced through the carburetor, may be further diluted with absolutely dry air, or with an inert gas (which here implies a gas that contains no hydrogen).

Now, all that you have to do is to discover an agent that will strip the proton of the hydrogen atom of its electron mate, thus disturbing the electric balance and modifying the tense magnetic field that constitutes the atom's protective shield. Robbed of their mates, the most natural thing in the world—nay, the inevitable thing—is for four hydrogen atoms to rush into mutual compact, thereby constituting themselves a helium atom, and giving out a glorious offering of cosmic energy in the form of usable, and salable, heat.

MILLIONS of tons of helium are probably thus being made in the atmosphere above your head. Why not a few atoms in your machine?

The *molecular* outburst in a big steam engine gives a thrust of many hundred pounds to the square inch. The *inter-atomic* explosion in a gasolene engine produces heat enough to drive your car with the power of ten, fifty, a hundred horses. The *sub-atomic*, or protonic detonation in your helium-spark engine will liberate the power of a thousand horses—or a hundred thousand. There is no limit, except as imposed by the strength of your spark-chamber.

Harness your hydrogen atoms four by four, and you make coal and fuel-oil potentially obsolete. You make the vapor of water the universal fuel—with atmospheric air as the practical source of supply.

Just think of it! No fuel required but water-vapor for furnaces of every type; for power-house generators; for the engines of steamships, locomotives, automobiles, airplanes, and dirigibles; to heat dwellings; operate local electric plants, and drive farm machinery.

Coal and oil in the discard! Mines that produced a billion tons of coal last year, and oil wells that spouted a billion barrels, put out of business by that yet more abundant gift of nature—water! It is a vision to dazzle the eyes of prophetic imagination.

WILL it ever be more than a vision? Why not? Hydrogen-helium power is no more visionary to-day than the idea of making steam do the world's work seemed in the year 1800; no more visionary than the idea of making an electric current do the work of horses seemed in 1850; no more visionary than the idea of talking hundreds of miles over a wire seemed in 1870; or the idea of wireless control of a ship or car, in 1890.

It is not a thousandth part so fantastic as the crazy dream that whiffs of gasolene, whirling canoe blades, might lift great vehicles into the air and make them fly like birds above the clouds, seemed in the year 1900.

It is no such fantasy as the familiar facts of the X-ray, or radio broadcasting.

The idea of the helium engine seems fantastic only because it is new. Not till yesterday did we learn anything about the interior of the atom. One of these days it will seem as natural to lure power from vapor, by the hydrogen-helium route, as to get power out of steam or exploding gasolene.

The terms of the problem are clear enough. The conditions are well understood. It is now a mechanical rather than a mathematical problem. Why is not *your* chance to solve it as good as the next man's? And, beyond peradventure, there are billions in it!

Food From the Factory: Keep that tumbler of water in front of you. I am about to suggest a quite different type of juggling that you might do with it.

Instead of transforming the water into the equivalent of a coal mine, an oil well, or a cargo of dynamite, you might change it—if you knew how—into lumps of sugar, a quantity of starch, slices of bread and butter, or a helping of beefsteak. And, in the last analysis, it is not to be denied that food is more important to human life than any supply of super-power. Of what avail would be worldwide industrial prosperity, if there was not food enough in the world to feed its inhabitants?

The food problem, indeed, is the one crucial consideration that civilization cannot evade. The limits of population depend on it absolutely. Food comes from the soil, and the acreage of arable land is limited. The human population cannot much longer increase, even at a normal rate, without bringing us to the verge of world-famine; that is to say, unless a way can be found to produce food faster than it can be coaxed from the soil. If food could be synthetized in the factory, the problem of population control would take on a quite different aspect.

But is the synthesis of food possible?

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Your tumbler of water may help us find an answer.

The water in the tumbler, in spite of its varied contents, is clear and transparent. It would still remain so, if, by waving a magic wand, you were to cause each carbon atom in a portion of the water to forsake its oxygen mates and link itself with a molecule of water. (A molecule of water being, as I have already explained, two hydrogen atoms held captive by one oxygen atom.) Yet every family group of six carbon atoms combined with six molecules of water would constitute one molecule of the kind of sugar called glucose.

AND if you were to take out a spoonful of the sirup that the tumbler now holds, and —again by waving your wand—remove a single molecule of water from each molecule of the sugar, what remained would be starch, and the water would become turbid.

Another spoonful of the sirup might be treated in a different way. By splitting each sugar molecule in half, and adding to each moiety two atoms of hydrogen, you have a molecule of glycerin. The sirup of a third spoonful may have its molecules of sugar modified by removal of two carbon atoms and two atoms each of hydrogen and oxygen, to form butyric acid.

By mixing glycerin with the butyric acid—in just the right way, of course—you produce a fat which is the equivalent of butter.

Thus, by a little juggling with the molecules of water and carbon-dioxid originally in the tumbler, you have sugar and starch, and butter. And there is no limit to the other kinds of sugars and fats and oils that would result from further manipulation of the same materials. You could even make such substances as cellulose, wood pulp, and paper, if you chose, for carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen comprise all of these.

If the supply of carbon atoms were to give out, you have but to take a straw, put it into the water, and bubble your breath through it. For the carbon-dioxid you exhale will be absorbed by the water, and give additional experimental material.

Absolutely pure, distilled water, plus your breath, would supply all the material needed for making a cracker, and butter to spread on it; or a portion of tapioca, and the sugar and cream to serve with it; namely, carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen.

Nor need you stop at that: Another pass or two of the magic wand, and you may have a whole-wheat bread sandwich, with cheese or egg or beef for filling. You will first combine two molecules of water with two atoms of carbon and then add a single atom of nitrogen, a constituent of the water that you have hitherto neglected—not needing it for any carbohydrate or fat.

PHOTOGRAPH BY D. JAY CULVER, N. Y.

Dr. Henry Smith Williams, famous in the field of medicine and of other sciences, is the author of a hundred volumes covering an incredible range of study. Among his works are "The Conquest of Nature," "Science and Civilization," "Adding Years to Your Life," "The Witness of the Sun," "Miracles of Science," "Practical Radio," "The Proteomorphic Theory and the New Medicine," "Mental Obliquities," and so on through the amazing list. In addition, he is editor of the "Historians' History of the World" and "Works of Luther Burbank." Doctor Williams was born in Durand, Illinois, in 1863. He has studied extensively in America and abroad, and has been associated with numerous hospitals and scientific organizations. His present home is in New York City

THIS new combination of two atoms of carbon, four of hydrogen, two of oxygen, and one of nitrogen will give you the simplest form of "amino-acid," named glycine. You have only to add increasing numbers of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen atoms (and, toward the last, one more nitrogen atom), to make in sequence all the other amino-acids, about seventeen in number. And these are the building stones of which every molecule of albumen, or protein is compounded.

And protein, as of course you know, is the veritable life-substance. No living cell or tissue, vegetable or animal, has any basis but protein. So, by mixing together variously the different amino-acids you have made, you may gain wheat protein, for your slice of bread; or milk protein, for the cheese sandwich; or egg protein, chicken-meat protein, beef protein—what you will.

To make the proteins quite complete, you must, to be sure, have added a few atoms of sulphur, and sometimes an atom or two of phosphorus, to the large groups of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen atoms making up the bulk of the structure. But these are supplied from the "traces" of sulphates and phosphates of magnesium and sodium in the water. So are various other minerals that enter into the structure of vegetable and animal tissues—though not entering into the composition of sugars, starches, fats, or proteins themselves.

Vegetable fiber contains silicon; traces of this element are always dissolved by water from the substance of any glass receptacle in which it is held. Even if your tumbler of water had been certified by a chemist as pure and unadulterated, it contains, as we have seen, all the constituents of a very palatable and nourishing lunch, garnished, if you wish, with salads or vegetables or fruits, and completed with a portion of apple pie, *à la mode*.

Of course the *quantity* of material in the tumbler might prove inadequate; but then you can always go to the tap or well for another helping of water.

All this sounds most inviting. But what about the magic wand with which to do these miracles? Ah, there's the rub. The constituents are there in the tumbler. It's up to you to do the rest.

Harnessing the Tides: Perhaps, however, your mind runs to the mechanical rather than to the chemical side of invention. Very well. Here is a mechanical problem that is good for ten-figure money —if you solve it. I mean the problem of tidal power.

All the oceans of the world rise and fall twice every day, (*Continued on page 78*)

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Edgar S. Bloom Has Specialized On Straightening Out Snarls

He spent twenty years in helping to keep the rapidly developing telephone industry free of tangles—From the vice presidency of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company he stepped into the presidency of the Western Electric Company, which manufactures most of the country's telephone equipment

By Helen Christine Bennett

"GIVE him a jumble to set to rights, and he's happy. Why, that man actually likes a mess!"

The speaker was an official in the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. He was talking of a former vice president, Edgar Selden Bloom, who is now president of the Western Electric Company, the biggest manufacturers of telephone equipment in the world. Every piece of your telephone is probably made by this company: the two hundred and one parts that make up the instrument itself; the box, and bell, the wires running out of your home, and the cables running under the street; the switchboard somewhere in the center of town, and the wires and cables connecting it with other switchboards all over the country.

One hundred and ten thousand parts of telephone equipment are made by the Western Electric Company, and several hundred parts of radio sending-station equipment, including the microphone. In the manufacture and distribution of these parts, and in the purchase of certain additional material used in telephone construction, there is combined this year a force of forty-six thousand workers, and a gross business of a quarter of a billion dollars.

Edgar Selden Bloom was called to head this huge company in August, 1926, thirty years after his advent into the telephone business. For over twenty years he had served in telephone companies in various cities throughout the country. Everywhere he faced the problems of a new industry trying to grow fast enough to meet the public demand for its services. Organization and administration had to be adapted to the particular needs of a particular locality, and in many emergencies there was no precedent to follow.

As I talked with Mr. Bloom in the quiet of his New York office, I decided that what he liked about a hard job was not the "mess" he was called upon to straighten out, but the *order* that succeeded it. The office itself was spare, uncrowded, restful. The man who shook hands with me in a firm grip was in tone with the surroundings. Bloom is short, rather slight, yet compactly built. His speech is incisive without being curt. He uses few words; but his response is immediate and understanding. Almost before you have finished a question, he has the answer ready. And behind the speed with which he thinks and speaks you *know* that this man will meet competently any situation which comes up.

There was another impression that Bloom managed to convey to me. I have interviewed many men of great achievement, and often in their presence I have felt inadequate—a human being keyed to a low rate of production in life's undertaking. But from the moment Bloom spoke, I was comfortable in the conviction that he *expected* something of me. As I talked afterward with men who had worked with Bloom I found that this was characteristic. They expressed themselves in different ways.

"Bloom is never high-hat," said one.

"He doesn't recognize any 'least' in his organization," said a second. "His own output is remarkable; but he does not expect the same rate in others. What he expects is *what you can do*. If he finds that you are not 'top hole,' you're not an outcast. Instead, you are made to feel that what you *can* do is important."

BLOOM had the start of many another American boy who is born of good parents with fair means. His father was a wholesale druggist in Philadelphia, where the family moved shortly after Bloom was born in Bloomsbury, New Jersey.

"There are two tales as to the naming of that town," he said, smiling. "One is that it was named for my ancestors, who had been farmers in that vicinity about 1760, when they came from Holland. The second story says that the town is named from a small blast furnace that produced from the iron ore a mass of metal known as the 'bloom.' You can take your choice of the two tales. In any event, both sides of my family were Dutch."

Young Bloom went through the public schools of Philadelphia and won a scholarship from the Manual Training High School to the University of Pennsylvania. He went through college as many a young man goes, including among his activities an engineering course, membership in a fraternity, the class football team, the dramatic society, and a place on the staff of one of the college papers.

"When I was graduated," he said, "I had several offers of positions: A former University of Penn man who was with the New York Telephone Company asked for three or four men. I was one of those recommended to him. He offered me twelve dollars a week. His nearest competitor bidding for my valued services had offered me ten. I accepted the twelve. That extra two dollars, plus the distinction of living in New York City, was the determining factor in my choice of a career.

"WHEN I left my home for a boarding-house in New York and started in on my new job in the traffic department of the telephone company, it was July, and hot. I was assigned to one of the central offices of the company, at Eighteenth Street and Broadway. I learned to operate a switchboard; I went out with the trouble men 'chasing troubles,' and I climbed roofs to locate difficulties.

"After two months, I was restless. I decided that I had learned everything there was to be learned in that office, and I said so to my chief.

"Whatever he thought about it he was willing to have me make a change, so I went to the Franklin Street office. Here I was put on the subscribers' complaints. And it was here, too, that I first accomplished something worth-while; the fact is, I accomplished two things. At first, I was sent out to investigate complaints. At that time, there was no comprehensive method of checking the operators' service to subscribers. In connection with the investigation of complaints, we always made a number of test calls in the presence of the subscriber, the results being reported back to the Central Office manager for the correction of any faulty service.

"Our rules were strict. We had to see the complainant and pacify him. Indeed, we were not allowed to close the complaint until he *said* he was entirely satisfied.

"I remember that one old fellow who ran a hotel had written in what we called a 'blue' letter; it was simply studded with profanity. When I arrived at the bar—there was a bar in every hotel in those days and this gentleman never roamed far from his—he asked me what I wanted. When he heard I was from the telephone company the air became as blue as his letter. I stood there, (*Continued on page 70*)

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Photograph by Walinger Studio, Chicago

Edgar Selden Bloom

EDGAR SELDEN BLOOM is president of the Western Electric Company—the largest manufacturing unit in the world outside of the Ford automobile plant. On leaving college he went to work for the New York Telephone Company. Beginning with the time when he was assigned to the "trouble chasers" division—a raw young telephone man—Bloom was destined for almost thirty years to aid largely in bringing cosmos out of chaos in an industry which was expanding with lightning rapidity. Difficult jobs of reorganization, construction and systemization were turned over to him. He reorganized the whole of the Pacific Coast telephone system after the great fire and earthquake in San Francisco, and assisted in the welding of many small telephone companies into the present vast American Telephone and Telegraph system. In 1926 Mr. Bloom was called to his present post.

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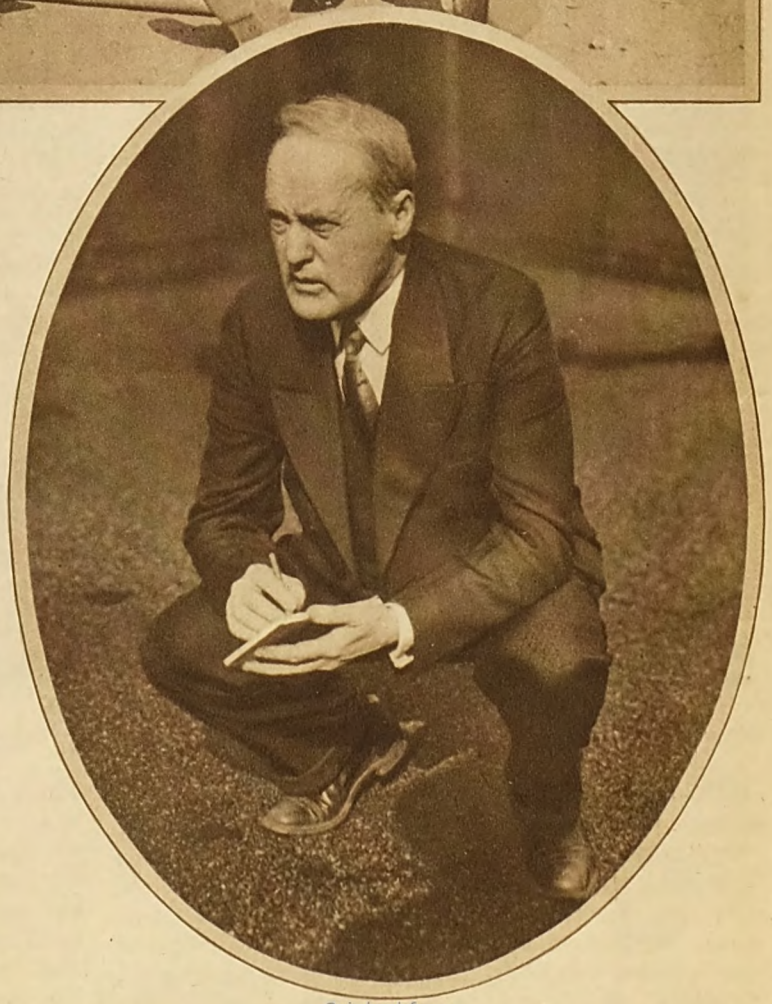
Photographs by Avery E. Lord



Timothy O'Neil

"TIM" O'NEIL, Rhode Island manufacturer of emblems and badges, was born in "Dog Town," now South Providence, where a "regular guy" was supposed to "hit the booze." As a lad he took the pledge of total abstinence, and he has never broken it. At nineteen he found himself teaching Sunday-school in a reform school. Here he learned that the quickest way to a boy's heart is by the baseball route. Tim decided to use his discovery to keep boys out of prison. He promptly organized a boys' baseball team that won the state championship. This team and the dozens that followed it were all modeled along the lines of big league baseball. To-day, twenty years later, there are six Tim O'Neil big leagues of boydom, with more than seven hundred and fifty contracted players. (Above) Tim and a bunch of his live wires. Among Tim's "boys" are an ex-governor of the state and the present mayor of Providence, as well as lawyers, judges, doctors, ministers, and big business men.

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King Of The Sand-Lots

By William S. Dutton

IF YOU go to No. 185 Eddy Street, in Providence, Rhode Island, and take the lumbering old factory elevator to the third floor, you will find, to the right in the dingy hallway, a door on which is lettered in faded black:

J. H. O'NEIL COMPANY
Badges and Emblems

Walk right in, and ask for "Tim" O'Neil.

"Hey-y, Tim!" will call a young woman who knows how to smile upon a stranger.

"Yeah-h?"

"Somebody to see you!"

And presently from out the rumbling, busy, old-fashioned New England shop beyond will emerge a man in shirt sleeves rolled to the elbows. The chances are his gray head will be boyishly tousled, and in his eyes there will be the quizzical, preoccupied look of the interrupted worker.

No, there is nothing formal about this shop, nor about the O'Neils. "Jim" is president of the little company, which he started twenty-odd years ago on a capital of ten dollars. "Tim" is treasurer. In all, including the two brothers, you will find six members of the O'Neil family on the pay roll, which, in busy seasons, numbers twenty-five.

Drop in about noon time, and a full dozen of the clan will be there—brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, and maybe some of their youngsters—come in from nearby jobs or school. A cook stove presided over by one of the women folks will be in service. A big table will be cleared of work things, bread, butter, and cream taken from the improvised "ice box" outside a window, if it's winter; chairs drawn up, dishes placed, and you will be invited to sit down with the rest of the folks.

So, in the O'Neil shop, it has been for twenty years. Daily they've met and turned the old work place into a home. There has always been, in fair weather and bad, an extra plate for the visitor, be he friend or stranger. In the old days, the mother used to come, before she died.

And into the customs and revenue services of the Government; into great national conventions; into schools and lodges and labor unions, churches and Sunday-schools, the O'Neils have sent their hand-wrought badges and emblems of gold and silver and bronze. Craftsmen all—they are proud of it! Plain folks all—and they are prouder of that!

But this isn't a story of the family, nor of the shop. It is one that belongs peculiarly to "Tim." However, I want you to see him first as I saw him, in his own little workaday world, where, with his hands and by the sweat of his brow, he earns his bread.

I don't know what he earns there, except that it isn't enough to do any talking about. Between times, for thirty or more years, he has also filled a job under the city treasurer of Providence, as a sort of server-in-chief of delinquent tax notices. For this, he probably receives less than fifteen hundred dollars a year.

Summing him up: I don't suppose, reckoning it in money, that Tim O'Neil is worth more than a few thousand dollars, though he is more than fifty years old. You won't find his name in any of the books of the elect, nor of the so-called great. He is without degree or title or glitter. As the busy world judges men, I suppose Tim would be rated merely as an "also-ran," a nobody.

But wait!

Not long ago, in Providence, I talked with one of the editors of a newspaper which is one of New England's oldest and most noted. It is the job of an editor to know men; and this editor and I fell to talking of "big" men.

"Who is your biggest man?" I asked him, "the man whom you would name first as your most useful citizen?"

I was thinking of Providence's great banks, and of its industries and commerce. Five of its factories are world-famous and the largest of their kinds on earth. On the hill overlooking the city's center is one of the nation's leading universities, and a noted old school of design. I thought of the old families of the city, and of its pride in its history and traditions.

The editor made no mention of any of these evident sources of big men. He passed them over as if they had not been there. Instead, he told me a story—not of wealth nor industry nor scholarship, but of sand-lots and back streets. He told me, strangely indeed, of boys and baseball, and of the heart of a man! The man whom he named was plain "Tim" O'Neil!

"In my opinion," he said, "Tim O'Neil is the most useful citizen of Providence. Without help, money, or pay, he has done more for the boyhood and, yes, for the manhood of Providence than have any other ten men put together. In money he may be poor; but in men made, happiness given, and good done for others, he is one of the richest men in America. Tim is a multi-millionaire in good!"

ABOUT twenty years ago, he went on to tell me, a new idea in recreation was introduced in town. It was a boys' baseball league, modeled exactly on the lines of the major leagues, with this exception—professionalism was absolutely barred.

Eight teams were in the league. Each team had its manager and a name. Every player was under a signed contract. The league had its official umpires and scorers, a regular schedule of games, real baseballs and uniforms, and to the winning team went a pennant.

If you had lived (*Continued on page 103*)

The Most Valuable Citizen In My Community

Prize Contest Announcement

WHEN the author of the accompanying article went to an editor in Providence, Rhode Island, and asked about some of the big men there, he received a surprise. For one of the men named was not included in any of the lists of commercial or professional leaders. Yet, as you will find out when you read the article, this man deserves high rank. In your own city, town, or rural community there is some man or woman who, as you see it, is doing more good than any other one person there. This is the person we want you to write about. Who is he? Or who is she? What is he doing that causes you to place him at the head of your list of worth-while citizens?

For the best letter of not more than four hundred words we offer the following prizes: $30, first prize; $20, second prize; $10, third prize. Competition closes July 20th. Winning letters will appear in the October issue. Address Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Contributions to this contest, and any enclosures, cannot be returned, so you must make a copy of your contest letter and of any enclosures, if you want to preserve them. Manuscripts and inquiries not connected with the contest must be sent under separate cover to the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

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Dot And Will Take A Vacation

A story

By Fannie Kilbourne

ILLUSTRATED BY T. K. HANNA

THERE are a few little trifles in life, of course, that Will and I feel different about. The radio, for instance. I like the radio very much when Graham MacNamee, or somebody interesting like that, is announcing, or of an evening when I've been out a while with some of the girls in the afternoon. But on the evenings after I've been in all day with the babies—and have thought of loads of things I want to talk over with Will, the radio doesn't look so good to me.

Will will dash up from supper the second he's through, and tune in on KYW. Probably he'll get a whistler, doing "Listen to the Mocking Bird." And just because it's coming a little clearer than usual, Will will sit there with a positively reverential look on his face, and never hear a word I say. It's like talking to a deaf-mute.

"And I think Rosemary would have done better to let it drop right there," I'll be saying.

Will's eye will happen to light on me as though by the merest accident. He'll smile at me dreamily.

"Hear that reception!" he'll exclaim. "Say, wouldn't you actually think that was a bird?"

It's very hard. After having waited all day long for a little decent conversation, who wants to sit and listen to a *bird*.

In the main, though, Will and I are extremely congenial, and we can't help feeling a little superior to couples we know who aren't. Getting along the way we do with our budget, for instance, we naturally glance at each other with a little satisfaction when Roger and Dulcie get to discussing money.

Roger came from New England, in the first place, and has worked in a bank for a great many years. Dulcie, on the other hand, is very free with money.

When she paid six dollars once for a pair of chiffon stockings, Roger nearly went into a decline.

"Six dollars!" he'd keep saying. "Six dollars is a year's interest on a *hundred dollars*. If you had put that six dollars out at interest and kept reinvesting it, in twelve years, it would have doubled itself."

"Yes," Dulcie answered, "and in twenty-four it would have been twenty-four dollars, and in thirty-six years—Oh, if you could only live to be a hundred or so, I suppose you might turn six dollars into enough to buy yourself a handsome coffin. No, thank you. I'll take my six in stockings—now!"

And the Mertons about bringing up their children. Howard has a lot of fancy ideas, which Rosemary, who is home all day with the four of theirs, says she'd like to see any human being make work.

"I do the very best I can," Rosie said once, with great feeling, "to stimulate the children's minds with one hand while I'm straining prunes and carrots with the other. But I think it's going too far for Howard to pick a Sunday when they've all got colds, and give them a child's intelligence test he'd found in a magazine. And then worry because Junior only rated a hundred and five when he should have been a hundred and seven!"

"'Well, Howard Merton,' I just told him, 'if a Soviet government were to give you an intelligence test on a day when you'd got one of your bad colds, they'd take one look at your rating, then give you gas!'"

Oh, even living as we did in a bunch of happily married couples, Will and I had plenty of occasions to pat ourselves on the back about how congenial we were.

When Mrs. Long, who never got along with her husband and has at last got a divorce, talked about its being a good thing for husbands and wives to take vacations away from each other, Will and I just laughed.

WE HADN'T had the least bit of trouble planning our vacation, though it was the first real one we had had since the babies were born. The year before, we had bought an electric washing machine for a vacation, and the year before that we had finished off an extra room in the attic.

But this year we were feeling quite flush, Will having at last sold the factory land to Sam Porter; Mother hadn't gone up to Kathie's after all, and she said she'd keep the twins if we wanted to go somewhere for a couple of weeks.

Lots of couples would have had trouble in agreeing on where to go, but Will and I didn't have a bit. Will was crazy to go camping at Lake Winneposocket and I was crazy to go to Chicago. So we decided to go camping for the first week and to Chicago the second.

Being only a few hours from Chicago gives all of us girls a considerable advantage. When we meet a girl from Minneapolis or Detroit or any of the big cities, if she tries to be the least bit patronizing we can always put her in her place very quickly.

If she says, "I don't suppose you get much in Montrose in the way of theatre," we always say, "Well, of course, we are so near Chicago—we can see almost anything there. Lots of the New York successes play in Chi first, you know."

And if she tries to insinuate that our stores aren't as big or as good as those in her own city, we can always say, "But, you see, we're so near Chicago, it's easy to get over spring and fall for our really important shopping."

Oh, Chicago, is a great help to us. We can do almost anything with it—except to get there very often. In fact, we use the idea of going there in our conversation so much that we kind of fool ourselves. We've all got ourselves to believing that we really do run over every little while; see all the new plays; do our shopping there, and so forth. But when you get right down to bare, hard facts, there don't any of us get over there once in three years.

It's not as easy as it sounds. Of course it is only a few hours away; but, even so, it costs money to get there. And unless you feel you can spend more yet to shop and go to shows, what's the point of going at all? Besides, we've all got husbands with businesses they can't very well get away from, and houses and babies that it isn't easy to leave. So, in actual practice, we do our shopping in Montrose and go to movies in the Montrose Arcade, and have all kinds of fun among ourselves, and keep Chicago mainly for conversation.

And here we were, after months and years of talking about it, actually going. And to stay there a week!

I had made up my mind to be an awfully good sport about the camping part of the vacation, and entered heartily into the preparations.

The north end of the lake is very wild, and we stopped at Dawson to get our provisions. I sat outside in the flivver while Will bought them.

"You have the housekeeping on your hands all the time when you're home," he said. "And this is a vacation. Camp cooking is a man's job, anyway."

That was awfully sweet of Will and it did seem wonderful, after having got three meals a day for years, to see Will go right ahead with our first meal. He built a fire and made coffee and fried bacon and potatoes and opened a can of beans. After our long ride, the smell of that coffee and bacon cooking outdoors is something I'll never forget.

"There, Mrs. Horton, draw up your chair to that!" said Will, beaming from ear to ear. "How's that for Delmonico's?"

I HAVE never seen anybody as happy as Will was. He just loves camping and it was a simply heavenly day. We leaned against tree trunks, and ate and drank as though we'd never had a meal before. Some of the bacon was a little bit scorched, and Will had bought tin cups, and the coffee made them so hot that mine burned my lips when I tried to drink. But I had made up my mind firmly to be a

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I HAVE never seen anybody as happy as Will was. He just loves camping and it was a simply heavenly day. We leaned against tree trunks, and ate and drank as though we'd never had a meal before. Some of the bacon was a little bit scorched, and Will had bought tin cups, and the coffee made them so hot that mine burned my lips when I tried to drink. But I had made up my mind firmly to be a

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good sport, so I never even mentioned it.

When at last we had eaten all we could, I said, "I'll wash the dishes while you get the tent up."

"Oh, we don't need to wash any dishes," said Will. "Just run the knives and forks up and down in the sand. That cleans them better than any scouring powder ever made."

They took us to a Russian tea-room for lunch, where all the waitresses were refugees and not one of them less than a countess

"What about the plates and cups, though? And the frying pan?"

"Well, you might rinse them off in the lake if you want to," said Will. "No need to for the frying pan, though. We'll be cooking bacon in it again."

As every woman knows, you can't rinse off plates all bacon-grease in cold water, so I heated some water in the coffee pot—Will hadn't brought anything to cook with except a coffee pot and frying pan—and washed up. By the time I was through, Will had the tent up. Then we walked up to the top of Hooker's Hill to see the view, and came back to camp and had a swim.

Will got supper and when it was ready he said again, "There, Mrs. Horton, draw up your chair to that. How's that for Delmonico's?"

We had coffee and fried potatoes and bacon and beans again; but the climb and the swim had made me so hungry that I didn't mind two meals just alike. Then I did the dishes—though Will protested that it was a lot of tripe, washing dishes when you were camping—while he smudged out the tent so we wouldn't have any mosquitoes. One or two managed to stay in, of course, as they always do, and they kept me awake for quite a while. Or maybe it was having drunk so much coffee. Whichever it was, it didn't bother Will a bit. He was asleep before I'd got undressed. It had really been a most lovely day.

But the second didn't begin so well. For the first thing, I found that I had got a little blister on my heel. I'd worn my regular street shoes, and they're so low-heeled and comfortable over silk stockings that it never occurred to me they might be just a little too snug over the heavy sports hose. "Oh well," I thought, "we'll be out fishing all day, and I can just sit still in the boat." But the next blow came when Will declared that it was too clear to fish. "No use trying to fish before twilight," he said.

"I'll tell you what," he suggested, "we'll take a good long hike!"

My heart sank down to the very blister on my heel, but I said nothing. I had made up my mind to be a good sport, and it wasn't a very big blister. So we had breakfast—coffee and bacon and fried potatoes—and started out.

THE hike Will had picked out would have been about six miles, but when we got to where the Old Dam Bridge had been, it was down. That meant that we had to walk clear around the arm of the lake, which made the hike over ten miles. Before I'd gone the first mile my heel had begun to hurt.

As anybody knows, a blister is much worse if you feel you mustn't speak about it. By the end of the second mile, every step was like rubbing sandpaper over a sore. I knew that if I mentioned it to Will, it would irritate him—blisters on anybody else's heel always do. He thinks it's sheer perversity not to have worn the right kind of shoes, in the first place. So I gritted my teeth and plodded on, determined to be a good sport and enjoy myself if it killed me.

For a while I was able to keep up my spirits by thinking about Chicago. That would make up for everything. And the camping would be only a week at most. This buoyed me up for the first five miles, but that was all. Every step was becoming torture, and the week ahead stretched out longer and longer. I began to doubt whether I could ever last it out.

Last out a week! By the eighth mile I was only praying that I'd live till I got back to camp. If I could have limped, it would have helped a little, but I was afraid that if I limped Will would notice it and ask what was the matter. By the ninth mile, I didn't care if he did. You can't expect a martyr to be a good sport while they're lighting the fagots. I just turned loose and limped.

And Will never even noticed that I was limping! He was so excited and happy over being off camping that I doubt he'd have noticed the difference if I'd started going on all fours.

The last mile back was something beyond description; but some way or other I lived through it.

"Now for dinner!" Will said, enthusiastically.

"What shall we have?" I asked.

Will looked puzzled.

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"Why, bacon," he said, as though that were the only food known to man.

And it shortly appeared that that was the only food we had with us. He seemed amazed that it should have occurred to me that he might have brought anything else.

"Bacon's what you always eat, camping," he said. "Bacon and fried potatoes and beans and coffee, except for breakfast; then you leave off the beans."

"But don't you think it will make us bilious or something?" I asked, dubiously. "Eating that three times a day?"

"Oh no," said Will, "not when you're tramping all day!"

"Tramping all day!" I felt as though I could never take another step as long as I lived. Sitting there watching Will build up a fire, it suddenly dawned on me that I had never really cared a great deal for camping, at best. And here I was, under the very worst circumstances possible, in for a week of it. And with the added burden of having to be a good sport.

"There, Mrs. Horton," said Will, "draw your chair up to that!"

IT BEGAN to drizzle in the afternoon, but we started out fishing just the same. However, we didn't stay long. Will hadn't got his line in before the drizzle had turned into a driving rain that even he admitted you couldn't stay out in.

We managed to half-cook supper—bacon, fried potatoes and beans, of course—over a sputtering fire under the flap of the tent. Will kept insisting that the rain was part of the fun, and singing that crazy old song, "It ain't gonna rain very hard anyhow—Hallelujah!"

But it did rain very hard and very harder. The tent sprung a leak in the night, and dripped right down on our faces. I didn't mind it at first, because so much bacon had made me thirsty, and I just opened my mouth under the leak and let the rain drip right into it. This kept the blankets from getting wet, but after a while I'd had enough to drink, and I couldn't be expected to keep it up all night.

After I stopped, though, the leak seemed to get larger. The rain just came splashing in. Pretty soon Will woke up. He was getting splashed on too. The blankets began to get wet. Besides, there were quite a few mosquitoes in the tent. Take it altogether, even his enthusiasm had got a shade limp by morning.

THE lake was bleak and gray, covered with chilly-looking whitecaps. Will had thoughtfully brought some wood into the tent in order to have dry firewood, but, thanks to the leak, that had got pretty damp, too, and it took an hour to get up enough fire to cook breakfast. And it was so chilly that we both got as close as we could to the sputtery little blaze.

All day long I huddled under the tent and shivered. Will went swimming in the rain, just to show he was virile; but by afternoon it was raining in sheets and blowing such a cold wind that even he dropped the idea of taking another walk. We had only a blanket apiece. We were both chilly all night. By morning it was still raining and blowing, and we realized that August's cold spell had arrived ahead of schedule. We'd put our camping trip first in order to avoid it.

Oh, but I was glad I hadn't mentioned the blister on my heel, or the fact that I didn't care much about camping at best! The chillier the wind blew and the darker and more lasting-looking the clouds were, the more hopeful I became. I insisted that the rain probably wouldn't last more than two or three days at most, and that it seemed a terrible shame to think of cutting our camping short. I knew it was perfectly safe to do this. No human being could possibly want to keep on camping in such weather. Not even Will.

About noon, I reluctantly allowed myself to be persuaded that we'd better break camp and head for Montrose.

It's a wonderful feeling to know that you have done your duty, and yet it hasn't cost you anything. I'd been a good sport and never once complained, and yet, here we were, heading for Chicago, the camping all over and done with. I'd had our city things packed and ready, so we drove in from camp at five o'clock and caught the seven-ten for Chi.

Never, as long as I live, shall I forget pulling into the Chicago Union station at quarter past eleven that night. It was still raining, but the streets were ablaze with lights. Will had wired ahead for a room at one of the very best hotels. A bell-boy met us at the door, the lobby was brightly lighted and unspeakably rich looking, all marble and potted palms and huge Chinese vases.

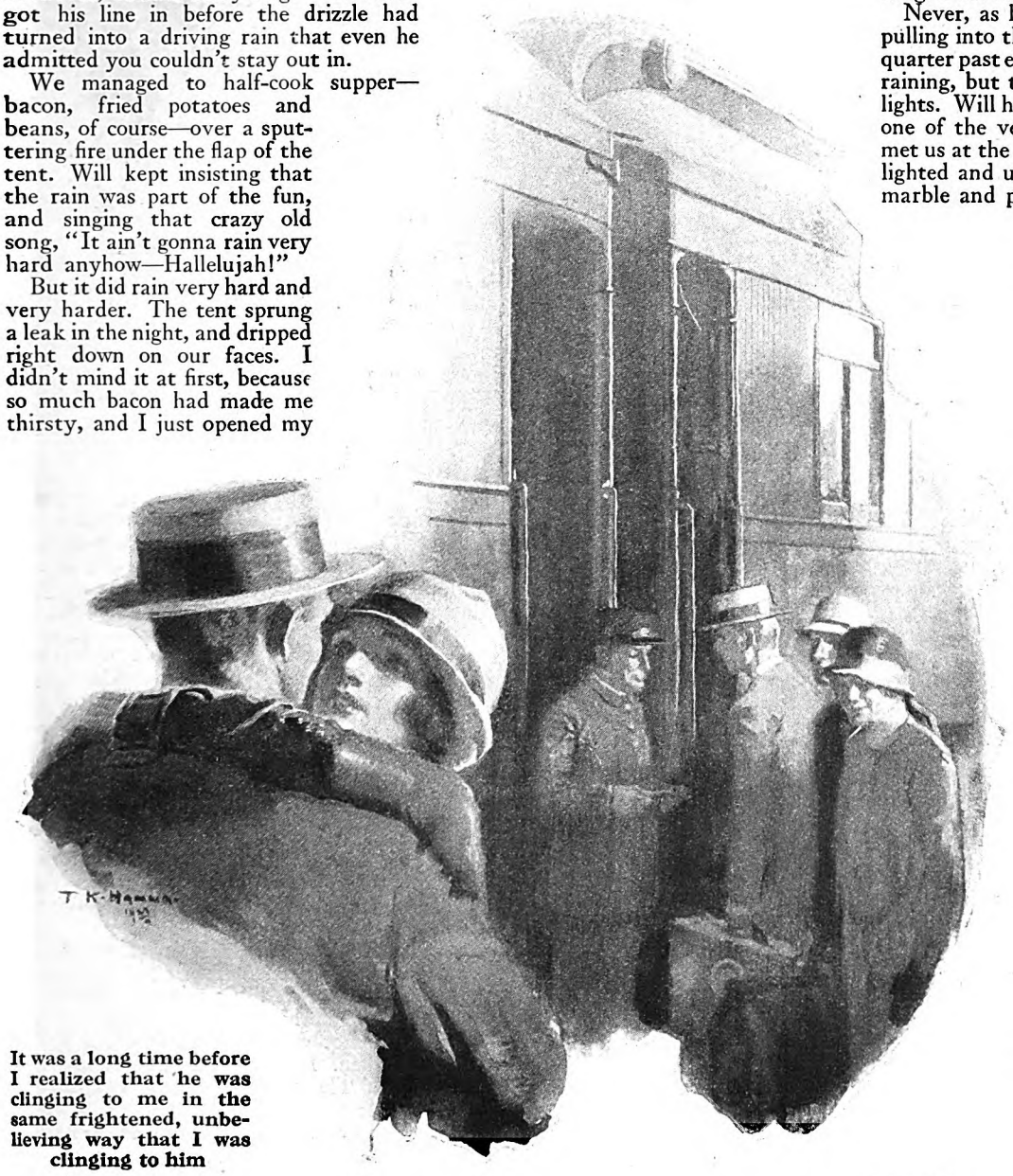
One usually stays with relatives in Chicago, and they always seem to live in the suburbs. But not this time. Our hotel was right down-town. Nothing in the world can ever seem more luxurious to me than our room, after camp.

THE rug was so soft, your steps were perfectly silent. There were twin beds with a reading light over each one. There was a writing desk with all kinds of stationery, and a beautiful lamp with a mosaic shade on it. There were both a chiffonier and a dressing table, and electric candles on each side of both.

The door to our private bath stood open, and the bell-boy put on the lights in there too, a white blaze of them. There was a great, thick white bath mat with the hotel monogram in purple, and as many towels as we have in a week's wash at home. There were little individual cakes of soap, and two full-length mirrors.

The joy of a long, lazy,

(*Continued on page 168*)



It was a long time before I realized that he was clinging to me in the same frightened, unbelieving way that I was clinging to him

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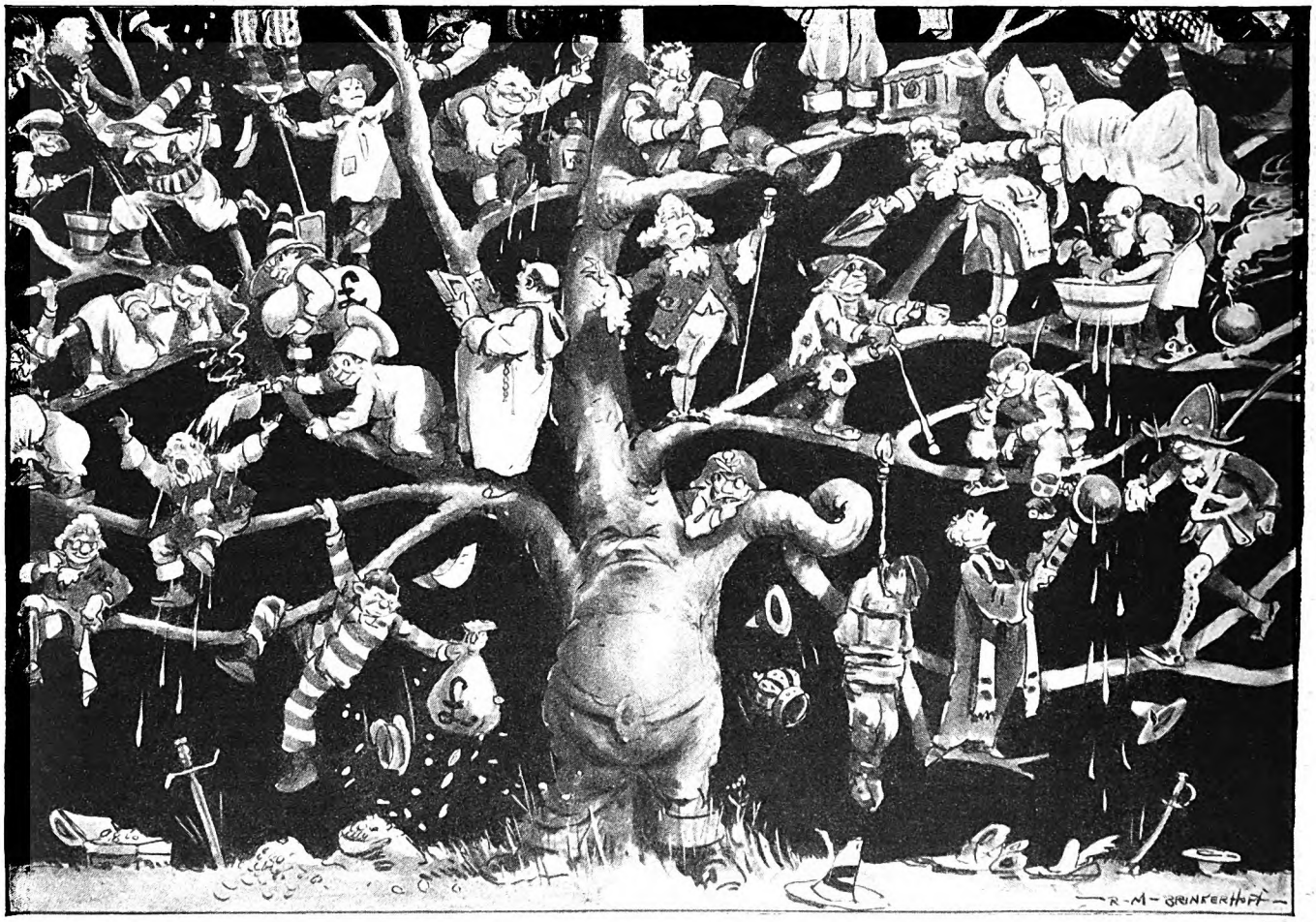

Your Family Tree

By Albert Payson Terhune

DRAWING BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

LET'S say *her* name was Smith. And, while we are inventing quaint and original names, let's call *him* Jones. Those were not their names; but they will serve.

The two were acquaintances of mine. I don't think I am betraying any confidence of theirs by repeating the following conversation; for several of us were present.

The talk had turned to ancestry and genealogy. It was Miss Smith who brought it deftly around to these themes. Presently, she said:

"Of course, I don't believe in boasting about such things. But it is a source of keen delight to me that I can trace my descent unbrokenly to William the Conqueror. It is wonderful to know who one's remotest ancestors were.

She looked complacently about her. Jones was the only one of us to answer.

"Yes," he agreed, "it must be great to be able to trace your ancestry like that. *I* can't. I don't know anything about my ancestors. I don't even know who my own parents were."

Miss Smith glared at him, thinking he was trying to be funny. But he was not. He was telling the simple truth, a truth of which he was not in the least ashamed. I knew Jones well. I knew his fine history.

He began life as a foundling asylum waif. But it is the finish, and not the start of a race, that counts.

Jones had started his business career as tally boy in a lumberyard. By sheer pluck and brain and clean ambition, he had worked his way up to an enviable pinnacle in the business and social world.

Never did he make a secret of the foundling asylum. Therefore, nobody thought the less of him for it. It is only when a man tries to forget his origin that others insist on remembering it.

Let him accept it, frankly and unashamed, as did Jones; and there will be no spiteful whispers about it. That same rule seems to apply to many things.

MISS SMITH was still glaring, when Jones continued:

"No, I don't know the names of my own parents. I haven't an idea who or what they were. At that—if there's anything in heredity—I have a big advantage over the rest of you."

This queer statement seemed to call for much explanation. And Jones gave it.

"You say," said he, addressing Miss Smith, "that you can trace your line unbrokenly back to William the Conqueror. That's good! But not good enough. It means you know who your ancestors in a direct line were. They're docketed: the worth-while ones and the worthless ones. They can't have been any finer or any worse than you know they were.

"Now, I'm a lot better off than you. My ancestry isn't so limited. Nobody can prove that I'm not directly descended from John Hancock or Napoleon or Edgar Allan Poe or Cortez or Sitting Bull or Charlemagne. I may be, or I may not be. But you can't prove I'm not. Your genealogy chart proves conclusively that *you* are not.

"For instance, if you claim you're directly descended from Paul Revere, it can be disproved in a minute. But *I* can claim to be his great-grandson; and nobody—not even myself—can prove I'm mistaken. I may be descended from anybody. There is no proven limit to my ancestry.

"Old Bill the Conqueror may be just as much an ancestor of mine as of yours, for

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all either of us knows. That's why I say I have the advantage of you."

He had; though, when I got to thinking about it, I found a score of flaws in his statements. Because, in all human probability, Jones *is* descended from William the Conqueror, and from Charlemagne as well. So are you. So am I. Though, as you'll see, presently, it is little enough to boast of.

It is high time someone put a large stick of dynamite under the ancestry fetish that has caused so much needless pride to some of us, and so much more needless chagrin to many of us. There is no other verbal dynamite so fearsomely devastating as are figures. Let's flash just a few figures on—well, say upon Miss Smith's descent from William the Conqueror.

I have been working on the subject. A professional genealogist has helped me. We have resolved it into a very simple sum in lower mathematics.

But before we start on our mathematical calculations, let's stop a moment and revive our memories of that egregious old rascal, William the Conqueror. He was a swashbuckling and bullying Norman duke, son of an unwed mother. He tricked Harold, the Saxon heir to the English throne, into swearing allegiance to him. Then he raised an army of fellow-adventurers and crossed the Channel into England. There, at the battle of Hastings, 1066 A. D., he conquered and killed Harold, and seized the English throne, to which he had no rightful claim, hanging everyone who opposed him and stealing by force everything in sight. Truly, a noble ancestor for any of us!

Very well. Suppose you and I are descended from William the Conqueror. He was at his prime in 1066 A. D. He died in 1087.

STATISTICS allow something like thirty-three and a third years to each average generation. That means there have been twenty-six, or more, generations between you and William the Conqueror, if he was one of your ancestors. And he *was* your ancestor, in all probability; as presently I shall explain.

Now then, for our simple sum in mathematics:

You had two parents and four grandparents and eight great-grandparents and sixteen great-great-grandparents; and so on. Continue doubling, for each generation, till you pass twenty-six. That means you have had (roughly speaking) about forty million ancestors since William the Conqueror.

It sounds preposterous, I know; but get a pencil and paper and figure it out for yourself.

At the end of your figuring you will find you have had fully forty million ancestors, since 1066; not deducting, of course, for the fact that the ancestral lines must have crossed and recrossed one another many times.

But as a basis we'll use forty million for a round arbitrary number, to save more abstruse calculations.

So, if you are descended from William the Conqueror, you have only one-forty-millionth of his blood. To make it a bit plainer, the very tiniest half-invisible sliver from one of your finger nails is a much larger part of you than is your share of William's physical or mental heritage.

Not a very large portion to be proud of, is it? But that isn't the worst of it. Here is another angle.

In all Great Britain and France combined, in 1066, there were not forty million people; nor anywhere near that number. Probably not in all western Europe. So, if you have had forty million ancestors since the days of William the Conqueror it is fairly certain you must be descended from him.

But before you let this glad news thrill you, stop and remember that you are also descended from almost every robber and homicide and mendicant and genius and celebrity who happened to be alive in western Europe in the Conqueror's time and earlier.

That means you are the proud descendant of kings and beggars, of warriors and thieves, of statesmen and galley slaves, of aristocracy, and of the offscourings of the London and Paris gutters.

They were a queer mixed lot, those ancestors of ours. Yet if we are going to claim descent from the foremost of them, we must also confess descent from the worst of them. It is not a sweet "Thought for the Day." But it happens to be logically true.

Some of our ancestors sat on thrones. Some were hanged. Others led armies. Others begged in rags. Others built up the destinies of nations. Others robbed on the highway or slit throats for hire or wrote immortal literature or composed glorious music or were chronic jailbirds.

We have had them all. A motley mob. But there is no getting away from the fact that they were our ancestors.

You may have traced your line of descent, flawlessly, as did Miss Smith, directly from the Conqueror. In other words, various generations of your forefathers took the trouble to trace one only of the innumerable lines from whence they sprang. They followed a single chosen branch of the Conqueror's issue, and ignored a thousand other branches. As wisely follow a single thread in a giant cobweb.

If your forefathers had been able or willing to trace every branch, instead of only one, they could have found a hundred ancestors better worth claiming as kinsfolk than was the predatory Norman pirate and super-highwayman who is glorified now by the title of "William the Conqueror."

For example, in that tangle of family-tree roots could be found men and women who died for their faith, or who sacrificed their lives to making the world better or wiser or happier.

THIS genealogy craze is a risky and fruitless thing. It has been tried out, from generation to generation, in my own family clear back to Godfrey de Bouillon, the Crusader; and beyond.

Our family tree is a really creditable and handsome bit of arboreal growth. I used to be frankly vain of it.

I might be boasting still about my lofty lineage had not a cousin and myself undertaken to trace other and equally close lines of our descent. That was an error—a pride-swatting blunder on our part.

In one line, we came upon a blacksmith ancestor who, from all contemporaneous accounts, seems to have led such a life that I wonder his influence with the Board of Pardons left him out of jail long enough to rear a family.

In another branch we were brought up against a dead wall in the shape of a foundling ancestor. In another, a somewhat cowardly seventeenth-century pirate captain. Finally, we ran up against a forefather so much worse that we looked at each other in disgusted silence. We had discovered something which gave our family tree an unpleasantly close resemblance to a gallows tree. We called it a day, after that, and quit. But it gave me much to think about, and little to be proud of.

It will be the same with you, whoever you are, if you are able to unravel every ancestral thread for a mere dozen generations or less.

IF YOU care to spend money enough, and have any kind of start in the way of two or three grandparents whose names you know, it is often fairly easy to get some reliable genealogist to create a true family tree for you; back to almost anyone you care to name.

It is a recognized business, this constructing of genealogies. Naturally, as the genealogist goes back, branch after branch becomes obscure or vanishes. But also, as he goes back, he is likely to strike some well-established line. Thereafter, his work is easy.

For example: Suppose eight hundred families in England, in 1700 A. D., could claim direct descent to the Conqueror. All the genealogist has to do is to trace one of your less remote lines to one of those families. After that, he has only to copy that family's genealogy.

There is a man in New England who had the ancestor craze so badly that he decided, some decades ago, to trace his descent straight back to Adam.

His friends laughed at him. But he had money and ingenuity and he had a long ancestry that already had been traced. So he employed expert genealogists and set to work on the seemingly impossible task.

Already he had proven his descent to a Mayflower passenger in 1620. Thence, by British church records, to a point where one of his forbears married the granddaughter of an English king.

Naturally, from there he could leave the archives of village churches and go on with the established records of the State itself. This he did, until he came to a king who ruled Scotland in 850, A. D.

That gave him a long line of Scottish kings to go on with; and Irish rulers before them. Then, by aid of O'Hara's "Irish Pedigrees," he continued through a female branch of one of these lines to a Jewish ancestor who belonged to a certain tribe of Israel. This Jew's tribal family traced its descent from one of the ancients named in the chronological chapters of the Bible—which carried it back unbrokenly, through the same source, to Adam and Eve.

I wonder if the New Englander stopped to realize that this 137-generation genealogy (if it was correct) proved him to be a known blood relative of almost every scoundrel from Cain down to Judas Iscariot.

According to William Montgomery Clemens, the genealogist, a family tree is very hard to trace back after the time of Charlemagne is (*Continued on page 93*)

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The Sea Is A Hard Master

By Robert A. Bartlett

I HAVE been shipwrecked fourteen times. Four times I have seen my own ships sink, or be crushed to kindling wood against the rocks.

"How does it feel to face death?" is a question that has often been put to me.

"That depends," are always my first words in reply. And it does. Because, if the peril is short and swift, as when a man points a gun at your head, that is one thing. But if you have to cling, half-frozen, for many hours to the rigging of a sinking ship, not knowing which moment may be your last, that is another sort of shiver altogether.

One misery I have been spared: the feeling in the face of death that I was leaving wife and children behind me. I never got married. I don't think a seafaring man ought to. Women so often break your heart. A fisherman I knew got wrecked on the Labrador one winter. He left his wife in a snow dugout while he went to the nearest village for food. When he got back she was dead. He never got over the shock.

The early years of my life were spent with my father and uncles in the Newfoundland sealing fleet. Then I got into the banana trade in the West Indies, from which I was graduated to command of a full-fledged ocean tramp steamer, sailing to all oceans of the globe. For the past thirty years I have been going to the polar regions, with some sealing between expeditions. I was master of Peary's North Pole ship, the "Roosevelt," and I commanded a troop transport during the war, when I held rank in the United States Naval Reserve. At no time since my boyhood have I been for over a month on the beach, save whilst recovering from one voyage or preparing for another.

I was born in the little village of Brigus, on Conception Bay, Newfoundland, the 15th of August, 1875. The Bartletts of Brigus have always been seafaring people. When Thomas Jefferson was President of the United States, the Bartletts were cod fishers on the Banks and down to Labrador.

As I was the eldest son, my mother resolved that I should enter the ministry. So, at fifteen, I was sent to the Methodist College, at St. Johns. But the spirit of my fathers was in my blood. The sea was calling me. At seventeen I gave up the struggle, and went with my father to the seal fisheries.

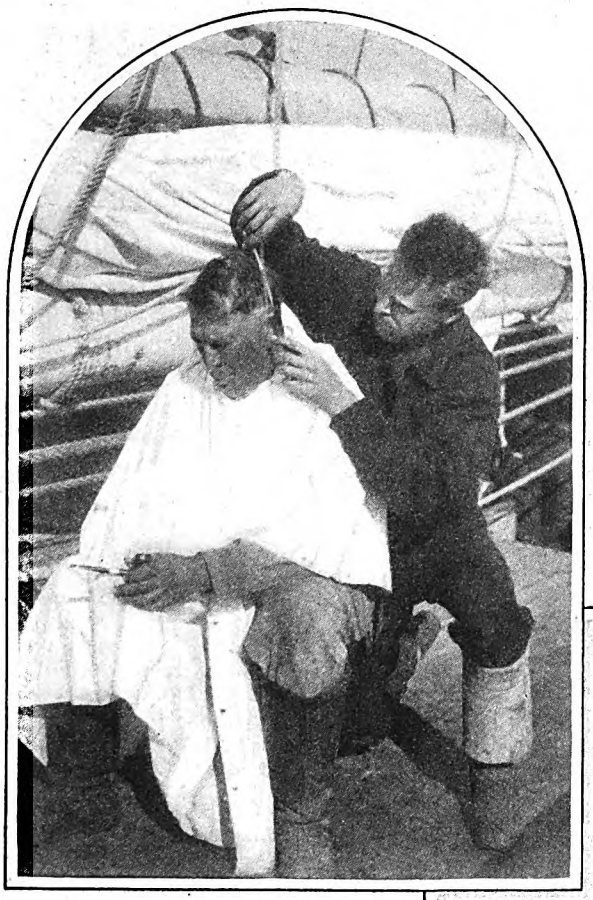
Sealing is a hard life. Often a blizzard sweeps down while the men are away from the ship. Then, with no shelter, and frequently without food, they wander about for hours and sometimes days. Many a stanch Newfoundlander has become numb and dazed at such a time and has lain down and died. We have many "sea widows" at home.

Let me tell you a little incident in my own life to show how tough a young man ought to be for that work. One time I was with a gang, shooting old seals, when we came to a lead of water separating us from a fine bunch of animals. The lead was too wide to jump across, so I took off my clothes and plunged in.

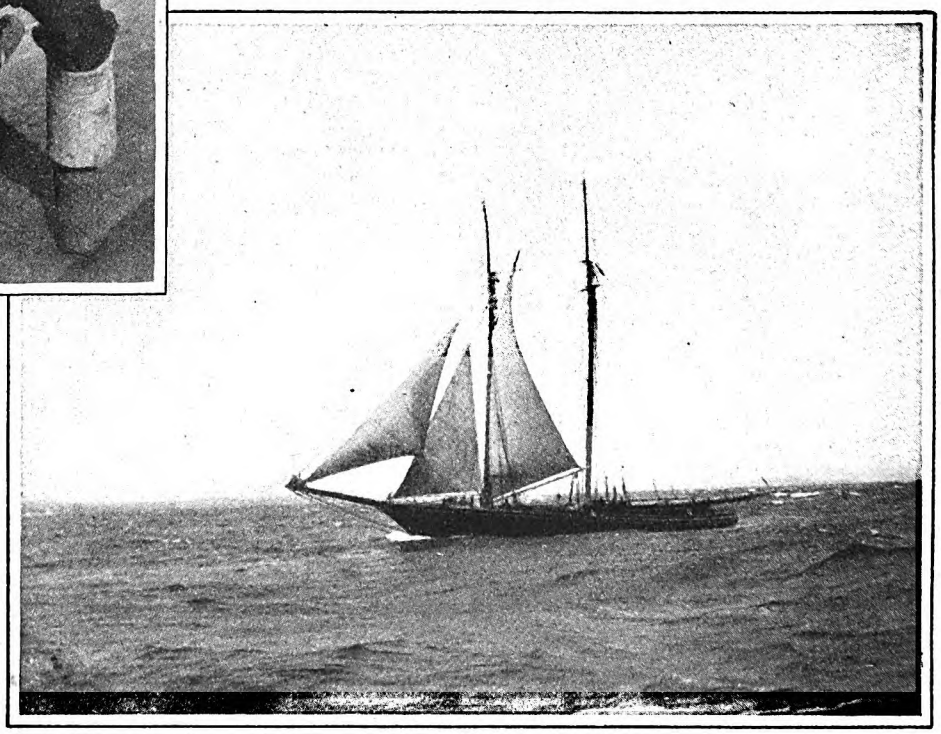
The water was terribly cold, but I swam across. It was hard to climb up on the sharp ice on the other side. I finally crawled out, shivering. The other fellows threw my clothes and rifle across. With my teeth chattering, I got dressed and then ran hard in the direction of the seals, to warm up. It was a tough job. That evening the captain offered me a tot of rum for the unusual number of seals I had killed. I didn't take it. I don't drink. But I remember how fine I felt when he looked me up and down, and said, "You'll do, boy. You'll do."

THE first voyage I made outside the family was in the barkentine "Corisande." I enrolled as a common sailor before the mast. Then I walked back to the hotel in St. Johns and told my father what I had done. To my surprise, he did not object, though our schooner was already loaded with supplies for home.

After a little he said, "How will it be



(Left) Captain Bartlett gets a hair-cut. (Below) Captain Bartlett's schooner, the "Effie M. Morrissey"



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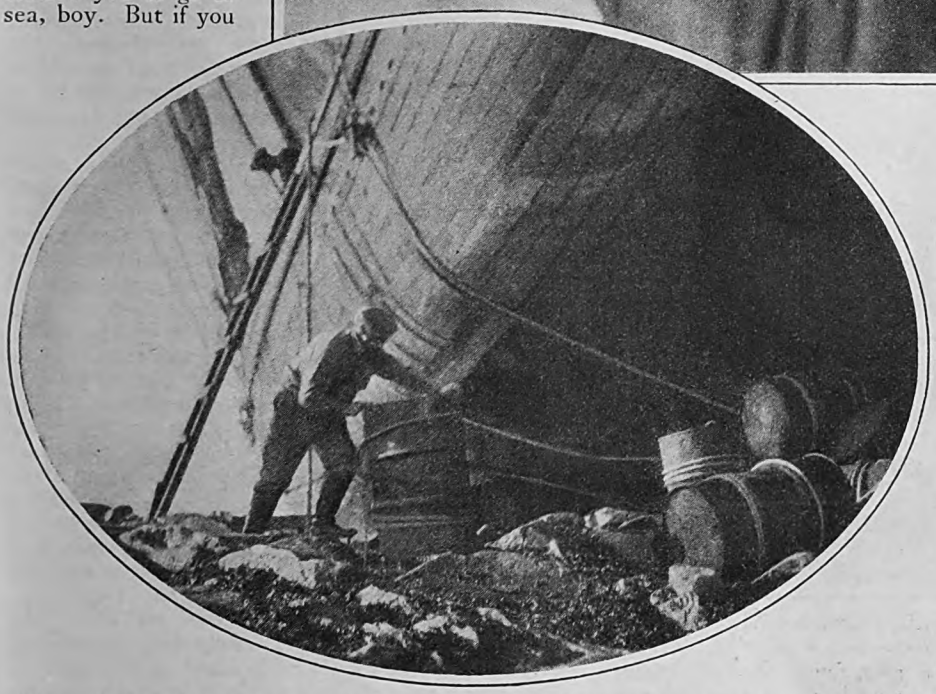
about your mother?"

I wanted him to tell her. But he said, "No; you are her oldest son. You have got to tell her yourself."

Although I weighed nearly two hundred pounds, about twice the size of the woman who bore me, I hated to face the music. But, next day, I plucked up my courage and told her it looked as if the time had come for me to go off on my own hook.

Her eyes filled with tears. But, like Father, she did not object, although I could see it hurt her terribly to think of my being away from home for months at a time.

In the end she said, "I never intended you to go to sea, boy. But if you will persist in going, I cannot stop you."



Captain Bob Bartlett, who has sailed the Seven Seas for nearly forty years. He has been close to the North Pole with Peary, has chased pirates in the tropics and has been shipwrecked many times. Captain Bartlett was born in Brigus, Newfoundland. (Left) The "Morrissey" aground, with Captain Bartlett lashing casks under her at low tide, to help float her off the rocks

I am happy now to tell about her bravery, for she is still alive and has followed me in her mind's eye all over the Seven Seas, and clear to within a few miles of the North Pole.

That "Corisande" voyage to South America was a hot one, all right. And it ended in a terrible tragedy.

WE WERE bound for Pernambuco, South America, with a cargo of dry codfish. As I had had some training in handling a schooner, I was chosen to be a helmsman. We had a rattling fine wind over the counter all the way, and made our land-fall about three weeks later. I was pretty homesick; also, seasick, as more of us sailors are than you'd think.

I got tired of eating salt horse every meal. But I learned a lot. I never forgot how, on the first day out, the cook caught me washing my teeth with fresh water. He said I'd have to go without that much water for my coffee, because fresh water was so scarce.

One day the captain had a regular forepeak row with this same cook. We had all been complaining about the beef being too salty. The cook usually took it out of the kegs and boiled it the same day. We had a big Swede who threatened to throw the fellow overboard if he didn't improve the grub. So the cook made a sort of crate that would hold about fifty pounds of salt horse. He spliced a rope to this crate and hung it from the jib boom so it would trail in the water. He figured this would iron out some of the brine.

The captain saw it one day and threw a fit.

"What sort of river barge do you think I'm running?" he roared at the cook.

Cookie shook in his shoes.

"Haul that right aboard!" screamed the old man. "Don't you know that if we get our horse too fresh that gang of heathen down forward will eat too much of it?"

A few days later I had a boil on my neck. We had just crossed the equator. The captain was a great man to read the medical book that came with the regulation chest of surgeon's supplies. There was usually no doctor on a sailing ship in those days; the captain took his place.

Just when my boil was ripe he overdrew his grog of Jamaica rum. In his exaltation he decided he would practice his surgery on my boil. He chased me all around the ship with a long surgeon's knife he got out of the medicine chest. I hid behind the scuttle-butt for nearly twenty-four hours while he kept up his murderous search for a patient.

WE HAD some hair-raising experiences at Pernambuco, but nothing to compare with the voyage home. It seemed that our captain made a bet with one of the others in the harbor that he would beat him back to Newfoundland. The minute we cleared the harbor he crammed on all canvas and let her go.

This was fine until we got up to the Banks, where the wind backed into a

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southeaster and increased to a full gale with blinding snow. We thought it'd take the sticks out of the old "Corisande." But the skipper wasn't going to lose his bet. Instead of heaving to, he drove her on a dead-reckoning course for Cape Race.

All of us down in the fo'c'sle were so scared we slept with our boots and gear on. At two A. M. of the morning we were due to round the Cape, we were thrown out of our bunks by a terrific crash. The poor old "Corisande" had impaled herself on the sharp rocks of South Newfoundland.

When dawn broke our hearts sank. Out ahead were black cliffs rising hundreds of feet up into the stormy sky, while behind us roared a heavy surf. There seemed no hope.

HOWEVER, with God's help we launched the long-boat and fought our way to the rocks through smashing seas. Soaked to the skin, bruised and half frozen, we crawled out on a narrow ledge of rock, where we found a slight protection. Over our shoulders we saw the "Corisande" break in half and disappear in the foam-streaked waters.

For a while it looked as if we should be drowned by the huge surf that roared at our heels, or frozen to death by the bitter wind which slashed down upon us from the cliffs. But finally one of the men managed to scale the dizzy wall of rock against which we crouched.

He was nearly blown into the sea by the blast which struck him. Yet he groped his way through the drifting snow, and a few miles east staggered into a hut where some fishermen had gathered to wait out the storm. When he told his story of the wreck they hurried back with ropes and warm clothes, and handed us up, more dead than alive.

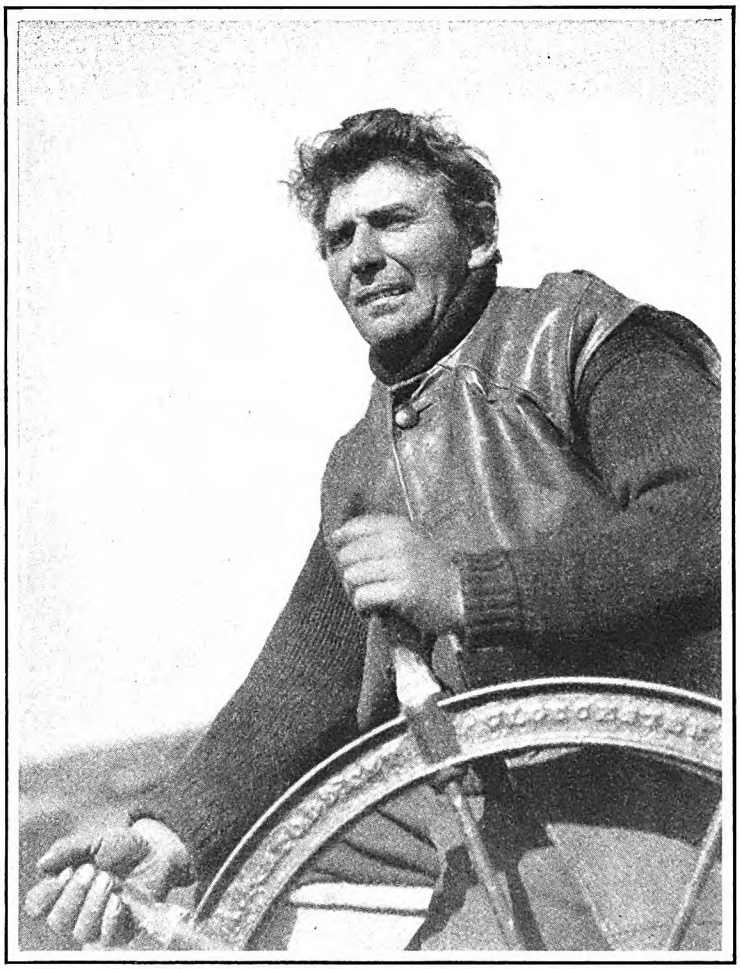
Speaking of the "Corisande" reminds me of another shipwreck I went through. One spring, a friend of mine at St. Johns offered me his ship, the "Leopard," for the coming seal hunt down the Labrador.

Early in March I went aboard the "Leopard" with one hundred and fifty men I had secured for the cruise. On a raw morning two days later, the old ship was ready for sea.

I wanted to get away as early in the day as possible, before the gin mills opened, otherwise I knew that some of my men would be the worse for liquor. It was then a custom among seal fishermen to have a last drink or two, sometimes five or six, just before weighing anchor. This meant a lot of trouble on the dock, and always considerable lost time getting the madmen aboard.

Another reason for my hurry was that the harbor was still frozen over and there was a good deal of drift ice at the entrance. My father's ship, the "Viking," larger than the "Leopard," was due to leave the same day. If we could follow her, she would make a way for us through the ice. That meant we could probably get down to Cape Race before dark.

After a couple of rough-and-tumble fights, I managed to get my gang aboard, and we followed the "Viking" out and headed down the coast. As she was a bigger ship, she had no deck load of coal, as I had; so, when the sea began to rise with a strong easterly wind, she had no difficulty working off shore. I had to set my sails to help the "Leopard." But I soon found that the green water coming over her bulwarks was carrying my deck cargo overboard.



Captain Bartlett's brother Will, the mate of the "Effie M. Morrissey"

THINGS went from bad to worse. Pretty soon I had to nose in among the shore ice in order to handle the water which was rising rapidly in the hold. Before I knew it, we got in among the slob ice, thousands of small pieces all pressed in together by the wind. This ice had formed a sludge, fathoms deep, so that we couldn't even use our hand lead.

At midnight, it began to snow a perfect smother. You couldn't see your hand before your face.

I thought the ice would hold her until morning, and we could work our way out slowly. But along about two A. M. there was a crash.

"That's a heavy pan," said the mate.

"Pan, my eye!" I yelled. "*That's the bottom!*"

A couple more of big thumps came, and we were hard fast on the rocks.

The poor ship didn't have a chance in the world. Her weather side bulged in as if it had been made of rubber. One by one the timbers gave away with sickening crashes. She began to fill rapidly.

About fifty fathoms on our starboard bow was a shelf of rock on which lay the forward part of the steamer "Delmar," wrecked some years previously. There was only one chance to save my one hundred and fifty shivering men.

I set them to work right away ripping off deck sheathing, oars, spars, and other spare timbers. These they laid on the slush ice, forming a sort of roadway over to the other wreck. It sounds simple enough; but the ice was just wet slush, a sort of snowy quicksand with water all through it.

Gorry, how cold we were! The boards sank down with the men. Everyone was soaked when we reached the "Delmar." We huddled together inside the old hulk, nearly dying of cold, for the blizzard was still howling 'round us. When daylight came, we climbed the steep cliff with the aid of rope let down by some fishermen living near by.

IT IS bad enough to be shipwrecked yourself. But to be wrecked and saved, and then to have to look back and see another ship going down with all on board is the most terrible feeling in the world.

One bad winter when I was with the Newfoundland sealing fleet around Battle Harbor, it came on to blow straight out of Baffin Bay. Three thousand miles the howling wind sizzled across the bleak Atlantic, and built up a sea big enough to wear away a mountain!

I was on the "Retriever," which was skippered by my uncle Isaac. By his glass he knew the gale was coming. So he ran for Battle Harbor. But he got there too late. The "Retriever," solid oak that she was, was blown on the harbor boulders, and sunk. All of us were saved.

Within twenty-four hours the "Monticello," of considerably greater tonnage, laid her bones alongside the "Retriever." Her crew also was saved.

Farther out was the "Huntsman." She was a slow-sailing vessel with about fifty men on board. Her skipper couldn't make Battle Harbor, on account of the ice. So he picked out a sort of rough harbor among the floes and jammed his vessel in tight, hoping the ice would protect him from the seas.

There he stuck through the long black night, while the wind howled like a pack of wolves.

Small icebergs began to shift and tumble under (*Continued on page 97*)

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Strange Things We Human Beings Swallow And Inhale

A button, pin, coin, and the like is all right in its place, but that place is not in Baby's mouth, or even within his reach—A distinguished doctor tells what he has found in human bodies, how the foreign articles got there, and gives some rules that may save you from tragedy

By Sherman Gwinn

DAMOH is a small town deep in the interior of India. There, a year or two ago, were stationed the American missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Rice, and their three small children.

Tommy, second eldest of the youngsters, was five. One day, as he played with his sister, in boyish mischief he snatched from her a large glass native bead.

"Give it back!" demanded the sister, who was eight.

"Aw, take it from me if you can!" Tommy challenged, and dashed away as fast as his legs could go. His sister took up the chase. To hide the bead from her, Tommy slipped it into his mouth.

Suddenly he stumbled and fell. At once his sister was upon him with a shout of triumph, which in the next instant was changed to a cry of dismay. Tommy, sprawled on the ground, wasn't laughing any more. Instead, his boyish face was distorted in agony. He was choking, struggling for breath!

"I—I swallowed the bead!" he managed to gasp.

Thoroughly frightened, his sister ran for their mother. And thereby, with the scurry of her panic-sped feet, began in far-away Damoh one of the most dramatic races any family has ever made against Death—a race that was to half-girdle the globe!

The one physician available in Damoh was an American woman, a friend of the Rices. The boy's symptoms immediately indicated to her that the bead had been breathed into one of the air passages of the lungs. She knew that infection rapidly would set in. It was fortunate that the object was a bead; the tiny hole through its length would admit a modicum of air.

"We must get him to a hospital at once," she said.

The nearest hospital was at Jabalpur, more than a hundred miles away over the mountains.

Mr. Rice closed the mission; Mrs. Rice packed their necessary belongings; and with their children and the physician friend to keep up the fight for Tommy's life they set out for Jabalpur. It was in January. The trains were slow, crowded, uncomfortable. When Jalbalpur was reached the boy's temperature was 101°.

At once he was placed under the X-ray. The examination disclosed the bead's lodging place in the lungs. It was a quarter-inch in diameter by a half-inch in length.

"We can do nothing," said the surgeons. "We haven't the instruments here to remove it. You will have to go on to Calcutta."

Calcutta was seven hundred and fifty miles distant. The journey, with its sleepless nights, its delays, its changes and its monotony, took almost one week.

Again the X-ray. Again the surgeons consulted, and their spokesman sadly shook his head.

"Mr. Rice," he said, "I know of only one place in the world where your boy's life can be saved. That place is the Jefferson Hospital, in Philadelphia. The man you must see is Dr. Chevalier Jackson."

"We'll go," said Rice.

To get a boat for the United States they had to go to Bombay. It was now past mid-February. Every outward-bound vessel for America had its accommodations booked weeks in advance by home-returning travelers. Day after day Mr. Rice haunted the steamship offices, vainly trying to secure passage for the party. Little Tommy grew steadily worse. The physician friend, constantly at his side, could do little.

They prayed together at Tommy's bedside. But day dragged into day. They were at the verge of despair. Then, from nowhere, their prayers were answered.

Another American, who was returning to the United States with his family, heard of the Rices' plight.

"Use our tickets," he said. "We can wait. You can't."

On March 6th the party sailed.

Tommy still miraculously lived when, as the month closed, they disembarked at San Francisco. The wireless had made possible advance reservations on the fastest transcontinental trains, and the final lap of the race against Death was on.

AT TEN o'clock one sunny morning in April, three months after the accident in Damoh, Tommy was taken from the train in Philadelphia and admitted to the Jefferson Hospital as a patient of the Chevalier Jackson Bronchoscopic Clinic. A third time Tommy underwent examination. A third time skilled medical men conferred over his case. But this time when the conference closed there was no sad shaking of heads.

A marvelous and yet simple little tube-like instrument known as the bronchoscope was inserted through Tommy's mouth and into his lungs. A tiny electric bulb at the end of the instrument, a bulb not much larger than a grain of wheat, enabled the surgeon to see the bead lodged there, and to take hold of it gently with a delicate pair of forceps. Tommy felt no pain. The whole operation, for which he had journeyed half way around the world, took only a few short moments. And at one o'clock of that same sunny April day the parents of Tommy smiled for the first time since leaving Damoh. The bead which would have taken his life had been removed!

Within a few weeks Tommy Rice was a well and a healthy boy again, one of hundreds of boys and girls, and men and women, whose lives have been saved during the past ten years by Doctor Jackson's clinic at Jefferson.

WHEN I talked with Doctor Jackson, not long ago, he imposed upon me the condition that I would write about the work of his clinic and not about him.

"The work is important," he said in sincerity.

However, it is only repeating knowledge known to the whole medical world to say that it is due largely to the original discoveries and experiments of Doctor Jackson, and to his development of the bronchoscope, that such operations as the one performed upon Tommy Rice are possible, and even frequent, to-day.

The doctor was born in Pittsburgh, sixty-one years ago, studied at the Western University of Pennsylvania and later at Jefferson Medical College. He taught laryngology first at the University of Pittsburgh, and came to Jefferson College as professor in the same subject in 1916. He also is professor of bronchoscopy and esophagoscopy at the University of Pennsylvania. Through his writings, his contributions to laryngeal surgery, and the work of the famous clinic at Jefferson Hospital which bears his name, he has become known in every part of the world. To mention bronchoscopy in medical circles is to mention Chevalier Jackson.

Ten years ago, when Doctor Jackson began in Jefferson Hospital, his clinic occupied a single room. To-day it occupies the entire (*Continued on page 159*)

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It was unimaginable, this tawdry little house, this cheap suburb!
This wasn't what she had meant that glory in the woods to lead to

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The Man Who Wouldn't Live On His Wife's Money

A love story

By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY T. D. SKIDMORE

THIS is the way I like you best," said Cornelius.

"What way?" asked Olive, intending to get that look of his into words.

"Oh, like this," he repeated, "with simple things all about, and the luxury and trimmings gone. If I hadn't seen you without them, you know, I never would have asked you to marry me."

She was standing beside the fireplace, one strong young shoulder level with the ledge above the blocks of rough native stone.

"You had me all wrong," she told him. "I've had the best times of my life out here. I hate a lot of fussy stuff. And I'm never so happy as when I'm dressed like this."

He looked admiringly at the simple dress of green cloth cut close to the base of her neck and held together by a couple of small leather buttons there, at the jacket of antelope skin thrown over it, and at the tan stockings that certainly were not silk.

Then he came to her face, and paused still longer; for not three débutantes of ten seasons had eyes like Olive Mary's, gray and yet blue, without a trace of vulgarity or boldness or festering information in them.

She had eyebrows that arched swiftly over them, the broad, full mouth of a child, and dark hair that grew in its own curves so determinedly that barbers treated it with respect and never tried to alter its direction. But that may have been partly because she was a Tillsbury and knew what she wanted so well. She wanted Cornelius just now.

"You get to know a person so much better in a place like this," she said reflectively; "really what she's like, I mean. Isn't it funny that you should have thought I cared a lot for luxury and all that sort of thing? I don't, not a bit."

She tossed the little hat she was holding carelessly on the bench beside her, and it rolled off on the goatskin rug, wobbling about until it came to an unsteady stop, with its maker's name reproachfully on view. It was such a plain hat, a thimble of gray felt only, that Cornelius did not bother to pick it up. Hobbs, done in gold silk on a hat lining, meant nothing to him.

"We'll have to have an awfully simple little place, you know, Olive."

"A cottage—that's all we'll want," she agreed. "See how wonderful it's been here, and how we seem to fit."

"We can't get cottages in town, I'm afraid. But if we can't get a thatched roof, we'll get right close up under the fireproof tile one in some apartment house." He paused, looking at her again in the intent way that made Olive feel unsteady inside.

"You're sure you know what you're going to be let in for?"

"I know," said Olive, softly, and the admission brought her into his arms again.

Outside the open door the fir trees cast the long shadows of afternoon across silent wooded paths, and the river hummed along in the ravine below. The Tillsburys had fourteen acres along the Nokomis, and where the Tillsbury acreage ended the Pomeroys took up theirs, and then came the Emersons, and so on, running right through to the rushy borders of Rice Lake, where the duck shooting seemed never to fail.

It was very still throughout the cottage, as still and solemn as the two within it, who were frightened a little by their own happiness. They were used enough to gayety and their own lingo of noncommittal badinage. But this other thing had come upon them suddenly, and found them almost unprepared for it. Cornelius had seen Olive Mary against the trees, he had seen her swimming, he had seen her striding through the woods, even helping with the meals—and she had ceased for the time to be Olive Mary Tillsbury, and become instead the most beautiful and desirable girl in the world, and, like all girls, accessible to love.

AND everything had worked together to bring about these astonishing happenings. For example, if his new tweeds hadn't been ready Cornelius could hardly have come, for all his other clothes, except his dinner suit, were pretty well shot. Or if he had come on any other week-end, when the usual noisy lot of Olive's crowd were about and the sense of riot was everywhere, he would have had no chance to listen with Olive Mary to that seductive murmur of the pines, and to hear their brave, inarticulate messages. But this week-end the gay crowd had been at the Pomeroys'. Here there had been only Olive's mother, with two or three other bridge-playing women, and the Bateses.

"Where are the Bateses?" he asked, smoothing Olive's hair, and thinking how strangely different this caress was from casual petting.

"They went over to the Pomeroys'. Jim Pomeroy came down with some guns and things from town. Why? Do you miss Billy?"

"He certainly is a sad mess."

"Oh, I don't know," said Olive. "He really is lots of fun—keeps things going, and all that. Everyone likes to have him around. Why do you dislike him so much?"

"I can't see anything there at all. Any man who lives on his wife like that—and doesn't pretend to do anything else!—seems to me to be pretty nearly the lowest form of human animal."

"Poor Billy—you're awfully hard on him."

"I just haven't any respect for him!" said Cornelius.

He gave that final judgment with the ardor of his creed, the creed of the young man who is making his own way, and knows that it can be done and what the methods are to do it.

"When we are married," he added, "remember, it doesn't make a bit of difference whether you have a family with money or not. We live on what I've got. We'll begin small; but you watch my smoke, after a few years."

"I love your ambition!" said Olive Mary.

OF COURSE that was inaccurate. She loved Cornelius, as he stood there with his eager eyes awakened to all her beauty and charm. She loved his height, which surpassed hers, and the fact that he was so good-looking and so apparently unconscious of it. She loved something in the touch of his hands, which reverenced her, and she loved the pounding of his heart as he held her close. Unconsciously, she loved his cleanness and the fact that the adoration he gave her was fresh and just unwrapped from his youth.

But as for his ambition! What did Olive Mary know or care about the hierarchy of the Commercial Super-Electric Company? What did she know about electrical equipment, wholesale or retail, about methods of supplying electric repair service to homes; about young men who were employed in the offices of such companies, and their chances to become assistant sales manager, with the managership and even a possible partnership in the remote distance; or about the ambition which kept such young men keen and spirited?

But Cornelius did not analyze. He accepted the tribute. And the Bateses came in just then, Billy wearing his curved,

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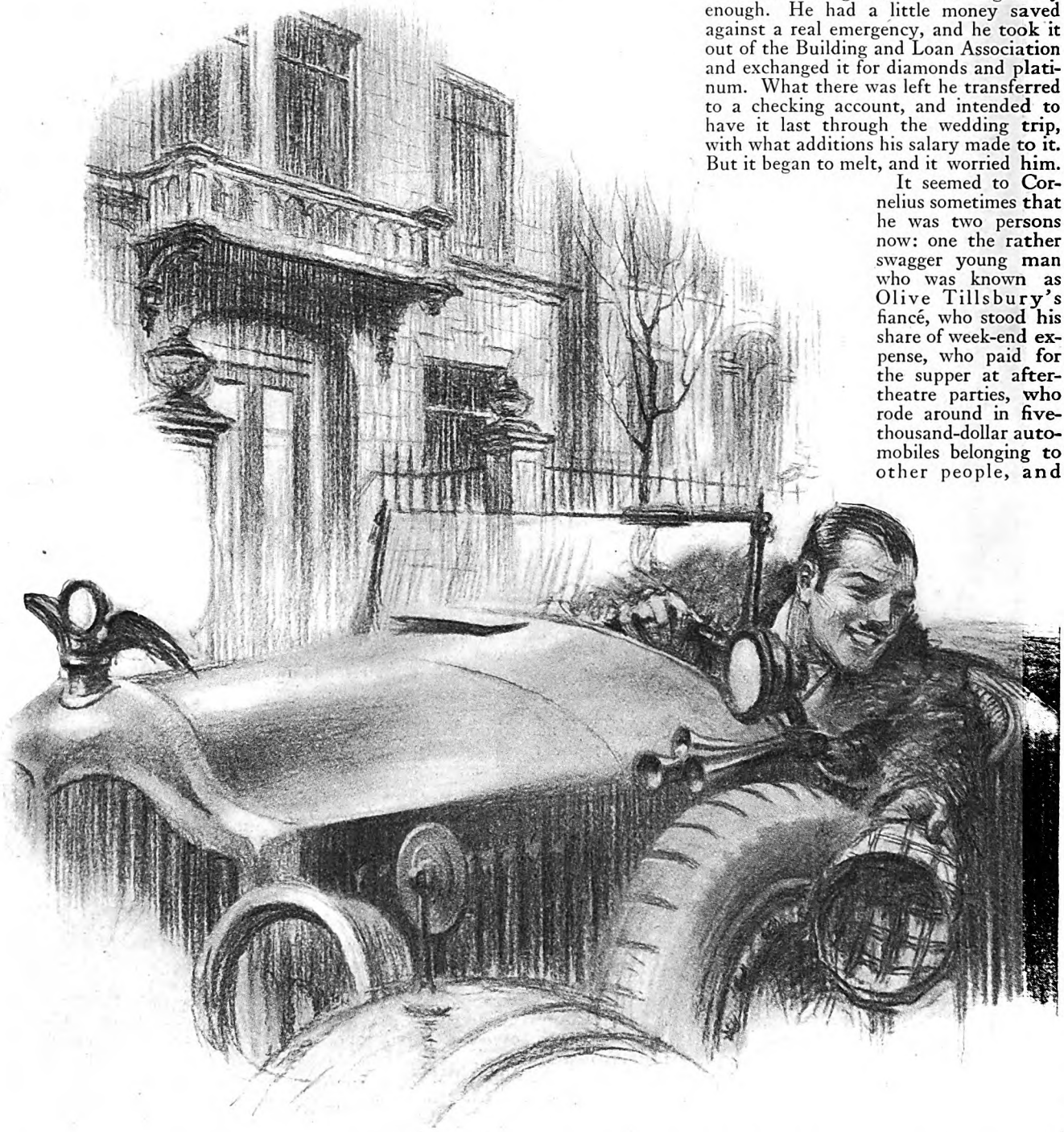

He had managed about the ring easily enough. He had a little money saved against a real emergency, and he took it out of the Building and Loan Association and exchanged it for diamonds and platinum. What there was left he transferred to a checking account, and intended to have it last through the wedding trip, with what additions his salary made to it. But it began to melt, and it worried him.

It seemed to Cornelius sometimes that he was two persons now: one the rather swagger young man who was known as Olive Tillsbury's fiancé, who stood his share of week-end expense, who paid for the supper at after-theatre parties, who rode around in five-thousand-dollar automobiles belonging to other people, and danced and ate in great houses. The other, the very ordinary young man who swung on a surface car in the morning and spent the day at the Commercial Super-Electric, listening to the complaints of ladies whose ironing machines would not work, and tried to sell electrical appliances and devices to shops and offices.

He was better acquainted with the young man of the Commercial Super-Electric than he was with Olive Tillsbury's fiancé. But he wondered sometimes if Olive was.

Things shaped themselves.

"Darling," said Olive, "if we are married during the holidays we can be all settled by the first of March. Do you realize that we've got the wedding all planned and the invitations will be out next week; but we haven't decided about our wedding trip? We'll *have* to decide

amused, and almost constant smile.

"You missed something, Alstyne," he told Cornelius. "Pommy came down with some real guns. Be great shooting over there this fall. You'll be down here a lot now, I suppose."

"I don't expect to," said Cornelius. "I can't afford much week-ending."

That was flat and short and pointed enough, but it slid off Billy without leaving any mark at all.

"How about that, Olive?" he redirected his question, with a grin that pretended to understand things.

CORNELIUS had wondered, going back to town, if there would be any opposition from Olive's parents. He was quite prepared to stand up to it if need be, and he kept assuring himself that he and Olive cared enough about each other to see any adverse arguments through. But there were none, only a few courteous questions. The Tillsburys had passed the point where ordinary intermarriage could add much to their standing in any case, and they took Cornelius quite simply.

Mr. Tillsbury, Cornelius found, had made some inquiries about him, and what he had been told seemed to have satisfied him. All the Tillsburys asked was that he should remain a healthy, decent young man of reasonably good standing. All Olive asked was that he should adore her. In return, he was to marry into the Tillsbury family, and to have Olive. It was the generous arrangement of generous people, and Cornelius knew it. But still there were times, during those next bewildering months, when he felt the control of his own life slipping out of his hands.

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pretty soon because of clothes, you know."

"Clothes?"

"If we go to Bermuda, we'll want white clothes, you see—that sort of thing. If we go to New York, I want to get hotel things—dinner dresses and theatre wraps; it makes a difference."

"I see," said Cornelius. "I don't think much of the Bermuda idea, sweetheart." He was reflecting that business suits would do better in New York than on Southern steamers. "Why can't we just go off quietly into the country somewhere—where we'll be alone? You know, Olive, I can't afford much of a trip."

"You don't have to afford it at all," laughed Olive. "Didn't you know that, silly? It's to be Father's wedding present. I made him promise. He'll take care of it all."

"I see," said Cornelius, slowly.

"Won't it be wonderful?" asked Olive, with her face close to his. But for the first time Cornelius did not turn to it. He was thinking that she would not be really his, somehow, if he took her away on someone else's money. It wouldn't be like caring for her himself.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing," he told her. It seemed so ungrateful to object. And, after all, it was the honeymoon, which was really a part of the wedding. After that, they'd settle down and adjust to simple living and begin the climb together.

"You know," said Olive, "I'm shameless. I can hardly wait to be married!"

That got him. He took her sweet face in his hands and looked at it so long and fiercely that she laughed at him.

"Neither can I. I want to get you away from everything, Olive. You seem to belong to me only once in a while. I want you entirely, free from everyone, even parents. I want you to be Olive Alstyne, and forget you ever were anyone else. I want to take care of you!"

She shook herself free, and looked at him like a delighted child planning a party.

"About an apartment," she suggested. "You know I heard we could get one in the Belvidere. Mother thought it would be wonderful. Several people we know live in that building, and it's just new—"

"My dear child, I can't afford the Belvidere!"

"Oh, this apartment is very little, and I heard it was astonishingly cheap. Let's take a look, Corny."

"But I know—"

"But looks don't cost anything," she said determinedly, "and we have to begin hunting for a place. I'm afraid you aren't very practical, Corny. I see what my job is going to be!"

So they went the next day, squired by an effusive agent who knew who Olive Tillsbury was, to see the apartment in the Belvidere. It was a strange mixture of misery and delight for Cornelius. The joy of looking into rooms, any rooms that they might be going to share together, of mutually exploring a kitchen, of looking out over a view, and imagining that it might be what they would see in the morning, was all there. But the absurdity of the place, with its rubbed cedar panelings, its French (*Continued on page 111*)

"Can I give you a lift," called Billy Bates, "or do you think this is honeysuckle lane?"

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I Gave Up My Law Books For A Cook Book

By Lucy R. Tunis

"WHERE did you learn to cook so well?" asked a law-school friend who was dining with me, as she passed her plate for a second piece of my apple pie.

"In the law school, of course," I answered.

This reply seemed to startle her, for she admonished me to be serious. I said I was never more serious in my life and that I would prove it to her satisfaction.

"Shortly after our marriage, my husband and I were giving a dinner party to very kind but fastidious friends," I explained. "I was a little nervous with regard to myself as a cook, so I consulted him about the menu. He surprised me by demanding an apple pie.

"Now, I had never made any pastry; but, having passed a six-hour bar examination, which at the time had seemed impossible, I felt that a pie ought not to floor me.

"So I determined to make the pie. I attacked pie making by the only method that I knew; as if it were a legal case. I got out my cook book, made a thorough study of the question of pastry, drew a deep breath, and then followed the detailed instructions to the letter. That pie was wonderful—the only trouble was that I had not made two pies."

My friend seemed still incredulous, so I reminded her that my legally trained mind naturally loved a problem of any kind, and that unaccustomed household tasks were things to be mastered in the same way as any case in Torts or Contracts. Just as the study of Shakespeare's plays, seemingly so unrelated to law, had helped me more than anything else to approach legal problems properly, so the study of the law had helped me to approach the subject of cooking.

My friend's final remark was, "Well, who would have believed, when you were wandering about the law library, that you could one day cook a meal like this!" I knew that this had been the thought of most of my friends; in fact, perhaps the only person who never had entertained it was the man who had dared to place his future health and happiness in the hands of a woman lawyer.

Though my friend praised my food, I felt, when she said good-by, that she had never quite forgiven me for deserting our profession, that she condemned me for being so domestic. As a matter of fact, I was a most undomestic child, always wanting to be out of doors. And when I was sent seriously to school, at the age of twelve, in order to go to Vassar College, it was with difficulty that I adjusted myself to study.

As a girl, I had no experience in household affairs. I was one of four daughters; the house seemed to run by itself, and the only hitch was when periodically the servants announced their departure. Even then I never offered my services as substitute. My mind was full either of examinations to be passed or of some outdoor attraction.

Perhaps this lack of domestic instincts was what selected me out of the four daughters to carry on the legal traditions of both my father's and my mother's family. I was born with not only this legal heritage but also with a New England conscience and the highly developed sense of duty of my ancestors. So, when my father asked me to enter law school I allowed myself, with my Vassar degree as my only encouragement, to be led into what seemed to me to be a most terrifying and extremely difficult step.

When my name was still on the class roster after the first mid-year, I took heart and began to realize how much the subject interested me; I was inspired to put every effort into my attempt to justify my father's hopes, and graduate, on his thirtieth anniversary, from the same law school. This I did, and when I arrived at that day, so important to my family, it seemed to me the most natural and simple thing in the world.

I had found, to my astonishment, that apparently I had been born with a legal attitude of mind, one that could keep pace with the men who were studying with me. With this discovery I started out on my practice of law.

IN ADDITION to wanting to earn my own living in the law as a profession, I had also wanted to gain an understanding of my father's business, should it ever be required of me to take his place. This seems to be the usual point of view of most men taking up any profession or business, so in this purely personal frame of mind, I set out to establish for myself a recognized place in the legal world. I was astonished to find the way open to me on every hand. I found work in an office of men lawyers, who took me in, I knew, solely on my scholastic record. But of the real practice of law I was grossly ignorant. However, as my working knowledge increased, I was requested to appear in the probate court for the firm, in order to obtain the grant of a petition.

This was my first appearance in my own person and it was with diffidence that I stepped up to the bench. Forebodings of my probable reception in any court had been instilled in my heart by my sisters in the law. Women, I had gathered, were not popular with the courts.

The judge had retired to his own private room, into which I was ushered. He was Judge Robert Grant, a well-known novelist as well as judge, and he will probably never suspect the depth of his kindness to me. He greeted me as a human being, and engaged me in a friendly conversation. He questioned me about my selection of law as my profession, and what had been my aims and hopes. We both became so interested that, though he had said that the petition should be granted, I discovered on examining it afterward that he had forgotten to sign it. My experience was always that the novelty of my being a woman brought me great consideration and courtesy.

IN THIS first year, I was content to be learning, and did not expect to figure in Supreme Court trials until after years of work and preparation. Had anyone come to me at this time with a full-fledged case, I should have done just what Chief Justice Taft did when his first client appeared after months of waiting and hoping and preparing: I should have advised him to go to a real lawyer.

In fact, I lost my first criminal case. I came into the office one day to be told that no one was able to appear in a case that had come up for that morning, and that I was to take it. The client's name and the nature of his crime were unknown to me. I had no time to ask any questions, had anyone been about to answer them. My client was condemned; but I had not even been given time to discover what, in the face of plainest guilt, I could do for him. However, that case made me determine never again to attempt a thing unless fully prepared for any contingency.

I had taken over as much of the office work as was possible in regard to property, drawing up deeds, registering and probating, for it was a branch of law in which a woman would most readily acquire the confidence of clients. But at this time we went into the war, and one of the largest and best-known offices in Boston became willing, against all their previous prejudices, to take in a woman lawyer on the same footing as they took in men.

It was my good fortune to be selected by this firm, and I found my responsibilities greatly increased. Here was a real step ahead. In this office my duties consisted of obtaining evidence for trials and drawing up briefs on points of law for one of America's most famous legal minds, Mr. Charles F. Choate, Jr.

This was a great inspiration to me, and my interest carried me through long days and evenings, as I unearthed points of law that could help him prepare for his cases. I was very proud to be at his side in the courts while cases (*Continued on page 172*)

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Lucy R. Tunis

WHEN Lucy R. Tunis decided that her husband's happiness and career meant more to her than her own career, she abandoned the law, in which she was making a fine record, and set about creating a *real* home,—and creating it with her own hands. "The most perfectly happy man," says Mrs. Tunis, "is the one who lives in a servantless house."

THE old Colonial house in Connecticut that became home when cook books took the place of law books in Mrs. Tunis's life.

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Lawrence A. Downs

THE son of a section foreman, Lawrence Downs entered the railroading field as soon as he was out of college. His first job was in the engineering department of the old Vandalia Railroad. Two years later he moved to the Illinois Central, for the very good reason that somebody in this company thought his services were worth sixty dollars a month. He started out as a rodman; but before the year was up he was made instrument man, at a salary of seventy-five dollars. After this, promotions came regularly, if not with breath-taking speed. It took "Larry" Downs exactly thirty years to reach the top. Mr. Downs, who is fifty-five years old, claims that he is "just an average person." He was born in Indiana, and is a graduate of Purdue University, in the same state.

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Do Your Stuff— And Keep Your Eyes Open

That is how Lawrence A. Downs climbed to the presidency of the Illinois Central Railroad—While giving his "best licks" to every job, he made sure that he never remained long in a blind alley—The seven planks in his platform of promotion

By Neil M. Clark

HE IS the easiest man in the world to work for! He insists on only one thing: You must do your stuff! And he is by all odds the fairest man I ever knew. In my judgment, Mr. Downs *never in all his life was unfair to any human being.*"

They say that a man is no hero to his private secretary, but the remarks I have just quoted constitute the verdict which one private secretary returns against his boss.

The boss in this case is Lawrence A. Downs. Six husky feet of Irishman, Mr. Downs heads an organization of some sixty thousand people, as president of one of the great railroad systems of this country; namely, the Illinois Central. Moreover, he is the hero of a career which any boy or man in this land of opportunity might well ponder seriously.

A poor boy he was, starting without friend or favor in a huge organization as a sixty-dollar-a-month rodman on an engineering corps; and he forged his way to the peak position. It has been whispered that he never did a "brilliant" thing in his life. Whether or not that is correct, it is certainly true that, year in and year out, he, with amazing steadiness, did the right thing at the right time.

When you sit across from Lawrence Downs, you look into a pair of humorous, determined, curiously unflinching blue eyes, set in rugged, powerful features. He has the look of a man who has never excused himself from labor. The firmness of his jaw is noticeable.

It is characteristic of him that thousands of railroad men, from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the valley of the Platte, know him, either personally or by reputation, as "Larry." Yet, face to face, he is "Mr. Downs." Even when he was a green boss in his middle twenties, there was that about him which commanded respect.

His career in its visible sequences is as simple as water running down-hill. He himself summed it up this way:

"Forget, once for all, the impression that there was destiny or heroics mixed up in it. That's mush! I'm an average person.

"When I was a kid out of college, I went hunting a job, as any boy does. Jobs were scarce then, because it was the year 1894, and a great panic had just swept the country. I went to work for the railroad, because the railroad could use a chap like me; and they thought I was worth about forty dollars a month.

"I stuck to railroading because I never saw a good-enough reason to think I could do better, or be happier, anywhere else."

And yet, if you are looking for the sheer romance of opportunity as it exists in these United States, it would be difficult to find a more striking example. James Downs, "Larry's" father, for forty years labored as a section foreman, bossing a crew of "jerries," drivers of spikes and setters of ties. It was this man's boy who became a railroad president!

"Larry" Downs was born in Greencastle, Indiana, fifty-five years ago, and after passing through the public schools, had a hunch to go to college and study engineering.

He was the youngest child in a family of eight, and he was the only one with a serious hankering for college. His father and elder brothers sent him. He was graduated from Purdue University in 1894. Meanwhile, in the way of a boy on the hunt for funds, he had learned how to swing a pickax and handle a spade. More than once he had spent the long summer vacation as a common laborer in his father's section crew, earning a dollar and ten cents a day.

With graduation came his first "regular" job. This was with the Vandalia Railroad, in the engineering department. The old Vandalia ran from Indianapolis to St. Louis; it was later absorbed by the Pennsylvania.

IN COLLEGE, Downs had been a popular leader in numerous activities. Among other accomplishments, he had played guard and tackle on a football team which, in those days of the flying wedge (the beef-and-murder era of the game!), was reckoned the fastest eleven west of New York State. So, in the fall of 1896, when one of the big games of the year was scheduled in St. Louis he went down to see it played. And, apparently, it was on the cards for him to strike a turn in his fortunes. He met one of his college classmates, a chap named Wallace, and the two compared notes freely.

"Wallace," Mr. Downs told me, "also was working for a railroad, the Illinois Central. I found that he was getting seventy-five dollars a month, nearly twice the forty I drew.

"'If you see an opening up there for a lad like me,' I told him, 'don't be afraid to let me know!'

"I never supposed anything further would come of it; (*Continued on page 163*)

Modesty Sometimes Ceases To Be a Virtue

"AS I went along from job to job," says "Larry" Downs, "I gradually learned that promotion was a thing I had to look for on my own hook; I couldn't leave it entirely to the boss. Get that in mind, for it's one fact that matters. Promotion isn't wholly the employer's affair—it's also a man's business to bring himself to the employer's attention, quietly but successfully, as one worthy of promotion."

I am glad that Mr. Downs used the word "quietly." Dramatic and silly methods of attracting attention frequently bring disaster to an employee whose ambition has more voltage than his judgment. Because you see no sense in being a wallflower you don't have to become a purple and prickly thistle. Midway between the two extremes lies a happy medium. Wise is the man who knows its boundaries. THE EDITOR.

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Eyes

A story of the wilderness

By Herbert Ravenel Sass

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

YEARS ago, even before that day when Tiger Swamp first echoed to the sound of Sandy Jim Mayfield's gun, the lumbermen had spread their blight over the country. That blight would be long in passing. Not for centuries, if ever again, would the swamp be what it had been before the axmen's coming. The towering, straight-trunked cypresses were gone; gone, too, were the mighty pines which had once grown all along the swamp's edges, pines which soared sixty feet without a limb.

But the place was green again; the scars that had disfigured it were no longer visible. In fact, it was greener than it had ever been in its prime, for now that the great trees which had shaded it were no more, undergrowths of a dozen different kinds could find the sunlight they needed.

Out of these undergrowths which had come into being since the murder of the trees, out of thickets of myrtle and bay and tangles of blackberry and Cherokee rose, wild Nature laughed at the mastery of Man. He had despoiled her, had he?

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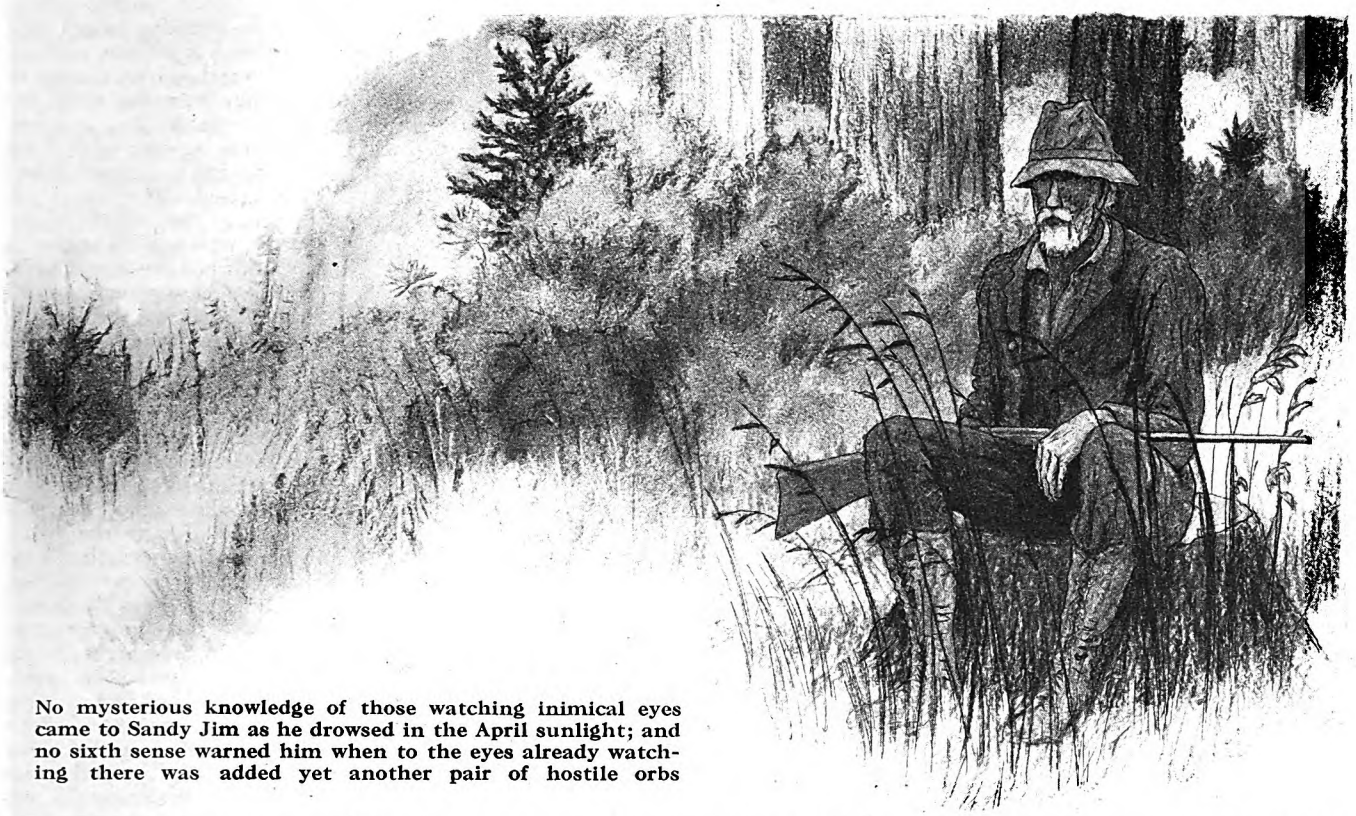

No mysterious knowledge of those watching inimical eyes came to Sandy Jim as he drowsed in the April sunlight; and no sixth sense warned him when to the eyes already watching there was added yet another pair of hostile orbs

He had slaughtered her noblest trees, and swept away the virgin forest which she had created through long ages in this place?

Yes; he had done these things. But in doing them he had merely made Tiger Swamp a suitable habitation for her; a place of abundant coverts, and green, impenetrable refuges, where the wildest of her wild creatures could find sanctuary.

And not sanctuary only. The swamp was a fortress as well as a retreat. From its edges hostile, invisible eyes looked out at hunters who came to the swamp's margins in search of game; and from its recesses, under cover of night, those of its inhabitants who knew how to wage war in the secret, furtive way of the wild killers launched raids and forays against the neighboring farms.

ON a low pine stump near the western edge of Tiger Swamp perched an erect dun shape, a shape almost as motionless as the stump, of which it might have been a part. It had been there for more than half an hour; it had seen and heard many things. But as yet it had neither seen nor heard the two things which would have interested it most.

It did not know that two pairs of eyes were fixed upon it; that one of those pairs of eyes had never wavered in their gaze since the moment when they had seen this erect dun shape steal cautiously through the sparse grove of second-growth oaks and sweet gums which bordered the swamp at this point, and take its seat on that low pine stump, fifty yards from the swamp's margin.

Sandy Jim Mayfield believed in luck. It was a lucky day that had sent him out here to do just the thing he liked better to do than anything else in the world. The old man's thin, leathery face—sun-tanned as brown as his corduroy coat—wrinkled with satisfaction as he went back over it.

The day had started badly enough. It was spring house-cleaning time. After twenty years of wedded life in the backwoods of the low country, Sandy Jim possessed a minute and accurate knowledge of his wife's mind and personality. Spring house-cleaning always put her in a temper, and she was most dangerous when the dining-room became the object of her feather duster's attentions. This was because the sixty pairs of deer horns adorning the dingy walls of that room added greatly to her task—and it was in the dining-room that operations had started this morning.

Those branching antlers, proofs of his own prowess and the prowess of his sons, were Sandy Jim's pride. He would not have permitted their removal if kings or presidents had demanded it. But if Susan Mayfield should some day demand it, what then?

Lolling comfortably in his battered cane-bottomed chair, watching Mrs. Mayfield attack an accumulation of cobwebs dangling from the smoke-stained ceiling above the dining-room mantelpiece, he had felt vaguely apprehensive. And with some cause. For presently the little woman had turned on him.

"There's one thing yer good fer, jis' one thing only," she had said, in her high-pitched voice, which creaked like a wagon wheel. "You won't work, but yer a pretty good hunter. You kin jis' hustle out o' here an' git a deer or a turkey. I'm dead sick o' pork!" She jabbed vigorously at a soot-blackened tuft of spider web in a corner of the ceiling. "An' don't you do nothin' resky in the woods to-day! It's a Friday, an' the thirteenth!"

Sandy Jim Mayfield had listened without resentment, even with hardly concealed satisfaction. The ultimatum had not taken the form which he had feared. His horns were safe for another year.

He was, however, the slave of no woman. It was nine o'clock in the morning when his wife commanded him to go forth in quest of fresh meat. It was past noon when he slouched across the yard and out of the gate, toward the swamp—a tall, spare, loose-jointed figure in ancient corduroys and hunting boots, his shotgun under his long, lean right arm.

If Sandy Jim Mayfield believed in lucky days, he believed also in the luck of lucky places. Sitting on this stump, he had killed the greatest gobbler that had ever fallen to his gun. Sitting on this stump, he had shot down the buck whose antlers were the finest in that imposing array of deer horns bristling on his dining-room walls. Spring hunting—and it was now mid-April—called for as little expenditure of energy as possible. Sandy Jim, lazy with the languor of spring, had left his dogs at home, and had walked across a mile of lonely pine land straight to the old pine stump near the swamp's edge.

There he would sit till dusk, if necessary, his loaded double-barreled gun resting across his knees, his white head drooped forward a little between his square, high shoulders. If a deer or a turkey came to him there, Susan Mayfield would have relief from pork. Being a believer in luck, and more particularly in the luck of this spot, and knowing deer and turkeys as he did, Sandy Jim thought it more than likely that sometime during the long afternoon a deer or a turkey would come.

He waited, therefore, patiently and hopefully; basking in the warm April sunshine; hearing, and yet not hearing, the songs of the nesting birds; drowsy, yet alert; indifferent, yet eager; listening and watching silently—never suspecting that he himself was watched.

OF THE two pairs of unseen eyes that were fixed upon Sandy Jim one pair, gazing out from the edge of a small myrtle thicket between the hunter and the fringe of short canes along the swamp's margin, never strayed from that motionless, dull-brown figure on the pine stump.

Before the appearance of that figure

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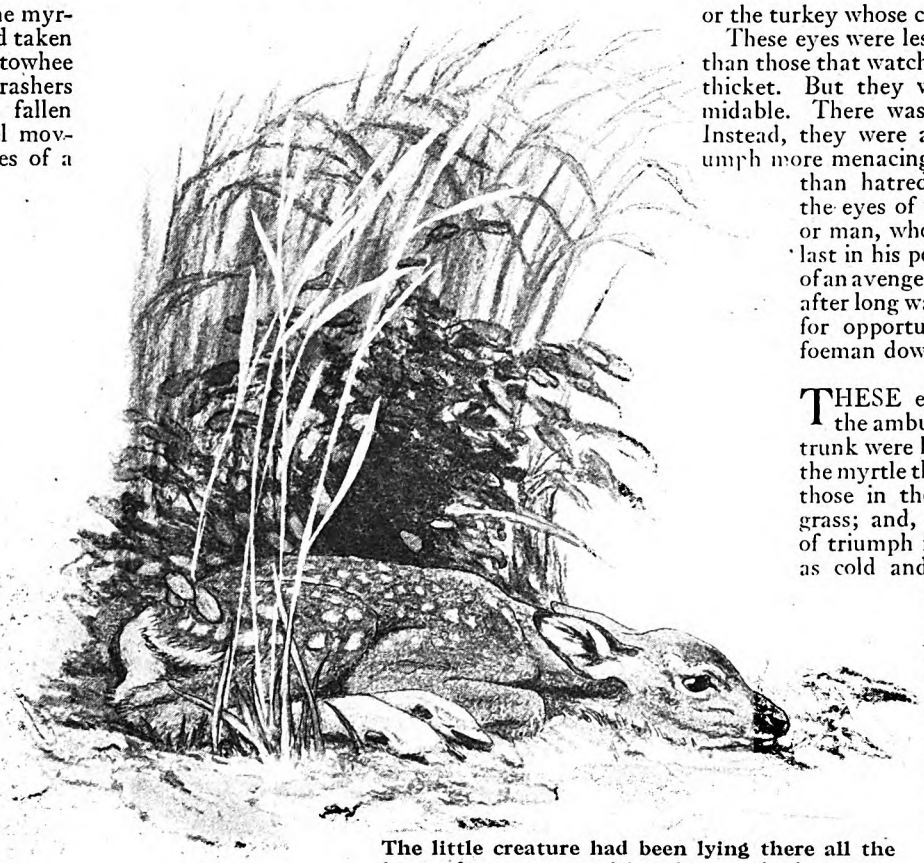
the watchful eyes in the myrtle thicket had seen and taken note of many things—towhee buntings and brown thrashers scratching amid the fallen leaves, a gray squirrel moving about the branches of a sweet gum, a big red-crested log-cockhammeringon a dead pine sapling a little way up the slope.

BUT now all these were forgotten. They saw only the form of the hunter, motionless, silent, as inconspicuous in its brown corduroys as the stump itself. And they saw him with fear and hatred; with hatred which was perhaps even more potent than their fear. If the eyes in the myrtle thicket had possessed the dread power which the ancients attributed to that fabled beast, the basilisk, Sandy Jim would have died speedily on his stump, the life burnt out of him by the intensity of their gaze.



The little creature had been lying there all the long afternoon, awaiting its mother's return from the swamp where she had gone to graze

The other pair of watching eyes, concealed in a clump of broom grass about fifteen feet from the myrtle thicket, were not less alert, not less observant, not less hostile. But they were not so intense, not so fixed and steady. There crept into them now and then an expression which might have denoted both impatience and expectancy. Unlike the eyes in the myrtle thicket, their gaze was not immovably fastened upon the hunter. From time to time they seemed to forget him momentarily, and at such times they searched eagerly all the open spaces of the wood within range of their vision.

One might have guessed that the owner of this second pair of eyes, though keenly interested in watching and studying the strange, still shape on the pine stump, was at the same time awaiting with growing impatience some tremendously important event which was due to happen soon.

If Sandy Jim had suddenly divined the nature of that expected event, if he had become aware, through some mysterious sixth sense, of the hidden hostile eyes regarding him from the myrtle thicket in front of him and from the broom grass clump a little to the left, he would not have betrayed his knowledge by any hasty movement.

Probably his own small gray-blue eyes, which were now rather dull and heavy, because he was drowsy, would have brightened suddenly. Probably his brown, leathery, hawklike face beneath its thatch of white hair would have become even more hawklike, because in moments of excitement the old hunter had a trick of contracting his nostrils in a way which made his thin hooked nose look more than ever like the beak of a striking falcon.

But he would not have been startled into any sudden motion; he would not have altered in the slightest degree the waiting game that he was playing. He would have figured the chances with lightning-like rapidity—for in problems of this sort his mind was marvelously quick—and he would have decided accurately that his best chance lay in remaining precisely where he was and in doing exactly what he was doing; namely, nothing.

BUT no mysterious knowledge of those two pairs of watching, inimical eyes came to Sandy Jim as he drowsed in the April sunlight; and no sixth sense warned him when, to the eyes already watching from concealment, there was added yet another pair of hostile orbs.

The eyes that watched from the myrtle thicket, and from the broom grass, were in front of him, between his pine stump and the swamp.

This third pair of eyes, which had now come to play a part in the drama, watched him from behind.

From the high land to the swamp-edge the ground sloped gently, and Sandy Jim's stump was about half way down the slope. On the slope itself the trees were mostly second growth; but just at the crest of the rise, some forty yards from the pine stump, stood an enormous black oak, behind whose huge trunk even the mightiest of wild beasts, or the burliest of human killers, might have lurked unseen. It was from the ambush of this gigantic black oak trunk that the third pair of eyes now studied Sandy Jim's motionless form, as the old hunter sat waiting, with that long patience the forest teaches, for the deer or the turkey whose coming he expected.

These eyes were less intense, perhaps, than those that watched from the myrtle thicket. But they were far more formidable. There was no fear in them. Instead, they were aglitter with a triumph more menacing and more sinister than hatred. They were like the eyes of one, whether beast or man, who sees his enemy at last in his power—like the eyes of an avenger to whom has come, after long waiting, the yearned-for opportunity to strike his foeman down.

THESE eyes that lurked in the ambush of the black oak trunk were larger than those in the myrtle thicket, smaller than those in the clump of broom grass; and, despite the glitter of triumph in them, they were as cold and gray as polished stone. There was in them, too, something of the eternal quality of stone. They were eyes that could wait—that could wait and watch with inexhaustible patience until their moment had come.

They would never grow weary, these eyes. Fate or chance had set an ambuscade in the woods, and one whom these eyes hated had entered that ambuscade. Soon or late the trap would be sprung. Hours might pass before the dun figure on the pine stump made the fatal move to which the eyes of stone looked forward with grim, avid expectation. But hour after hour they would await the coming of that moment. Hour after hour they would watch from their ambush, confident of triumph at the last, sure of the revenge which they desired.

The slow minutes dragged their length along. To Sandy Jim Mayfield came no premonition of peril, no subtle hint of impending tragedy. He was not the kind to whom mysterious warnings come, conveyed by influences or forces beyond human comprehension. He had only his physical senses to rely upon, and these gave him no warning. For all his seventy years, his vision was keener than that of most young men, his hearing as acute as it had ever been. But the keenest eyes cannot see that which is invisible; the sharpest ears cannot detect a presence which makes no sound.

And no sound came from the myrtle thicket, from the tall broom grass waving gently in the light breeze, from the great black oak trunk at the crest of the slope. Even the smaller folk of the woods seemed unaware of hidden presences in two of these three hiding places. A wren perched on a twig of the myrtle not six inches from the ground and sang for a quarter of an hour with scarcely a pause for breath. A cottontail came out of the swamp and nibbled contentedly at certain appetizing weed stems at the very verge of the broom grass clump.

But no bird or little beast ventured close to the black oak trunk forty yards

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behind the stump where Mayfield sat; and a big iron-gray fox squirrel, which had been exploring the branches of the oak, now lay flattened against an upper limb, staring glassily downward, afraid to move, almost afraid to breathe.

An hour passed. It was now mid-afternoon. The dun figure on the pine stump still held almost exactly the same pose, except that the white head under the battered brown felt hat no longer sagged forward sleepily. But if Sandy Jim's drowsiness had disappeared, there was no hint of restlessness or impatience in his attitude. As the afternoon waned, the prospect of a turkey would grow less, but the prospect of a deer would improve. Most of the turkey hens were now setting, and the gobblers would seek their roosts well before sunset, but in spring, when the law forbade deer hunting, the whitetail bucks and does soon learned that they need not wait till nightfall to begin feeding.

As the shadows lengthened, old Sandy Jim would watch the swamp edge in front of him with growing expectancy, in the hope that out of the fringe of short, dense canes a buck or a doe would come to face his gun—a gun to which the law meant nothing.

OF THE three pairs of hostile eyes watching the figure of the hunter, two seemed as insensible as Sandy Jim himself to the passage of time. The eyes in the myrtle thicket had perhaps lost something of their intensity, but they never wavered in their fixed, inscrutable stare. The eyes behind the black oak trunk—those eyes which had the hardness and the eternal quality of stone—still glittered with that grim confidence, that ominous assurance of triumph which had shone in them from the beginning.

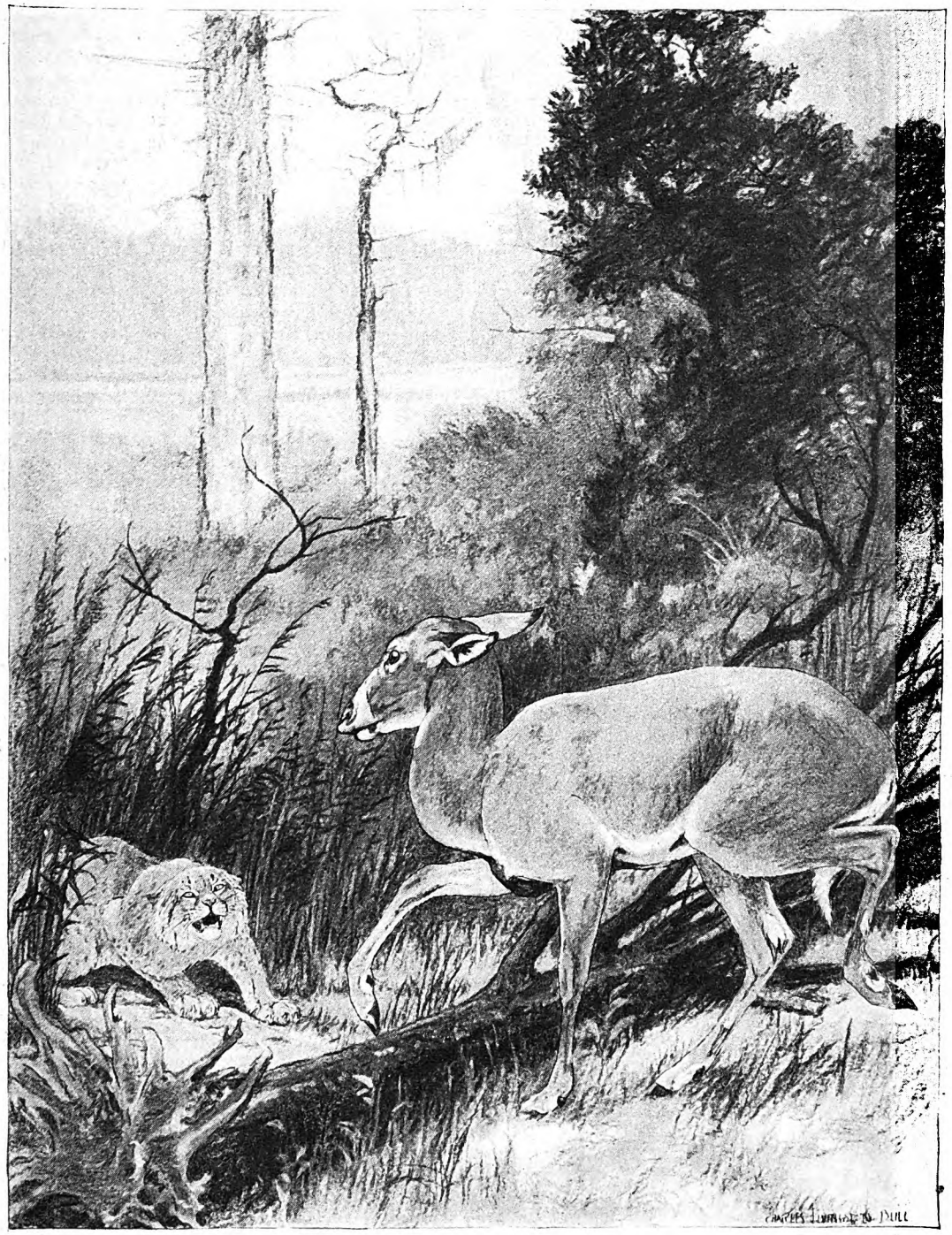
But the eyes in the clump of broom grass—the large eyes which all the while had seemed to be awaiting some eagerly desired event—appeared to have lost interest in the motionless figure on the pine stump. Their gaze roved restlessly here and there, as though searching for something as yet invisible; and more evident than ever now was that look of eagerness, of anxious expectancy, of hungry, desperate yearning for some happening long overdue.

Mayfield, had he now discovered the eyes in the broom grass clump, would not have failed to read their message correctly. He would have known precisely what it was that the owner of those eyes expected; and his own eyes, deep-set, almost hidden under white overhanging brows, would have become on the instant even more alert, even more watchful. Perhaps, reading that warning, he would have moved his right hand very slowly and cocked the right barrel of his old-fashioned hammer gun.

But the eyes in the broom grass clump remained invisible to the hunter; the gun rested across Sandy Jim's knees uncocked, its hammers down. He could not know that presently there would come a moment when his failure to cock that gun would be regretted bitterly.

Before that moment came, however, there were developments in the drama of which old Sandy Jim, unknown to himself, had become the center—this silent drama of the unseen eyes.

THE first of these developments had no apparent starting point, no visible or audible cause. To Sandy Jim's ears no sound had come except the ordinary sounds of the woods—the songs and call notes of small birds, the screaming of a soaring red-shouldered hawk, the catlike, complaining cries of a red-bellied woodpecker somewhere in the swamp. Hence it was not sound which had warned him. Nor could it have been sight. For while the myrtle thicket and the broom grass clump were in front of him and in plain view, the black oak trunk was directly behind him up (*Continued on page 74*)



The doe was trying to get behind him, but he turned as she turned, and presently she tired of the delay

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Quicksand

J. F. Coleman, for thirty years an engineer in the Mississippi Valley, tells of thrilling first-hand encounters with this treacherous substance, which has destroyed mines, wrecked railway tracks, and caused entire cities to sink many feet

By George W. Gray

ON NOVEMBER 3d, 1926, fifty-two men at work in a mine in the Iron Range of Michigan paused to listen to an ominous thundering. The rocky caverns and heavy supporting timbers quivered, as under the shock of an earthquake.

Suddenly a terrific blast of air swept through the passages. Three men were descending the shaft in the elevator cage when this air current struck them like the up-rush of a volcano, and tossed the heavy cage upward.

Meanwhile, down below, the fifty-two miners were struggling with a peril more fearsome than earthquake or wind. They found themselves engulfed in a rising tide of quicksand.

Only one man escaped. When he reached the surface, after a frantic climb up the ladder of the shaft, he was near collapse. "Mud and water were right at my heels all the way up," he said. His boots were coated with gray mud. The slush rose in the shaft like the backwater from a storm sewer following a cloudburst.

Where did the quicksand come from? Investigation showed that a nearby swamp had sunk twenty feet. Some weak spot in the roof of the mine had caved in, and through that break the swamp had emptied itself. The twenty-foot depression of the swamp represented the thousands of tons of water, quicksand, and other mud that had swirled into the iron workings, shaken the solid rock, and produced that tornado-like blast of air. The sucking thud of the cave-in was heard above the ground for many miles.

This recent disaster, emphasized by the tragic loss of so many lives, calls attention to a condition in nature that most people think of as extremely abnormal and of rare occurrence.

But mining engineers and foundation engineers say that quicksand is anything but rare. It is found almost everywhere. In New England, in the far West, in the Mississippi Valley, in the South, and along the Atlantic coast, quicksand has been encountered again and again. Pockets of quicksand have been uncovered in the rocky strata of Manhattan Island on which New York's massive skyscrapers, bridges, and subways rest. Europe has its stories of the treachery of quicksand. The Bible contains references to this unstable material.

The very word is scary. It conjures up images of treacherous ground, sinking foundations, mysterious disappearances. I remember in my boyhood in Texas, the fear in which certain swimming holes and fishing places were regarded—an abandoned ford across Davidson's Creek; Scott's Spring, with its bed of gray quicksand through which clear water bubbled ceaselessly. And down by the Yegua and the Brazos were other places strictly forbidden—forbidden because of the presence of sand that seemed firm, and yet, when you stepped on it, sank and sucked you down. Such was its reputation.

There were stories of horses and cattle that had disappeared. I used to ask the men and boys who told these tales to explain how the accidents turned out: How did the animals behave in the quicksand? Did it really suck them down? Did they disappear holding their noses upward and breathing to the last inch?

No one was able to answer these questions. Each explained that he had not actually witnessed the tragedy—he had it from another.

ONE day, reading Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," I came across that story of quicksand in the account of Jean Valjean's escape with the wounded Marius through the sewers of Paris. And there the picture was limned in every detail: the unwary traveler, the seeming-dry sand into which he walks, the increasing heaviness of his feet, the discovery that the sand is sinking deeper at each step, the attempts to turn back, the panic of desperation as he struggles to escape, the inexorable slow entombment.

"A quicksand is a sepulcher that converts itself into a tide, and ascends from the bottom of the earth toward a living man," writes Victor Hugo. "The wretch tries to sit, to lie down, to walk, to crawl. All the movements that he makes bury him. He draws himself up, and only sinks deeper. He feels himself being swallowed. He yells, implores, writhes his arms. He is in the sand up to his waist. Then the sand reaches his chest—he is but a bust. He raises his hands, groans, digs his nails into the sands, raises himself on his elbows, sobs frenziedly. But the sand mounts. It reaches his shoulders. It reaches his neck. The face alone is visible now. The mouth cries; the sand fills it, and then there is a silence. The eyes still look, but the sand closes them, and there is night. Then the forehead sinks, and a little hair waves above the sand. A hand emerges—disappears. It is a sinister effacement of a man."

A sinister portrait, too! But, after all, only fiction.

Last winter, however, in New Orleans, I talked with a man who knows quicksand by intimate personal experience—Mr. J. F. Coleman, an engineer who has been the foundation adviser on many difficult construction projects in the lower Mississippi Valley. To him, the treachery and wiles of quicksand are not a story that has been heard, but rather a story he himself has lived.

"I'm not a quicksand expert," protested Mr. Coleman, good-naturedly, as I began to ask questions on his experiences. "I don't know anybody who can qualify as an authority; and I'm sure I can't.

"Yet quicksand is something that a foundation engineer is likely to encounter almost anywhere. More especially here in the Mississippi Delta region, where our soil is all 'made' land, the result of deposits of silt by the river. Here we have quicksand as an everyday problem. I have been in the practice of engineering in New Orleans more than thirty years, and I don't know a foundation for a heavy structure put down here within that time that did not involve quicksand as a factor.

"My introduction to quicksand came in 1885, when I was nineteen years old," continued Mr. Coleman. "Of course I had heard of quicksand earlier. In my boyhood at Church Hill neighborhood, near Natchez, Mississippi, there were legends of quicksandy creeks and bayous. Many of the fords across Cole's Creek were reputed risky, and Thompson's Creek had its treacherous places where horses had been lost—so it was said. I kept clear of these places, and can't actually swear that there was any quicksand there. But they had a powerful reputation as danger spots. I suppose many parts of the country have their legendary quicksand holes, along with their 'haunted' houses and 'headless' horsemen.

"BUT in 1885 I discovered that quicksand actually exists. I was a young engineer, then employed as a level rodman, one of a squad of men who were making preliminary surveys for the Kansas City, Memphis and Birmingham Railroad (now a part of the Frisco System). In this section of western Alabama was a small creek about twelve feet wide and ordinarily not over a foot deep. We were running a survey line to get to the summit of a ridge, and were following the valley of this creek.

"My job was to go ahead and hold the rod for the level man to take his sights at, a separate sighting for each change of the elevation. Several crossings of the creek were required, to follow our survey, and I

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didn't bother to look for fords—just waded in. I was wet anyhow; it had been raining for several days, and the stream was swollen to nearly twice its normal size.

"I had made about eight crossings of the creek without any thought of danger, when suddenly, in midstream, my footing began to sink under me. I pulled a foot out, and stepped far over, hoping to reach firm soil, but down I went again, deeper. Every movement I made seemed to carry me farther down, and presently I was up to my armpits and realized that I was in a helpless situation.

"I shouted to Foster, the level man, and he came running to see what I was holloing about. He was only three or four hundred feet away; but the underbrush which lined the banks of the stream hid me. When he drew near and saw nothing but my head and shoulders sticking above water, he grabbed up a cut sapling and pushed it out to me. I caught hold with both hands, he pulled, and in a few minutes I was out of the quicksand.

"If Foster had not been near, and if there had been no sapling or pole close at hand, I would never have got out of it. There was not much time to spare."

"Could you feel the quicksand suck you down?" I asked.

"No, it was rather a sensation of sinking—of the earth giving way beneath my feet. The suction came when I tried to pull my foot out; but as long as I did not struggle there was no feeling of being drawn into anything. I simply felt a slow descent. The feeling is different from that of struggling in water. My feet seemed heavy. Every movement was a tremendous effort. Swimming was of course impossible. My whole impression was more of being in land than in water. It was tantalizing to feel the ground simply slipping out from under me."

"Tantalizing? It must have been terrifying."

"No, the strange part of it is that I was not unnerved. It seemed the most incidental thing in the world. I went right on with my work without a pause.

"TWO years later I was working on construction with the same railroad in northern Mississippi. One afternoon, driving a horse and buggy to our camp, I had to cross the Tombigbee River at a ford. The river was only about two hundred and fifty feet wide here, but the ford was diagonal and about four hundred feet across.

"When we were near midstream the horse began to flounder, and I saw that he was in trouble. I pulled out my pocket knife and cut the traces, threw the reins over him, and got out behind and pulled the buggy away from him.

"The horse was now tossing his head, and making a great splashing in his efforts to regain his footing. I tried to help him, to get the line and lead him back to the solid bed of the ford. But it was impossible to get near him, or to control his movements. I could feel shifting sands under my feet.

"As he rapidly sank, the horse became frantic. Only his head was above water. It was terrible to see him swallowed up. He held his head up to the last. The whole episode, from the time he began to flounder until he disappeared, occupied scarcely more than five minutes."

"And was his body never found?"

"No, not a trace. He was entombed in the bed of the river. Quicksand is heavy. The lower layers of it are packed to a near-solid state. It is the agitation of the water that stirs the particles into motion and makes the sand quick. So any body that sinks into quicksand is soon covered over and held down by heavy layers of near-solid material.

"In my later engineering experience I have frequently had to remove quicksand from excavations. When it is confined, and allowed to come to rest, the water separates and rises to the top, and may be pumped off, or, if left a few days, much of the water will evaporate. The moist sand which is left is a thick, heavy, viscous material. You can shovel it with a flat spade, pile it into a wheelbarrow, dump it into great heaps. Eventually, it will flatten out, like a pile of tar in the hot sunshine. And, as the moisture evaporates, the quicksand assumes the appearance of an impalpable powder. It seems as fine as the (*Continued on page 178*)

If You Ask Me:

No man is happy until he stops thinking of himself

MANY years have I sought happiness. I found it first, perhaps, in the warmth of my mother's breast, and in the fond caress of her hands, and in the tenderness that shone in her eyes. I found it again in play; for even in the pain of defeat I knew the natural ecstasy of boyhood's games. I found it in first love; it came to me when a simple girl laid her hand upon my arm, and her braided hair, sweet with the fragrance of health, came so close to my lips that I kissed it without her knowing. And then she went from me, and happiness strayed away.

For I sought it next in remaking the lives of other men. I went forth to reform the world. I denounced the ways of mankind, and bemoaned the backwardness of my time, and talked only of glories that were past, or were to come. I wanted many laws to make life easier for me, and for youth. But the world would not listen, and I grew bitter. I gathered anecdotes of human stupidity, and heralded the absurdities and injustices of men. One day, an enemy said, "You have in yourself all the faults which you scorn in others; you, too, are capable of selfishness and greed; and the world is what it is because men are what you are."

I considered it in solitude, and found that it was true. Then it came to me that reform should begin at home; and since that day I have not had time to remake the world.

Many years I lost happiness. I sought it in knowledge, and found disillusionment. I sought it in writing, and found a weariness of the flesh. I sought it in travel, and my feet tired on the way. I sought it in wealth, and I found discord and worriment.

And then one day, at a little station out on a wooded cliff near the sea, I saw a woman waiting in a tiny car, with a child asleep in her arms. A man alighted from a train, walked to her quickly, embraced her, and kissed the child gently, careful lest he should awaken it. They drove off together to some modest home among the fields; and it seemed to me that happiness was with them.

To-day I have neglected my writing. The voice of a little girl calling to me, "Come out and play," drew me from my papers and my books. Was it not the final purpose of my toil that I should be free to frolic with her, and spend unharassed hours with the one who had given her to me? And so we walked and ran and laughed together, and fell in the tall grass, and hid among the trees; and I was young again.

Now it is evening; while I write, I hear the child's breathing as she sleeps in her cozy bed. And I know that I have found what I sought. I perceived that if I will do as well as I can the tasks for which life has made me, I shall find fulfillment, and a quiet lane of happiness for many years. Gladly I surrender myself to nature's imperative of love and parentage, trusting to her ancient wisdom, and knowing that, as Dante learned when he entered Paradise, "*La sua volontate è nostra pace*—in her will and service is our peace."

Will Durant

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The stadium, Athens, on the day of the Marathon described by Colonel Powell. Two of the racers can be seen in the foreground

Alphonso XIII, the young King of Spain, arriving in Paris in the spring of 1905. This article describes his escape from assassination on the following day

My Biggest Moments

By E. Alexander Powell

FEW of us, no matter how humdrum our lives may have been, but can recall certain incidents and episodes, perhaps quite unimportant so far as others were concerned, which gave us a distinct thrill at the time, and which, by reason of their novelty, excitement, splendor, picturesqueness, or historic significance, stand out along the road of memory like white milestones.

That I should have had rather more than my share of such memorable moments is not surprising, for the roads which I have followed in the pursuit of my profession have zigzagged up and down the earth and led me into many of its strangest corners. I have been brought into more or less intimate contact with the great and the near-great, the famous and the notorious. From a seat in the front row I have watched many of the world dramas of my time.

As I lean back in my arm chair and close my eyes, a host of figures file past me in imaginary review: Rulers, warriors, statesmen, actors, artists, athletes, scientists, explorers, stalk majestically across the boards of memory to disappear in those dark wings from which no man returns. The curtain of my remembrance rises on scenes both gay and grim—a perfumed Persian garden, a hospital ship in mid-Atlantic, a mosque above the Bosphorus, a sleepy fishing village on Cape Cod, a shell-torn town on the Isonzo, an ivy-mantled castle in the Balkans, a nomad encampment in Arabia, a glittering Paris boulevard, a German cathedral draped in black, a dirigible above the Eternal City, the Athens stadium packed with shrieking thousands, a clearing in the African bush. Each of them holds for me some poignant memory or is linked with some thrilling moment when my emotions were deeply stirred.

ONE of the earliest "big moments" of my life—and one that presaged strange experiences I was later to have—occurred when, as a boy of eleven, my father took me to hear Sir Henry M. Stanley, fresh from his explorations in the Dark Continent. I had drawn a mental picture of a slim, debonair, romantic figure, tanned by tropic suns. With the naïveté of youth I had envisaged him in the peaked white cap and linen garments made so familiar by his photographs. Instead, I saw a thick-set, broad-shouldered man with steely, dominating eyes and prematurely whitened hair, whose manner was modest and unassuming almost to the point of embarrassment. And, as though that were not disappointment enough, he wore the somber evening dress of civilization. I was sorry that I had come.

But before he had spoken a dozen sentences my initial disappointment was forgotten, lost in the glamour of the scenes he so graphically depicted, in the thrill of the astounding adventures which he so simply told. Gone now was the brilliant audience, gone the great auditorium, gone the prosaic figure on the stage. No longer was I sitting in a red-plush opera stall, surrounded by complacent, well-dressed people, but, transported to a continent half the world away, I was toiling through steaming jungles at the head of a mile-long file of naked porters . . . palavering with the chieftains of strange inland tribes . . . dynamiting the rocks which barred our passage down nameless rivers . . . fighting off savages who showered our canoes with poisoned arrows . . . chopping a laborious way through black primeval forests, where unseen perils lurked on every hand. . . . From that memorable evening, I dreamed of the

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Rurales passing in review before President Diaz during his visit to Guerrero

day when I myself would traverse the Dark Continent by the trail which Stanley had blazed.

Though the Great Pathfinder had been sleeping for many years in a quiet English churchyard before circumstances enabled me to realize my dream, I had the feeling, as we pushed our way through the tangle of the Congo bush or floated down the silent, mysterious reaches of the Lualaba, that he was beside me. Nor do I expect ever to have a deeper thrill than when, at Ujiji, on the shores of Lake Tanganyika, my hammock bearers halted before an ancient mango tree—the same tree which I had heard Stanley describe a quarter of a century before. Beneath it an oblong block of cement was imbedded in the sandy soil. It bore the brief inscription: "Livingstone-Stanley, 1871."

I MUST have been about thirteen years old when, in the Adirondack Mountains of New York, I shot my first deer. And it was a proud moment for me when I left the woods the following day by the little steamer which plied along the Fulton Chain. With my rifle in my hand, and my trophy—a really fine young buck—displayed at my feet, I felt like Davy Crockett or Daniel Boone.

Awaiting the boat on the wharf of one of the numerous camps at which we touched was a group of passengers. One of them, who seemed to hold himself somewhat aloof from his companions, and by whom he was treated with marked deference, was a short, thickset, elderly man with a bushy, rapidly whitening beard, dignified and austere of manner but with very friendly eyes.

Ignoring the members of his party, he strolled aft to where I was sitting proudly conscious of the quarry at my feet, and, seating himself beside me, engaged me in conversation. I don't recall anything in particular that he said, though we discussed hunting, of course, and firearms (he explained his knowledge of them by remarking that he had been a soldier in the Civil War), and he questioned me as to my studies and my plans for the future. Just a simple, friendly chat between a small boy and a kindly old gentleman who talked the language of small boys.

While my companion was in the midst of an anecdote the steamer whistled for Old Forge and, somewhat reluctantly I thought, he rose to leave me. It never occurred to me to ask his name. As he walked down the gangplank onto the wharf I noticed that all the men lifted their hats respectfully and some of them cheered him. While this was taking place two self-important young men detached themselves from the group which surrounded him and bustled over to where I was standing. Had I been older I should have recognized them as reporters.

"Well, bub," one of them inquired patronizingly, "what did he talk to you about? Did he say anything interesting?"

"Who? The old gentleman with the beard? No, he didn't say anything much—just asked me where I shot the deer, and talked about guns an' war an' such things. Who is he anyway?"

My interrogator stared at me in blank astonishment.

"Do you mean to tell me," he demanded incredulously, "that you don't know who the man is you have been sitting beside and talking to?"

"Why should I?" I replied. "I never saw him before."

"Well, I'll be darned!" exclaimed the reporter. "That was Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States."

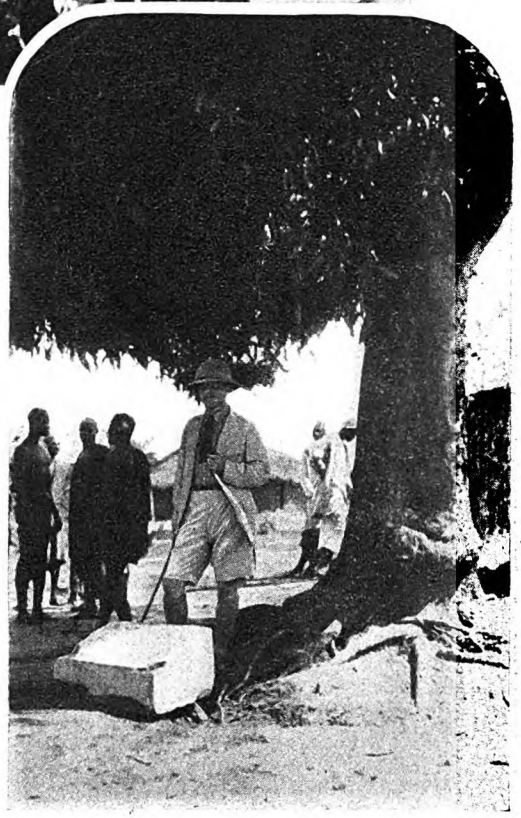
IT WAS my privilege to know Theodore Roosevelt well, both during his residence in the White House and afterward. It so happened that in March, 1909, I was one of his fellow-passengers aboard the "Hamburg"—he bound for the hunting grounds of Central Africa, I for Middle Asia. While we were lying at anchor off Fayal, in the Azores, he was handed a cablegram from the Duke and Duchess of Aosta inviting him to be their guest at the palace during his stop-over in Naples. I was breakfasting with the ex-President when the message was received and, after reading it, he tossed it to me across the table.

"You will accept, won't you?" I asked.

"No," he answered shortly. "I shall decline."

"But," I protested, "you would enjoy yourself at the palace, Colonel. The duke and duchess are interesting people; they've traveled a lot and shot big game all over the world, and I'm sure that you would like them."

"Yes, yes, I (*Continued on page 130*)



Colonel Powell in the heart of Africa standing beside the simple memorial which marks the meeting place of Livingstone and Stanley in 1871

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"The trouble is that nobody shuts the door properly. Now, watch me"

That Refrigerator Door

By Ellis Parker Butler

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

THE Edward Wimpers lived in the old and beautiful village of Flushing, on Long Island.

As a matter of fact, Flushing is a part of New York City, and one may use the address, "Flushing, Long Island," to suggest that one is one of the Long Island millionaires, or "Flushing, New York City," to suggest that one is one of the New York City millionaires. The Edward Wimpers used the simple address "Flushing, N. Y.," because they were simple, everyday people.

Mr. Wimper's office in the city was but thirty-five or thirty-seven minutes from the door of his home, according to which train he took. Mr. Wimper "usually" took the 8:03 A. M. train, which reaches the Pennsylvania Station at 8:22, thus giving him time to walk slowly to his office; but you know how these "usually" matters work out, and what Mr. Wimper actually took on most mornings was the 8:16 or the 8:24, except when he missed them and took the 8:45, which he did about twice a week.

The home owned and occupied by the Wimpers was a rather good one, with an ample yard fore and aft, shrubbery, a mortgage, gardens, taxes, and bathrooms. Prior to deducting Federal income taxes, state income taxes, real estate taxes, and any other taxes that happened to be floating around, Mr. Wimper's otherwise net income was about ten thousand dollars a year. He was in the commission business, and the family lived well enough.

There were only Mr. Wimper and his wife, the son in college—Amherst, if you please!—the daughter in high school, and the boy of ten; and they were quite happy and contented except for one thing: when one closed the door of the refrigerator the latch did not catch unless the door was slammed very hard and then held shut for an instant. Even when this was done, the door often sprang open again, letting the warm air into the refrigerator. This, of course, melted the ice more rapidly and made the ice bill larger. Some months the ice bill went as high as $4.25, and Mr. Wimper remembered a time when it had been as low as $3.10.

EACH month when Mr. Wimper received the ice bill he saw red for a moment, and felt a surge of madly unreasoning anger.

"I've told Eleanor a thousand times to please close that refrigerator door carefully, and will she? I've told the children ten thousand times to close that refrigerator door carefully, but what do they care for what I say?"

Then, waiting a moment for some of his anger to evaporate, he would take the ice bill in his hand and hunt up his wife.

"Well, I've got another ice bill."

"Oh, dear! Is it a big one?"

"It's four dollars and fifteen cents," Mr. Wimper would say accusingly. "I don't want to say anything, and of course what I do say does not seem to mean much in this house; but if you would only close that refrigerator door after you have used it, and insist that the cook close it after she has used it, and suggest to the children that they close that door after they have used it—"

"But I do, Edward, I do!" Mrs. Wimper would cry. "I don't believe the size of the ice bill is because of the door of the refrigerator at all. I believe we don't get as hard ice as we used to get."

"Now, that's nonsense!"

"But it's not fair to blame me. I've warned Maggie again and again about it, and the children. I go to the kitchen a thousand times a day to look at the refrigerator door, and it is always closed. If it isn't closed I close it. I know it must be the ice; the door is never ajar any more."

"It was ajar this evening when I came home," Mr. Wimper would say then. "I went to the kitchen especially to see. As a matter of fact, Eleanor, I have gone to the kitchen every day this past month, and I have kept a record of that refrigerator door."

Then he would draw his memorandum book from his pocket and turn the pages.

"In thirty-one days," he would say, with most irritating lack of emotion, "I have looked at that refrigerator fifty-six times, and out of those fifty-six times the refrigerator door was unlatched an exact thirty-nine times."

At this Mrs. Wimper would look exceedingly distressed.

"Oh, I wish you would get a new refrigerator!" she would say.

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"That's utter nonsense," Mr. Wimper would declare. "That is a perfectly good refrigerator."

"Then can't you do something about the latch? I should think a man could do something about the latch," Mrs. Wimper would plead.

"Very well," Mr. Wimper would say coldly. "If you will ask George to kindly put my tools back in the box when he takes them without my permission, I will do something to the latch."

EXCEPT for the latch of the door of the refrigerator the Wimpers would have been one of the happiest families in America. But Mrs. Wimper did wish they were rich enough to afford a new refrigerator. She seldom said anything about it, and she disliked to complain openly, but she saw quite clearly that this lack of money was killing their love, and that it would presently make them all miserable.

It must not be supposed that she was sorry she had had children. Her children were the dearest things in the world to her, and she was willing—as Mr. Wimper—to do without luxuries on their behalf; but she did feel that to some slight extent the children were responsible for the big ice bills. They did go to the refrigerator now and then, and, although she always tried to follow them and close the refrigerator door properly, they were careless about it, as children will be.

Mrs. Wimper could not avoid seeing that many of her friends had more adequate incomes, either adequate because the incomes were larger or adequate because there were fewer or no children. And just a little she envied those married friends who were able to buy new refrigerators when they wanted them, and who could thus live happier lives.

Now and then, on Thursdays, Mr. Wimper would come home and find Mrs. Wimper knitting in the kitchen, instead of sitting on the porch in the warm sun. She would be sitting in the kitchen rocker with one leg crossed over the other and her foot against the refrigerator door, holding the door shut. Then he would feel very sorry for her. He would kiss her.

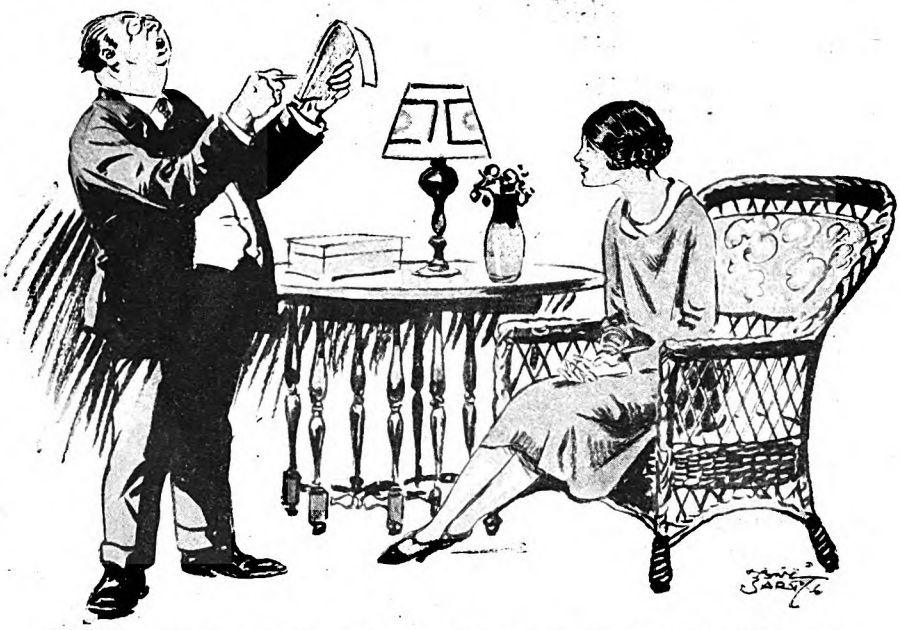
"I am sorry, my dear," he would say then, "that I'm not making more money, so that we could afford a new refrigerator."

"That would be nice," she would say; "but if you could just fix the latch, Edward, I think it would be all right."

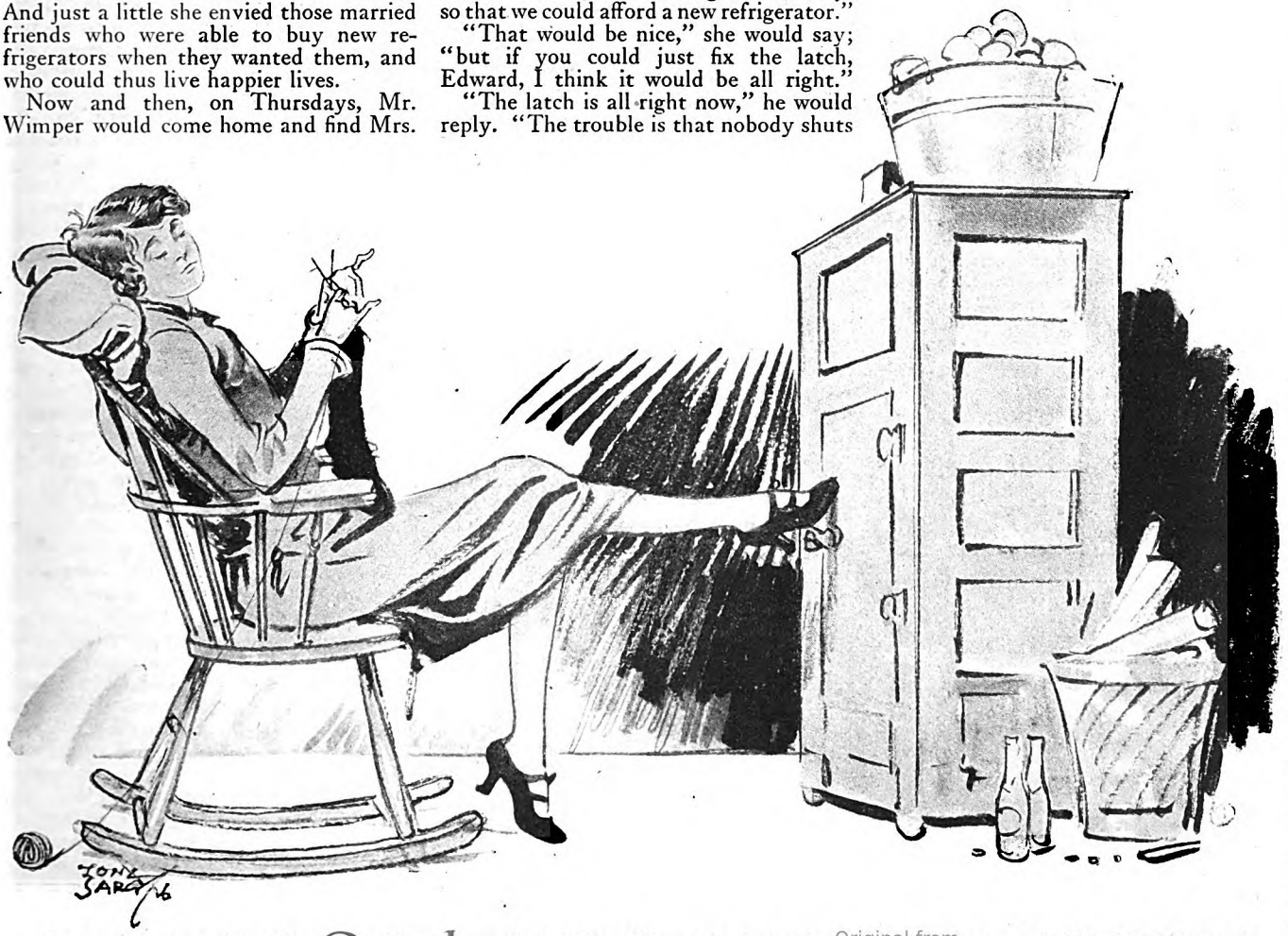
"The latch is all right now," he would reply. "The trouble is that nobody shuts the door properly. Now, just watch me."

He would then open the refrigerator door and close it again carefully, raising the latch with his hand and pushing it into its slot.

"There, you see!" he would exclaim triumphantly; and the door would immediately pop open.



"In thirty-one days," he would say, with most irritating lack of emotion, "I have looked at that refrigerator fifty-six times, and out of those fifty-six times the refrigerator door was unlatched an exact thirty-nine times"



Now and then, on Thursdays, Mr. Wimper would find Mrs. Wimper knitting in the kitchen instead of sitting on the porch

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"That's just the way it always does," Mrs. Wimper would say. "It never stays shut."

"If it is properly closed this door stays shut," Mr. Wimper would say grimly, and he would slam the door gently. It would immediately pop open again.

Then he would slam the door harder. It would pop open wider. Then he would draw the door well back and slam it with all his strength, and it would pop wide open.

"Somebody has been fooling with this latch," he would say. "Somebody has been slamming this door. That's not the way to close a refrigerator door. Slamming ruins any latch. What it needs now is to be filed down here, and the screws tightened here—"

Then he would get his tools from his tool box and begin on the latch. In a minute or two he would stop the work to go up-stairs and change into older clothes. By the time Mrs. Wimper had dinner ready, he would have the latch off the door and the door off the refrigerator, and the drip pan under the refrigerator would be running over, and his knees would be wet and he would have grease on his face and collar and two cuts on his thumb, and he would say he did not want any dinner.

"Oh, but, Edward!" Mrs. Wimper would say, "you must have your dinner."

So Mr. Wimper would lean the door of the refrigerator against the refrigerator, and wash up and eat his dinner, and all the while the chunk of ice in the refrigerator would be dripping its life blood away into the drip pan and from the drip pan onto the kitchen floor. After dinner, Mr. Wimper would say nothing to anybody, and would in bitter anger wrestle to get the refrigerator door screwed back onto the refrigerator and the latch screwed back onto the door. Then he would close the door gently, and it would immediately fly open again.

"Oh, dear," exclaimed Mrs. Wimper, "is it a big one?" "It's two hundred and sixteen dollars," said Mr. Wimper

In the four or five years during which the refrigerator door had been flying open in this way, Mr. Wimper had mended the latch thirty or forty times himself; but he had also had it mended. He had the plumber mend it, and at the end of seven hours' hard labor the plumber placed a drop of solder on the nose of the latch and closed the refrigerator door. The door remained closed. Then the plumber opened the door and swung it shut nonchalantly and the door remained closed. He called the cook, and she closed the door and it remained closed, and the cook called Mrs. Wimper, and she closed the door and it remained closed. Everyone was delighted.

When Mr. Wimper came home he was escorted to the kitchen triumphantly. The door of the refrigerator was standing ajar. No matter who closed the door, it jumped ajar again. The bill from the plumber was $14.75.

Mrs. Wimper paid the plumber's bill out of her housekeeping money, because she had ordered the plumber on her own initiative; but it was Mr. Wimper who paid the tinsmith who next mended the latch of the refrigerator. After that others mended the latch—the key maker mended it, a traveling scissors grinder and lawn-mower sharpener mended it, a bicycle repair man mended it, a blacksmith mended it, a furnace man mended it. Whenever Mr. Wimper could think of a new sort of metal worker, he had the latch of the refrigerator mended again. He even removed the latch and sent it to the factory and had it mended. After that the refrigerator door sprang open when anyone slammed the front door, or when anyone sat down on a chair in the living-room, or dropped a shoe in a bedroom. It opened if the cat sneezed. It opened if the canary cracked a seed.

By the time Mrs. Wimper had dinner ready he would have the door off the refrigerator

"WHEN a woman begins to lose her love for a man she first begins to find flaws in his character; when a man begins to lose his love for a woman he first begins to find flaws in her face and form."

The above epigram might have been penned by that celebrated French author and cynic, the creator of the volume "*Trois Spicules*," crowned by the Academy; but it was not, because there never was any such author, and he never wrote a work called "*Trois Spicules*." Probably "*Trois Spicules*" is not French, and probably it does not mean anything at all. Certainly the epigram given above does not mean anything. The author of it, who is writing this, can dash off similar epigrams by the thousand: none of them means anything.

The truth is that when a woman begins to lose her love for a man, it is usually because she has seen and heard him mend the latch of a refrigerator door, and a man usually begins to lose his love for a woman because she can't keep the door latched after he has mended the latch. Woman's privilege is to believe men can mend latches; man's privilege is to expect women to be able to work the latches he has mended.

The above is another epigram; it means even less than the first.

By the Fourth (*Continued on page 149*)

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"Smells Are Surer Than Sounds And Sights"

A memory, long dormant, is quickly awakened by an odor—This fact may account for your fondness for certain perfumes and your dislike for others. What perfume is made of, how your sense of smell is affected by it, and other amazing facts about odors

By Stuart Mackenzie

"THE nose knows!" says a familiar advertising slogan. As a pair, you find those last two words rather amusing. They are like a matched team of horses: the same, yet different. But behind this team of words there is, to continue the simile, a whole cartload of interest.

Do you ever think of the immense number of things which your nose knows? Can you explain *how* your nose does know these things? For that matter, how does it know anything at all?

Shut your eyes, so that you cannot see. Have your hands tied behind your back, that you may not be tempted to touch. Yet your nose will tell you whether, for example, you are near roses or violets, onions or orange blossoms, lilies or liniment!

Your nose detects hundreds, probably thousands, of odors. What are these invisible and seemingly intangible messengers? And how does the nose receive and convey to your brain the messages they bring to you?

For answers to these and various other questions, I went to Professor Marston Taylor Bogert, of the Department of Chemistry, in Columbia University. I wanted to know *how* we smell, *what* we smell, and some of the marvelous facts about the *things* we smell.

"Tell me," I said to Doctor Bogert, "what a perfume, or an odor really is. Some people describe it as a sort of wireless message. They say that certain substances cause waves in the ether; and that our sense of smell reacts to these 'odor waves' just as our sense of sight reacts to 'light waves,' or our sense of hearing to 'sound waves.' Is that true?"

"Not in the opinion of most scientific men," said Doctor Bogert. "The theory you mention has a certain following, but the weight of evidence seems to be against it.

"When you are conscious of an odor, this is what has happened: the substance you smell has given off minute particles, some of which have reached your olfactory nerve tips. These nerve tips are in the mucous membrane which lines the upper back portion of your nasal cavity.

"When those minute particles come in contact with the hairlike tips of these nerves there is a chemical stimulus, which travels by way of certain sensory nerves to the brain. It finally arrives at the 'olfactory area,' where the message thus transmitted is, so to speak, interpreted and used, or filed for future reference."

"Do you mean that when I sniff a flower, to enjoy its fragrance, I am actually taking some of the *substance* of the flower into my nostrils?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "that's what I mean. In the flower there is an oil which is volatile at ordinary temperatures. Particles of this volatile oil escape into the air. If your nose," he laughed, "happens to be conveniently near, you inhale some of the particles. It is an agreeable sensation; so you put your nose close to the flower, the source of supply, and sniff energetically, in order to get more particles and therefore a keener sensation.

"A GOOD many centuries ago, people hit on the idea of extracting from flowers the oils that give them their fragrance. This led to one of our great modern industries, the manufacture of perfumes. In this country alone, the noses of the nation demand, every year, one hundred million dollars' worth of sweet smells in the form of perfumes, toilet waters, and scented cosmetics, not including perfumed soaps.

"That is what we *use* here. But unfortunately we don't *make* it here; not as much of it as we should like to make. The labor question is the chief obstacle. Workmen in this country are so highly paid that we cannot compete with France, which is the great source of our natural perfumes.

"However, with true Yankee ingenuity Americans decided that if they couldn't turn the trick in one way, they would do it in another. The result is that we have turned our attention to developing substitutes for natural perfumes; that is to say, for the perfumes made from the flowers themselves. And this is one case where the substitute may be not only 'just as good' as the original product, but in many ways even better.

"This substitute for the natural perfume is the 'synthetic perfume,' and I promise that, not for the first time either, man is going to improve on nature! What he is accomplishing in this field is one of the most fascinating chapters in the whole story of chemistry."

"Is it one that only a chemist can understand?" I asked dubiously.

"Certainly not!" was the emphatic reply.

"Well, then," I said, "tell me how you can make a synthetic violet perfume."

"You've happened to pick out one of the most interesting of all flowers from the chemist's point of view," he said. "We can reproduce some of the natural perfumes exactly, because we have found the formulas which nature uses. In other cases—and the violet is one of these—we don't know the exact formula.

"You see, every odoriferous substance is a chemical compound. We can find out what the component elements are; but we don't always find out how they are put together. Hundreds of substances, each of which has its own individual odor, may be composed of the very same elements, say, carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen. The problem is to discover how many atoms of each element there are in any one substance, and how those atoms are tied together.

"The ways in which they can be arranged are almost infinite. There are only twenty-six letters in the alphabet, aren't there? Yet out of those twenty-six letters thousands of words have been made. It is like that with odors, except that the possibilities of variety are immeasurably greater.

"But there is still another difficulty: Even a natural perfume is a blend, made up of different odors; and nature does not always achieve a perfect combination. In a blend containing agreeable odors she sometimes includes a very disagreeable one. The chemist tries to identify the guilty member of the group. If he succeeds, he omits it from his synthetic reproduction.

"THAT isn't the only way in which we can improve on nature. As a manufacturer of perfumes, nature has troubles of its own. Flowers may be grown year after year in the very same garden; but in some years they will be sweeter than in others. Their perfume is less in poor seasons than in good ones. Not only its quantity, but also its quality is changed.

"Perfume is affected, too, by the soil in which the plants are grown. Take a rosebush, for example, and transplant it from a favorable to an unfavorable soil, and the fragrance of the blossoms will be altered. Rain and sunshine, heat and cold, and the chemical composition of the soil have a decided effect on the perfumes which nature produces. (*Continued on page 145*)

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One Way To Kill Worry Is To Laugh It To Death

By Charles L. Callen

GO BACK with me to 1914, to a sanitarium in Newark, New Jersey. On one of the white iron cots of the establishment was stretched a man, a big man, who, erect, measured two inches over six feet. It was February, the hour between three and four in the morning. The man was awake, staring at the blackness of the ceiling.

Outside, in the cobble-paved street, a milkman was going from door to door. His milk bottles rattled in the carrier. The iron-shod wheels of his wagon grated against the curb as the trained horse plodded the daily route. "Giddap! Whoa!" bellowed the driver at intervals. The bottles rattled; the wheels grated; the animal's hoofs clanked on the paving.

Impatiently the man on the cot stirred, sleepless since the milk outfit had first entered the street at the far end. He put his thin hands to his ears, trying to shut out the sounds which came up through the window. Every morning, regularly at the same hour for three months, that wagon had broken his slumber. Every morning from then on he had twisted and tossed, tortured in every raw nerve by the noise, first of the wagon and rattling bottles, then of the awakening city. He had begun to dread the morning. Already, he dreaded life.

"Where's that nurse?" he groaned. "Why doesn't she come?"

The nurse never came until seven. He knew that, and the wait until seven was part of his dread. He was helpless without the nurse. She had to help him to arise, prop him between his crutches, almost carry him the several feet to his chair by the window, blanket him, ease him with pillows. Without her, he was tied to that hated white cot, to stare at the ceiling, to twist and toss, on his back, to fight the noise. His greatest desire was to be up in the chair with his back to the cot, so he could not see it. He hated the cot, as a symbol of his helplessness.

"God!" he cried. "Where is that nurse?"

But it was not yet four. The milkman whistled cheerfully; the bottles rattled accompaniment. A street car shrieked its way around a corner in the distance; a truck siren added its piercing taunt.

Suddenly the man on the cot became still.

He became as still as if Death had spoken, though he was held so only by a thought. A thought that leaped from nowhere—born, perhaps, in the milkman's merry whistle; or was it in the truck's defiant blast? Presently, by slow degrees, he turned his head until he could see in dim outline his chair. He reached out experimentally, and his fingers were able to touch the crutches at the head of the bed.

"Go on!" commanded the thought. "Help yourself! You can make it alone! Why wait for the nurse?"

Inch by inch, his teeth clenched against the pain, the man worked himself up to a sitting position. His arms were pretty good. It was his legs that handicapped him. He had been told that he would never walk again.

"*Go on!*" the inner voice decreed.

He gripped his crutches. . . .

Fainter grew the milkman's whistle down the street. The grating of the wheels, the noise of the hoofs became fainter, finally died out in the blocks beyond. The blackness of the room became a gray. A newsboy passed below, from door to door, and was gone. The sounds increased; the city was awakening. Somewhere, far off, a clock struck five. An hour had passed since the voice had bade, "Go on!"

AND the white iron cot was empty. The crippled man, who had been told he would never walk, sat in the chair by the window! Unaided, except for the inner voice, he had walked those five or six feet alone. And, all at once, in sheer triumph, he did a thing he had almost forgotten how to do. He laughed!

Looking back at it, he laughed at the empty cot which had held him, tortured, for three months. He laughed at the few feet of floor which separated the cot and his chair—feet it had taken him an hour to traverse. He laughed at the noise; at the pain aroused by his exertions. In the gray of that morning, Grant L. Bell laughed at trouble!

"Up until that morning," he told me, "trouble had me down. It had been doing all the laughing. I was a crippled wreck, a mental wreck, a business wreck. I was more than one hundred thousand dollars in debt, and without a penny to my name. I hadn't a notion of how I would pay my doctor bills, nor of what would become of my wife and two boys back home.

"Why I got up, or how, I don't know. That thought came out of the dark. Something seemed to snap, like the latch of a door being opened. For the first time, it occurred to me that I could get up alone.

"The truth, once in that chair, came as suddenly. My ailment had swelled and deformed my joints, at the hips and below. I had asked doctor after doctor the cause. They had said the cause was obscure. But, sitting in that chair, I knew it! Dread, worry, fear were the causes. They had driven me beyond endurance; they had sapped my strength, and resistance to disease. They had poisoned my system as effectively as if I had taken poison from a bottle.

"Dread, worry, fear—over the future, failure, debts, over my family—these had worn me down and smashed me. The poison of them, and medicine recognizes such a poison, had attacked my weakest physical point.

"Then it came to me there was a way to beat my trouble, and the one way left. That was to laugh at it! My fears had but created reasons for more fears. Perhaps laughter would create reasons for more laughter.

"That revelation, for such it was, broke the dam. I had not laughed a real laugh in months. That pent-up laughter came pouring out. All that I had hated and dreaded became funny. It was as if I had got up in the dead of night, tense in every nerve to confront a burglar in the house, and had discovered the terrible noise had been made by the cat!

"There, while the city was waking up, I made the most earnest resolve of my life. 'From this day on,' I said, 'come what may, I'm done with worry; I'm done with fear; I'm done with being my own worst enemy!' And from that morning I started to get better."

A month later Grant Bell went home, to Scranton, Pennsylvania. He was still a cripple; but with the aid of canes and a will he could walk. And trouble went home with him or, rather, it was lying in wait for him there.

The surety and investment company of which he was treasurer, and to which he had almost given his life to help build, was absorbed by a larger concern. The new order left him jobless as well as penniless, with that burden of debt still on him. He laughed at that trouble by launching a business of his own in the office of a friend who gave him desk room on which the rent was not due until the end of the month. This business was public accounting.

Within a week or two, while the new venture languished without clients and debts mounted, his younger boy was taken ill. At the end of a short and terrible ten days he died. By his son's fresh grave, Grant Bell once more clenched his teeth against the pain, greater than any physical torment he had suffered. He wasn't going to let it break him. It didn't!

FIVE years went by, during which the accounting business prospered. Bit by bit the debt was reduced. Bell was beginning to dream that some day he might walk caneless. Then a drunken man stumbled in the path of his oncoming automobile. The car swerved, crashed. Those legs, slowly mending, were cruelly broken and torn. Three months later,

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when Grant Bell once again stood upright, he stood between crutches—for good. But he still laughed!

To-day he is forty-eight years old, and one of the best known and most successful expert accountants in the East. His accounting business, which he heads and owns, stands among the biggest in Pennsylvania. It numbers its clients from Boston to Jacksonville—and Bell is in debt to no man! On the contrary, many a crippled boy and girl, and father and mother, is indebted to him.

The National Association of Cost Accountants has honored him by election to its directorate. He is president of the Pennsylvania Appraisal Company, and of the American Coal Sales Company; a vice president of the Shamokin Anthracite Coal Company, and of the Northumberland Mining Company. A rich man, not alone in money but also in home and happiness. Because he could laugh at trouble!

He was born at Nicholson, Pennsylvania, in 1879, the eldest of five brothers and two sisters. When Bell was yet a baby, his father, who was a farmer, moved to Jermyn, a hard-coal town near Scranton, and became a contractor and builder. The boy became big, husky, active. He loved to fish, to swim, to ride horseback over the mountain roads. At fifteen, he was over six feet tall and weighed one hundred and eighty-five pounds. He could do the work of any man.

He always worked. Under his father he learned the carpenter trade, and worked as a carpenter on holidays and during vacations. The elder Bell and a partner built the first coal washery in the region, and Grant was one of the wage-earners in that. He went through public school, high school, then Wyoming Seminary. Quitting school at sixteen he became a carpenter in a planing mill, no longer a boy but a man. And trouble was in the offing: the country was in the throes of a business panic.

ONE night Grant's father came home with slow step. His head was down. There were lines about his mouth and eyes that had not been there.

"Grant, do you think you can take care of the family?" he asked. "Can you take care of it without me?"

"I think so," said Grant quietly. "But what's to become of you?"

The father pressed the boy's hand. "Son," he said, "maybe you know that for some months I've been in difficulties. Well, I have come to the end of my rope. The business is gone. By the time the debts are paid nothing will be left. This panic has wiped me out!"

He went on: "Gold has been discovered in Alaska. The newspapers are full of it. Men with the nerve to go will make fortunes there. Son, I've made up my mind. There's nothing left for me here. I'm going to Alaska—to the Klondike!"

The business and all its assets were sold. A store property belonging to the mother and from which there was a small income from rent, was all the smash left—besides some unpaid debts. The father set out for the distant gold fields. "I'll bring back a fortune!" he promised.

"Don't worry," said Grant, now seventeen, "I'll take care of things at home."

PHOTOGRAPH BY SCHRIEVER'S STUDIO, SCRANTON, PA.

Grant Bell, on a hospital cot, $100,000 in debt, learned to laugh at worry and fear. Permanently crippled five years later in an automobile accident, he none the less built up one of the largest public accounting businesses in Pennsylvania. He is also President of the Pennsylvania Appraisal Company, and a director of the National Association of Cost Accountants. "Beat worry, and you beat life," says Mr. Bell; and his wife, looking over his shoulder, agrees with him

His next younger brother was in poor health, a student in a business college. The other five children were still too young to be of any assistance—the smallest was but a baby in arms.

"No, I wasn't frightened," Mr. Bell told me. "It never occurred to me that we were facing hardship. The job was to be done, that was all. I hadn't learned the word 'fear' as yet."

He obtained work as a messenger in a Scranton bank. The position paid him twenty-five dollars a month, plus a carfare allowance of nine dollars in the form of a commutation ticket. Out of his wages he kept two dollars a month to pay for his lunches. That left twenty-three dollars a month for his mother.

"Oh, lunches were cheap then," Mr. Bell said. "I could buy a cup of coffee and a big fat sandwich for ten cents. Often I went without lunch; but don't, please don't, consider that a hardship. It really wasn't. I thought nothing of passing up my lunch. Probably I was better off without it. To this day I frequently go without lunch.

"And at home we didn't suffer. We never had been accustomed to luxury. If dinner wasn't elaborate, there was enough of it, all of the cabbage and beans we could eat. When there wasn't butter for our bread, there was ham grease, and we liked it. Plenty of other homes in Jermyn had no better, and many fared worse.

"Mother was a wonderful manager. She could take a rag and make it into a tidy pair of trousers. She could squeeze eleven mills out of every penny. Nobody 'beefed' or groaned. Used to doing without, we took things as they came. We never thought we were being ill-treated by the world, and we weren't!

"AND right there, right in that fact," Mr. Bell added earnestly, "is the secret of living happily. You can't be unhappy if your thoughts are happy! Nor can you be happy with miserable thoughts! Health, wealth, a wonderful home, and a whole stable of winning race horses can't bring happiness when you are thinking in black. Sickness, poverty, and a hovel can't bring unhappiness when you are thinking in white. You are the absolute boss of your own happiness! Nothing can rob you of happiness if you put down your foot and say, 'No!'

"'Oh, that sounds fine as talk,' you say; 'but in practice it won't work.'

"I've looked at both sides of the pancake, in practice. It does work; and, strangely, the bigger the trouble the more effectively it works. Some time ago, as expert accountant, I sat in a meeting of six men who represented five hundred thousand dollars of an eight hundred thousand dollars loss. They were men who had experienced both the boosts and the bumps of business. The loss to every one of them was serious.

"'That reminds me—' began the biggest loser, a twinkle in his eye, and he told a story.

"'Pshaw! I can beat that!' declared a second, and he told a still funnier story.

"They sat there and laughed at trouble, ignored it, left it standing at the door, hat in hand, unbidden. It knocked to enter; but they said 'No!'

"Another creditor's loss was comparatively small. It meant, or should have meant, nothing to him. He tore his hair. He dashed about wildly in circles. He made himself haggard with worry and loss of sleep.

I pointed this (*Continued on page 141*)

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Do Wild Animals Think?

I have spent years in Africa studying animals, and I cannot explain their conduct by instinct alone—The wart hog has learned how to evade his pursuers; the honey badger knows how to follow the honey-guide bird, and fleeing elephants will return to help a wounded comrade. These, and other acts, convince me they can reason

By Wynant Davis Hubbard

Photographs made by Martin Johnson, in Africa. Used by courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures

NANSI! There they are. Wart hogs."

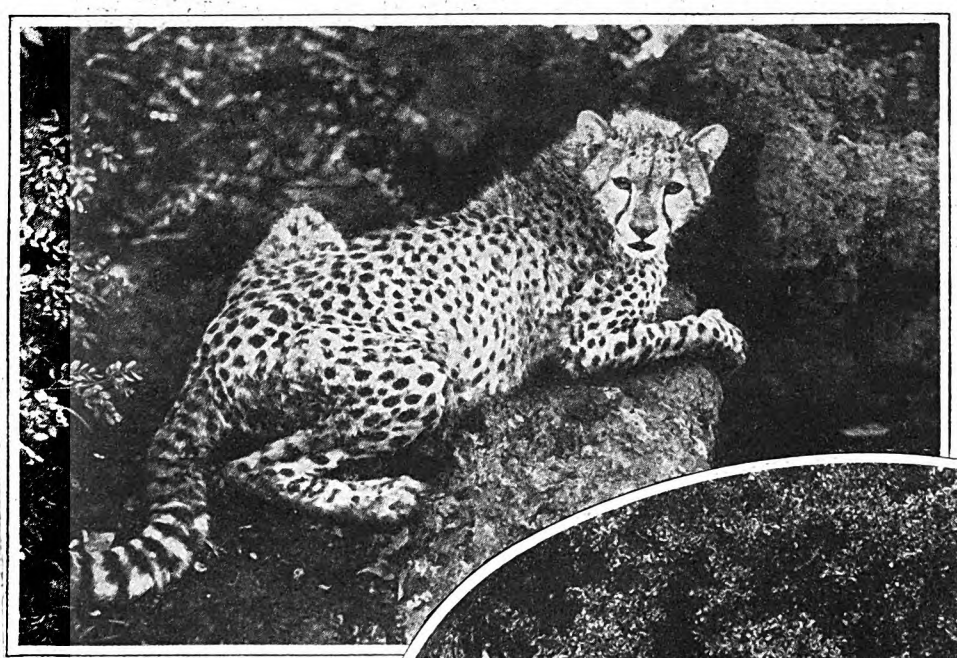
My leading tracker, Mangineera, hissed out this information. We stopped dead in our tracks. The four dog boys reached restraining hands to the heads of their dogs, quivering beside them with excitement.

Possibly the dogs already knew what we saw. We had been hunting up the wind. The sudden stop, the tenseness of the natives, and the eager whispering would have told them that something was about to happen, even if their keen noses had not picked the reeking scent of wart hogs off the hot breeze.

I moved forward stealthily. In the shallow vlei, or little valley, in front of us, five wart hogs were tearing up the soil to get at the roots of the lush grass growing rank in the damp earth. Down one would go on its knees, tearing at the dirt with its strong curved tusks, while at least one of the others stood erect, watching, its ludicrous face, with its curving white whiskers and cone-shaped warts, turning warily from side to side. Too well they knew that they were a favorite food of lions and leopards. But the grass was too short and the distance to the edge of the bush was too great for a sudden killing rush. The only animals which the wart hog had to fear were wild dogs, those tireless running wolves of Africa, and man, who kills from a distance.

Rapidly I noted the possibilities: We were in a cup among low, steep, rocky hills. The bush all around was thick and thorny. The wart hogs would run either to the right or to the left of the hill before us. Probably they would go to the right; in this direction the country looked less stony and the bush more open. I glanced at my natives. They were grinning broadly and hitching up their loin cloths and catskins. Catching wart hogs was sport. The eight dogs strained on their leashes.

"Crash!" I fired toward the wart hogs, but not at them. They whirled and tore off to the right at a tremendous trot, their long manes erect and each tail standing stiffly at right angles. Instantly the dogs were loosed. As they disappeared, yelping and barking around the shoulder of the hill, the natives and I



(At left) African cheetah, often called hunting leopard, because of the custom in India and Persia of using it when tamed to hunt buck, antelope, and other animals. It is as long as a leopard, but stands higher, because of its extraordinary length of limb. It can run for short distances at great speed, and therefore hunts by chase as well as by stealth, though it is capable of stalking game, like any of the tropical cats. The African cheetah is valued principally for its skin. (Below) Eland, the largest of the African antelopes

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Two interesting photographs of African elephants, showing also the varied character of the country through which these animals roam. The Asiatic elephant shuns sunlight more than its African cousin, and is likely to keep to the deep forests and the sheltered mountain regions, from which it emerges only in the cool of night

streamed yelling across the vlei behind them.

It was hot. At eleven in the morning the temperature reaches a hundred and fifteen in the shade. Loose stones rolled under our feet as we dodged branches or made quick right-angle turns in our headlong chase. How those wart hogs could run! Ahead of us the dogs barked and yapped. Around the hill we ran down, across a dry creek bed, and up again. I thought that my chest would burst from panting and yelling. Suddenly the dogs were silent. I stopped and dashed the sweat from my face. Heaving and blowing, we stood listening. Mangineera began casting around for tracks.

A crescendo of barks, yelps, and growls sounded from the far side of the hill. Off we tore. The dogs had one of the hogs kraaled. Yelling encouragement, we rushed through the brush and thorns, and rounded a little hill to find the dogs snapping and barking around the mouth of a large ant-bear hole. Mangineera ran up to have a look down the hole, only to leap backward as subterranean rumblings and a muffled roar burst forth in his face. Our wart hog had gone to ground.

FROM many previous chases we knew the wart hog's habit of going to ground in ant-bear holes. Quickly taking a short length of heavy rope netting we spread it across the mouth of the hole. If the wart hog should try to burst out unexpectedly, he would become entangled, and we would have him. Meanwhile, we sat down for a rest and a smoke.

We waited ten minutes, and then decided to force the wart hog out of his hole. Mangineera cut a long, slender pole. With this he prodded down the hole, teasing the hog. There were rumblings and roars beneath our feet. The ground trembled and eddies of dust drifted up. Suddenly there was a rush. A gray shape shot out of the hole. The net rose in the air, and then came down with a fine wart hog boar securely tangled up in its four-inch meshes. The chase was over.

Ant-bears are numerous all over the plateau country of Central Africa. At night they wander, searching for ants. Wherever they find a likely place, they dig with their powerful claws and feet. The natives claim that even a lion is afraid to tackle ant-bears when they are in search of food. They cannot bite, as they have no teeth. But their claws, strong enough to dig through clay and dirt baked hard during six months of bone-dry weather, are weapons to be respected. The holes which ant-bears dig are about eighteen inches to two feet in diameter and they are sometimes twenty feet deep.

How wart hogs first learned that these ant-bear holes formed ideal protection I do not know. But that they have learned it is beyond question. I chased many wart hogs during my three years in Africa and, no matter how unexpectedly I came on them, never did I see them hesitate. Instantly, upon my firing a shot, or upon our presence becoming known, off the wart hogs tore. It made no difference how hard the dogs pressed them, they invariably ran as if heading for some particular spot. The remarkable point was that they were doing just that. Unless the dogs actually caught them and held them in the open, our chases always ended by the wart hog sliding backward down an ant-bear hole.

THE first time that a wart hog went to ground when I was after it, I simply thought it was a piece of good luck, as I could net the animal or dig it out at my leisure. The second time this occurred, I was more impressed. But when this grounding happened three, four, five, and six times in succession, I began to think. It seemed to me that the wart hogs of a particular lo-

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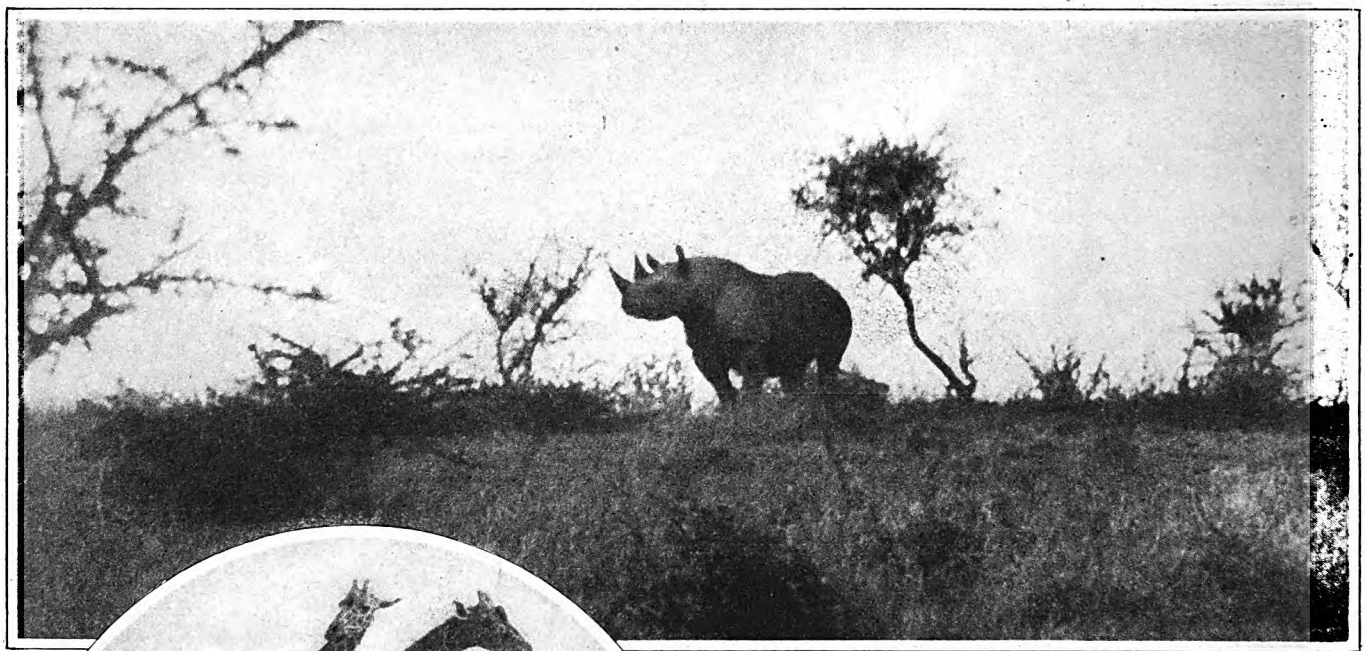

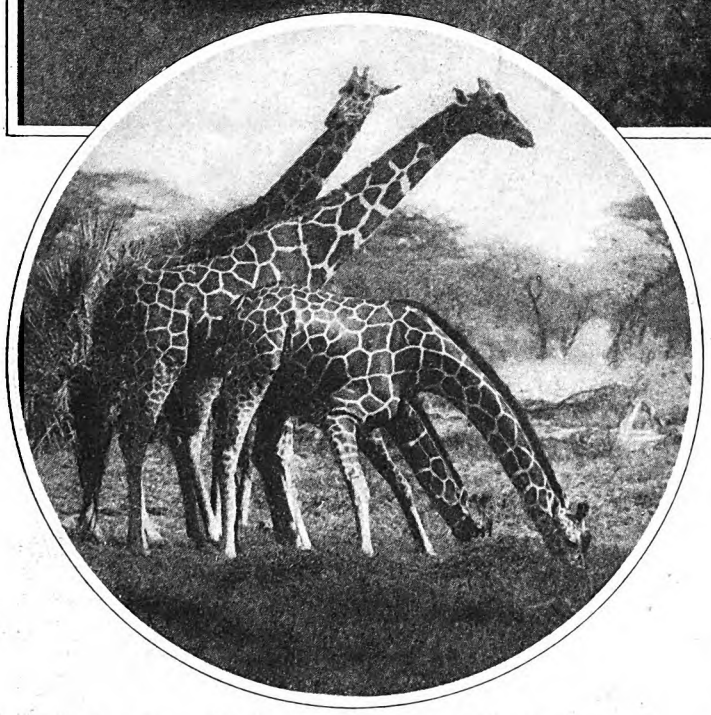

African rhinoceros scenting an unwelcome caller. Though his eyesight is nothing to boast of, the rhinoceros possesses marvelously keen senses of smell and hearing (At left) A group of giraffe. The giraffe usually feeds on the succulent shoots and leaves of trees

cality had a pretty definite knowledge of just about where each particular ant-bear hole was.

Despite their tusks, which are very sharp and dangerous, wart hogs are comparatively incapable of defense against lions, leopards, cheetahs, or wild dogs. Although heavy and slow-looking they can run surprisingly fast and far; but wild dogs are tireless. And as they run in packs of from ten to more than a hundred dogs, a wart hog would have no chance for life unless it could completely disappear into some place where the dogs could not get at it.

WART HOGS, notwithstanding the wild dogs, natives, lions, leopards, hyenas, cheetahs, and pythons, are one of the most numerous of African animals. Memory, a sense of direction, speed, and ant-bear holes account for their survival.

Some persons might call their use of ant-bear holes instinctive rather than intelligent. Unfortunately, the question of whether or not an animal possesses intelligence can never be proved one way or the other. The most that can be accomplished is to assemble all the evidence possible, and make deductions. When all is said and done, it is only on such deductive evidence that man is believed to be intelligent. In studying animal intelligence, the biggest drawback is this: We are handicapped by having to define animal emotions in terms of human emotions and reactions.

No two persons will arrive at the same conclusions, because no two will ever interpret all actions the same way. To one person, one action will undoubtedly seem instinctive. While another will be equally positive that the action in question was performed as the result of reason.

When forced to flee, the majority of wild animals prefer to run in the direction in which the wind is blowing. By so doing, they leave less fresh scent behind them; furthermore, they always know where their pursuers are, by the smells which follow them. There are exceptions to this statement, of course. Much depends on the lay of the land, natural obstacles, and the direction from which the frightening agent has come.

Wart hogs, however, will run up-wind, down-wind, cross-wind, or they will circle. This disregard for wind shows, I think, that wart hogs often act with conscious design. That they are fully alive to what messages the wind or the faintest breeze can carry, any hunter will confirm with vigor. They are not the easiest animals to hunt. Another point in favor of intelligence is that only once in over thirty chases have I seen a hard-pressed wart hog make a mistake and try to enter too small a hole. I have, however, frequently seen them pass holes either too small or too cluttered up to be available.

There is a little animal in Africa which coöperates with a bird to secure much of its food. This is the honey badger or ratel, a low-hung, sturdy-legged creature about the size of an Aberdeen terrier. It is a savage little brute. Major Stevenson-Hamilton, director of the great Sabi game reserve in the Transvaal, tells a story of finding a seven-hundred-pound sable antelope which had been killed by a honey badger. Probably the sable had unwittingly or imperiously disturbed the little animal when it was feeding, and in a fit of rage and terror the ratel had seized its huge antagonist by the throat and had hung on until the antelope was dead.

Usually, the honey badger is harmless enough. Most of its waking hours are spent wandering over the veldt searching for grubs, insects, birds, and particularly for honey. Wild honey is plentiful in the bush veldt, but the bee's nests are hard to get at. Generally they are deep in some hole high up in an old tree, but occasionally they are built in the hard clay of an ant hill. The only way I know to find a nest is to be continually on the lookout for a hole from which and into which bees are going, or to follow the honey-guide bird.

HONEY GUIDES are black and gray-white birds about twice the size of English sparrows. Hunters detest them, because they flutter around, chirping and chattering incessantly and drawing the attention of game. When a honey guide begins flying around us while we are trying to stalk wary game, imprecations and clods of dirt and sticks fly. But it is nearly impossible to drive the little birds away. When we are not hunting, however, we are only too glad to follow them. Once a bird sees that we are following, it flies from tree to tree, chirping, whistling, and chattering with great concern. If we follow it long enough,

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the little chatterbox will almost always lead us to a bee's nest.

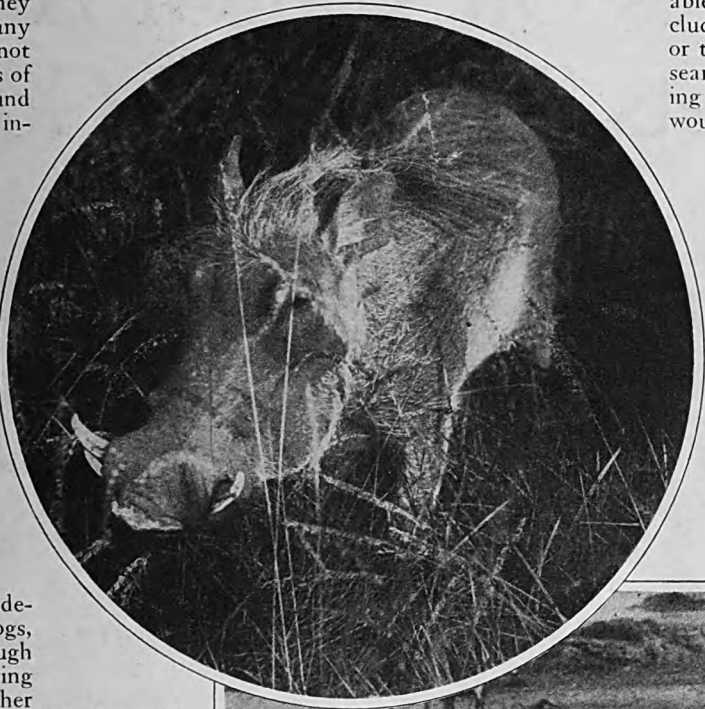
The honey badger is nearly as well equipped to dig out a bee's nest as a man is. Its forefeet are armed with powerful hooked claws. Its legs are strong and short, equally good for climbing, walking, or digging. And, as an almost perfect protection, a honey badger's hide is very thick and tough, and it can withstand the stings of angry bees, even if its stiff, harsh gray and white hairs did not help to keep the bees at a distance.

Whether or not a honey guide will fly up to just any moving creature, I am not sure. I am not conscious of ever having seen one around antelope or zebra, for instance. But honey guides habitually fly up to honey badgers, for these two little creatures combine to secure the food of which they are both so fond.

Honey guides are plentiful on the veldt. If the observer remains quiet, the little bird will keep on its way, chattering coaxingly as if encouraging someone to follow. More often than not, within a few seconds a honey badger will appear, trundling along determinedly. Around logs, over stumps and through the bush it goes, uttering every now and then a rather panting, whistling chuckle. It is just as if it were trying to say: "Keep on, old chap; my legs are short, but I am coming."

When the partners eventually arrive at the bees' nest, the honey badger tears it open with his powerful claws, eating up the honey and comb. His guide receives for its share the fat white grubs which fall or squirm from the busily champing mouth of the ratel. It is a perfect partnership and, personally, I believe that the bird knows what it wants and that the ratel understands the whole proceeding.

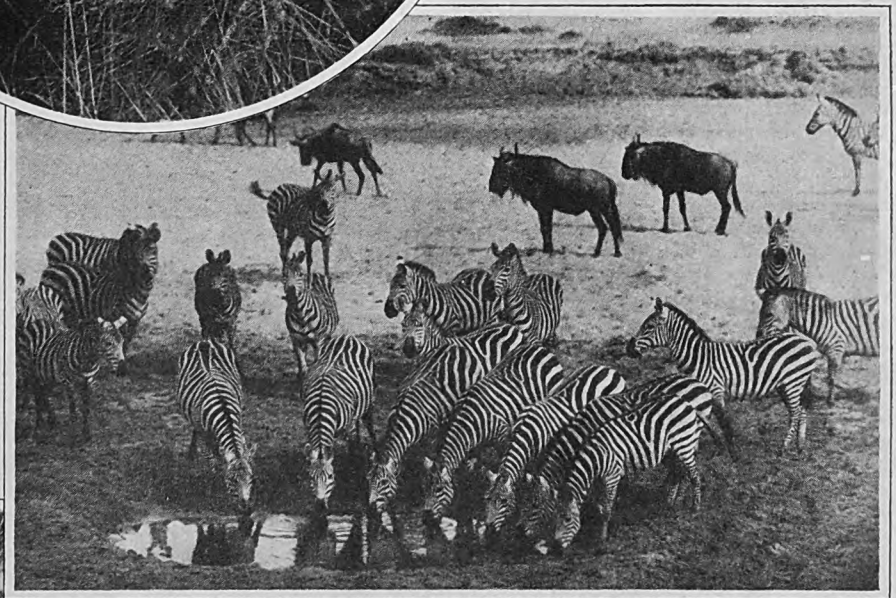
I deduce from this that both have memory, or the bird would not be able to return to the bee's nest, nor the ratel be able to recognize his guide. I also conclude that both partners are able to reason, or there would be no object in the bird's searching out an animal capable of opening the nest which it has discovered, nor would the badger follow the honey guide on its wandering, chattering flight unless he knew that honey lay at the end of the trail.

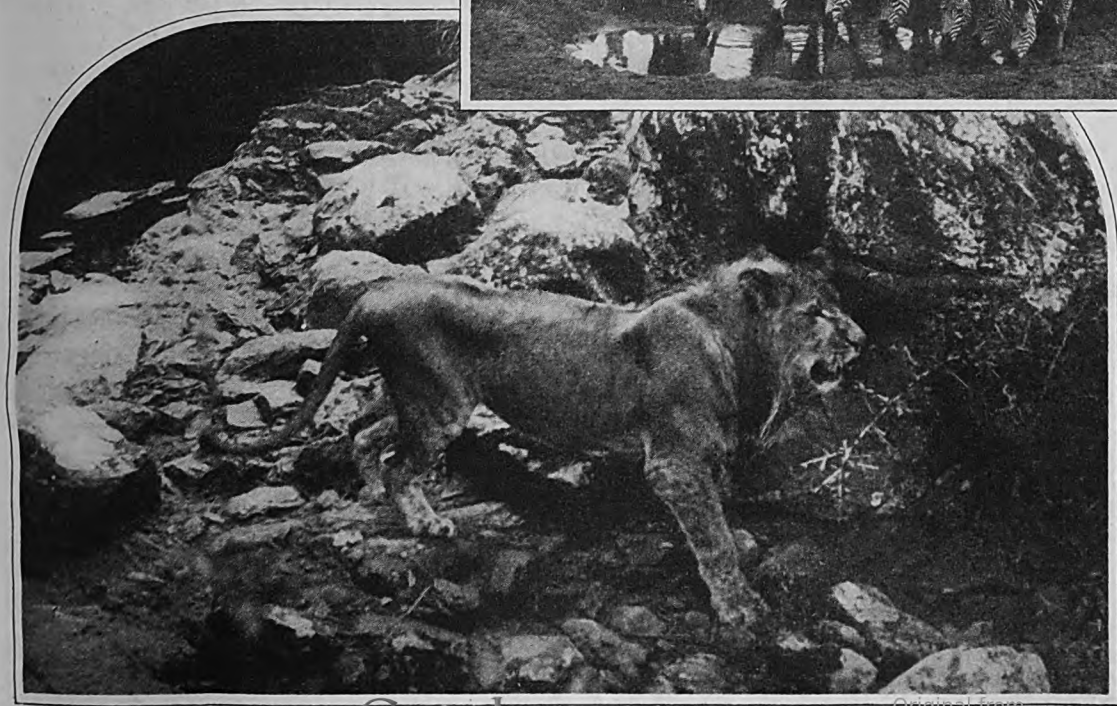


THESE actions of bird and animal do not seem to me to be instinctive. I believe that the badger learns the value of the honey guide from observation of its parents and from experience. The same is probably true of the bird.

I have never had a young honey guide or a young ratel with which to experiment, so I cannot prove what I believe. But I have handled dozens and dozens of young wild animals and birds during my catching activities, and I know that young creatures have to be taught how and what to eat, of what to be afraid, and how to act in the presence of danger. I have seen a lioness chastise and teach a cub. I have watched natives teach a young elephant how to feed itself, and young antelopes how to eat grass. Why is it not reasonable to believe that a young honey badger learns to follow a honey guide by watching its parents do so?

(*Cont'd on page 137*)





(In circle) A fine specimen of the African wart hog. (Right) Zebra at a water hole. The animals in the middle distance are gnus, commonly called wildebeest. (Below) Young African lion, practically full-grown, but still slightly spotted. Usually the spots which mark the coat of the lion cub disappear when the animal reaches maturity

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Another "Just Folks" Article

He Lives On Top Of A Hill And Lets The World Go By

By Mary B. Mullett

ONE night, about three years ago, a terrific storm visited a certain section of New York State. As the crashing of the thunder made sleep impossible, people living in the farmhouses and villages got up and stood at their windows, to watch the storm wear itself out.

But when the lightning flashes had grown less vivid and less frequent, these watchers were startled by a new glare. From a ridge among the hills a pillar of fire was rising.

High above the valleys on either side, this ridge, known as Clum Hill, was visible for miles. On it were a few buildings. And to the watchers of the storm, that leaping pillar of flame could mean just one thing: the lightning had found a mark among these buildings.

As a dwelling place for human beings, Clum Hill is a lonely spot. Dense forests clothe the whole range of hills. Only at this one ridge is there a belt of cleared fields; and even this clearing is but about half a mile in width.

In that open space, criss-crossed with low stone walls, are two homes, separated by only a few hundred yards. Yet they are as unlike as if they had come together from opposite ends of the earth.

One of them seems to have been transplanted, not only from a distant country, but from a far-off time as well. There, on that rugged ridge of the New World, it stands, white and beautiful; a modern version of an ancient Greek dwelling.

Facing it is a plain old farmhouse. Its clapboards are gray with age; and its windows peer out through the leafy screen of a grapevine which has climbed to the very roof.

The house has stood there for more than a hundred years. Its present owner was born there sixty years ago. Here, too, his children were born, in the very house where his own father lived and died.

For five-score years and more, he and his people have made this an abiding place of simple, honest, industrious living. Before they came, these acres had been wrested from the wilderness by hardy and courageous pioneers. But this family, which followed in their wake, had to go on with the fight! Always the forest struggled to get back what had been torn from its grasp.

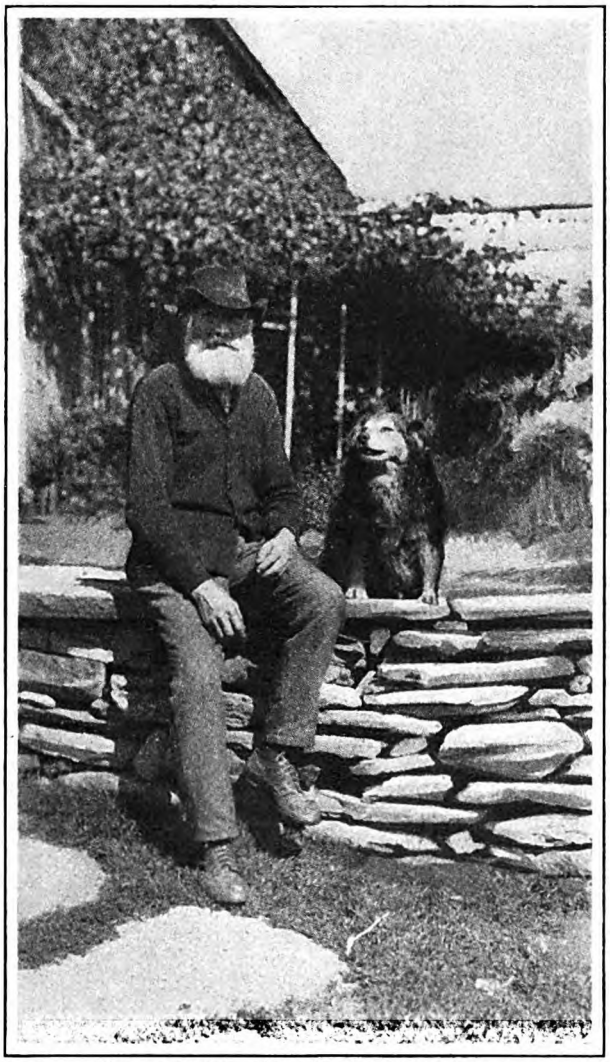
Gradually their neighbors, less hardy of spirit, gave up the other farms which had been cleared on the nearby hillside. The abandoned houses became mere heaps of débris. Little by little, the forest invaded the undefended fields. Slowly the wilderness crept in and once more took possession.

On the night of that terrific thunderstorm, but a single farm remained where once there had been a dozen. And here were only the two homes I have described: the gleaming white house, built by a New York City man as a summer residence; and the weather-beaten farmhouse where Jonas Clum maintains the last stronghold against the encroaching forest.

Across the grassy road, which winds down to the little town in the valley, stood three barns; and it was one of these buildings, fired by a bolt of lightning, that had sent the pillar of flame leaping toward the sky.

The next morning, two riders drew rein in front of the smoking ruins. They were "city folks" from a summer colony across the valley; and they had ridden over to find out what had happened on Clum Hill the night before.

It was not the first time they had been there. To every visitor in that section, Clum Hill is a sort of Mecca; not only a beauty spot itself but also a point from which to get a glorious panorama of mountains and valleys, forests and meadows, and the changing sky overhead.



Jonas Clum, a New York mountaineer

AS THEY dismounted, Mr. Clum came forward to greet them. A tall man, who wou'd be still taller if a crippled knee did not force him to limp. His eyes have the blueness and the light of a sunny sky. His blond beard, crisp and curling, is turning gray—but not willingly! He is sixty years old; yet there is so much sunshine in the man that even his hair and his beard seem to be full of it.

When Mr. Clum had given them the details of the disaster, one of his visitors asked if there was any insurance.

"Not a dollar!" he replied.

"Are you going to rebuild?" asked the man.

"Can't!" was the laconic reply. "I ain't got the money. I'll just have to cut down my farmin', I guess. If I don't keep so many cows I can git along with less hay. And if I have fewer critters and less hay, I won't need so much room for 'em."

He looked across the fields to the dark wall of the forest, where the trees seemed to stand just

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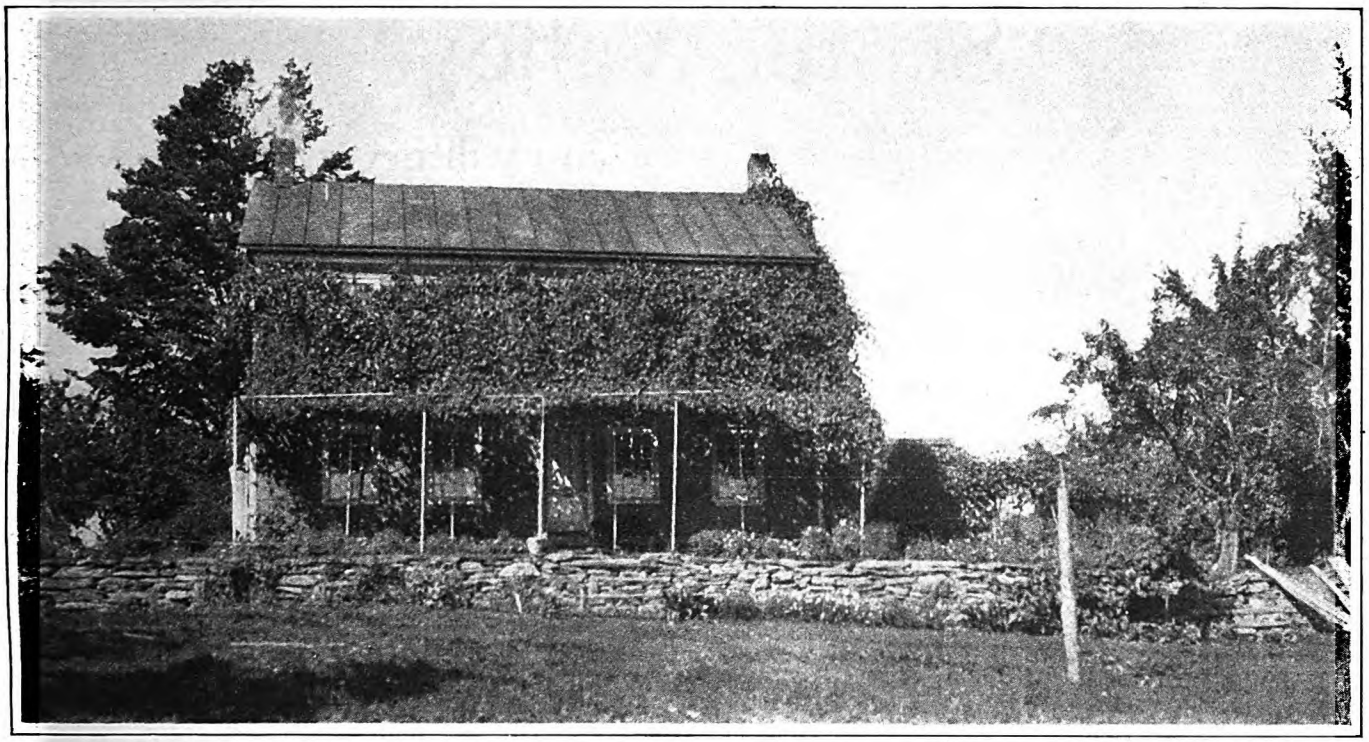

The Clum homestead in the Catskills, near Haines Falls, New York. The house is more than a hundred years old

waiting for a chance to recapture their old domain. He nodded toward them.

"I've got the best of them, ever since I was a boy," he said. "But I guess I'll have to give way a little now."

His visitors exchanged glances.

"Things are about as we feared they would be," said one of them. "You make a living here—but you don't make money! And it will take money to rebuild your barn.

"What we want to explain is this: You don't realize it, but we are *in debt* to you! And we have come here as delegates from other people who feel that they, too, are in debt to you.

"We summer folks got together this morning and talked things over. We saw the fire last night and knew that it was one of your buildings, or else Mr. Blank's house," turning to the owner of the pseudo-Greek residence, who had joined the group.

"This is what we, who live over there in the summer, want to tell you," he went on. "We can't spare a single acre of these fields of yours! We love this farm! We like to look up at it. We like to come here and look down from it. When we do come here, we carry away memories which money couldn't buy."

HE LOOKED around at the smiling fields; at the barn where the hay from those fields would soon be stored; at the comfortable old house, clad not only with vines, but also with the intangible atmosphere of a home, and with the traditions of a century of labor.

"We want this farm to go on as it always has," he said. "And, just for our own pleasure, we are going to help you to rebuild your barn. We came over here to tell you that five hundred dollars was subscribed this morning by your friends across the valley."

For a moment, Mr. Clum was too taken aback to make any reply; and before he could recover himself, his neighbor from the big white house spoke up.

"I'll make good the deficit, whatever it is," he said. "Lumber is high. So is labor. But you're right! This farm stands for certain things which are worth more than money."

ON ONE of the abandoned farms near by, a barn was still standing. Its beams and timbers, hewn by hand a century ago, were almost as strong as the day they were cut; and the owner of the land willingly consented to have them used in the new structure.

An old-fashioned "bee" was arranged. The men of the neighborhood took a day off, tore down the old barn, hauled the timbers to the new location, and set up the framework. A few weeks later, there were once more three barns facing the gray farmhouse across the grassy lane.

Now I have been going to Clum Hill for ten years or more. Many a day I have eaten my luncheon under the trees that look down on the Clum farm. To me those trees had seemed kind and friendly; a great green tent where I could sit and enjoy that wonderful panorama.

Until I was told, not long ago, how the burned barn came to be rebuilt, I had not realized, except subconsciously, all that Clum Hill meant to me; all that it should mean to *you*, even though you never have seen it, and probably never *will* see it.

Most of us live in cities and towns. We work in offices and stores and factories. We buy our food at the grocery, the bakery, the market. We have forgotten the farms; forgotten our great-grandfathers, who cut those farms out of the wilderness.

And that is not all. Many of us have forgotten also the traditions of simple, honest, hardy living. We are looking for the easy way! We are motor-mad, movie-mad, jazz-mad. The farms? Oh yes! Of course we know we couldn't get along without them! But how often do we stop to think of the men and women who, year after year, carry on that human struggle against the wilderness, the prairie, and the desert?

When I had listened to the story of the burned barn, I walked up to the edge of the forest, sat down on a great rock, and looked at the cleared fields with a truer vision of their human significance. Then, with a new understanding in my heart, I went back to where Mr. Clum was at work.

He and his son, a fine, tall young man, eighteen years old, were repairing the largest and oldest barn, which had sagged at one end. They had ripped up the flooring, exposing the great square beams underneath.

"How old are those beams?" I asked.

"Older than you or I'll ever be!" he said, his blue eyes twinkling. "Them beams must be more'n one hundred and fifty years old. This barn was here when my father bought the place, and that was a century ago, or better.

"He come here, as a young man, from over in C'lumbia County. Guess they named that county after the Clums! His two brothers died there of consumption; and the doctor said my father'd die too, if he didn't get out into the wilderness. So he packed up and drove over here into the mountains.

"I GUESS he done the right thing," chuckled Mr. Clum, "for he lived to be pretty near a hundred! Don't know if he'd of died even *then*, if folks hadn't dared him to dance at a party. He got up and showed 'em he could dance as well as the best of 'em. But he ketched his heel on the zinc under the stove and that threw him. He hurt his leg; and two years afterward he died of gangrene."

"How old were you then?" I asked.

"Thirteen; and from that time to this, I've done a man's work every day, except when I was laid up from hurtin' my own leg," pointing to his crippled knee.

"How did you hurt it?" I asked.

"Oh, I cut it (*Continued on page 124*)

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"Scotch Valley

A story you will never forget

By Mildred Cram

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

Synopsis of Two Preceding Instalments

JAMES GLADDEN came home from the war pledged to find and care for the family of Fred Smith, "who had a wife and five kids and no money at all." Gladden found that to keep this pledge meant the sacrifice of his uncle's help and the postponing of all his own plans for the future. But Fred Smith had died in his place in France, and he did not waver in his purpose. He had been reared in luxury, but left penniless at his father's death. With the few hundred dollars he owned, he turned his back on all that he loved and set out at once for Scotch Valley, in California, to find the Smith family.

Scotch Valley, at last—and two Fred Smiths who had died in France! But oil had made one family the richest in the valley, and the other family was starving, so that problem was easily solved. All the desolation of Scotch Valley, under the burning summer sun, seemed to Gladden to be concentrated in the Smith ranch and the five starving, motherless youngsters he found there. They were afraid of him —Bertha, *almost* seventeen, Pete, and Henry and Lily and Nancy. They were defiant—but he stayed. Manuel, the old Mexican in whose care their mother had left them at her death months before, was dying. There was no food. The well was polluted, and the town was ten miles away.

Jim tried the Pelgram ranch—a prosperous irrigated farm—and Pelgram threw him off the place. He returned to find Manuel dead, and the children crying with grief and hunger. It was dark now, and, armed with Manuel's revolver, he went back to the Pelgrams'. Only Mrs. Pelgram was at home, a vain, silly young woman who gave him food for the children—at the price of a little flirtation, which nauseated Gladden. On the way home he was stopped by Pelgram, in a car, with other men. Shots were exchanged in the darkness, but he escaped with his food.

The next day he took the children to town, saw a lawyer, Hansen, who told him Pelgram had shut off the water from Smith's ranch as soon as Smith went to France, and was trying to starve the children out and get the property.

Gladden had no thought now of giving up the fight—still less when he met Olive Smith, daughter of the wealthy Smith family, and the loveliest girl he had ever seen. She told him that Pelgram wanted the ranch because he thought there was oil on it.

After this eventful day in town, Gladden took his new family home again, with Hansen, and the official who was to bury Manuel. He found a new problem then, because the children did not understand death, and looked to him for comfort in their grief. He did his best —but it seemed to him a very poor best!

IN THE morning, Pelgram appeared, followed at a little distance by three men. The rancher called to Gladden from across the yard:

"Good morning. Can I speak to you a moment?"

Gladden was suspicious of such friendliness; but he straightened up from his attitude of worship beside the car, and answered pleasantly that anyone could speak to him who had a civil tongue.

"I'm sorry about yesterday. I thought the old Mexican had sent for you. He was a tough character, and I can't afford to take chances."

"Why not?"

Pelgram looked surprise. "Well, we're a peaceable lot in this Valley. We do our business straight."

His hand was bandaged, Gladden observed, and with a twinge of gratification he wondered if that random shot had found a target in the dark.

"We do our business straight and in the open."

Gladden sat down on the running board and folded his arms. He found it singularly easy to dislike this man. Pelgram was too aggressively successful. He made bluff joviality his stock in trade. There was, in the dark glitter of his eyes, a look of sly ambition, the greedy ambition of an insatiable materialist.

Gladden had an unhappy faculty of see-

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ing through amiable exteriors. He was not fooled by loud laughter and back-slapping. He could remember too exactly the sensation of being knocked down by this friendly giant. He could still feel the winded emptiness of his stomach. Wompff!

"You wanted to talk to me?"

"I guess it'd be better for both of us. I'll give you a square deal."

"You're after this ranch, aren't you?"

"You're right."

"You surprise me. You said yourself there isn't a drop of water."

"I've got plenty of water. The creek belongs to me. I can irrigate, and irrigate quick. The walnuts are all right, and I guess I can save the 'cots. All this place needs is water."

"Yes," Gladden said. "I know. It's a pity Fred Smith didn't think of that before he bought the property."

"Fred Smith was a fool. I warned him."

"I suppose you've heard of riparian rights?"

Pelgram laughed. "Now you're trying to bluff me! Do you suppose I ain't got a lawyer?"

"So have I."

"Look here, Mr. Gladden." Pelgram glanced over his shoulder, and the men who had been hovering in the background came up behind him. "I have witnesses to what I'm going to say: I don't know who you are, or what you're after. You may be the kids' guardian and you may not. We'll see about that. I'm willing to buy this ranch, the stand of buildings and all, for a fair sum. Five thousand in cash. It's to your advantage. The County's ready to take care of the kids. What do you say?"

Gladden seemed to consider. For the first time he was conscious of interest; he did not want to run away. Never ambitious unless threatened with failure, he saw the affair now in the light of a personal accomplishment.

"The children won't sell," he said. "Are you speaking for them?"

"Well, if you prefer, they'll speak for themselves."

Gladden called Pete. The whole troop answered. They came tearing out of the orchard like a pack of mongrel puppies answering a friendly whistle.

"We were digging a grave for Manuel," Pete explained. He caught himself up when he saw Pelgram.

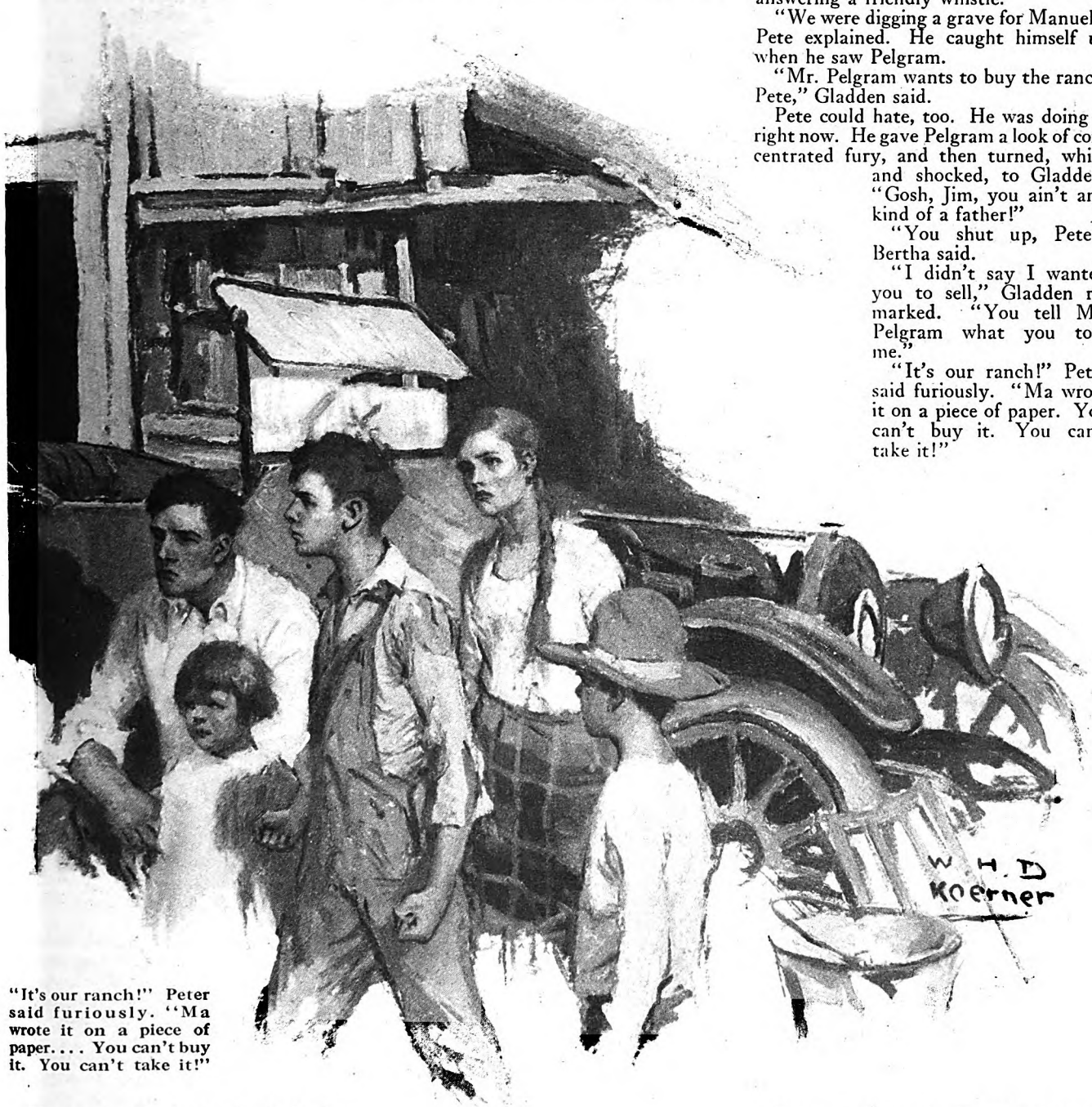
"Mr. Pelgram wants to buy the ranch, Pete," Gladden said.

Pete could hate, too. He was doing it right now. He gave Pelgram a look of concentrated fury, and then turned, white and shocked, to Gladden. "Gosh, Jim, you ain't any kind of a father!"

"You shut up, Pete," Bertha said.

"I didn't say I wanted you to sell," Gladden remarked. "You tell Mr. Pelgram what you told me."

"It's our ranch!" Peter said furiously. "Ma wrote it on a piece of paper. You can't buy it. You can't take it!"



"It's our ranch!" Peter said furiously. "Ma wrote it on a piece of paper. . . . You can't buy it. You can't take it!"

Pelgram shrugged. He looked at his followers with half-closed eyes. "Subtle," Gladden thought. "He's trying to scare me. Blast me with a look!"

"I don't think things are quite straight here, Mr. Gladden. I dare say you wouldn't mind an investigation?"

"Go ahead and investigate. But clear out, now! You have your answer."

MANUEL'S grave was in the sparse shadow of the orchard. The children were digging with spoons and empty cans. It was a game. Bertha, barefooted, her hair flying, scooped up the dry earth with her hands.

"Why don't you let the others do this?" Gladden asked. "The house needs clean-

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ing. It's a mess. I can't attend to everything."

She shook her head. "I hate housework. I'd rather dig graves!"

Gladden agreed with her, but he didn't say so. Housework *ought* to do itself.

Bertha paused, and blowing her hair out of her eyes made an offer: "I'll help with the car, instead."

"That's Pete's job. Girls are supposed to do housework."

"I'd rather play."

"You'll never get anywhere," Gladden said sternly, "if you play all your life."

"I don't want to get anywhere!"

The orchard seemed to pulse and tremble in the hot light. All the leaves rattled and rustled whenever there was a stir of air, the faint breath of a wind from behind the hills. Weeds sprang thickly from the traces of an old plowing, and already the nuts had begun to fall. "Perhaps I could sell these," Gladden said to himself. He picked up one of the smooth little spheres, and, cracking it, tasted the meat. He felt the joy of a personal discovery. For this was an English walnut, and a good one.

He saw them, neatly displayed in store windows. "Gladden's Walnuts." In exclusive New York shops. With pumpkins and orange tissue paper streamers. Thanksgiving. People moving through a blurred blue twilight of soft and silent snow. Girls in fur coats. Men in mufflers. Taxis with white roofs. And Gladden's superfine California walnuts selling like hot cakes!

The apricot trees, farther on, were forlorn and barren. The ground beneath them was strewn with black, decayed fruit, pits, and leaves. Pete explained that Manuel had not attempted to pick any fruit. He was too old to do the work himself; he could not afford helpers. The crop rotted where it fell.

BEYOND, in a sort of shallow ditch, Gladden found a few lengths of iron piping. A concrete support had been blasted, and where the pipe had once passed across Pelgram's line, a heavy wire fence made further exploration impossible.

From this point you looked north along the Valley. Pelgram's fruit, converging row upon row, seemed to run forward over the little hills. Beyond, there were squares of brilliant green. Alfalfa, Pete offered, hanging on the fence and staring over.

"It looks good," Gladden said. "Green. It looks cool and alive. I'd like to wallow in it."

Pete thought this was funny. "They give it to cows!" he said.

And, still farther, skeleton towers, ten or twenty of them. "Smith's oil wells," Pete explained. A smudge of smoke hung over them. The very air about them was sultry with potent and transforming energies drawn from the earth. Already, wealth had marred the hills and stained the sky.

Sooner or later, Olive must be changed by it. It was not possible that day by day she should watch gold pumped from the ground beneath her feet, and yet remain indifferent. Those skeleton wells were symbolical: they represented the sorceries, the treacheries of life. "She may not be fine enough to resist," thought Gladden. "To stay *herself*."

It occurred to him, caught as he was in the impersonal bigness and loneliness of the landscape, that he could not love any woman less beautiful than Olive Smith. But that he could not love her, beautiful as she was, unless she learned— "But I said I wouldn't think of her. I'll need a clear head for this business!"

With Pete at his heels, he followed Pelgram's fence along the ditch, then circled back over the ranch. There were no surface indications of oil. High up, on the steep slope that Pete called the pasture, he found gypsum deposits. But these were worthless. The whole place seemed more than ever defeated, thrown out of focus by the presence on the horizon of those fabulous towers, chug-chugging, puffing, lifting bucket after bucket of wealth from the dark pockets of the earth.

Why plant trees that take so long to grow, that need so deep a drink, that can be betrayed by drought, and parasites and storms, when all you have to do is to sink a shaft, tap the hidden sources, and sit idly by while a donkey engine pumps oil? Oil worth twenty-two cents a gallon! What is a basket of apricots worth? A basket of walnuts?

And here he was, already broke.

MANUEL'S funeral, the pomp of casket and stone, priest and prayers, cost a lot. Now that it was done, the children liked Gladden better for having saved their friend for them. Daily, they laid offerings on the shallow mound in the orchard: polished stones from the river bed, bits of broken glass, birds' feathers, and flowering weeds.

Soon, perhaps, they would forget. Now, it was another game. They persisted because they had no idea what it meant.

The balance of Gladden's three hundred dollars went into supplies. He bought a few chickens, a fine lusty rooster, a goat, and a set of tools. He was certain that someone had rifled the farm, since Pete could recall things that were now nowhere to be found. Whoever it was—tramp or neighbor or fruit picker—he had taken the forks, the wheelbarrow, and the harness. The horse, Pete explained, had died from drinking poisoned water. To guard against such a fate for himself and his children, Gladden carried water from Vaccatown every other day.

The well was polluted. Lowering himself into the slimy depths, he grappled for certain proof, bringing to the surface carrion, refuse, the skull of a cow. The water level had receded, he knew, ten feet. He must go deeper, and pump with gas or electricity. He must make these acres yield grain, vegetables, trees like precious bouquets spraying from whitewashed trunks into a profuse and splendid offering of fruit.

He saw his own future go glimmering. He was not young enough to give ten years to such a task, and then turn toward a postponed creative life, a life of the mind. This meant grubbing with his hands, fighting poverty, frustration, and loneliness.

Already his palms were calloused, his skin split and stained. His back ached from unaccustomed bendings and reachings. He could feel his muscles hardening, tightening. Young as he was, he wished that he were younger, and that time still lay ahead, like an infinite ocean.

Being broke involved him in certain reticences that were not natural. He was congenitally extravagant. Poverty was a barred gate, a blank wall, a paralyzed arm. He enjoyed giving things away, particularly those things which had become necessary to his own comfort. Psychologists call this a form of conceit, a self-indulgence. To Gladden, it was one way of having a good time.

He had never found bitterness a becoming habit of mind. Now, for the first time, he was in danger of bitterness. He had always been greedy for life, without being absolutely certain what he meant by life. An accumulation of experiences, perhaps; those split half-seconds of delight that are so diverse, inexplicable and personal!

Here on this ranch, he expected to dry-rot, since there was nothing in particular to delight him, unless it was the soft, clumsy grace of the children. In watching them he lost the sense of his own identity and, instead, at the core of him realized the black stone of Adam, the inflexible kernel of manhood. He began to love them.

The house itself wasn't lovable; it was neither old nor musty. Square as a hat-box, with windows like blind eyes, it was as if it had had no part in anything that had happened beneath its roof. Gladden noticed such things because he invariably personified the inanimate. He found himself feeling sorry for run-down clocks and neglected chairs. His stepbrothers had not quite laughed this trait away.

"It isn't my house," he thought. "It's only a shelter. Four walls, and a roof to crawl under at night. But I'd like to paint it, shingle it, plant vines, build a new porch. . . ."

AT NIGHT, when the children were asleep, Gladden liked to walk back and forth in the yard. He couldn't think during the day. He wondered if parents ever think. He thanked God for sleep that silences the insatiable curiosity of children, and gives selfhood back to fathers. He liked to walk with himself and the dog in the silent darkness.

At such times, strange currents would flow past him; the secret self of the unknown land all about him. It might have been only a trick of the night, but it was like a murmur of voices, as if the hills and fields and trees were trying to make themselves understood.

He felt the magic of milky, pervasive starlight. He did not want to love California. It was not his. There was no hunger in him for alien soil. The cloudless sky was too empty; he ached for rain, puddles, fog, wind.

He was always startled out of his mood by some sound within the house: Lily sneezing, or Pete yelling in his sleep, or Henry, wakened suddenly by the compelling dark, the inimical dark, whimpering softly into his pillow. Gladden already knew these sounds by heart: the difference between Lily's sneeze and Nancy's sneeze. He knew when Pete had gone to bed with his shirt on and when, against orders, Bertha was lying awake, making rhymes.

Somehow, as soon as he crossed the threshold, they all went to sleep again. His presence drove away fear. Like a sentry on the field of battle, he sat by the kitchen table, figuring with a stub of pencil on the margins of old newspapers. Two hundred, walnuts. Five hundred, apricots. Three hundred, vegetables and strawberries.

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When Bertha emerged at last she was wearing the red dress and carrying the bundle of rags, neatly wrapped in brown paper. . . . The mysterious alchemy of clothes had transformed the skinny, pale child

But figures were no good without money and water! Day by day the supplies dwindled, while the earth cracked beneath the heat of a sky like an inverted bowl of white-hot glass.

With Hansen's help, Gladden sold the walnuts. They fetched a price that, in consideration of their excellence, seemed absurd. But any price which assured them of food was acceptable. Gladden found hunger traditionally embarrassing. He couldn't laugh it off.

He permitted himself two extravagances as soon as the check was deposited in the local bank. For one thing, he bought a cheap phonograph and about two dozen records. The dance from "Salome." Some spirituals. A record of Clement's dream aria from "Manon." The love-death from "Siegfried." And a recording of the prelude to "Parsifal." He bought everything he could find of De Luca's.

The children didn't like any of this music. They approved of Chaliapin, because he made so much noise. But "Siegfried" frightened Lily into a case of the hiccoughs, and Nancy cried all through "Depuis le Jour." "It's sour," Bertha said. "Play

(*Continued on page 182*)

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I'm An Indoor Man With An Outdoor Urge

By H. I. Phillips

I'VE got an indoor pallor from sitting around reading literature about the Outdoor Man, and elbow bruises from turning the covers of books on the Great Open Spaces in a skin-tight room. Every time I read about babbling brooks and leaping cataracts, I want to go fishing; whenever I see a moose head over a fireplace, a pair of antlers over a hall mirror, or an elk's tooth over an alderman's vest, I yearn to go hunting. I never pass one of those camp equipment exhibits in a sporting-goods store window without feeling the urge to strike out and live the life of the primitive he-man. All my life I have had a craving to be one of those Vital, Virile Vigorous figures in the Mackinaw coat, holding up a 27-pound pike, or standing at "parade rest" beside a late lamented Rocky Mountain "Bighorn" that forgot to duck.

Yet to-day I am so far from realizing these ambitions that the last time a friend asked me to go bass fishing I showed up at the meeting place in a derby hat.

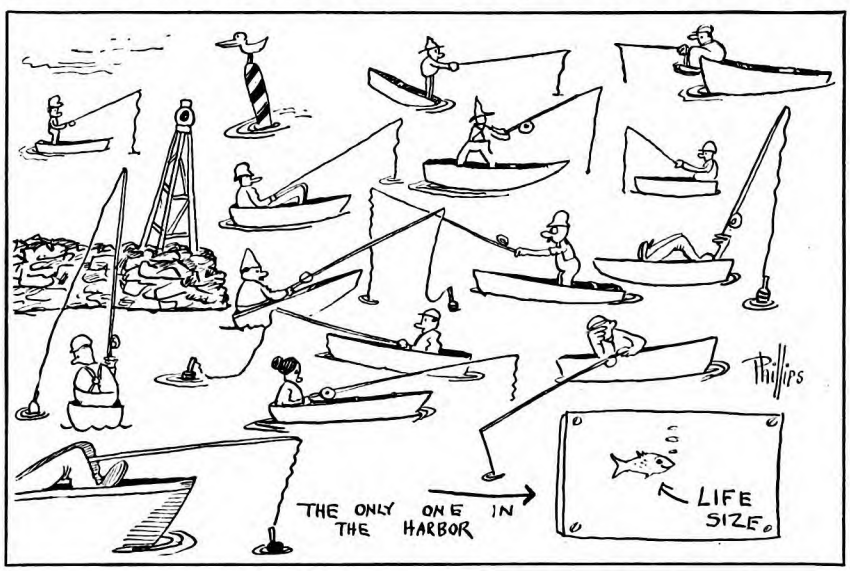
There are few things more pathetic than the Indoor Man with the Outdoor Urge. He is like the Florida fruit grower with an enthusiasm for fancy skating, the Venetian Grand Canal hotel proprietor whose hobby is horseback riding, or the Point Barrow Eskimo who can't enjoy any food except bananas.

My angling luck is such that I probably couldn't get a halibut out of a fish market icebox with a search warrant—but I am crazy over fishing. I am such a skillful hunter that I have never got close enough to any real game to see it through binoculars; but I will tramp across fields in search of it until the cows come home. And with my kind of shooting the cows would be lucky to get home.

I respond to the storied thrills of ski jumping and bobsledding without ever having done either, and although I can jump on my desk and start cheering whenever I read about a yachting trip, I haven't been on a small boat in years. Show me a photograph of a group of men cooking a rasher of bacon over a wood fire, and I'll react like a Texas frog in a bucket of water, despite the fact I can count on the buttons of my laced shoes the times I've camped out.

I'm the man you'll always find at the Motor Boat Show climbing up the ladders to the decks of the various craft, examining every ship from stem to stern, riddling the agent with questions, and loading up with four-color circulars.

The sixty-foot cruiser de luxe ($55,000, including a sailor hat and rubbers) attracts me like a bird-house attracts the first wren of summer. I couldn't buy the rattan furniture in it; but a man is entitled to board an expensive pleasure yacht whenever the opportunity offers, and if my chance comes only when the yacht is indoors, it's just one of life's tough breaks. This spring I spent three afternoons at the New York Motor Boat Show and, while it may have been imagination, I thought I got a deep coat of tan from sitting on the upper deck.



"Snapper Blue" time in a Connecticut harbor—and no exaggeration

THE boat supply stores also get me. A canoe will move me visibly, but a window with a dory, some portable motors, a few anchors, some ship lanterns, coils of rope, and an oil painting of Commodore Montague Wellington Hastypudding's new racing sloop will agitate me for days. I really think I buy more yachting magazines in March and April, and answer more advertisements of sail- and power-boats for sale than any other man in the country.

Every spring I resolve to buy a boat, but never quite get around to it. Last March nothing short of a 38-foot yawl would suit me. By April I was corresponding with the owner of a 25-foot catboat. In May I decided to pick up a 15-foot rowboat and get a portable engine. Then June zoomed into view, and I decided that the season was too short to bother about anything more than a surf board.

I'm a steady attendant, too, at the sportsmen's shows, and even go so far as to try to carry on a conversation about duck blinds, caribou hunts, and all that sort of thing. The annual Old Glory Sale of trotting horses is an event that lures me like a circus. I never drove a trotting horse and have never seen a Grand Circuit meeting, but to see me walking around the ring giving these trotters a critical inspection, and paying particular attention to the yearlings you'd think I was in the business.

A store window full of guns, especially if it has a couple of stuffed birds and some hunting pictures, will make me late for lunch any day.

I'LL walk a mile for a particularly good display of Cardigan jackets, "windbreakers," woodsmen's shoes, tents, cooking outfits, hunting knives, wooden ducks, fishing rods, compasses, snowshoes, skates, sleds, archery sets, skis, etc. Show me a window display of two wax figures cooking a mess of brook trout over a camp fire, and with just a little urging I'll go right in and join the other dummies at their meal.

I love the rocks and rills, the woods and templed hills. Of them I sing. But you can't land a tarpon with a ballad, or bring down a Canadian moose with a mammy song.

My ambition is to shoot big game. Not too big, of course. Maybe I should say medium-sized game. Elephants are off my list. I've fed them too many peanuts. Whenever I see one of those African hunt pictures of a mighty marksman standing over a prostrate elephant I can't get over the impression that at a signal the elephant got up and hobbled around in a circle, waving an American flag while a brass band played, "Oh, Say Can You See."

I don't care for lions, either. From all accounts a lion is very slow to get the correct idea about hunting. It never seems to grasp the hunter's viewpoint.

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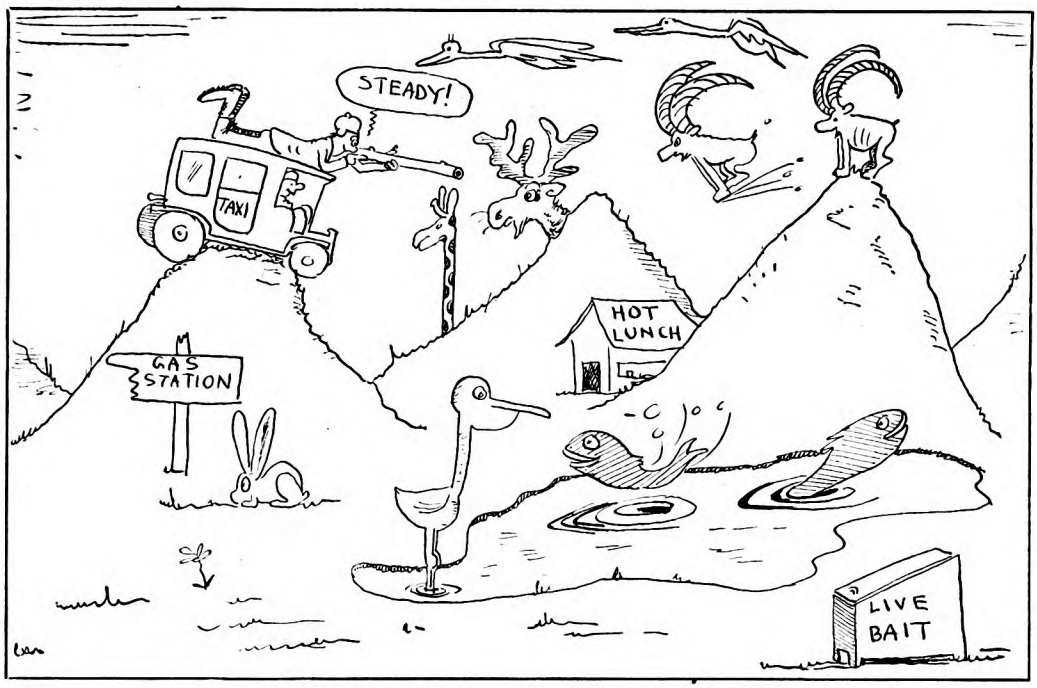
Lion hunting should be taken up in one's early youth. It requires rhythm and perfect coördination of mind and body. After a lion has begun its charge is no time to hesitate, and start fumbling through the golf bag to determine whether to use a wooden club or the iron.



The author's idea of an ideal spot for a vacation

WHEN it comes to angling, I place no limit on the size of the fish. The bigger the better. Whether hunting or fishing I'd like to go on something in the nature of an expedition; something that would call for a few pack mules, several hundred pounds of provisions, and extensive equipment.

All I've ever carried on most of my fishing trips has been a can of worms, three or four sandwiches and an apple. And all the country I've hunted through has been liberally dotted with delicatessen stores and quick-lunch rooms. I've never pursued any bird or beast far enough into any woods to lose touch with the hot-coffee urns and the pie counters. In my part of the country it's almost impossible. You build a duck blind one day only to find that an enterprising caterer has opened an "all-hot" stand beside it the next.

Hunters don't get far from civilization these days, anyway. Sportsmen used to plunge deep into the virgin forests primarily to cut themselves off from civilization, to get away from the noises of the cities and towns, to find a spot where they could hear little but the whisperings of the pines and the murmurings of the hemlocks. To-day, I understand, most of the hunters who go into the woods for a prolonged stay consider a radio and loud speaker of paramount importance to the success of the trip.

They may not have got any moose, but you can bet they got all the big radio stations. That's fair enough. I went on a two-day fishing trip last year. We didn't get any bass or pike, but we got Vincent Lopez, Paul Whiteman, Galli-Curci, the Happiness Boys, and President Coolidge. We even got nibbles from a Far Western Rotary Club entertainment and banquet, and a couple of strikes from some public speaker at Fort Worth.

"Isn't it wonderful to be out here in the forest, far, far from civilization, and out of touch with everything?" asks one modern camper of another.

"It's great," answers his companion. "See if you can get the Pennsylvania Grill. They've got a snappy jazz orchestra there!"

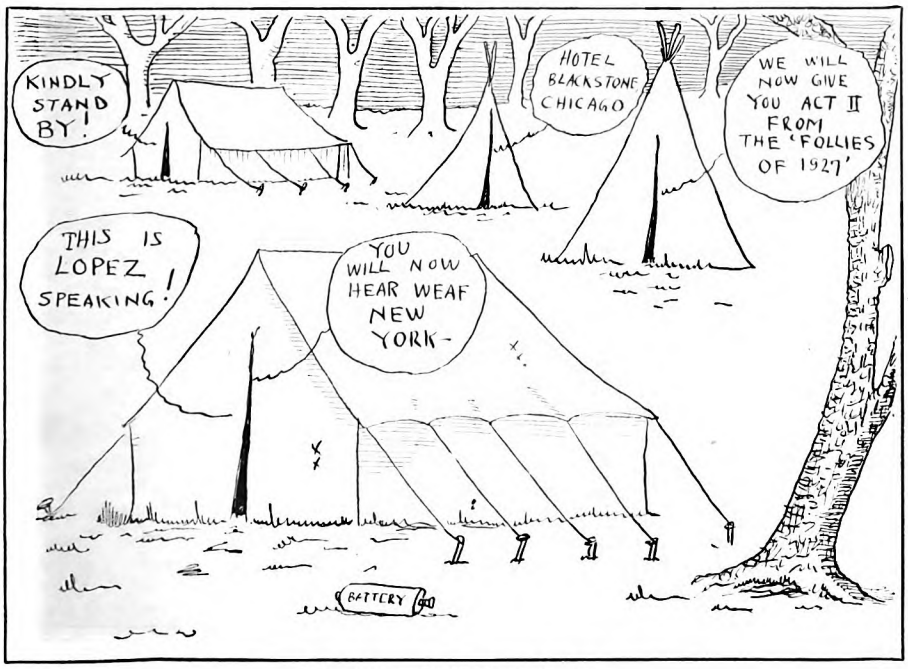
It is said that deer have become so accustomed to radio concerts in parts of the Catskills that they file down to the summer hotels in the cool of the evenings to enjoy the programs of WEAF. Hunters tell me they lure the deer into camp in the fall with a loud speaker.

I've seen bass and pickerel caught in Conger Lake, New York, at a time when there were a dozen picnic parties camped along the banks, all filling the air with radio concerts, baseball returns, and stock market quotations. The fish in this lake are used to noise. The pond is bounded on the east by a state road, on the west by a picnic ground, on the north by a railroad line and on the south by a summer bungalow colony. A little thing like a concert by the Marine Band floating out over the water is to a Conger Lake bass like the rustle of butterfly wings. There's no doubt about it; these fish on the main motor routes have become very hard-boiled.

Talk fishing, and you hit me in my weak spot. It'll have to be a one-way conversation, however, as I have never caught anything big enough to entitle me to talk back. I have a fishing license in three states, and every spring and summer I go fishing every chance I get. Unfortunately, as far as I can determine there are no fish in those three states; but a true fisherman never takes no for an answer.

"Don't you know there are no fish in that lake?" the native will ask an angler who has been fishing there all day without a bite.

"Sure," the fisherman will reply, paraphrasing the gambler's retort to the man who asked him about the crooked roulette wheel, "but it's the only lake around this section."



The quiet of the deep woods

I OBTAINED my fishing training in Connecticut, and when you fish in that state you get so you don't expect much. Bullheads and yellow perch are the only fish there that might be called plentiful, although I have friends who swear they have caught bass, trout, and pickerel. I caught one (*Continued on page 120*)

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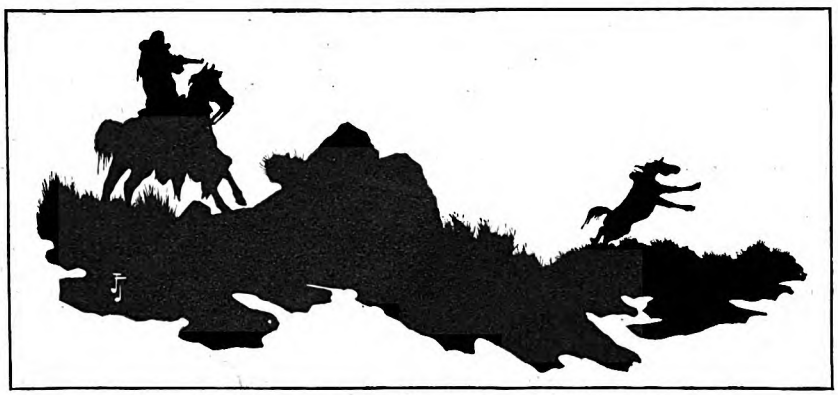
INTERESTING PEOPLE

Joe Jones Works Magic With a Pair of Scissors

DOWN in Augusta, Georgia, there is a slender, blue-eyed boy of seventeen who is putting himself through college with a pair of scissors. His name is Joe Cranstoun Jones, and he makes silhouettes.

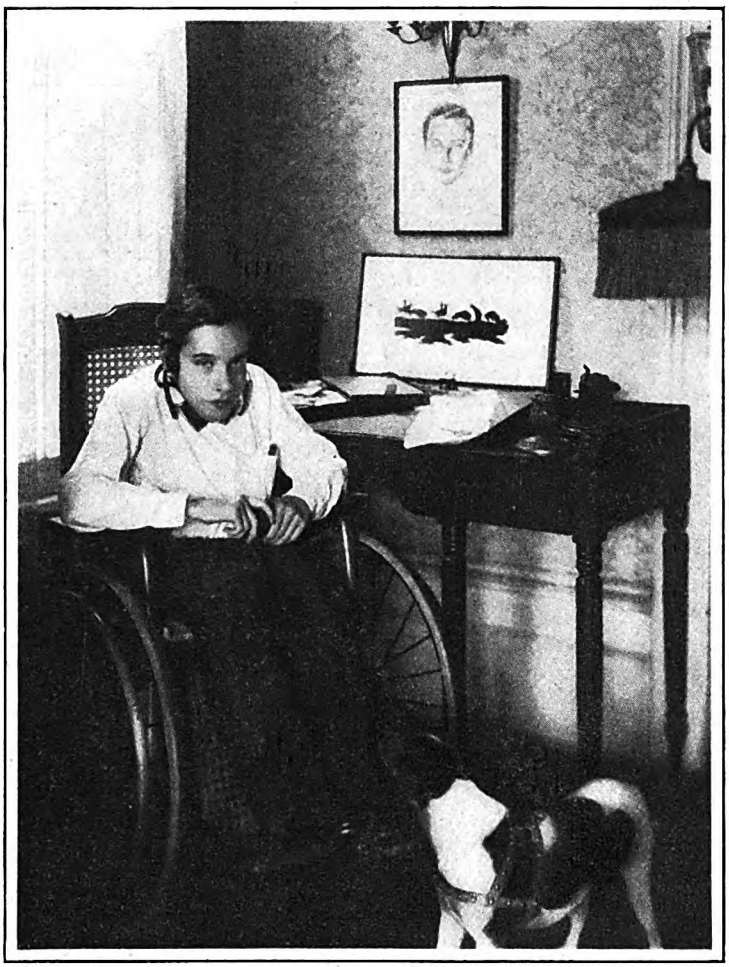


Joe calls this silhouette "The Outlaw." All his silhouettes are cut out free-hand, without any preliminary sketching or drawing except what goes on in his mind

His pictures are marvelously realistic reproductions of animals and outdoor life generally. They are all cut free-hand, without any preliminary sketching or drawing. Three years ago, Joe's silhouettes won a prize of fifty dollars in a nation-wide contest in which more than two thousand persons, including many recognized artists, took part. His work has already appeared in some of the best magazines, and it has drawn high praise not only from well-known critics but also from appreciative readers throughout the country. He is busy now illustrating a book for children, which will appear soon.

Joe especially delights in cutting scenes in which cowboys or jungle creatures figure. Some of his most admired groups are "Wild Horses at the Water Hole," "The Coon Hunt," "Jungle Night," and "Cowboys with Broncho." And yet Joe Jones never saw a jungle creature or a bucking broncho in all his life! Indeed, he has never seen anything that can't be seen from his bed, for Joe has not walked in twelve years.

"The best place to see beautiful things is in your mind's eye, anyway," Joe told a friend one day. "As long as pictures paint themselves there, and stories act themselves out, you don't have to worry about being entertained. And if you encourage it a little, your mind's ear will provide you with almost as much fun. Why, on the hottest day in August, I can lie here on my bed and hear the swish of rain on the roof, or maybe the beat of the waves against a cliff. It's really great fun to train your mind to do stunts for you!"



PHOTOGRAPH BY TOMMINS

Seventeen-year-old Joe Jones of Augusta, Georgia, cuts silhouettes which have appeared in leading magazines throughout the country. His favorite subjects are jungle scenes and cowboy life

When Joe was five years old, a serious illness left him without the use of his legs. At first, the doctors thought it would be a matter of a few months, or at most a year, before the boy would be able to walk and run again. In order to amuse himself while shut off from the active world of play, Joe began to cut from paper little scenes that suggested themselves to him from the stories his mother or some other member of the family read to him. From the start, these scissors-pictures showed a fine sense of drama and form.

Then one beautiful red-letter day, a circus came to town. Joe's big brother held him up to the window to watch the parade go by. There were spangly ladies on prancing ponies, lions and tigers in gilded cages, and enormous elephants swinging their trunks in the air. Banners were flying and the band was playing. Oh, it was a gorgeous parade!

When he was back in bed again, Joe asked for a pair of scissors and a piece of paper. Later, he called to his mother to look, and there across his bed marched a line of paper animals. They were in the same order as those he had seen in the procession and like them in every detail. From then on, he was chiefly interested in cutting animals and outdoor scenes.

One year dragged into three and four years, but still Joe was unable to walk. Everything that could be done was done, but nothing seemed to help. Finally, when Joe was fourteen, the doctors decided that there was a fragment of hope in an operation, followed by treatment that would mean a solid year strapped to a hospital cot.

"It will be painful," the physician told the boy, "and the chance is pretty slim. Do you want to take the chance?"

"Sure," grinned Joe, "if you will promise to leave my hands free so that I can use my scissors!"

The doctor promised, and he kept his word.

It was during the next long twelve months, while he lay on his cot in the Scottish Rite Hospital in Atlanta, that Joe began to do really serious work with his silhouettes. One of the nurses pinned some of his pictures to the walls of the reception-room down-stairs. There were many visitors to the hospital. They saw the silhouettes and asked questions. Soon there were requests from people who wanted to buy the charming scenes that Joe saw with his mind's eye while he

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was lying imprisoned by hospital walls.

It wasn't long before Joe was kept busy cutting silhouettes for sale. He was very proud and happy because now he could earn a part of his expenses, and that would make it easier for the folks at home. And when Mrs. Pressley Walker, an Atlanta artist who had become interested in his work, sent some of his groups to a magazine which promptly sent back a fat check and a fine letter of praise for his work, Joe's joy knew no bounds.

Why, if he couldn't ever go to college and work his way through, as he had dreamed of doing some day when the stiff plaster casts were a thing of the past, he could do something else that was almost as good: He could make enough money to bring college to him! Now that he could earn his own expenses, he could take all the extension courses he wanted to take. He could go to college anywhere and everywhere!

It was about this time that he saw a notice which said that Lewis Myers and Company, manufacturers of Valparaiso, Indiana, were offering a prize of fifty dollars for the best picture of an outdoor scene.

Joe was mightily afraid that only drawings or paintings would be considered. "Still," he said to himself, "if I can cut something so clearly that *they* can see what I see, they might call a silhouette a picture!"

The boy spent hours making pictures in his mind before he even touched his scissors. Then one day he picked up a piece of paper and began to cut. The scissors flew. And presently, under the deft fingers of the boy, a gorgeous jungle scene began to grow. There was a thick undergrowth fairly bristling with the life of tiny creatures, and above a delicate tracery of vines festooned from tree to tree. There were monkeys swinging on a grapevine rope, and below on a fallen tree trunk a huge panther looked hungrily up.

Everybody in the hospital celebrated when the postman brought the letter which said that Joe had won first prize in the contest.

As for Joe—well, he was almost *too* happy. He still is, in spite of the fact that the long year strapped to a bed failed to make him walk again. For Joe has that inner vision which compensates for many things. Do not pity him because he cannot walk. He is blessed with a *spirit* that runs and leaps! MILDRED HARRINGTON

This 96-Year-Old Captain Got His First Command at 17

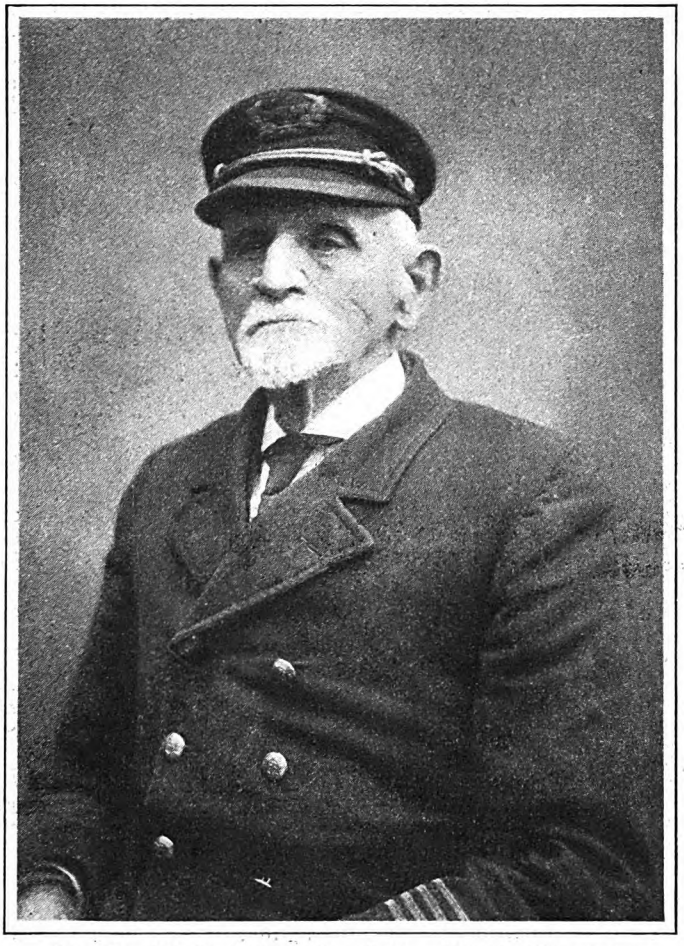
TO CAPTAIN ELI B. ROCKWELL, of St. Albans, Vermont, ninety-six-year-old commander of the Champlain Transportation Company's steamer "Vermont," falls the distinction of being probably the world's oldest steamboat captain in active service. To this may be added the distinction of nearly eighty years of continuous service.

Born at North Hero, Vermont, on one of the larger islands in Lake Champlain, it is not strange that Eli Rockwell should have selected the water as his means of livelihood. As one of the twelve children of Nancy and Merritt Rockwell, his ancestry is worthy of special mention.

Of hardy Scotch-English descent, his forbears can be traced to General John Stark, of Bennington Battle fame, while his paternal grandfather, Jabez Rockwell, was a soldier in the Continental Army under General Washington in the Revolutionary War. Of such stock is the dean of the world's steamboat captains.

His career as a sailor began at the age of fifteen, when he shipped as cabin boy aboard the schooner "Cynthia," at St. Johns, Quebec. His eldest brother, J. C. Rockwell, was captain of the "Cynthia" at that time and was plying his boat between St. Johns and Whitehall, New York, a distance of about one hundred and twenty-five miles. For many years, as one of the longest links of travel in the North Country, boats plied the entire length of Lake Champlain; now, however, with railroads on each shore, the steamboat route terminates at Plattsburg, New York, on the north, and at Montcalm Landing, near Ticonderoga, New York, on the south.

At the age of seventeen, two years after his apprenticeship, he became captain of the "Cynthia" when his brother was made pilot of the steamboat "Burlington," Captain Richard Sherman commanding. It was on this boat, the "Burlington," that Dickens made the trip from St. Johns to Whitehall, when he was touring this country in 1842.



Captain Eli B. Rockwell, of St. Albans, Vermont, shipped as cabin boy when he was fifteen years old. At seventeen, he was given a command, and now, at ninety-six, is still skipper on a steamer on Lake Champlain

For two years Captain Rockwell commanded the "Cynthia," and was then transferred to the navigation department of the Champlain Transportation Company, a corporation chartered by the State of Vermont and which consolidated with the original Lake Champlain Steamboat Company, in 1833. Thus, in his long term of service Captain Rockwell has practically grown up with that organization.

An amusing incident occurred during the first year of his captaincy. He had docked his boat in the dark at one of his landings, the only light available being two dim lanterns on the wharf. His boat was probably late, as the boats often were in those days, and one man, in a hurry to be off, walked directly into the lake. Captain Rockwell plunged in after him and succeeded in bringing him to safety.

That a person could spend nearly eighty years on the water and experience only one wreck seems impossible, but that is Captain Rockwell's record. In the year 1876, while the captain was asleep in his bunk on the "Champlain," the pilot of the boat drew a little off his course, and ran aground. This has been the captain's nearest approach to a shipwreck.

He came nearer disaster, however, in the year 1868, when he was pilot on board the "Adirondack." One night, with one hundred and twenty-five people on board, a fire broke out in the boiler-room, and threatened the steamer with destruction. Rushing into the burning room, Captain Rockwell realized that the small stream of water from the pump would have little effect on the flames, so he turned the stream on the hot boiler, and the live steam thus generated smothered the fire.

Captain Rockwell has greeted many prominent men on the bridges of his numerous ships, among them President Ulysses S. Grant, President William How-

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ard Taft, Ambassador Jules J. Jusserand of France, and other dignitaries.

During the past eighty years the captain has seen many changes in water navigation. It is a far cry from the schooner "Cynthia," his first command, to the "Vermont III," his present ship.

The first steamer "Vermont," built in 1808, began to operate on a regular schedule in June, 1809. Under the most favorable conditions, its speed was five miles an hour. It was scheduled to leave St. Johns at eight o'clock every Saturday morning and was due to arrive in Whitehall at midnight Sunday night, a schedule time of thirty-nine hours, but it was seldom on time.

The present steamer, "Vermont III," is a beautiful boat two hundred and fifty feet over all, capable of making sixteen miles an hour. On its present schedule it makes the round trip between Plattsburg and Montcalm Landing, a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles, between the rising and setting of the sun.

As the shores of Lake Champlain are ice-bound several months each year, the navigation season is necessarily short—usually about five months, from the first of June until the last of October. In the long winter months from November until May, while his boat is tied up or on the ways in Shelburne Harbor, Captain Rockwell lives with his daughters, in St. Albans, Vermont. There he continues to keep fit by shoveling the snow from the walks of his home and those of his neighbors.

Much of his time is spent in reading the newspapers, and any good sea story he can find. In the evening he enjoys the radio, sometimes staying up until two o'clock to get distant stations. But, in any event, he rarely sleeps later than six o'clock in the morning. WILLIAM H. MUNSON, JR.

Lilac-Time Brings Crowds of Cars to Mrs. Klager's Garden

IF YOU should go through the little town of Woodland, Washington, in the springtime, and draw up at a large old-fashioned white house with a green roof, you would see cars parked there with license plates from many parts of the United States. Their owners have come to see the sixty exquisite varieties of lilacs which Mrs. Hulda Klager has originated.

And if you went up the path in the midst of spacious lawns and well-laid-out flower beds, you would find the mistress of the place enthusiastically pointing out first this heavily laden lilac, then that one, to a delighted crowd, while Nippy, her dog, circles 'round and 'round the visitors, eager to join in the fun. Tall and well built, with a sturdy frame, black hair which belies her years—she is well past middle age—and dark eyes with a glint of humor and mellow understanding, she would receive you with just as much interest in you as you have in her and her lilacs.

"Lilacs are my particular pets," she told me, "although I've experimented with apples and dahlias and roses as well. It all started with a book, 'New Creations in Plant Life,' by Harwood, an account of the work and methods of Luther Burbank, which a friend brought to me one day when I was sick. After I had read that book, I could hardly wait to get up and try some of the experiments described there."

At that time, Mrs. Klager was a busy housewife on a dairy farm, with four children to care for, and bushels of fruit and vegetables to can and preserve. She was an active member of the grange and the church, too. But, in spite of all these duties, she found time to work with her flowers.

"I've always loved lilacs, so I had lots of them to start experimenting with. I had three fine specimens of Lemoine's, the great French plant breeder. One was a double white, another a double blue, and the third, a red purple, besides dozens of the Persian variety, of all colors. The book told about transferring the pollen of one variety to the stigma of another, in order to get seed of an entirely new kind. So I got a magnifying glass, and looked at the pistils of the blossoms, to see if they were ready for the pollen, and to make sure that some industrious bee had not already carried some pollen there. Then I used a small paint brush to dust on the pollen from the blossom I had chosen, and I tied a paper bag over the fertilized blossom to protect it until the seed had been formed.

One day, Mrs. Hulda Klager, of Woodland, Washington, read a book about Luther Burbank. Though she was a busy housewife on a dairy farm, she found time to apply his methods to her favorite lilacs, and she has produced sixty new varieties

"I tried hundreds of different combinations that first year, using the three Lemoine lilacs as the parent stock for all of them. I planted the seed I got from these unions, and tended them carefully under glass until they were large enough to go outdoors. It was between three and four years before I had blossoms, and could actually see what results I had obtained."

Mrs. Klager laughed reminiscently. "Some of them were terrible—dirty-colored blossoms, and weak and spindling plants. But one out of the lot made up for all the rest. For that was the one I call 'My Favorite,' a dark red outside, lighter inside, with petals incurving and coming out in handsome red buds.

"There were fourteen of this first lot that I saved as a basis for future interpollination. I realized then that I wanted most to get shrubs with large blossom clusters, and that the color I wanted was a deep, rich red. So I kept on selecting the ones, each year, which showed these tendencies most strikingly, and unless there was something exceptional about the others, I threw them over the fence."

Sometimes, according to Mrs. Klager, a lilac would have an exquisite color, but small blossoms or an unhealthy root system. Then she would try crossing the beautifully colored one with a shrub of more rugged habits.

Just now Mrs. Klager is working to get a true yellow lilac. Then, too, she wants to get lilacs with twelve petals to the blossom.

The people who come to Mrs. Klager's are a constant source of enjoyment to her. "Yesterday a car with an undertaker, a chief of police, an artist, and a banker drove in," she said. "Weren't they strange car-fellows? But they had in common a love for lilacs."

Mrs. Klager has sold some lilacs to nurserymen in Portland and Seattle, but most of them she sells, herself, to the people who come to her home for them.

"It's no fun for me to raise them in quantities and ship them off to town. But it *is* fun to have people come here for them, so that I can see just who are getting them. You see," she explained, "I do all the work, so why shouldn't I have all the fun I can get from my garden?"

RUTH GRAHAM CASE

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He Waded Into the Everglades to Preach to Natives and Outlaws

AN ITINERANT Baptist minister, who has survived all the hardships of an early Christian missionary, follows his calling in the northern limits of the Everglades of South Florida. Before good roads penetrated this jungle, a few years ago, it was a haven for all sorts of vagabonds, escaped criminals, moonshiners, "no 'count" negroes, and Seminole Indians: a rather forbidding region of vine-wound cypress trees, tangled hammocks of tropical palms, and water oaks, and acre upon acre of black lagoons covered with water hyacinths and inhabited by alligators and water moccasins.

Into this dismal morass on the north of Lake Okeechobee, Edward M. C. Dunklin came without his family six or seven years ago, and patiently set about winning the confidence of the natives. It was no small task.

On one occasion he walked eighteen miles through the wilderness of swamps and scrub palmetto ridges to a place where the people had not heard a sermon preached by a minister of the gospel for many years. Arriving ahead of time, and before any of his congregation had gathered, he was sitting on the steps of an old ramshackle building reading his Bible, when from behind a clump of bushes some men tried to frighten him away, by throwing rocks. Instead of rebuking them, he quietly told them that they were not the first ones to try to run him off; but that he was not the running kind, and having been sent to them he was going to stay. If they wanted to kill him, he said, he could die only once, and he had no fear of death.

At the end of the service he asked for a contribution, and received thirty cents, two pieces of chewing gum, two buttons, half of match, and two bullets. The bullets were meant to show him the feelings of the natives toward him, and to serve as a warning. The judge of the county thereupon offered him a quarter for every bullet he received, and it soon became known that he did not mind receiving this free ammunition.

One year later, when he held another service at this place, he received a substantial contribution. For he had won their hearts at last.

Over many of the trails through the swamps, the missionary could not ride a horse. Frequently, when walking to some distant appointment for services, he had to remove his clothing, place it on the end of a stick, and either wade the oozing mud or swim the channels.

On one of these trips, shortly after he had passed over a muddy trail, an alligator, eleven feet four inches in length, was killed on the very path he had traversed, and at another time a second one, which measured nine feet eleven inches, was killed just after he had passed.

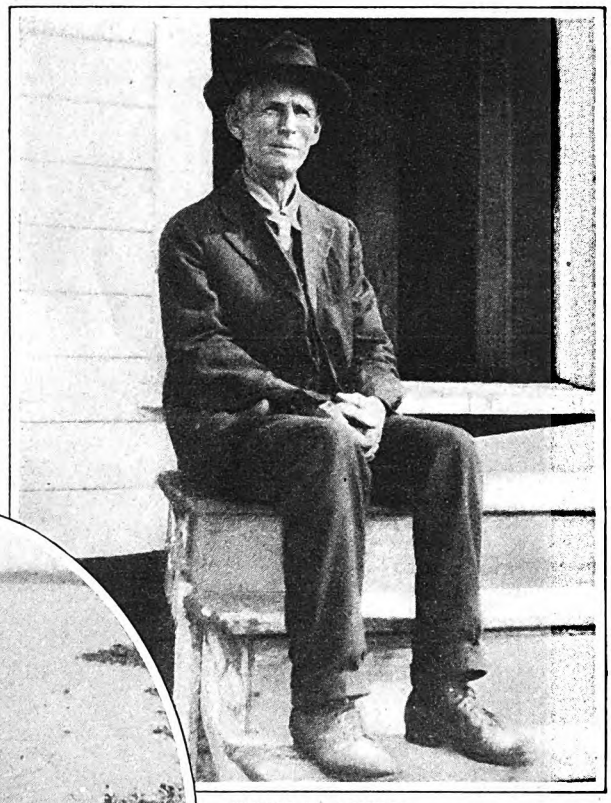
Time and time again, when wading or making his way through water hyacinths, "Brother" Dunklin encountered thick-bodied moccasins; but they always gave him the right of way, and he says he has never been afraid of them.

One time, weary and hungry from a long ride, he asked food for himself and his horse at a back-country home; but his host gruffly told him that it was bad enough to feed a preacher, let alone feeding his horse in addition.

To this, Mr. Dunklin gently replied, "Well, feed the horse, and let the preacher do without."

This man, together with his wife and three children, has since been baptized by Missionary Dunklin.

After preaching at a little wayside church that did not believe in contributing to the minister's needs, the missionary asked the congregation if they wanted to take up a collection, which was finally done. It consisted of two ears of corn, two pawpaws, three pumpkins, six bananas, and twenty-four limes—and three men surreptitiously gave him a dollar each, and three, a quarter each.



PHOTOGRAPH BY F. E. BRIMMER

(In oval) When Edward Dunklin first waded into the Florida Everglades to preach to the natives, he was greeted with bullets and rocks. (Above) "Brother" Dunklin before the schoolhouse where he now holds regular services

The northern limits of the Everglades were once terrorized by a notorious gang of desperadoes, every bit as dangerous as the Jesse James crowd in its heyday. Not many men outside of the immediate region cared to meet these outlaws; but Brother Dunklin completely won their confidence, and became a friend of their leader. He also became well acquainted, through his missionary work, with a woman member of the gang, who was known as the "Queen of the Everglades."

One day, about four years ago, Mr. Dunklin handed a five-dollar bill to a business man in Okeechobee, asking him to give him a check for that amount, so he could send it to his wife. This the friend was only too glad to do, and asked him how he was getting on.

"Very well," said the soft-voiced missionary, "'cepting I must raise ten dollars more to make a payment on my lot in Okeechobee. But God will take care of me."

When the friend handed over the check, there was a crisp ten-dollar bill with it.

"See," laughed the missionary, "I told you the Lord would look out for me."

To-day the results of Mr. Dunklin's untiring missionary work are everywhere in evidence, and he has had no small part in making a once lawless region one of the safest places for good settlers, who have flocked into the rich muck farming lands.

Nor have the people of Okeechobee been unmindful of his work, for they recently built for him a home on a lot that the missionary was paying for out of his meager earnings.

His fellow townsmen also bought the missionary a new automobile after good roads were built. Just recently, a developer of the Everglades paid up the mortgage on the lot where Brother Dunklin's home is located.

He is sixty-four years old, and as sound as a pine knot. FRANK E. BRIMMER

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She Can Make a Lump of Butter Look Like a Garden of Flowers

MRS. ALICE M. COOKSLEY, of San Francisco, California, is advertised on the billboards of state and county fairs as "the artist extraordinary." And a very extraordinary artist she is, too, for her studio is a refrigerator, her smock is a fur coat, and her art is modeling butter into graceful and beautiful flowers.

Mrs. Cooksley was born and brought up in England. She made flowers and animals out of the dirt in her back yard, while the other children were patting together their mud pies. Her two uncles, both of them sculptors, encouraged the child's artistic attempts. When she was a little older she took a course in clay modeling in London.

Then she married and came to America, where her husband owned a creamery in Illinois. During these first few years in a strange country, she was bitterly homesick for England, and for her beautiful rose garden.

One day, while she was visiting her husband's creamery, the smell of the butter reminded her of some exhibits of cows and dogs made of butter that she had seen in London. The animals had been made on wooden forms, and were stiff and formal. But it occurred to her that she could model roses in this medium and without the forms, making the flowers natural and dainty. She asked permission to work in the creamery refrigerators at night, the only time they were not in use.

"I shall never forget those long, chilly nights," said Mrs. Cooksley. "Sometimes I worked three and four nights on one petal of one flower. My fingers became numb, my feet were frozen. And added to that was my fear that the whole experiment would be a failure. But, in spite of the discomforts, I loved the work, and I could not give it up.

"To model successfully," Mrs. Cooksley says, "you must be thoroughly acquainted with your medium." And although she knew clay, she soon discovered that she did not know butter. So she immediately set about learning all she could of her subject. She attended the State Agricultural College of Iowa, and the Illinois Agricultural College, and took courses in the dairy schools. She learned all they could teach her about the consistency of butter, the various grades, and the temperature at which she could work with it most successfully.

"But I was still a long way from getting results," she told me. "There were many lonely nights in that icy refrigerator ahead of me, nights when I must learn how to combine my practical knowledge with my artistic ability.

"Then I had to design the tools I was to work with. Being a pioneer in any field has its disadvantages. Naturally, no butter-modeling tools had been invented, and it took time and experimenting to find out just what I needed. After I had my tools manufactured and patented, I designed a glass case to work in, with a refrigerator in the center space."

Mrs. Alice M. Cooksley, of San Francisco, California, models butter into flowers, coloring them with pure food dyes. She works in a refrigerator of her own design, and has exhibited the flowers, to demonstrate pure butter for dairymen, in twelve states

Mrs. Cooksley's first exhibit was at the Panama Pacific Exposition, which was held in San Francisco in 1915. The butter flowers made a sensation; in fact, she was awarded grand prizes in the field of modeling.

Since then, Mrs. Cooksley's services have been greatly in demand. Dairymen were delighted with this unusual and attractive way of displaying their butter at fairs and dairy shows. She has exhibited her butter flowers in twelve states, and in the province of British Columbia, Canada, where she was decorated by the Royal Agricultural Society for the excellence of her exhibit.

I accompanied Mrs. Cooksley through her garden at the Western Washington Fair, Puyallup, where the State Dairymen's Association had engaged her to demonstrate their butter. As we stepped into the large glass case, I was amazed at the riot of color within. There were red roses, yellow roses, and pink roses; bright hollyhocks; a tiny bouquet of baby Cecil Brunner roses, and calla lilies, the center golden stalks so natural that they seemed to be dropping pollen on the snowy petals.

"They look good enough to *eat!*" I exclaimed.

Mrs. Cooksley smiled. "They *are*. They are made of nothing but pure butter colored with pure food coloring. You could take them off the stems and spread them on your bread."

The case in which Mrs. Cooksley works, and displays her flowers, cost five thousand dollars. It is made entirely of glass, with a refrigerator in the center. Mrs. Cooksley enters the center part, which is screened from the public, at noon, and she works there steadily until five o'clock. Then she comes out of the center into the large part of the case, where she places the butter flowers on artificial foliage. The public watches her "stem" the flowers, and all the flowers she makes during the entire fair are on display in the outside case. The artificial foliage is imported.

"I tried actually modeling the flowers before the public," Mrs. Cooksley explained, "but it was unsatisfactory. It's very tiresome, delicate work. Sometimes it takes me an entire day to model a single chrysanthemum or dahlia. I found the conversation distracted me, and the work was making me too nervous; so now I stem the flowers in front of the crowd, but that's all."

Mrs. Cooksley works in a temperature of not more than forty degrees, and usually nearer freezing. "I simply can't keep my hands and feet warm," she said, smiling; "but since so many workers starve for their art, I suppose I can freeze for mine."

Then she became serious. "Perhaps most people wouldn't think of my work as art," she said, "but it brings pleasure to many who couldn't be reached in other ways. The farm people are accustomed to handling butter, and they don't have any feeling of strangeness among my models. And I think my models give them a new sense of the beauty of the shape and color of the flowers they all know.

"To many a hard-working farm woman, butter means churning, lifting heavy milk cans, cleaning endless operators, backaches, and headaches. I would like to have it mean more to those women. I would like them to think of my flowers the next time the work seems too hard."

MARIE ROWE DUNBAR

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A woman's subtle ways of "announcing" her social position!

Refinements that truly reveal her station!

IT IS every woman's birthright to win the respect and admiration of her friends and neighbors. Her home is her palace. Her dining table especially. For here her guests and her family constantly assemble. That she greets them, at the very outset, with the cordial invitation of savory, invigorating soup, is one of the refinements accepted as a matter of course in such a home.

Those who are accustomed to the finest food and

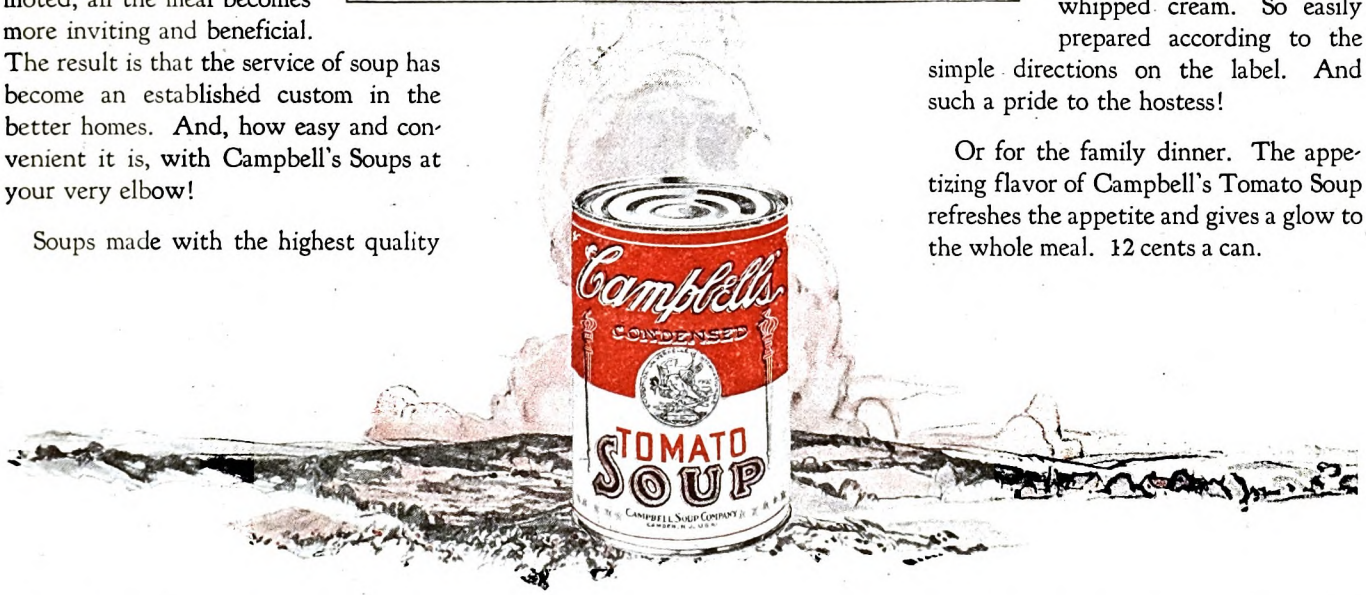
who take keen delight in dishes of supreme flavor, realize that soup gives them a kind and a variety of enjoyment offered by no other food. The appetite is stimulated, digestion is promoted, all the meal becomes more inviting and beneficial. The result is that the service of soup has become an established custom in the better homes. And, how easy and convenient it is, with Campbell's Soups at your very elbow!

Soups made with the highest quality ingredients money can buy! Soups blended by Campbell's French chefs in kitchens equipped with every culinary device to produce the most delicious flavor! Soups available at every food store in America.

The next time you are giving a luncheon to your friends, serve Campbell's Tomato Soup. See how its bright, pretty color enlivens your dainty table. Notice how its tonic, appetizing flavor is welcomed by everybody, how it seems to "break the ice" and make your party "go".

Better still, if you serve it as a Cream of Tomato Soup in bouillon cups topped with whipped cream. So easily prepared according to the simple directions on the label. And such a pride to the hostess!

Or for the family dinner. The appetizing flavor of Campbell's Tomato Soup refreshes the appetite and gives a glow to the whole meal. 12 cents a can.



WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

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Edgar S. Bloom Has Specialized on Straightening Out Snarls

(*Continued from page 16*)

wondering what to say. All at once I decided to say nothing; he was saying enough. So I waited. Finally, he ran out of blue words. Then I talked, a little. When I finished, he clapped me on the back and said: "'My boy, *you* are all right; but I don't care for the *blank-blank* company!'

"'Well,' I said, 'I can't go back unless you say that you are entirely satisfied with your service.'

"'All right,' he countered, 'I'll promise never to write the company another letter. Will that do?'

"He stuck to his word, and I learned an important lesson from that grievance: When a man wants to air a grievance, let him do it. He'll talk off most of his rancor!

"One night I was playing billiards at Slosson's parlors—that was my main recreation in those days; the fee was sixty cents an hour, and with a twelve-dollar-a-week salary I had to keep an eye on my time. As I watched the calculagraph—an automatic timing clock used to check the time of the players—it occurred to me that if it paid to use such a device in a small billiard parlor the machine might be used effectively in timing toll calls.

"I was convinced that I had a great idea, so I hunted up my chief the next morning and presented it.

"'Where are your facts and figures?' he asked. 'Go ahead and work it out.'

"This I proceeded to do. All underground cables which carried toll circuits from suburban New Jersey to New York City terminated at 18 Cortland Street, in what was known as the underground room. Here I set up testing apparatus which enabled me to cut in on telephone circuits to Elizabeth, Morristown, New Brunswick, Plainfield, and other suburban points.

"WITH stop watch in hand, I observed the exact time at the start and end of each conversation and the elapsed time, which I later compared with the toll ticket record made by the operator, who glanced at the clock at the beginning and end of each call. It was a dark room with a gas-laden atmosphere and anything but pleasant, but I stayed there from nine in the morning until five in the afternoon for nearly a month. I obtained data on several thousand toll calls. This enabled me to prove conclusively, at least to my own satisfaction, that the automatic timing clock should be installed without delay. I summarized results in a brief report to my chief. He read my report, and said:

"'Well, this seems to call for a more extended report.'

"It took two months to make the second report! I worked with my chief on it, and before we finished I was sorry I had ever begun. It seemed to me that I was spending my life doing picayune things. Finally, however, the job was completed. Our report was sent in to the higher authorities, and it resulted in the installation of the automatic timing clock for toll calls. The consequent saving to the telephone company through more accurate timing ran into many thousands of dollars in a few years.

"Out of my experience in gathering data for toll calls I evolved a second idea. When I was investigating complaints, it had seemed to me that the making of test calls from the homes and offices of subscribers was a slow and none too safe method of checking up on the service given by operators. I soon discovered that, after I had made a few test calls, every operator in the central office knew that a service inspector was working in that district. Further tests were, naturally, useless.

"It seemed to me that by secretly checking up operators' service in the same way that I had checked up toll calls, a much more satisfactory report could be made. This idea met with my chief's approval, and I arranged a box set with plugs that could be placed upon a desk in a private office. The observer stationed there could listen in with no chance of detection. This was the beginning of the highly efficient service-observing boards now in use through the entire Bell system."

DURING his period of service in the Traffic Department, Bloom had made two distinct contributions to the progress of telephone service. But apparently nobody saw anything unusual in his researches and reports. His salary had not been raised; there was no hint of a promotion. He came to the conclusion that he was wasting his time, and he decided to leave the company. But when Bloom told the man who had originally engaged him of his decision to leave, the superintendent of traffic suggested he might consider a transfer to another department, where the work might be more attractive to him.

"We don't want to lose you," he was assured. This had a sound of appreciation at least, so Bloom promptly asked to be put upon construction work, and he was at once transferred to that department.

"I don't want to spread an idea that I am an advocate of restlessness," he said to me, "or I may have troubles in my own company. I was simply trying to find a place where I fitted. I believe that any man ought to know when he is marking time. I had done two bits of work that I felt were worth-while, but in the main I was not using my time to advantage. And I brought that fact to the attention of the man over me. In my opinion, it is a man's duty to do this. If I had waited for someone to tell me to move, I might yet be just where I started.

"I liked construction work. It didn't amount to much at first, for I was put in to observe and finally to boss a working gang digging pole holes in the streets and laying cables."

Before long, young Bloom became the engineer of the Construction Department, and, a little later, he was also put in charge of right-of-way work, including the job of obtaining rights of way for new long-distance toll lines leading out from New York City.

At that time, the department for getting rights of way had about thirty-five men, who averaged six to eight permits a week. Bloom pored over their records, and he argued that there was something wrong in such uniform results.

He put a blind ad in a daily paper, and answered it from a hotel. The ad asked for a man who could meet property owners. A number of men applied, and Bloom selected one as his checker. The maximum pay for right-of-way men at that time was twenty-three dollars a week. But Bloom dared to put this proposition to the new man: "Come and try this for a few weeks," he urged. "I'll give you eighteen the first week, twenty-three the second, and thirty-five the end of the month, if you make good."

The man agreed to try on this basis. Then Bloom went back to the office and rigged up a blackboard as a score board. At the end of the week, he listed the men. The new man headed the list with thirty-two permits! The rest got the usual six to eight. In a few months, Bloom had reduced the number of workers to fifteen.

The office ruling had been to report at nine and at five. Bloom made these men free. "I am not going to check up on you, except for results," he informed them. "If you go to a ball game or to a horse race, instead of working, I won't know it. You need never come to the office except when you have business here. But, remember, I am going to watch results."

This was a daring innovation in administration. But Bloom had decided that a man who was to produce anything worth-while must be put on his own responsibility. He has followed this principle ever since. As he commented, "It works!"

The reorganized department continued to produce at a high level. Even with salaries doubled, the reduced force cost the company considerably less than the old, and young Bloom had made a new record with the company that didn't want to lose him. He was recognized as an organizer.

THE score board made by Bloom to record the permits of the right-of-way men marked the beginning of a definite policy on his part. A great deal of his early discontent was due to the fact that his efforts had not met with prompt recognition. He now made up his mind that men working with him would always have such recognition, and throughout the many administrative offices he has held he has stuck to that principle.

"He drives himself," said one man who has worked with him for twenty years. "But he is never too busy to tell you that a job is well done. He never forgets a man who has worked with him. And when the opportunity arrives he sees to it that a man gets his chance."

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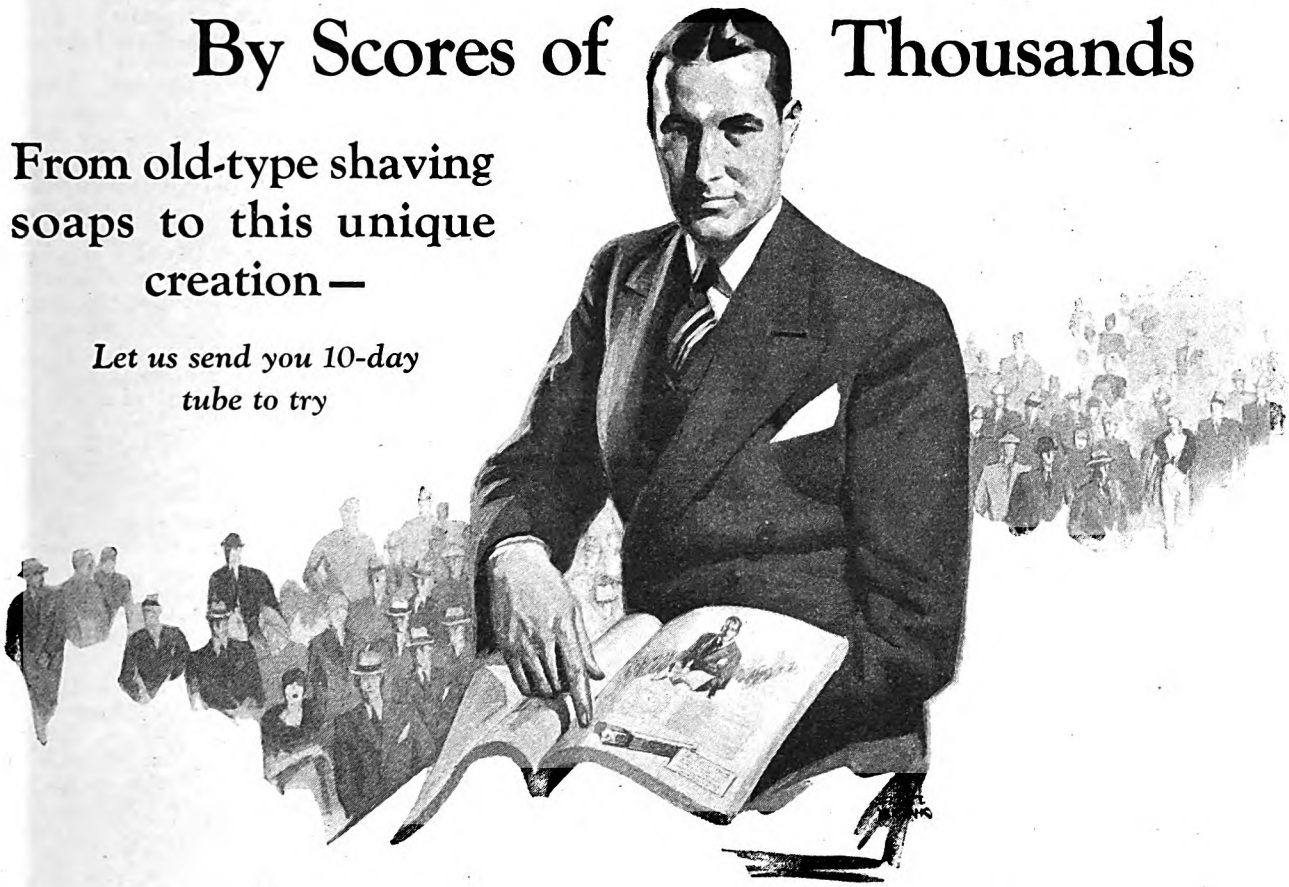
Men Are Changing

By Scores of Thousands



From old-type shaving soaps to this unique creation—

Let us send you 10-day tube to try

GENTLEMEN:

80% of the present users of Palmolive Shaving Cream once were wedded to rival preparations. Millions have discarded old-type shaving soaps for it.

We won them over by giving them liberal test tubes of this unique creation to try. Then asked them to compare with their present favorites.

Now we seek a like opportunity of proving results to you.

We believe you'll find that 5 major mistakes in shaving preparations have been corrected. And shaving thus given a new element of comfort, speed and pleasure.

These 5 advantages

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
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Let us prove this

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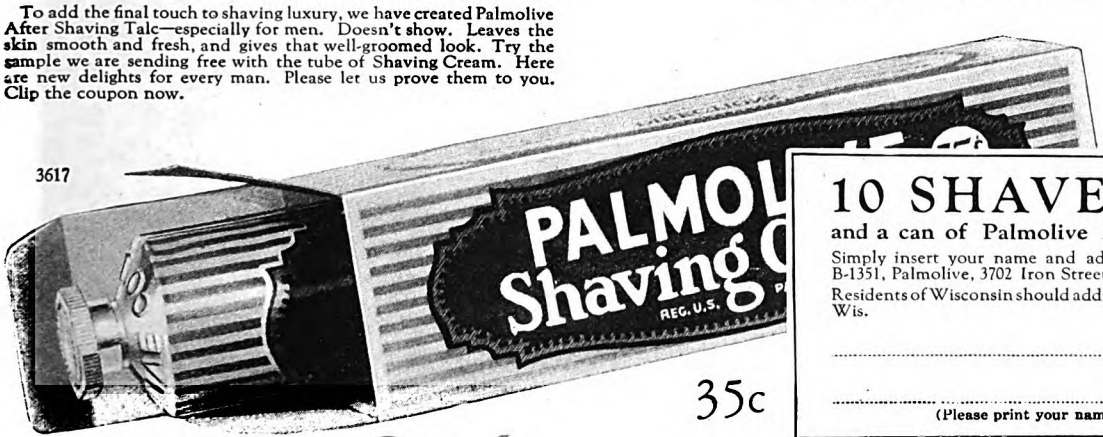

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Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1351, Palmolive, 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.

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The organization of the right-of-way office confirmed the higher officials of the New York Telephone Company in their determination to keep Bloom with them. He was given further responsibilities, and this was the beginning of the plant work for which he is now famous. Telephone construction, like many mechanical comforts of this age, has grown at a pace that is breath-taking. In 1896, when Bloom entered the industry, there were about fifteen thousand telephones in New York City. To-day that number of instruments is put in in a single month. In the whole country, in 1896, there were fewer than five hundred thousand telephones in the Bell System. By 1900 that number had doubled; to-day there are over seventeen million.

Coincident with this rapid growth have come changes in methods of construction and of transmission, and operation. When Bloom came to the New York Telephone Company, experimentation was continually evolving new methods. There had been little attempt at standardization. But the time was ripe for crystallization of what had been learned. Bloom began to work in the interest of order. Young as he was, his great native ability enabled him quickly to grasp the situation, and he began to work out a basis for a definite scheme of plant engineering.

In his new office, he at once started to schedule definite steps in construction, the placing of poles, wires, conduits, methods of work, and of keeping records. For almost ten years, he worked at the task of reducing telephone construction to some form of standardization. His impatience was gone; he was at work on a man-size job that took all he had to give. In 1906 recognition came. The New York Telephone Company purchased the plants of the New York and New Jersey Telephone Company. There were two main plants—Long Island with headquarters at Brooklyn, and the section of New Jersey suburban to New York, with headquarters at Newark. Bloom went to Brooklyn first, then to Newark, and directed the work of these plants until they fitted his standard.

HE SUCCEEDED so well that two years later, when San Francisco, recovering from the earthquake of 1906, asked for a man to undertake the reorganization of the plant that served her and all California, Oregon, and Washington, Bloom was sent West to tackle the job.

Fifteen millions had been set aside for construction work, and Bloom was made General Superintendent of Plant in charge of engineering construction and maintenance. He spent seven happy months in California. In November, 1909, he returned to New York and became Superintendent of Plant of the up-state territory of the New York Telephone Company. This company had acquired the property of five telephone companies which operated throughout New York State outside of New York City and Westchester County. Welding these five separate organizations into one, standardizing their construction and maintenance methods in the interest of greater efficiency and improved service, kept him occupied until the spring of 1910, when Bloom assumed the position of Engineer of Plant Operations for the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. This office involved general supervision of plant construction and maintenance throughout the Bell System.

In the spring of 1912, on the day of his return from a vacation trip to Bermuda, he was stopped in the hall by one of the officials of the company.

"Bloom," he said, "can you go to St. Louis right away?"

"I guess so," replied Bloom reluctantly. He had married, and was nicely settled in New York.

"But the mountain wouldn't come to Mahomet, so Mahomet had to go to the mountain," Mr. Bloom said to me. "In my business experience, opportunity doesn't always fix you up with just the kind of job you want in just the place you want it. I went to St. Louis and my family moved there after me. We stayed two years."

BLOOM spent two busy years in St. Louis. This time he had another big organization problem to solve—the consolidation of four separate telephone companies operating in Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Texas, and Oklahoma. Each of these companies had its own group of executives and operating staffs, and these he successfully welded into a strong unit which undertook a large and comprehensive construction program covering the entire Southwest. This was the genesis of the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company. To help him in carrying out this work, he brought to St. Louis several of the men who had worked with him in Brooklyn, Newark, and New York.

"When he asked me to come," said one of them, who is now a superintendent in the New York Telephone Company, "I was cagy. I was afraid of Bloom. I had worked with him. I had my doubts as to my ability to satisfy him.

Finally, however, I got my courage up to the point of going. And I was put in charge of the plans for new buildings and new work. For two months I worked on and on, and I hardly saw Bloom. Then I got shaky. Everything I said was accepted; everything I planned went. I had never before had this much responsibility. I called Bloom on the 'phone and asked to see him.

"'Sure,' he said. 'Come right over.'

"I packed a bunch of plans under my arm with a bunch of estimates. When I entered his office, 'What's that?' he asked.

"'Well,' I said, 'no one has gone over a thing since I came, and you asked me to come here, and I thought I needed a little looking over.'

"He looked at me kindly and his eyes twinkled.

"'I'm very busy,' he said. 'I took considerable pains to pick you out to come here. I think you can do the job, and in two or three years I'll be certain whether I was right or wrong. Don't undo the bundle. I'm afraid you'll have to go along and let me find out in my own way.'

"That's Bloom."

One morning two years after Bloom had come to St. Louis, he received a long-distance call from H. B. Thayer, then vice president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

"Can you go to Chicago at once? We want you to act as receiver for the Central Union Telephone Company."

"This was on Wednesday," said Mr. Bloom. "I started on Friday and ran into a blizzard. Twenty miles out of Chicago we were held up, a train ahead was derailed, and we did not know when we could get in. I wired ahead, as I was expected at court that morning to be sworn into the receivership. At eleven-thirty I got to the court-room and was sworn in.

"I went into that receivership knowing nothing about the matter, except what was common knowledge among telephone workers—that there was a stockholders' disagreement. I asked for the records. I read all Saturday, all Saturday night, all Sunday until ten that night, briefing as I read, so that I would be in a position to meet intelligently with the other receivers and the lawyers in the morning. I thought I might be there for three months. I stayed five years."

The work in Chicago, under Bloom and two other receivers, resulted in the reorganization of the Central Union Telephone Company into the Ohio Bell Telephone Company and the Indiana Bell Telephone Company, with Bloom as president, and the forming of the new Illinois Bell Telephone Company with Bloom as vice president.

In 1922, he was called to New York as a vice president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Four years later, when he went to the Western Electric Company as its president, he assumed complete charge of the Hawthorne Works in Chicago. With the single exception of the Ford plant, this is the largest manufacturing unit in the world. It occupies more than one hundred buildings in an area of over two hundred acres. In normal times it employs twenty-eight thousand people; following the war, this number rose to forty-one thousand. It runs its own gas plant, railroad, newspaper, hospital, store and restaurants. Additional plants at Kearny, New Jersey, and at Philadelphia use a force of five thousand. There are distributing houses in thirty-three cities throughout the country. In 1921 the company manufactured 1,550,000 telephones, and used in making telephone cable 37,000,000,000 feet of wire.

The direction of such a company, no matter how remote the president may be from the actual manufacture, involves the understanding of an almost unlimited amount of detail.

BLOOM recognizes three factors which have helped him build his life.

"My mother was a strong character," he said. "She taught me that when I started a thing, I was bound to go through with it. The second help came from one of my college professors, Colonel Henry W. Spangler, who was one of the most remarkable men I have ever known. I learned more from him than from any other human being. He taught me to work as hard as I could with all the attention I could command, and to play the game straight. My third help I worked out myself: I leave my troubles at the office. When I stop work, I rest. I walk a good deal, four or five miles a day, and I enjoy it. I don't worry; I never did. I do the best I can, and I leave the rest where everyone has to leave it, whether he wants to or not—on the knees of the gods."

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If you can distinguish between the finest chocolates carefully blended and finely milled, and the other kinds—

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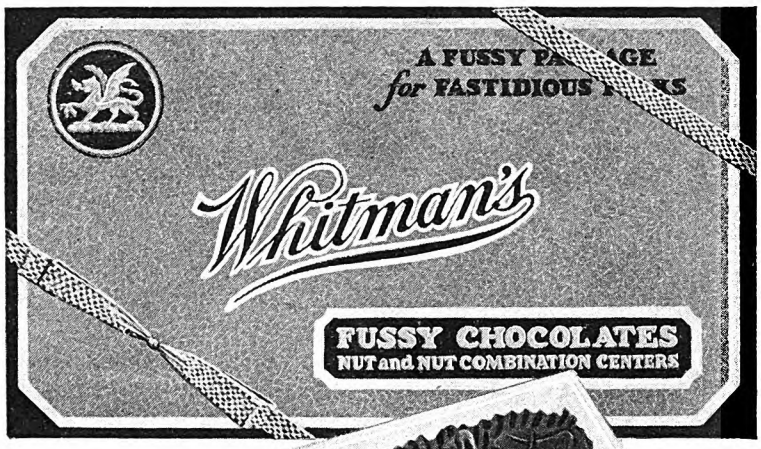

The Fussy Package contains chocolate pieces enclosing Almonds, Walnuts, Filberts, Peanuts, Brazil Nuts, Pecans, Double Walnuts, Pecan Caramels, Triple Almonds, Nougat, Nut Bricklets, Nut Brittle, Almond Dates, Double Peanuts, Nougat Caramels, and Almond Caramels. Packed in boxes from half pound to five pounds.

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Eyes

(Continued from page 41)

the slope, and he had never once glanced in that direction.

Nevertheless, the thing which he now did was not purposeless, not accidental. For, just before he did it, a change had come over his face, a change so slight as to be scarcely noticeable, yet definite and undoubtedly significant.

Gradually the thin nostrils above the sparse white mustache had contracted and tightened in that odd way which they had in moments of stress, accentuating the hawklike look of the lean, sun-tanned face; and at the same time a sudden light had flared momentarily in the gray-blue eyes. Then, very slowly, Sandy Jim turned his head.

Very, very slowly he turned it, inch by inch, so that the movement was barely perceptible, at the same time shifting his body slightly: and so—gradually and to all appearances very casually—his gaze described a half-circle, taking in the thinly wooded spaces to the right of him and behind.

At last his eyes rested on the trunk of the great black oak at the crest of the rise. Five feet of solid living oak stood between him and the grim watcher in that ambush; Mayfield's vision could not pierce the opaque wood and see that which lurked behind it. He saw nothing but the tree itself. Yet he looked no further. As though he had completed his survey of the space behind him and was no longer interested, his eyes traveled somewhat more quickly back across the arc of a half-circle and resumed their placid, patient scrutiny of the canes at the edge of the swamp from which he hoped a deer would presently emerge.

He had seen nothing, heard nothing. Yet, studying his deep-set eyes and hawk-like face, one would have guessed that something had been learned—something which stirred Sandy Jim with a strange excitement.

This, then, was one development in the drama of the unseen eyes. Now, as though fate had decided that events should move swiftly to a crisis, there took place another development in that drama.

TO THE three pairs of eyes which were watching Sandy Jim, a fourth pair was added. These eyes were in the swamp itself—or, rather, just at its edge—in the fringe of short, close-growing canes at which the hunter was gazing. Yet, so dense were the canes that Mayfield could not see these eyes, nor the shape to which they belonged.

That shape remained for many minutes absolutely motionless in the cover of the canes, while the eyes glared fixedly at the dun figure on the pine stump. They were eyes at once beautiful and terrible, but far more terrible than beautiful. They were even more intense than the eyes in the myrtle thicket, even more ruthless than those behind the black oak trunk. They were large, luminous, marvelously bright. Fire burned in them, yellow fire in which green lights glinted. Yet, brilliant and piercing as they were, they seemed somehow pale and cold, and they were incalculably cruel. They were eyes that could know no pity, eyes harder than stone or steel, eyes utterly savage, utterly implacable.

For nearly a quarter of an hour they remained fixed upon the form on the pine stump. Mayfield made not the slightest move. He was as still as though the deadly-cold glare of those unseen, unsuspected orbs in the canes had turned his blood to ice. As a matter of fact, he was thinking hard, thinking not about the inplacable eyes in the canes—for he was unaware of their existence—but about that which lurked in the ambush of the black oak trunk up the slope behind him.

SOME men grow restless when their brains work at utmost speed. Mayfield was of another type. In him, intense mental concentration was often accompanied by complete physical repose. If throughout his long vigil he had demonstrated his woodsman's faculty of sitting still in one spot, his stillness was now so perfect that he seemed to have become inanimate.

It was this that hastened the crisis. So inanimate did he seem that to one of the four watching him from ambush he *became* inanimate. The creature in the canes, having just come there from the inner regions of the swamp, had not seen the hunter take his seat on the pine stump; and when, after many minutes it had detected not the slightest movement, it concluded that the odd-looking, erect, dun-colored object was a projecting portion of the stump itself.

At last, therefore, the cruel eyes in the canes shifted their gaze. The shape of which they were a part moved silently, sinuously forward. Next moment the canes parted and this shape came out into the open.

Sandy Jim Mayfield saw it instantly. He saw instantly, also, that this monstrous bay lynx, one of the largest he had ever seen, had come out of the canes for a very definite purpose. He knew that the lynx's powers of scent are limited; but the whole attitude and behavior of this lynx showed him that it had scented something. Sandy Jim's perception of this fact was so instantaneous that he checked by a conscious effort of his will the slight start of surprise which the sudden appearance of the beast had occasioned.

The lynx was advancing almost directly toward him, gliding forward very slowly, its padded feet making no sound, its great bearded face hanging low. For an instant Mayfield considered the possibility that the animal was deliberately advancing upon him. Almost at once, however, he decided that the thing which the tawny killer had scented was between the lynx and himself, that his own scent had not reached the animal's nostrils. His curiosity immediately aroused, he decided to make no move for the present but to await developments.

For the moment he seemed to forget that which watched from the black oak trunk behind him. For the moment his whole attention was concentrated upon the advancing lynx; and it was in this moment that he invoked silent imprecations upon his own head because his gun lay uncocked across his knees, while his hands rested on the stump beside him. He was in plain view of the lynx, but it was evident that his stillness had deceived the animal—as stillness will deceive most wild animals—and that it did not recognize him as a man. It was certain also that even the slight movement necessary to draw back the hammer of the gun would betray him.

Slowly, stealthily, the lynx came on. Sandy Jim knew now that the thing which it had scented, the thing which it was stalking, must be hidden at the edge of the myrtle thicket in front of him. But when it had come within ten feet of the thicket, the lynx stopped.

Sandy Jim watched curiously. He judged that the beast had heard what he himself had heard—a sound in the swamp beyond the canes, a faint sound, but one which set his pulses beating faster. He knew, or thought that he knew, what that sound was; but the lynx was not so sure. It waited motionless, ears flattened, lips drawn back in a snarl revealing long, thin white fangs, its round bearded face turned a little to the right, so that its pale eyes were no longer directed toward the hunter.

For half a minute it stood thus; and in that half-minute the man's lean, long-fingered right hand moved slowly, cautiously, and drew back both hammers of his gun.

Sandy Jim's eyes watched the crouching lynx, but his ears were strained to catch again that faint sound which both he and the lynx had heard. In a moment he heard it again, and this time there was no mistaking it.

Other ears heard it also and the eyes in the broom grass clump—the large, restless eyes which all along had seemed to be waiting for some desired, overdue event—brightened suddenly. But Sandy Jim knew only that success was about to crown his vigil. A deer was coming out of the swamp, the game for which he had been waiting all the long afternoon.

SLOWLY he raised his gun until the butt rested against his shoulder. Next moment a whitetail doe stepped into view out of the fringe of canes.

Mayfield drew a careful bead as she came on. His long brown finger was crooked about the trigger. His thin keen face, pressed against the gun stock, was the face of a hunting hawk. She was within easy range. He could not miss. But moment followed moment and he did not shoot.

Even as he aimed, even as his finger touched the trigger, his face had gone pale beneath its tan. Suddenly, in the nick of time, his thoughts had leaped back to the black oak trunk on the slope behind him, and to that which waited and watched in ambush there.

Squinting along the gun barrel, he cursed silently, cursing his own folly with something resembling dismay. For a

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moment he was shaken. The trap had all but closed upon him. He had been very near to the disaster which he dreaded most.

Very slowly he lowered his gun barrel slightly, and sat watching. So gradual was the movement that the doe did not see it, while the head of the crouching lynx was still turned the other way, facing the newcomer. So, for a half-minute he waited, and behind the black oak the stern eyes which had been watching there still watched, ablaze now with fierce expectancy, sure that within another fraction of time the trap would be sprung.

Suddenly Sandy Jim's eyes widened. The doe had taken a mighty leap forward. She was flying up the slope now in long bounds, heading straight toward him—and straight toward the lynx, fifty feet in front of him. Amazed, Mayfield watched her. She must have scented the lynx by now, yet she came straight on. Sandy Jim saw the light in her eyes, the bristling hair on her neck, and in a flash the truth came to him: This doe was a mother racing to the rescue of her fawn, hidden there in the clump of broom grass.

The doe's last long forward bound carried her to the edge of the broom grass, and for a tenth of a second she paused to nuzzle something that lay there. Then, stiff-legged, her head high, her neck arched, she bounded sideways toward the lynx.

ONCE Sandy Jim Mayfield had seen a whitetail buck cut a rattlesnake to pieces in the woods. He knew the deadly swiftness of the rattler's stroke, the incredible quickness with which that spear-shaped head could deliver its lethal thrust. But he had learned on that occasion that the rattler's quickness is as nothing compared with the quickness of the whitetail deer, and that even the poisoned fangs of the king of serpents cannot avail against the whitetail's flint-edged hoofs.

That had been a great fight. This was to be a shorter but a more spectacular one. Again, in his absorption in this lesser drama, Mayfield seemed to forget the drama of which he himself was the center, to forget the ruthless eyes watching from the ambush of the black oak trunk behind him. He sat in plain view on the pine stump, but the combatants were so intent upon their battle that neither saw him. Almost before he knew it, the doe leaped to the attack. But all the big cats are marvelously quick, and the bay lynx is quick as light. When the doe's sharp hoofs came down, the lynx was not there.

So swiftly that Sandy Jim's eyes could not follow the motion, the lithe, tawny cat had leaped three feet to the right. Another short leap would have carried him into the myrtle thicket, but instead he bounded back into the open. Probably he had not grasped the significance of what was happening. Occasionally some big buck had displayed a certain arrogance toward him, but in general he had found the deer, especially the does, a timid folk. He did not know that a fawn lay hidden in the clump of broom grass; and he had never before fallen foul of a doe defending her young.

In a moment he had cause to regret his rashness. Stiff-legged, prancing daintily like a dancer, the doe circled him, while he crouched snarling, showing all his pointed white teeth, his bristling back bent like a bow, one keen-clawed forepaw lifted, ready to strike. The doe was trying to get behind him, but he turned as she turned, and presently she tired of the delay.

He knew when the blow was coming but he did not know exactly where. This time the doe seemed to guess the direction in which he would leap to avoid that blow. Suddenly she bounded high, her long slim legs straightened beneath her; and this time, as the lynx leaped from under her, he leaped almost into the path of those descending hoofs, and one of them ripped a long gash in his hind quarter.

SNARLING with pain and rage, he whirled in the air, his long body bending as though made of rubber. More swiftly than a boxer's fist, his big right paw, bristling with curved retractile claws, swished downward and across, raking the skin from the doe's slim foreleg. It was a powerful blow, and the doe, thrown off her balance, nearly lost her footing. But the wound which the lynx had dealt was slight compared with the one which he had received. His right hind quarter was streaming blood, and the pain of it burnt like fire.

That pain took the heart out of him. The doe was circling him again, dancing around him in that odd, mincing, stiff-legged way, head high, ears flattened, tail erect. He saw her muscles tighten, knew that another attack was coming. With one last savage snarl, he sprang six feet to the left, and vanished in the thicket.

Immediately the doe turned, walked to the broom grass clump, and stood with lowered head, caressing her fawn.

Mayfield could not see the fawn from where he sat; but minutes ago he had learned from the doe's actions that the little creature was there in the broom grass, that it had been lying there unknown to him all the long afternoon, awaiting its mother's return from the swamp, where she had gone to graze. There was no sentiment in Sandy Jim. He had killed scores of deer, in season and out. He could kill this one without a twinge of conscience.

He raised the gun slowly. Deliberately he sighted, aiming at a point just behind the doe's shoulder. Longingly, lovingly his finger caressed the trigger. Into the grim eyes watching from the black oak trunk on the slope behind him leaped a light of exultant joy.

A long stalk was over. Sandy Jim Mayfield's fate was about to overtake him at last.

Two minutes later, Sandy Jim reared his long, lank form from the pine stump where he had sat so long and so patiently. He was not in a pleasant mood. To gaze along his gun barrel at that doe, and refrain from pulling the trigger, had imposed upon him a terrible strain. He had been rash, perhaps, in exposing himself to it, but there had been a reason. The ordeal had lasted nearly a full minute, and it had been almost more than the old hunter could stand. Again and again he had all but pressed the trigger. He had been thankful when at last, the doe, having recovered somewhat from the excitement of her battle with the lynx, scented him and made off unwillingly into the swamp.

Sandy Jim walked to the broom grass clump and found the fawn. He searched the ground under the edges of the myrtle thicket and discovered what it was that the lynx had been stalking—a wild turkey hen sitting on her eggs, gazing up at him with hostile, intense, unwavering orbs. Then he shouldered his gun and started homeward.

Before him at the top of the rise loomed the massive trunk of the great black oak which had played so singular a part in the afternoon's events. Mayfield knew that the eyes which had watched him from behind that oak still waited there. Yet he walked straight toward the tree, his gun slung carelessly across his shoulder. Only the odd contraction of the thin nostrils above his white mustache revealed his foreknowledge of a crisis yet to come.

He was abreast of the black oak, even a step or two beyond it, when he stopped short and turned his head quickly.

"Why, hello, Sam Woodfin!" he exclaimed.

The man who stood behind the black oak, a big man, bushy-browed, clad in corduroys and hunting boots, a rifle balanced in his right hand, glared at the hunter sternly out of stony gray eyes. On his shirt, under the flap of his coat, gleamed a game warden's badge. With an effort he spoke calmly.

"Mayfield," he said, "you don't like me and I don't like you, and some day I'm going to get you for killing deer out o' season. But there's one or two things I want to ask you. When did you learn that I was watching you from behind this oak?"

Mayfield seemed to consider.

"'Bout a half-hour befo' that doe come out o' the swamp," he answered.

"How'd you spot me?"

Sandy Jim appeared to ignore this second question. "Ain't it funny, Sam," he said, in a tone of utmost friendliness, "what little things makes a difference? I was thinkin' about it while I was settin' down yunder by the swamp observin' natur' an' listenin' to the birds a-singin'."

"WHAT'S that got to do with what I'm asking you?" growled the game warden.

"Well, you see, Sam, it's like this: I'm a old hound, but I got a pretty good nose. I don't smoke myself, but I kin smell a pipe 'most a hundred yards ef the wind's right. When I got a whiff of home-growed tobacco 'bout three quarters of an hour ago, I knowed that either you er Pete Mason was a little way up the wind from me. There's only two men in this part o' the country that smokes tobacco in its natural state—an' Pete ain't in the habit of snoopin' around in the woods!"

Warden Sam Woodfin seemed to have lost the power of speech, but Sandy Jim continued earnestly, wagging his head:

"It's a bad thing, Sam, tobacco. An' it interferes with business. Ef it hadn't been fer that smoke a while ago, you'd have got the proof on old Jim Mayfield, who yer been tryin' to ketch fer two years an' more!"

Again the old man shook his head mournfully.

"She was a fine doe, Sam," he said, "an' I had her right at the end o' my gun. I shore hated to let her go!"

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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Your Own Good Judgment Tells You:

"WATCH ALL YOUR INVESTMENT"

In that quiet hour when the hustle of the day is over and the last clerk has said "good night", does the wraith of your own Good Judgment ever come to you and say:

"My friend, that cash that you count and balance daily — which you guard so carefully against mismanagement and theft is only 5% of your working capital . . . Are you watching the remaining 95%?

"The money invested in customers' accounts represents approximately 20%. Can you tell me this minute how much each customer owes and the total outstanding? Do you get a trial balance daily? Are statements mailed promptly? Do collections keep pace with sales?

"Yet cash and accounts receivable are only one quarter of your working capital. There is another single asset three times as large, three times as important — the merchandise upon your shelves. It represents probably 75% of your total investment.

"Mere good business demands that you know each day how large this merchandise investment is—whether sales are falling behind purchases—whether costly items are standing idle while new stock is moving. Not to know is dangerous.

"Why not watch *all* of your investment? Don't claim that this will take too much of your time or call for extra help. Listen to me —your own Good Judgment! The local Burroughs man has a simple plan which will give you the vital figure-facts of your business every day — in less time—with less labor — and at lower cost. Call him now!"

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY, 6227 SECOND BLVD., DETROIT, MICH.

Burroughs Adding Machine of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ont.

Burroughs

Sales and Service Offices in all Principal Cities of the World

· · ADDING · BOOKKEEPING · · MACHINES FOR EVERY FIGURE PROBLEM · · CALCULATING · BILLING · ·

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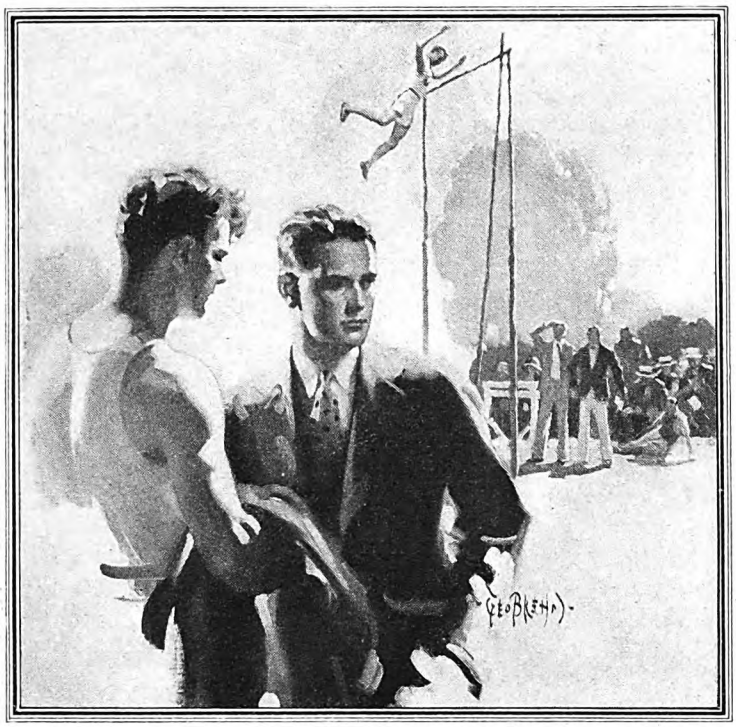


Keep your face fit with *Williams*

"Just look at the fine skins of the men who shave with Williams!"

Many a man has said that. And with truth.

The Williams lather makes an *easy* job of shaving because it softens thoroughly.

It makes a *smooth* job because it lubricates beautifully.

Best of all, when you're done your face is FIT! The rich, mild, absolutely pure Williams lather tones up the pores, invigorates the whole face tissue, leaves a healthy bloom. Not only for ease in shaving but also for face health and face fitness, there is nothing like a daily treatment of Williams lather.

87 years of intensive, specialized study of lather, beard and skin have gone into every tube of it.

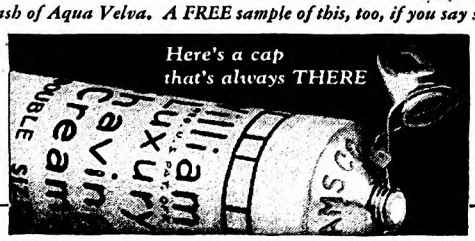
Perhaps that's in the drug clerk's mind when he says, *"Oh, yes . . . but they all come back to Williams!"*

Williams Shaving Cream

Afterwards a dash of Aqua Velva. A FREE sample of this, too, if you say so. Ask Dept. 17.

TWO SIZES — 35c and 50c

or—would you like to try it first at the cost of a stamp, or post card?



Use the coupon. Or say "Shaving Cream" on a post card and we will mail you a FREE trial size.

The J. B. Williams Company, Dept. 17, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canadian Address: 1114 St. Patrick Street, Montreal.) Send me a sample of Williams Shaving Cream.

Name_____ Address_____

City_____ State_____

Amer. 7-27

Six Ways to Make a Billion Dollars

(*Continued from page 15*)

with irresistible power. Why has this power been wasted, while men dig into the earth for coal and put wheels under puny waterfalls?

Not altogether for lack of human effort, for since the day that King Canute failed to make the tide obey him, hundreds of patents have been taken out for tide-machines.

More than that, many of the devices thus patented work—after a fashion. There is a small tide machine in the river Thames near London to-day that has been in operation for over a hundred and thirty years.

The feasibility of harnessing the tides at certain places is so well understood that the French Government has under way a project to develop a 5,000 horse-power plant near Brest. England contemplates a $150,000,000 development in the Severn estuary; and the State of Maine last year ratified a bill to develop tidal power in the Bay of Fundy, to cost $100,000,000, which is expected annually to produce the equivalent of power from ten million dollars' worth of coal.

In the tide-reservoir systems as contemplated in the Bay of Fundy and elsewhere, the gates are shut after the water has flowed in, and power is gained by letting the water flow out, operating turbine wheels meanwhile, as the tide recedes. Part of the power thus gained may be used to pump some of the basin water into higher reservoirs, to be used to operate other turbines as it flows back again.

ALL this might seem to suggest that the problem of tidal power had been solved. Far from it. These installations, however successful, will represent only a crude beginning. In fact, the principle of operation is no different from the primitive tide-machine installed in the Thames in 1790.

Of course interesting details of modern engineering will be involved; but the "basin" system that is to be utilized is available on a large scale only where the tides average at least ten feet. There are but few places along the coasts of our entire continent where tidal plants of this character could be economically installed.

Now, the tidal machine that I have in mind calls for something quite different from this. It must utilize tides that rise only four or five feet, and it must be available along every shore, in every harbor. It should be adjustable to every floating wharf and to every ship that docks.

Consider the conditions: The "Leviathan," let us say, with displacement of not far from sixty-five thousand tons, is at her dock in the North River. Twice each day her enormous bulk is lifted, with the average tide, about four and a half feet, and allowed to settle back again. If she is docked for five days, she has been lifted forty-five feet into the air—and allowed to drop from that height. And this is equivalent to the hoisting of one thousand tons of metal to more than half a mile, and dropping it from that altitude.

Now, here's something to reflect about:

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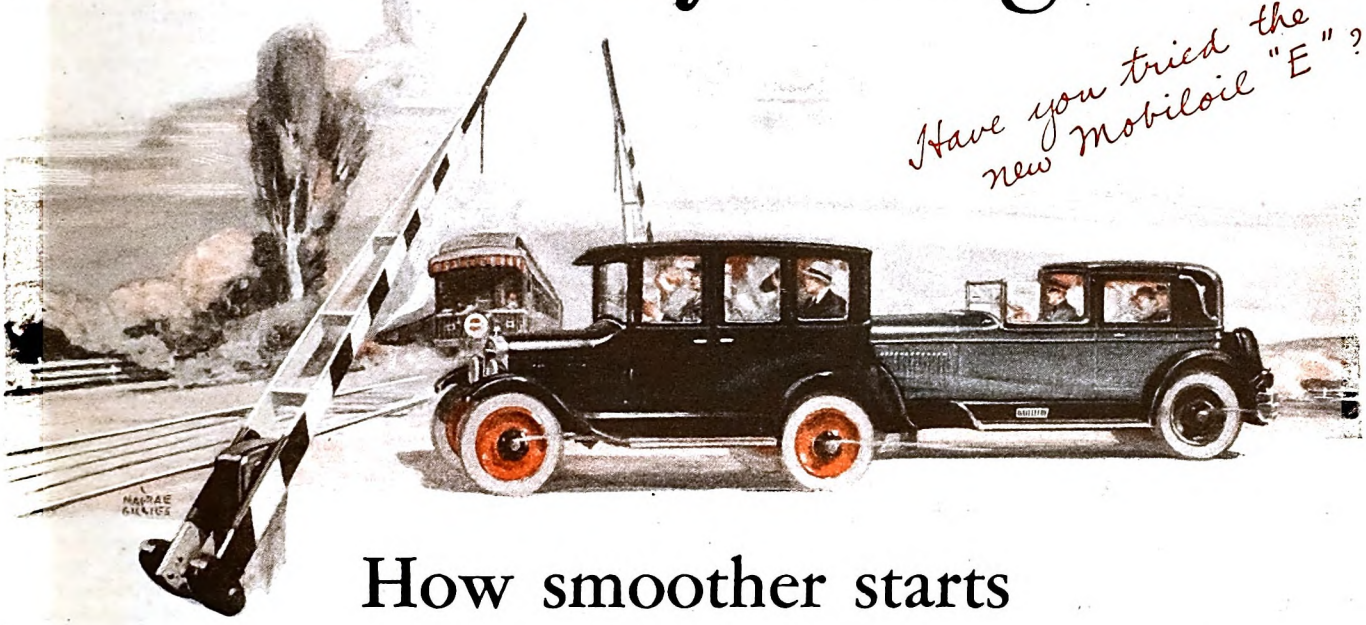
Ford economy still greater



How smoother starts make your Ford even easier to run

A FEW years ago you may have used your Ford but two or three days a week. That period of automobile history is gone forever. Now, you drive the Ford every day. You want your Ford ready at all times.

Frequent transmission band replacements or carbon removals are nuisances, as well as expensive. They deprive you of your car, perhaps when you most need it.

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" has always been noted for its ability to cut operating costs. But Mobiloil "E," as made today, is even more economical to use.

After 5 years

After 5 years of study and experiment, the Mobiloil engineers and chemists found a way to provide velvet-smooth Ford starts and stops *without adding to carbon deposit or valve troubles.*

Through an outstanding improvement in Mobiloil "E," they gave it the ability to keep transmission bands soft at all times—with no lessening of the other desirable qualities that had always been found in this specialized Ford engine lubricant.

This new smoothness in starting is not merely added pleasure in driving. It is definite evidence of less wear. It cuts down greatly the wear on bands and the need for replacement.

Now you can get smooth starting at all times. And you can confidently expect the same marked freedom from carbon which has always followed the use of Mobiloil "E."

Cheap Lubrication

Mobiloil "E" has never claimed to be a *cheap oil.* It costs a few cents more than ordinary oils—30c a quart. But Mobiloil "E," through many economies, cuts your Ford costs per mile and per year.

Mobiloil "E" meets every Ford requirement with an engineering margin of safety.

It gives full power on the hills. It conserves gasoline. It burns clean, thus assuring clean spark plugs and free-working valves.

Fill your Ford crankcase with one gallon of the new Mobiloil "E" from a sealed one-gallon can, or reliable Mobiloil dealers can supply you by the quart.

The new smoothness of operation will be immediately apparent. And the saving in band replacements and carbon removals will more than take care of the slightly higher price of Mobiloil.

If your present oil has been used 500 miles or more, you owe it to your Ford to try the new Mobiloil "E" right now.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil "E" *for* Fords

VACUUM OIL COMPANY MAIN BRANCHES: *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas*

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

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PHOTOGRAPH OF A SANE MAN PHONING TO HIS DENTIST

"Just want you to look them over, Doctor. Nothing wrong, I think. I've kept them...

CLEAN"

HE is not scared. His sound sense tells him to see his dentist twice a year—and in the meantime, he keeps his teeth *clean*.

The same good sense tells him to buy a dentifrice for the purpose of keeping teeth, gums, and mouth *clean*—not to cure some frightful or imaginary disease of teeth or gums.

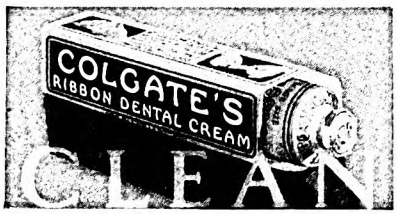
Since boyhood he has known that the surest way to healthy teeth and strong teeth is *clean* teeth. When he chooses his dentifrice he selects one made to clean—one made with the sole purpose of cleaning, and cleaning better.

Most people use the same dentifrice he uses. Most dentists recommend that same dentifrice. It is Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream—designed by Colgate & Company for the express purpose of doing the one thing that leading dental authorities agree a dentifrice must do.

Ribbon Dental Cream is made to clean teeth, and it cleans them better by the following method: As you brush, it breaks into a sparkling, bubbling foam; in this foam is calcium carbonate, a finely ground powder which loosens clinging food particles, and polishes all tooth surfaces. Next, this foam, in a detergent, washing wave, sweeps over teeth, tongue, gums, washing all surfaces, removing the very causes of tooth decay.

Colgate's attempts to do no more than clean, because dentists say that a dentifrice *should* do no more. Rely on your dentist to cure—rely on Colgate's to clean.

Colgate & Co
Est. 1806



FREE to the readers of this publication—a sample of the dentifrice most Americans use

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 200-G, 595 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Please send me a sample of this cleansing dentifrice.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

In Canada, Colgate & Co., Ltd., 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal

The "Leviathan" alongside her pier, occupies only one hundred feet of shore line; the coast of Manhattan Island stretches mile after mile, so it is clear that millions of horse-power go unbridled along this water front, to say nothing of the waste along the far greater stretches of the harbor as a whole.

What manner of tide machine could be devised to make this colossal power usable? In general terms, the answer is simple: What is required is an apparatus that can transform the *energy* of the slowly moving tides into a form that could be stored and accumulated, or transmitted, for practical working use.

Of course, gigantic pistons, geared to wheels, could readily enough be attached to floating docks, or ships in harbor; or friction devices could be made to turn this mass motion, caused by the tides, into heat. But a storage vault for the heat is quite lacking; and storage vaults for electricity are costly and inefficient.

Compressed-air systems have been tested, but can hardly be made available on a large commercial scale. A slow-motion electric generator, in combination with a cheap and really efficient electric storage-battery system, is perhaps the clue to your billion-dollar opportunity.

INCIDENTALLY, the perfected storage battery would have many and obvious uses for the storage of power generated by other forms of prime movers. One of the greatest problems of every public utility power plant is to meet the fluctuating demand for the current it supplies—since the current must be used in the very moment of its production. Your perfected storage battery will be welcomed by generating plants that now produce and distribute annually no less than sixty-six billion kilowatt hours of electrical power.

But even that, in the present view, is only incidental. Your real opportunity lies in the development of a *new* motive force, in large measure to *supplant* the power systems of to-day, rather than to aid them. When costly coal is burned to generate electricity, 84 per cent of its potential power is lost; and the incandescent-light bulb wastes 95 per cent of the residual power that comes to it.

Waterfalls are limited in number and in power. All told, if developed fully, they would supply but a fraction of the electric power required.

The big modern power plants are being built at the mouths of the coal mines, and the power there wastefully produced is wastefully transmitted hundreds of miles to the seaboards, where incalculable and inexhaustible supplies of energy go absolutely to waste with every oscillation of the tides.

All this will be changed when the problem of a really effective tide machine is solved. You need not be a seaside dweller to tackle the problem. The secret may just as well be sought in a workshop a thousand miles away from salt water. When it is found, and not before, water in motion will outrival coal as a source of working power.

And you, whose invention thus dethrones the master heat-giver and offers cheap power to every seaboard city from the waters of its own harbor, may rest well assured that none will begrudge you the promised billion.

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Water—$10 a Glass

© 1927. M. L. I. Co.

"*YOUR trip evidently did you a world of good. What happened?*"

"*Big specialist ordered me abroad to a water-cure place to drink water—lots of it—no medicine—just water. I drank gallons and gallons during the weeks I was there. Counting steamers, railroads, hotels and doctors, that water must have cost $10 a glass but it was worth every penny. It worked miracles for me. What are you laughing at?*"

"*Laughing at the price you rich men pay for miracles. While you were away my doctor ordered me to drink water, too. Lots of it—8 glasses every day. Told me to have my prescription filled straight from our own faucet. And I never felt better in my life.*"

IT is a curious fact that some people cannot be made to realize the value of drinking water freely unless they pay a big price for it. Many famous health-resorts have built their reputations by making popular the habit of drinking water in generous quantities rather than on the medicinal quality of their mineral springs. And pure water—drunk as regularly at home as it is taken at the spas—will often produce health "miracles". Nowadays good doctors agree that almost everybody, except those who need a specially selected diet, should drink water regularly—one glass before breakfast, one in the forenoon, one in the afternoon, one before going to bed, and one with each meal—six to eight glasses of water a day.

The doctors say, also, that more than two-thirds of the weight of the body is water, that water forms the bulk of the blood, and that three quarts of water a day are needed for the body's daily necessities. If the blood does not get the water it needs—either as a beverage or in food—it will absorb water from the tissues of the body and be overloaded with harmful waste products as well.

Poisons, produced by our organs in the business of living, are eliminated largely by means of the water we drink. If too little is taken, they tend to remain in the body.

This summer you probably will be motoring, hiking, or camping out in the country. Take care that the water you drink is pure. Sometimes those cool and inviting brooks, springs and old wells carry deadly typhoid germs.

To be safe, before your summer trips begin, make an appointment with your doctor for inoculation against typhoid fever. It is a simple matter and gives immunity for two or three years.

To keep in the best physical trim at home or abroad, drink plenty of Nature's marvelous health-giver—pure water.

Medical experts warn us that those who neglect to drink sufficient water will eventually pay the penalty. Symptoms of digestive disturbance, headaches, muscular and neuralgic pains, dullness, inertia and intestinal stasis—may result from drinking too little water.

Metropolitan Life statisticians report that while typhoid scourges have practically disappeared in large cities and in other places where the water supply is protected, typhoid is still a menace in many rural areas and wherever the water becomes contaminated.

Typhoid can be stamped out. Send for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's free booklet "The Conquest of Typhoid Fever". Learn how to protect yourself and your family from water which may be unsafe.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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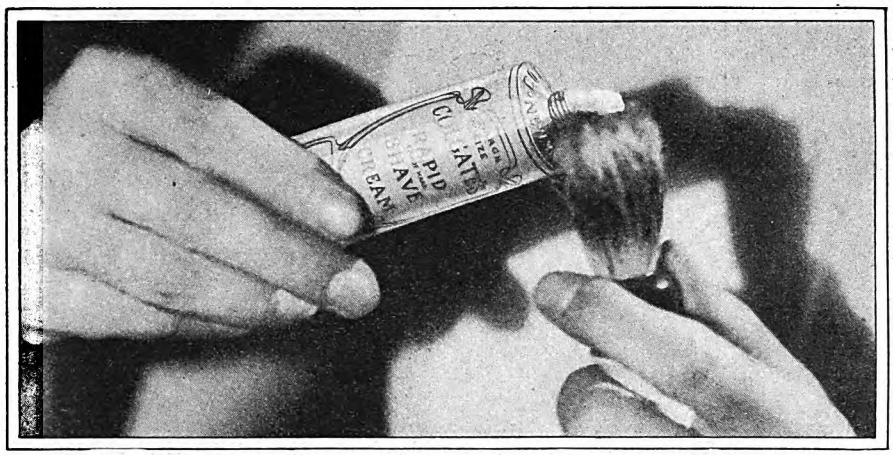


"Small-bubble lather" soaks whiskers soft

Seeps 'way down where hairs sprout from skin . . . softens them at base . . . razor zips through

"SMALL bubbles" explains the difference between Colgate lather and other lathers. Colgate's tiny bubbles teem with water. Their small size lets them filter down to the beard-base, as shown by lather pictures at the right.

How "small bubble" lather works: The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

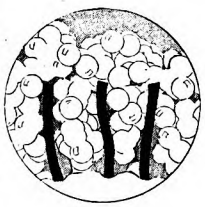
1. The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each hair.

2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

Because your beard is properly softened at its base, your razor works easily and quickly. Every hair is cut close and clean.

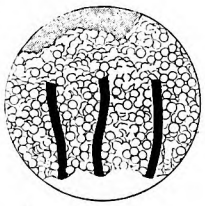
ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard, and how they hold air instead of water against whiskers.



COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

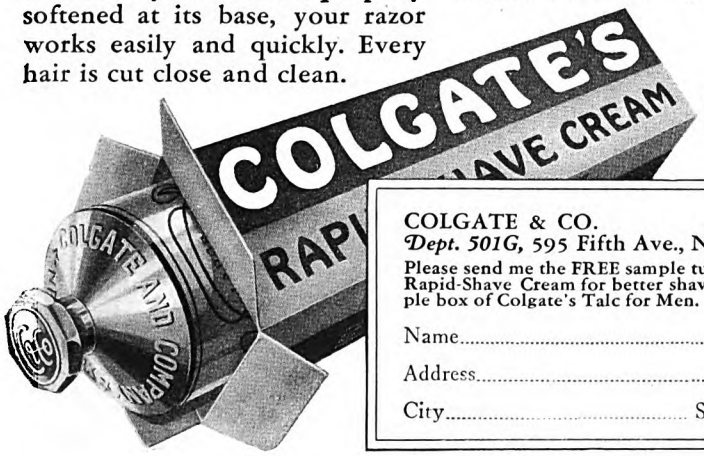


A WEEK'S SHAVES — FREE

Try this unique "small-bubble" lather at our expense. The coupon below will bring a generous trial-size tube — free.

EXTRA DIVIDEND. We will also include a sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men — the new after-shave powder that *keeps* your face looking freshly shaved.

Colgate & Co. Est. 1806



COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 501G, 595 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me the FREE sample tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. Also sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

The One-Way Heat Problem: Meantime, it is not impossible that coal, as a heat giver, or motive force, may be challenged successfully from a quite different quarter. If a material could be found, or developed, that would transmit heat in one direction only, the challenge would be mandatory. That statement reveals the next billion-dollar opportunity I wish to bring to your attention.

A one-way-heat material! That, you say, is a pipe dream, as it would be a substance having attributes of the miraculous.

Let's get back to our glass of water for experimental purposes. Suppose your tumbler were made of such material, transmitting heat inward. Cover it tightly, and the water will boil presently as it stands there on the table. It would still boil—though not so soon, if you had packed the tumbler in ice.

Now, pour the boiling water into another receptacle of the same material, but reversed, so that the heat travels only outward. Put this receptacle of boiling water over the fire, if you wish. That will not keep it from freezing, ultimately.

Boiling water on ice and freezing it over the fire would be novel experiences. Yet that could happen, if you invented a one-way-heating substance!

Just think of its uses: You could cover your walls with it and your house will be cool in summer. With the material reversed, it will heat itself in winter, regardless of outside weather—quite without fuel. No sudden changes, but a gradual and cumulative effect.

Receptacles made of this material would serve either for fireless cookers or ice-cream freezers. Incandescent light bulbs would need no electricity if made of one-way-heat glass. Though glowing with light, they would be perfectly cool to the touch; yet a metallic rod, blown into the bulb (which incidentally need not be a vacuum), might be exteriorly attached to an otherwise fuelless grid. Holding the bulb in your hand, you could use the metal for a soldering iron.

Here, among other things, would be one solution of the problem of cold light. The light-giving substance would not be cold, of course; but its heat would be shut in.

Is any such magic one-way-heat material known? Of course not. I am suggesting that you make a billion dollars by inventing such a material. Conceivably, it might be done by the electric or magnetic treatment of some material—or of many materials, so as to make the substance transmit heat in one direction or the opposite, alternately, at will of the manipulator, as we can reverse the flow of an electric current.

On a larger scale, the material would serve to make a steam boiler, for example, that would operate without a furnace, actuated only by heat from the atmosphere; accentuated, if conditions permitted, by direct rays of the sun.

Do you see the billion dollars in such a material? In this country alone, it would supplant half a billion tons of coal.

THE clues? They bristle in any modern presentation of the interrelations of energy and matter. Heat may be regarded as the basic, primordial energy, which manifests itself as static electricity and magnetism in the intimate relations of protons and electrons; as chemical affinity in the

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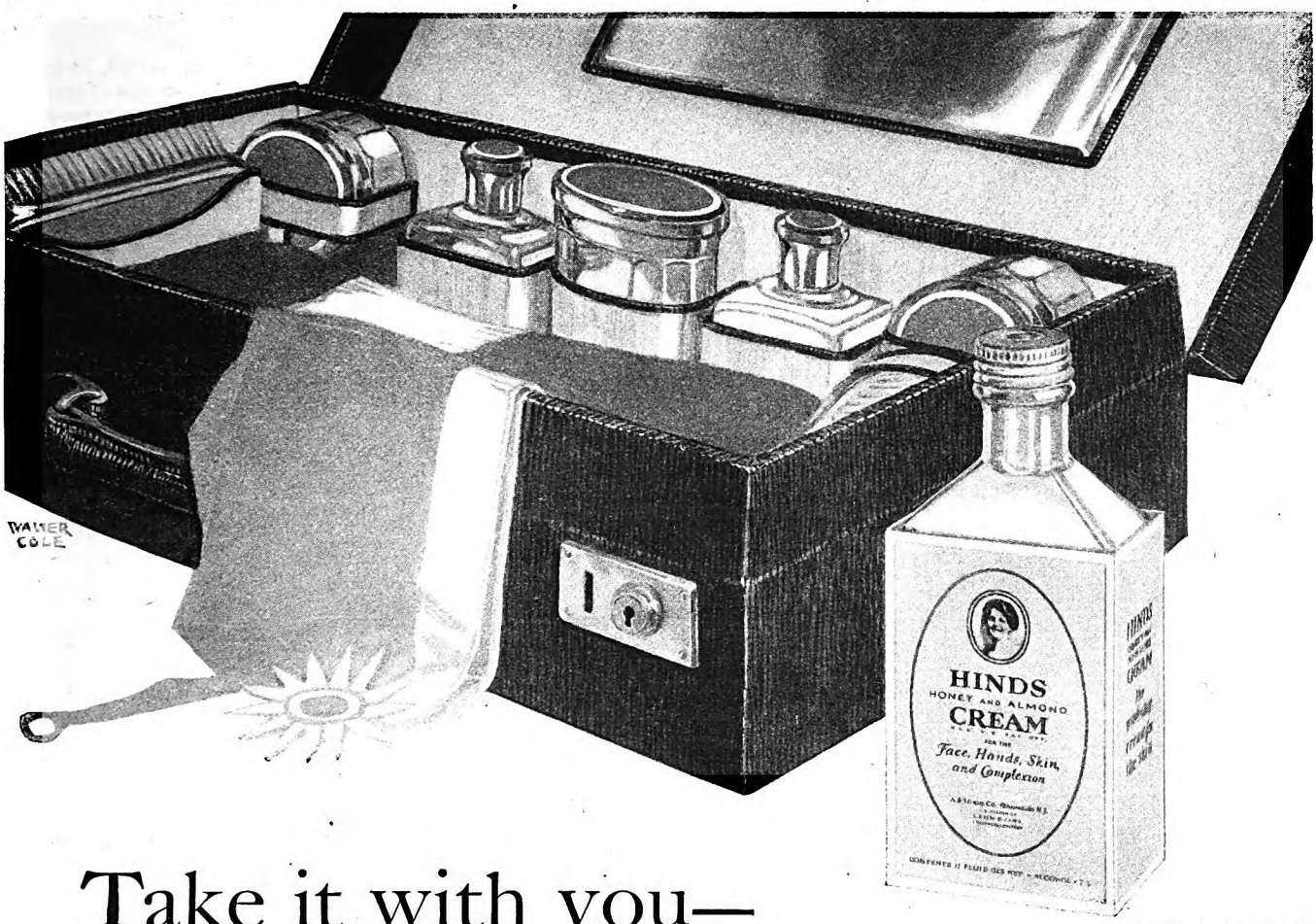


Take it with you— and *prevent* sunburn!

Buy Hinds Cream in the 50c and $1.00 sizes. You get more at less cost.

WHEN packing for a trip, slip into your bag Hinds Honey & Almond Cream—as a wise precaution against sunburn and windburn.

It's the hot summer sun which does the damage. It parches the skin—freckles and burns it unmercifully.

Always, *before* going outdoors, pat Hinds Cream on your face, your neck, arms and hands. Powder thickly over it. Then your skin won't get sunburned. Because Hinds Cream, with powder over it, prevents sunburn. *Keeps* the skin soft and fresh—no matter how hot the sun. Hinds Cream also cools and soothes a skin already sunburned.

And it's especially good as a powder base. Try it and see how it keeps the powder on for hours.

Try Hinds Cream. We'll send you a sample bottle. Just fill in the coupon below and mail it today.

HINDS
Honey & Almond
CREAM
REG U S. PAT OFF

Try HINDS CREAM

Prevents windburn	Makes powder cling to face
Prevents chapping	Smooths "catchy fingers"
Softens skin	After shaving
Protects skin	Protects against alkali
Cleanses skin	Protects from hard water
Soothes skin	For children's skin
Softens cuticle	Makes enlarged pores normal

LEHN & FINK, INC., *Sole Distributors*
Dept. 477, Bloomfield, New Jersey

Send me a sample bottle of HINDS *Honey and Almond* CREAM, *the protecting cream for the skin.*

NAME _____

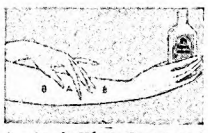
ADDRESS _____

TOWN, STATE _____

[This coupon is not good after July, 1928]

Try THIS EXPERIMENT

Cover a section of your arm with Hinds Cream. Powder over it. Leave the rest of your arm bare. Now expose your arm to the sun. The section protected by Hinds Cream and powder will not sunburn. The rest of your arm will.



A—Apply Hinds Cream and powder.
B—Leave rest of arm bare.

Made by A. S. HINDS CO.
A division of LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS COMPANY

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Sole distributors
LEHN & FINK, INC., Bloomfield, New Jersey

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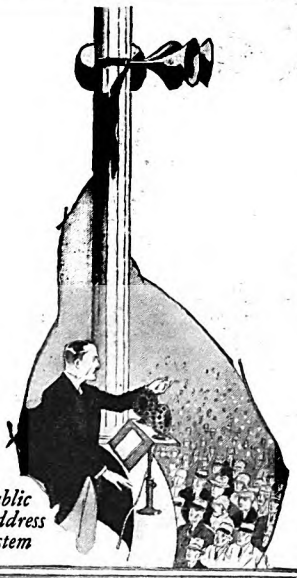


Public Address System

By-products of your telephone

THE microphone, familiar to the radio world, has been called "younger brother of the telephone." It is but one of a family of products which owe their existence to the communication system engineers and to the men who made your telephone at Western Electric.

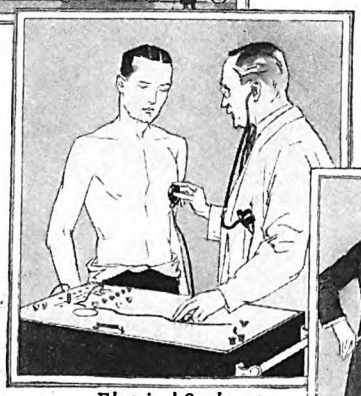
Forty-five years' experience as manufacturers for the Bell System has brought not only a telephone that is the world's standard, but also a Vitaphone to give a voice to the motion picture screen; an Audiometer to test the hearing with accuracy never before possible; an Audiphone which gives new aid to the hard of hearing; an Electrical Stethoscope to amplify the faintest heart sounds; a Public Address System to carry a speaker's voice to crowds of thousands and tens of thousands.

Making telephones that are the world's standard, Western Electric has now broadened its field of activity to include the manufacture of many other types of equipment to communicate sound, and in so doing has immeasurably broadened its opportunity to serve.

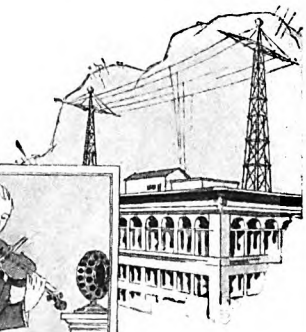
Audiometer

Audiphone

Vitaphone



Electrical Stethoscope



Radio Telephone

Western Electric

Since 1882 Manufacturers for the Bell System

interplay of atoms; as "temperature" in the interplay of molecules.

We may measure all energies in terms of heat; and discuss heat in terms of matter. Professor Eddington tells us quite casually that the sun is giving out 120 billion *tons* of heat annually. (Incidentally, it is heat liberated by the hydrogen-helium process.) Another physicist suggests that sunlight perhaps creates 80,000 tons of matter (protons and electrons) annually here at the earth's surface.

Sir J. J. Thomson, discoverer of the electron, conceives that energy which is the equivalent of heat may be transmitted in a solid by the sliding of chains of electrons between rows of atoms arranged in the form of a lattice of crystal-like structure. Might not the direction of such "sliding" be controlled, as we control the electron-flight we call an electric current?

The fact that the "crystal detector" of the simplest radio receiver appears to let energy through in certain planes, and in one direction only, offers a worth-while clue.

A dozen years or so ago, a schoolboy in Yonkers observed certain curious fluctuations in the receiving power of his homemade wireless apparatus. He induced a relative to bear the expense of taking out a patent on the improved circuit he was led to devise. A few years later, the lad was famous as Major Armstrong, discoverer of the "feed-back" circuit; and it was currently reported that his first royalty check, after his boyhood patent had been validated in the courts, was for a half-million dollars.

I, for one, shall not be surprised if some lad who to-day is similarly experimenting with a homemade radio set should ferret out a relation between electric currents and heat transmission that eventuates in the discovery of a one-way-heat material or method, the basic patent on which outvalues all the radio patents in existence, a hundred to one.

A pipe dream! All great inventions were pipe dreams at first.

Factory-made Gold: Meantime, there are other possibilities, quite different, but no less alluring, for which the study of your radio apparatus might put you in training. The making of a billion dollars' worth or so of the most merchantable of all commodities, gold itself, is among them. For the old problem of the alchemists is no longer a scientific heresy.

On the contrary, the newest discoveries in physics make it clear that the creation of gold by transmutation is theoretically possible, even probable. Moreover, they reveal the precise changes by which allied elements, notably mercury, thallium, and lead, might be transformed into gold.

Large atoms are built up, it appears, chiefly of helium atoms, but these in turn, as we know, are made of hydrogen atoms, each of which consists solely of one proton and one electron. In the last analysis, then, atoms may be considered as made solely of protons and electrons.

Atoms are built on the same plan—a nucleus and an orbital region. All the protons are in the nucleus, and about half of these (in large atoms many more than half) are closely bound with electron mates. It helps one better to visualize the conditions if one thinks of these as married protons, living with their wives at the heart of the atomic colony.

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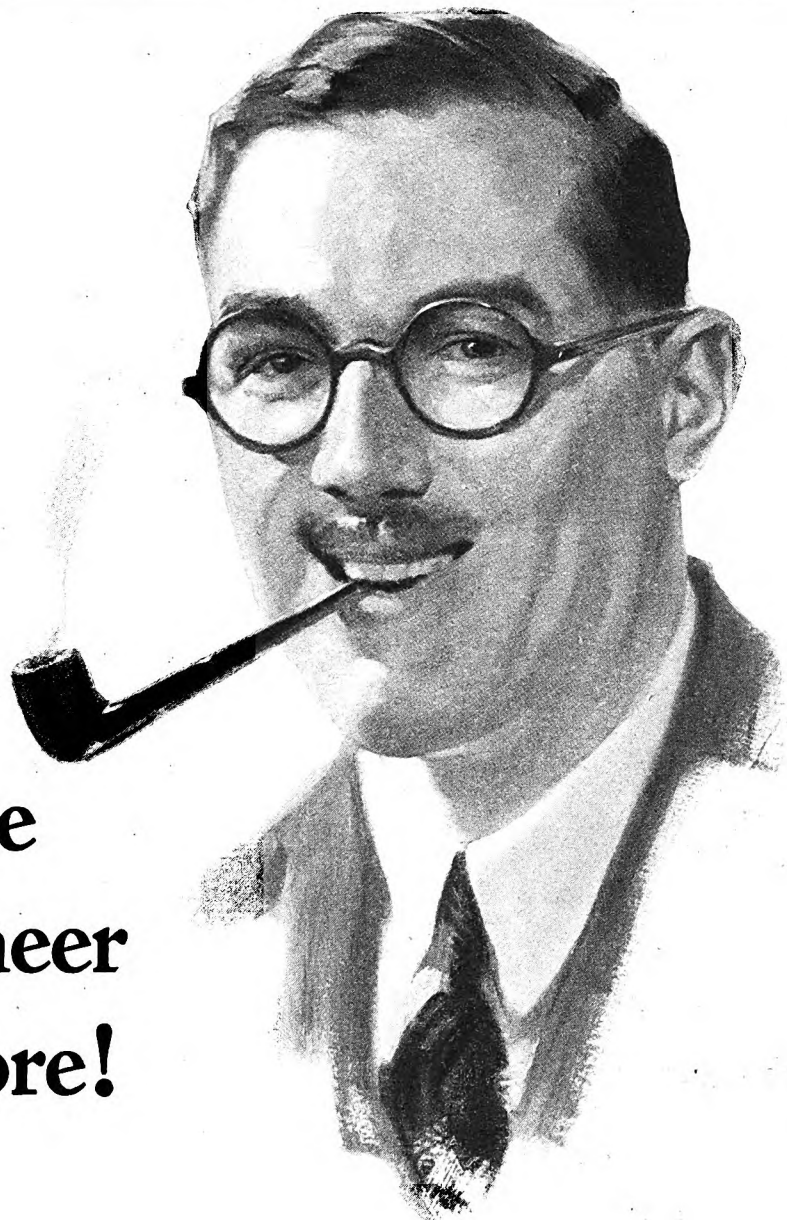


Your pipe can be a cheer . . or a chore!

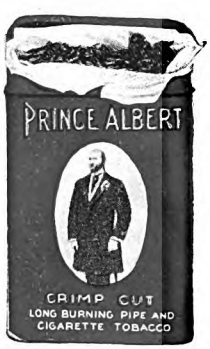
IT DEPENDS on what you feed it. Put it on a regular ration of Prince Albert and it will yield you pleasure, without stint or limit. "Never," you will say, "has the old pipe tasted so good." There isn't the ghost of a doubt about it. Just try it!

As you open the tidy red tin, close your eyes and drink-in that rich, rare aroma. You can hardly wait to get the taste of tobacco that smells as good as that. Then the big moment: You load up and light up. That's Prince Albert, Men, prime favorite of veteran smokers.

Cool as a magistrate fixing a fine. Sweet as the news that you won't have to pay it. Mild as a wifely rebuke for having spent too much on her birthday present. Mild, yet with that full tobacco body that satisfies your smoke-taste to the limit. A smoke!

Buy yourself a tidy red tin of P. A. and give your pipe a chance to deliver capacity joy. No matter how settled you appear to be on a smoke-program, try Prince Albert. Millions of pipe-happy men declare that no other tobacco is like it. You'll say so.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy smoke!

© 1927, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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"What's the big secret, Dad —a new razor?"
"No!—
Mennen Shaving Cream"

You *feel* the difference -- others *see* it

More men buy Mennen—the Improved Shaving Cream—on the enthusiastic recommendation of their friends than in the case of all other shaving accessories combined. To know the reason for this enthusiasm, you must try Mennen *dermutation*—therefore a Mennen shave.

Mennen *dermutation* goes into action the instant you start lathering.

Mennen *dermutation* does even more. It flattens the tiny "mounds" around each hair so that your razor glides smoothly over the face without nicking the skin. That's why there's no smarting and soreness after a Mennen shave.

Mennen soothes, tones up and conditions the skin *after* shaving. Your complexion is clearer and healthier. You feel the difference —others see it.

Buy a tube of Mennen on your way home tonight. If it does not give you the quickest, smoothest, most luxurious shave in your experience—if your face doesn't feel better and look better—we'll return what you paid for the tube.

Now that you've had a taste of real shaving luxury, you'll want a *super* luxury—Mennen Skin Balm *after* shaving. Gives a cool, pleasant tingle—is mildly antiseptic—and has a clean, masculine fragrance. 50c for a big tube.

Mennen Talcum for Men, the perfect finish for a perfect shave, removes the shine, but doesn't show. Tinted to match the skin. Fine, too, for "all-over" use on hot days and after a bath. 25c a can at any drug store.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J.
The Mennen Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario

MENNEN

The Improved

SHAVING CREAM

The remaining protons, unmated, may be thought of as a colony of bachelor protons, surrounding the married quarters. The number of bachelor protons in any atom determines absolutely the rank of the element, and, with that, the physical and chemical properties it presents.

For each bachelor proton, there is one spinster electron in the outer orbit, circling at a distance, in a course of prescribed character, like the orbits of the earth and the other planets about the sun. One or more of these spinster orbital electrons may be temporarily driven outside its atomic orbit without changing the essential character of the atom.

But if a bachelor proton moves out of his colony there is the very dickens to pay.

To illustrate: There are exactly eighty bachelor protons in the nuclear colony of every mercury atom in the world. Now, the residents of the married colony may vary to the extent of at least six couples without affecting the atomic status. But the loss of a single bachelor proton would change the mercury atom into gold; for any atom with seventy-nine bachelor protons is the royal metal, and none other.

But note this curious yet easily explicable anomaly: whereas, one or more mated couples might migrate from the married colony without changing the atomic status, yet the defection of one mated electron would be disastrous to the atomic autonomy—for the reason that the deserted husband would immediately move out to the bachelor colony, and thus add one to that company. The erstwhile mercury atom, with eighty-one bachelor protons on guard, changes into thallium.

On the other hand, a similar marital misadventure in a gold colony will at once demote the gold atom into a mercury atom.

Yet another way in which a mercury atom might be transformed into a gold atom would be by having a wandering spinster electron fly comet-wise near enough the nucleus to be seized on by a bachelor proton. After such marriage by capture, the newly-wedded pair would shift, naturally, to the married quarters, leaving only seventy-nine bachelors on guard—and thus again our mercury atom becomes gold.

THIS by no means exhausts the atomic possibilities. If you could persuade uranium lead to throw out an electron from its nucleus, to be followed by two helium nuclei, the lead would be transformed into pure gold.

Or perhaps you might prefer to make the assault from the other side, attempting to build up a smaller atom into gold, instead of tearing down a larger one. Conceivably, an iridium atom, in a helium atmosphere, amidst a tornado of electrons might have its magnetic conditions so disturbed that a helium nucleus would be swept into the iridium nucleus. Presto! No longer iridium, with seventy-seven bachelor protons, but gold, the royal metal; since the helium nucleus carried the two necessary bachelor protons that turned the trick.

Conceivably, whatever the other conditions, some catalytic agent must appear on the scene to cause the new chemical to combine and exercise the strangely persuasive influence of its kind. Some amateur radio-telegrapher, experimenting with high-frequency currents in various media,

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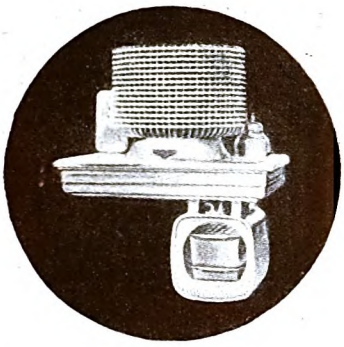

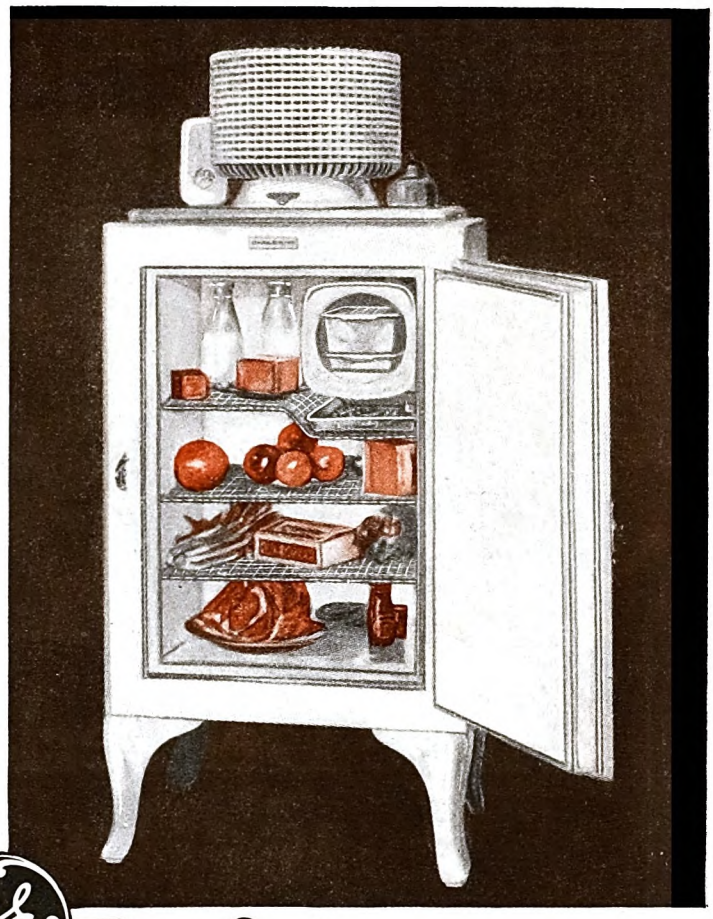

A Simpler and Different

Electric Refrigerator

The Creation of General Electric

GE Refrigerator

HERE is a new development in electric refrigerators for the home that every person interested in a refrigerator will want to see —the creation of General Electric.

It marks an entirely new conception of electric refrigeration. It marks an entirely *new* type of icing unit—a type unlike any other you have ever seen.

The entire mechanism of the General Electric Icing Unit is housed on top of the cabinet in one hermetically sealed casing. (Note illustration.) That is *all* the mechanism—none below the box. None in the basement. There are no pipes, no drains, no attachments.

All bulky machinery is eliminated —virtually all servicing. Operating automatically, you need never touch it—never oil it. Current consumption is reduced to a minimum.

The result of fifteen years of intensive research

This new-day refrigerator embodies the best thought of the leading electrical research organization of the world.

It has reduced electric refrigeration to a point of *simplicity* which makes it almost as easy to operate as an electric fan—and almost as portable. You may place it anywhere—move it anywhere. Just plug it into any electric outlet and it starts.

The General Electric Refrigerator —designed to accommodate this revolutionary icing unit—has distinct advantages. It can be installed anywhere. It maintains a most uniform temperature. It needs no attention. It is unusually quiet. It is always clean because the circulation of air through the coils drives dust away—preventing it from settling.

You will want to see this refrigerator. But, meanwhile, send for booklet No. 7-A which tells all about it, including the various sizes which are available.

Electric Refrigeration Department
of General Electric Company
Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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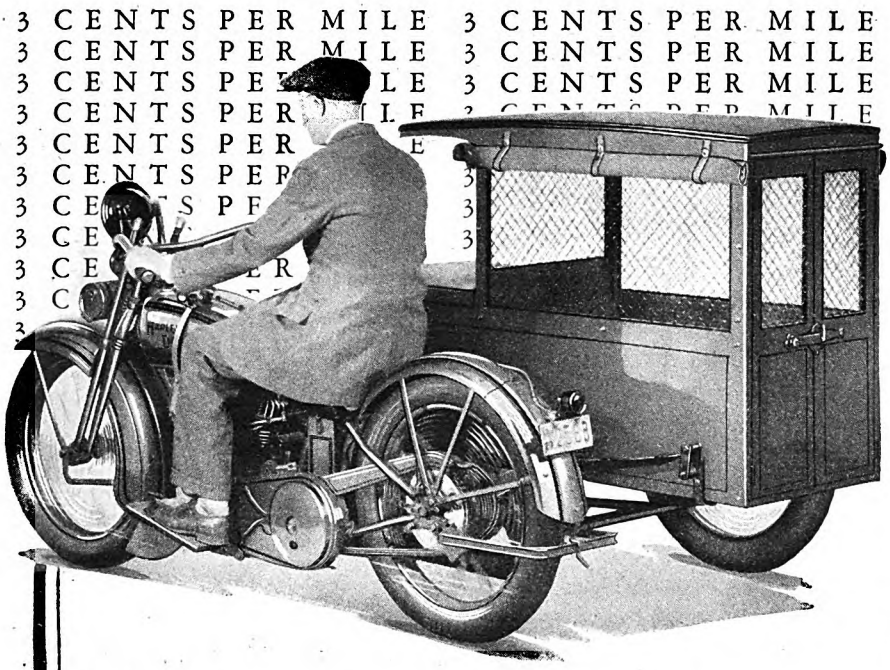

More Deliveries
—*and at less cost!*

BUSINESS houses in 43 lines of trade have adopted this quicker, more economical, more efficient delivery equipment. The Harley-Davidson Package Truck is "first through traffic"—dependable—amazingly inexpensive in operating cost—can always be nosed into a small space at the point of delivery.

Use this time-saving, money-saving delivery for extending your trading radius, increasing phone orders, building customer goodwill. From an advertising standpoint alone this type of delivery service will be a big asset to your business. It attracts favorable attention everywhere.

Let your local Harley-Davidson dealer show you how the Harley-Davidson Package Truck is building trade and cutting costs for others in your line of business.

Mail the coupon for illustrated literature, prices and details.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR COMPANY
Department AM Milwaukee, Wis.

3¢ per mile

HARLEY-DAVIDSON
[¼ Ton Capacity] *Package Truck*

Mail this!

Harley-Davidson Motor Company, Dept. AM
Milwaukee, Wis.
Send illustrated literature and detailed facts about the Harley-Davidson Package Truck.

Name.....
Address.....
Business .....

might accidentally discover such an agent, as Perkins discovered the secret of analine dyes when a student, while trying to make synthetic quinine; or as Nobel discovered the way to make dynamite, through the chance observation of the dripping of a few drops of carelessly spilled collodion on the clay floor of his workshop.

Each of these casual discoveries led to a billion-dollar industry. But these industries had to be slowly developed. Salesmanship was required to back the genius of invention.

With factory-made gold, the case would be quite different. You need but cart your manufactured gold to the mint, and by the process of stamping it becomes money.

As a matter of fact, it isn't necessary that you manufacture your gold or turn it into money. It will quite suffice to have discovered a method by which it *can* be manufactured, at a cost significantly less than the cost of mining natural gold. Prove that you can do this, and any European government will gladly give you a billion for your secret. War debts would no longer be a bugaboo to any nation that could make cheap factory gold.

But you don't have to go so far afield. Uncle Sam could use more than nineteen billion dollars' worth of gold to advantage, to retire his I O U's—to say nothing of the various state and municipal governments that have outstanding bonds to the tune of another ten billions.

No, you need not worry about the selling end of the proposition, when what you have to offer is the secret of making a factory into a literal gold mine.

Of course all governments will abandon gold as the standard yardstick of values as rapidly as legislatures can be induced to function, after factory gold has flooded the market. But no such radical change as that can be achieved except by slow stages. You will have had your billion, and will have converted it into real property, long before the smash comes.

Digging for Heat: It seems rather like an anti-climax to turn from atom juggling to work with even a glorified pick and shovel. But there is one other billion-dollar opportunity so alluring that I must refer to it, even though it concerns so prosaic a theme as the digging of a hole in the ground.

I refer to the project of tapping the inexhaustible supply of heat that awaits release from the depths of the earth's crust.

Everyone knows that the heat is there; but no one hitherto has shown us how to get in touch with it, and let it do the major part of the world's work, as it well might.

We laboriously dig or bore into the shell of the earth to get a limited supply of fuel. If we were to bore a little deeper, we might tap an inexhaustible supply of heat.

Only a few thousand yards below the surface, the earth's interior is everywhere a caldron of fire, or its equivalent. Mostly solid stone, no doubt; but stone so hot that it would turn water instantly into steam.

Fortunately, our oceans are now blanketed from this furnace, else the earth would be uninhabitable. But here and there a leak occurs, as witness hot springs, spouting geysers, and volcanoes in action. The five-mile plume of steam that occasionally hangs above old Vesuvius sig-

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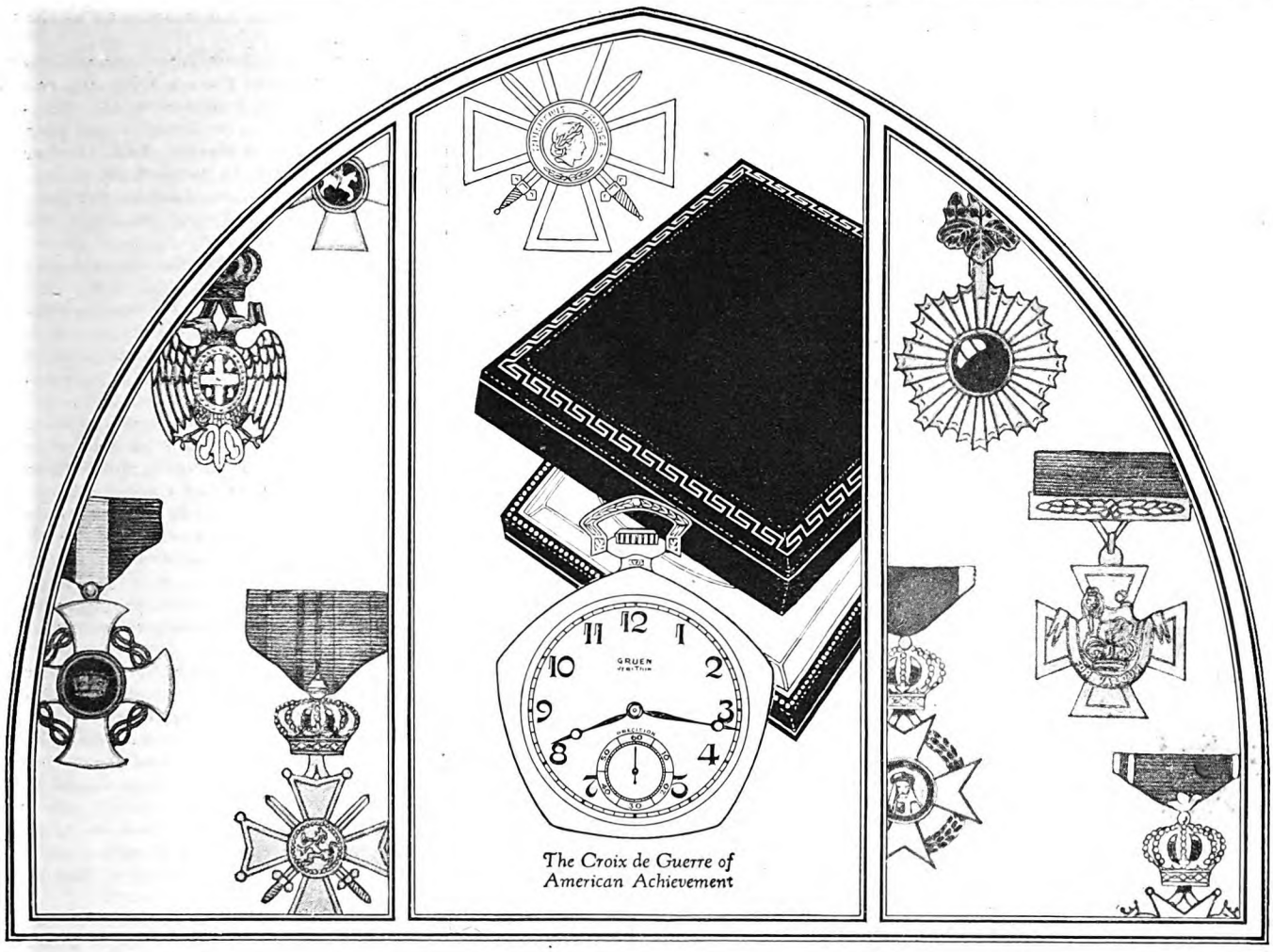

The Croix de Guerre of American Achievement

A Democracy's Decoration for Distinguished Merit

You will see this emblem only on jewelry stores of character

THE GRUEN PENTAGON

No king created it. No parliament commissioned its design. No government committee has accorded it official designation.

It simply happens in the course of everyday American activity that individuals desire to honor one of their number, and that in seeking a tribute worthy of distinguished merit, they select the Gruen Pentagon.

Certainly, nothing could be more democratic than this unofficial adoption of America's accepted presentation watch.

For the Gruen Pentagon has become that as authentically as if it were solemnly appointed for the purpose. Hundreds of organizations in American commerce, industry and politics have recognized it.

By sheer frequency of individual selection, the Gruen Pentagon has won the title so aptly applied to it—the Croix de Guerre of American Achievement.

Who first called it that we, its makers, have never known. The only explanation we can offer of how the Pentagon has won its present standing lies in the particular qualities of the watch itself.

It is, first of all, unique. Its patented shape identifies it immediately wherever it is worn.

But its five gracefully rounded sides give it more than beauty and distinctiveness.

The Pentagon can not tip over in the pocket. Keeping the upright position at all times permits its finely finished parts to operate with greater uniformity, hence with more constant accuracy.

The Gruen *Precision* movement, too, which is used in every Gruen Pentagon, represents the Guild's highest standard of timekeeping excellence.

For the retiring official, for the fellow-worker who has won promotion, for the valued employe who is passing a milestone, for the son who has won academic honors, the Gruen Pentagon is now widely recognized as the logical tribute.

The Gruen jeweler nearest you, always one of the very best in your community, can show you the Gruen Pentagon pictured here, as well as many others, ranging in price from $2500 to $75—including the Paladin model at $250.

Consult him about the details of the presentation. He can give you valuable help.

PRECISION

Trade Mark Reg.

Every Pentagon carries this GRUEN pledge mark, placed only upon watches of finer quality, accuracy and finish. Made only in the Precision workshop

Among prominent persons who have been presented with the Gruen Pentagon:

General John J. Pershing
Hon. John W. Davis
Admiral W. S. Benson
Hon. James M. Cox
Mr. Martin Edward Trapp
Mr. Claude H. Foster
Mr. Joseph W. Martin, Jr.
Mr. Frederick T. Steinway
Justice Samuel J. Harris
Mr. Howard Wurlitzer
Mr. C. W. Nash

Copr. 1927, G.W.M.G.

Branches in various parts of the world

GRUEN WATCHMAKERS GUILD TIME HILL CINCINNATI U.S.A.

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There's a refreshing deliciousness in their piquant tang!

THESE sizzling summer days, what a blessed relief it is to steal away for a cold bottle of your favorite carbonated beverage. The tingling *tang* of these delicious drinks brings an instant supply of new energy. And they *satisfy* thirst in a really delightful way.

SPONSORED BY

There's a BOTTLER *in your town*

Bottled Carbonated Beverages

These taste-tempting drinks also are known by less formal names . . . *tonics* in New England . . . *soda water* in Dixie . . . *soda pop* in the Mid West . . . *soft drinks* in the Far West . . . and we all know the *ginger ales*. Call them what you will, but drink your fill—they're good and good for you!

nals a billion-dollar opportunity to all the world.

Why has this opportunity been so long neglected? Chiefly, I suspect, because the supply of coal was nearer to hand. Maybe, if our periodical coal strikes had been longer and more effective, Old Mother Necessity would have taken a hand, and before now the coal mines would have been as much out of date as windmills and overshot water-wheels.

To-day men scramble for possession of million-dollar mines and oil wells, and quite ignore the billion-dollar furnace that lies beneath the meanest acre of the earth's surface—just as formerly they scrambled for million-dollar gold mines, and neglected the billion-dollar aluminum deposits right beneath their very feet.

Incidentally, the efforts of others to gain a lesser prize give clues to this greater prize. In digging for oil, men have developed tools and methods that have carried them halfway toward your goal.

The most successful oil drill has bored a hole to the depth of 7,745 feet. You have but to perfect a method of boring, say, twice as deep, and the world is your orange.

WHEN you "strike heat," you will tap a gusher potentially worth all the oil wells plus all the coal mines of the world. The first spout of steam from your heat well will signal a new economic era.

Oil wells that produced thirty-one billion gallons of fuel oil in this country alone last year, and coal mines, with an output of more than half a billion tons, will be potentially as much out of date as peat beds.

You may drive your heat well in the handiest corner of your back yard, wherever you live—and the cars of millionaire manufacturers or their representatives will block the highways as they crowd to your door to bid for the right to use your method.

Yours is the secret of inexhaustible power, with no cost beyond that of first installation—a discovery that may well cut the cost of production in half for a thousand important industries; that may shift whole populations to new manufacturing centers, give the labor world a four-hour day and four-day week, and bring mankind a long step nearer the industrial millennium.

Let us pause on that note. After all, what is mere money, compared with the contribution to human health and happiness that such a discovery connotes? Look at the matter in that light, and no mischance could rob you of your reward.

If your basic patents held, you would be sure enough of the billion dollars. But, in any event, you could count yourself, in the coin of human gratitude, at least a trillionaire.

"MARVELS OF THE MOON" is the title of an interview with Professor William H. Pickering, who is one of the foremost astronomers of the day. In this article, appearing next month, scientific facts are linked with alluring astronomical speculation. Is there life on the moon? Does the moon affect our climate, our crops, our health? When will the moon occupy one fixed place in our sky, and be visible only from one side of the earth?

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Your Family Tree

(*Continued from page 25*)

reached. His era is usually a sticking point, as before the latter part of the ninth century few people had last names.

If there were two men named John in the same neighborhood, and one of them lived at the foot of a hill and the other next to a church, they were spoken of as "John Under-hill" and "John Church."

That is where many of our modern family names started; such as Hill, Underhill, Church, Pond, Rivers, Lake, Wood, Mills, Brook, Lea (or Lee or Leigh), Forrest, Stone, and so on.

Other folk were known from their trades—such as carpenter, fisher, miller, wheeler, tailor, and the like. Because so many were makers or artificers of various commodities—blacksmiths, goldsmiths, silversmiths, tinsmiths—more people were called "Smith" than any other one name.

Again, sons were saddled with the names of their fathers, along with their own, to distinguish them from other lads of the same given name; as Robertson, Johnson, Jackson, Wilson; meaning son of Robert, son of John, son of Jack, son of Will. Others took their names from their towns or cities.

Before last names became a national custom, the tracing of pedigrees was possible only in families whose titles or fortunes made it necessary to keep such pedigrees straight.

Now, what does the whole thing amount to? What is gained by going back in an unbroken line to such-and-such a medieval hero or monarch? I have tried to prove that nearly everyone alive in America to-day has as much claim as has anyone else to call himself or herself a direct descendant of William the Conqueror or of Charlemagne or of any other ancient celebrity.

But, even if a chosen few persons only could claim it and if the rest of us could not, what advantages would those few select boasters have over you and me?

Said cranky old King James First, of England (who may have been an ancestor of yours), as he scribbled his signature to a courtier's "patent of nobility":

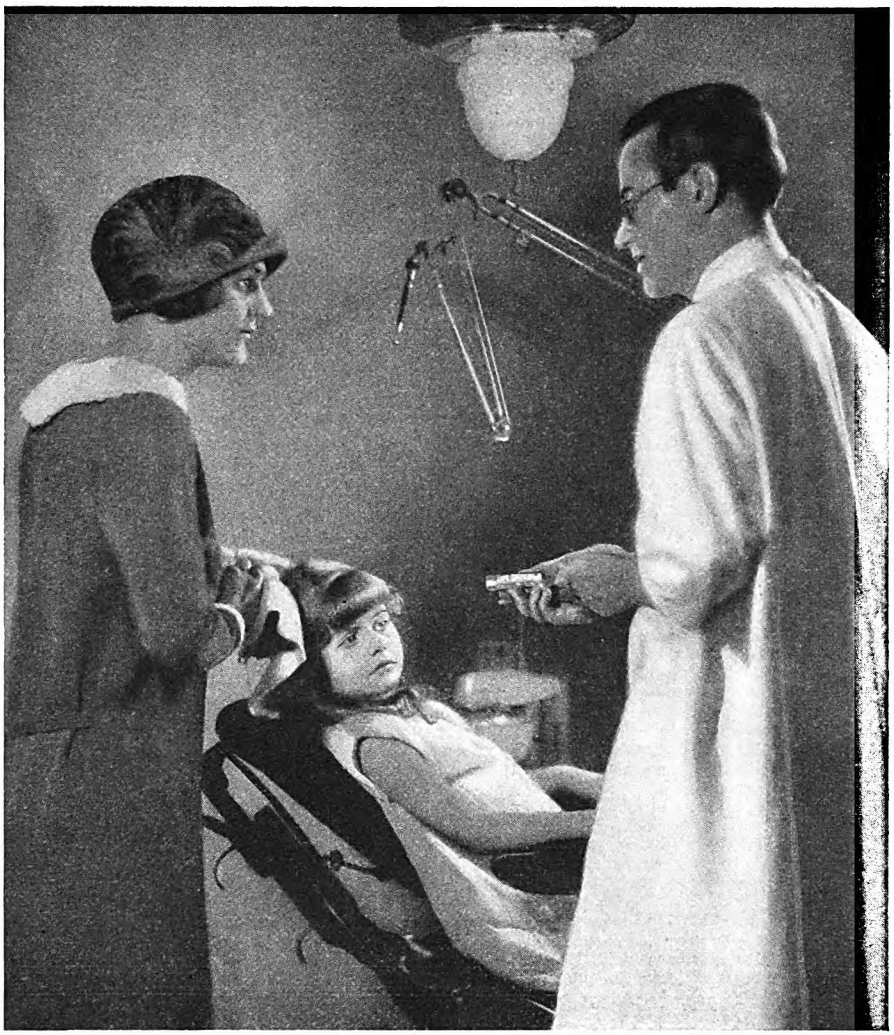
"Any monarch can make a Nobleman. But only God can make a Gentleman."

I HAVE sifted the whole thing down, perhaps correctly, perhaps not, to the following handful of conclusions:

If it is a fact that in you is one forty-millionth of some great man or woman of bygone days, the only advantage I can see that it gives you is something high to aim for in your own character and achievements.

Charlemagne was my ancestor? Very good. Then it is up to me to shape my life in such a way as to carry on the torch of his greatness as far and as loftily as I can, so that those who come after me will be able to look back on something splendidly worthwhile in character or in fame, which shall incite them, in turn, to great deeds.

It is my duty to live up to all that was best in him; so that his good qualities shall be the heritage of my grandchildren in much more than one forty-millionth degree.



"—the candy dentists recommend"

Safe for tiny teeth

"This is the kind of candy I like my own children to have," the dentist told the mother.

"These little Life Saver mints are much better for tiny tots. Try the Wint-O-Green flavor. Children love it."

* * *

Every growing child craves sweets. Active little bodies demand sugar. But children's candy must be pure—and they should not overeat.

Life Savers, the little candy mints with the hole (life saver shape) answer this problem in just the right way. They are china-hard and deliciously flavored.

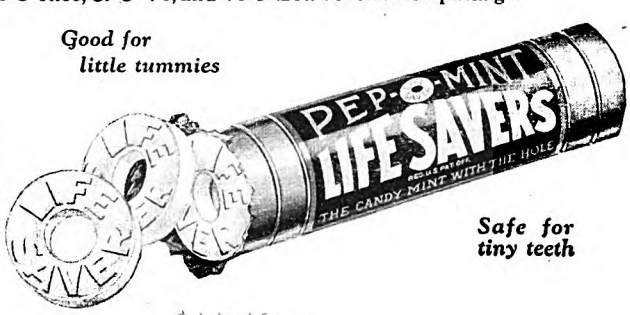
This means that Life Savers are eaten slowly. Children suck them to make these wonderful flavors last longer. Little tummies are not upset. And Life Savers are kind to tiny teeth.

They're safe and wholesome. You may conscientiously be generous with Life Savers for they are the ideal candy for little folks.

Six flavors are displayed at all good stores: Pep-O-Mint, Wint-O-Green, Cinn-O-Mon, Lic-O-Rice, Cl-O-Ve, and Vi-O-Let. Five cents a package.

Good for little tummies

P. S. **Have you tried LIFE SAVER FRUIT DROPS? Three refreshing flavors—Orange, Lemon and Lime. 5c a package.**



Safe for tiny teeth

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Pipe Smoker Finds the Right Tobacco for the Tropics

Evidently, one of the problems of pipe smokers who live in the tropics is to find a tobacco that high temperature will not spoil.

Mr. R. G. Rigg of Colombia, S. A., was happy to find that he could enjoy in South America the same tobacco that had been his favorite since 1908, when he lived in Iowa.

Read his letter:

October 6, 1926

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va., U. S. A.
Gentlemen:

Most all well-known tobaccos smoke well in a cold or temperate climate, but very few in a tropical climate. They are mostly too heavy, don't seem to be blended right—at least that is my opinion gained from practical experience.

However, Edgeworth is the same in any climate. Again that is my opinion gained by practical experience.

I cannot get the same pleasure out of any brand of tobacco that I can out of Edgeworth, and I have tried many—and paid fancy prices too. It costs real money to smoke imported tobaccos here; the import duty is very high.

Anyway, we cannot have everything we would like in these countries, so we hold on to all the little pleasures possible. Now you know why I smoke Edgeworth.

Yours respectfully,
R. G. RIGG,
Cartagena, Colombia, S. A.

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 3 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 256 meters.

If Charlemagne was also immoral and a tyrant and a super-trickster (which he was), let me strive with all my might to root those rotten inheritances out of my own nature.

If enough of us would do that, and for a long enough time, then assuredly ancestry would be something justly worth bragging about. We should not need to *claim* descent from great men. Our very lives would prove our lineage to all the world.

On the other hand, if I cannot prove my descent from anyone better than a drunken wharf-rat, I think it is in my power—if I try hard enough—to rise far above my inherited defects, and to accumulate a bright mass of qualities as a memory and an active force to pass on to the next in line—to eradicate the worthless tendencies he handed down to me and, in their place, to leave to my descendants a golden heritage of character.

FOR many years I have been a breeder of pedigreed collie dogs. By actual experiment, I have proved that I can develop dogs which have less and less of their ancestors' bad traits, and more and more of their good ones. If that can be done with dogs, it ought to be a hundred times easier for intelligent and inspired humans to do it.

If you had a weak and sickly ancestor, the chances are that he may have left you a slight predilection toward weakness and sickliness.

Nineteen times out of twenty that predilection can be overcome, and in its place you can leave your grandchildren somewhat more of a tendency to ruggedness, which they, in turn, can develop still further for those who are to follow them. It is so in mental or moral qualities, as well.

Theodore Roosevelt was a puny lad, scourged by ill health. It was a heritage. He fought against it savagely until he had built up his fragile constitution into iron-and-whalebone ruggedness—a quality that his children also have.

My own grandfather inherited from his father a giant strength and a wonderful constitution. An accident and a long illness left him a supposedly helpless invalid. His doctor called, one day, to minister to his half-helpless patient. He found two men-servants lifting the invalid onto a saddle horse. To the physician's amazed protests, my grandfather said:

"The outside of a horse is the best tonic for the inside of a man. I've robbed my future children of their right to health. I'm going to start, now, paying them back. I am going to make myself not only a well man but a strong man."

As he spoke, he fell from his horse in a dead faint. But, to the horror of his doctor, he tried the same experiment next day; and so on, until he was once more sound and athletic.

That was a heroic remedy, of course; and perhaps it was rashly foolish. But it is an interesting fact that he left ruggedly powerful sons and grandsons, who carried on the torch his shaky hand had lighted.

That kind of thing, I believe, is the only actual gain in having had illustrious ancestors. The old slogan, "Blood will tell!" is true; but bad blood tells as true a tale as does good blood.

It is only when each successive generation carries on the torch that good blood can be made to "tell." And bad blood can be eradicated.

In olden days, family traditions were passed along from father to son for centuries. These traditions can be summed up in the hackneyed motto:

"Noblesse oblige."

For instance, children of certain families were taught that honor and honesty, clean-living and generosity were ancestral heirlooms of their line, and that a low or dishonorable deed could not be committed by any of them, through sheer family pride.

Others were told that their forefathers were warriors or mighty hunters, and that the torch of a clean, athletic physique must be passed along.

It was such families which justified the theory that "blood will tell." However, there were folk then, as now, who had no such exalted family traditions—indeed who had no traditions at all—and yet whose own self-respect forced them to make the best of themselves.

The proudest and oldest hero blood of all France's nobility was represented among the officers who led the terrible cavalry charge through a blinding snowstorm, at Eylau, in 1807. But, five lengths ahead of the bravest of them charged a man who had begun life as a stable boy.

His father also had begun life the same way, but had worked his way up until he became an innkeeper. The son, Joachim Murat, forced himself upward until he became a marshal of France and king of Naples.

By his flaming courage and his unbacked personal ability, Murat rose. This "ancestorless man" outdid in valor the nobles who traced their lineage back a thousand years, and in whom was the many-generation tradition of dauntless bravery.

BUT the man to whom the major credit belonged for the victory of Eylau, by the way, was the self-educated son of a village barrel maker, Michel Ney, who became Prince of the Moskva and Napoleon's foremost marshal.

On the other hand, in an earlier century, there was Sir Philip Sidney, aristocrat of the aristocrats, and scion of an endless line of English nobles.

As he was going into battle, Sidney noticed that a fellow officer had lost some of his armor. Instantly, he stripped off his own armor and forced the less fortunate man to wear it.

Unprotected, Sidney was struck by a bullet from which his discarded armor would have guarded him. He lay dying on the battlefield, in the agonies of thirst.

A cup of water was brought to him. He was about to drink it eagerly, when he saw a wounded soldier, near by, who was gazing at the water as a famished dog might look at a bone. Sidney handed the cup to the sufferer, saying:

"Your need is greater than mine."

Thus, once again, ancient family traditions of courtesy and self-sacrifice were justified.

Lasting greatness is not bred in a single generation but only by the long and unremitting carrying on of the torch. In every walk of life, and in every century, there are thousands of mediocre folk and nonentities to every one illustrious man or woman. The torch has not been carried

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forward steadily enough nor by a sufficient number of persons.

It is not an impossible thing, surely, for us to try to lift the torch just an inch or two higher than did the hand which last let it fall; or at least to live up to, in some measure, the examples of goodness or greatness bequeathed to us; or to rout out a few of the defects which came down to us along with these good traits.

This is not visionary idealism, but sound logic and simple sense. Also, it is all the practical good that any of us can hope to gain from the knowledge that we are descended from a mighty ancestor.

If a self-willed nonentity boasts, "My grandfather was a United States senator," or, "My great-grandfather was one of the generals who fought at Washington's side to make America a free country," it is as ignoble as to admit:

"My grandparents made themselves millionaires. But I have not bothered to hang onto such of their wealth as came down to me; nor to use any of my inherited talents to keep myself out of the failure class."

Ancestors are fine things—but only as examples, good or bad. It is perhaps the grandest of all ambitions, to decree:

"I had no ancestors to boast of, but you can bet my descendants will have!

"Even the far descendants, who may never happen to hear about me, are going to be better and wiser and stronger because I built up my mind and my body and my character so strongly that some of my excellences are *bound* to pass on to future generations!"

The Sea is a Hard Master

(*Continued from page 28*)

her counter before the middle watch was done. Farther in, the ice floes began to climb up on the beach from the pressure of the gale. Pretty soon, pack pressure carried the "Huntsman" into shoal water, where she grounded. The next thing the poor devils aboard her knew was that the ice had sheared her hull off right at the water line. They clung to the wreckage, but it was too late. Fingers of the ice and sea clutched at their ankles and pulled them right off to their deaths.

When dawn broke Uncle Isaac climbed out to the Point for a look. He was awfully worried about the "Huntsman," which was commanded by an old friend of his. When he saw no sign of her, he knew the worst had happened.

Suddenly, he thought he saw something on a rock that was uncovered at low tide about five miles from shore. With his glasses he made out the figure of a man clinging there. It took us all day to get that man. He had both legs broken, and was close to death from exposure and agony from his injuries; but he lived. He was the only survivor of the good ship "Huntsman."

In 1897 I got started on Arctic work. Since then I have kept on expeditioning two seasons out of three. This was natural, because the Bartletts of Brigus have been sailing Down-North for nearly one hundred years. It was a Bartlett who

To Men ....

who think their faces are clean

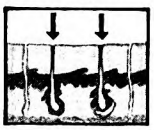
This cream goes into a clean-shaven face pink--and comes out a dingy grey

PORE-DIRT is in *every* face. It greys the cleanest complexion. It defies the daily wash, so that you think your face is clean when it isn't!

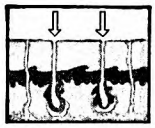
Where does it come from? Dusty roads, soot-belching chimneys, passing motors—the air teems with millions of minute particles of grime.

These particles are so small you can't see them. They are smaller than the skin pores; they get packed under the skin. There they hide, laughing at the wash cloth that cleans only skin surface.

If pore-dirt is allowed to remain too long, a blackhead results. But generally it merely greys your skin, gives it a sallow look as though you had been up late the night before.



Highly magnified cross-section of the skin showing how pore-dirt becomes imbedded in the pore. Surface washing cannot remove it.



The pore after Pompeian Massage Cream has cleansed it. The cream first loosens pore-dirt and then rolls the dirt out on the face.

"Unwashable dirt," cosmeticians call it. But a minute's massage with Pompeian Massage Cream rolls every bit of it free.

Goes in PINK and rolls out a dingy GREY! Try it!!

Prove to yourself that Pompeian Massage Cream begins to clean where ordinary cleansing stops. First wash your face and hands as clean as you can.

Then scoop a little cream from the jar and massage it into your face. Keep on rubbing until the cream rolls out of your skin in tiny pellets.

Note this amazing thing—the cream that went into the skin a clean pink rolls out a dingy grey. The grimed-in dirt is now removed. Your pores can once more fully breathe. Your skin quickly responds to the invigorating massage.

Your face looks, feels, and *is* really clean!

FREE test convinces thousands. Test the benefits of Pompeian Massage Cream on your face — FREE. Fill in the coupon and mail it to us — right now while you are reading this magazine.

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

Pompeian Laboratories, Dept. 300 G
595 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Gentlemen:

Please send me a generous trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream . . . enough for three facial massages.

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She came down the gang-way a picture of health

THERE she was, radiant and refreshed, a "new" woman after a month at a European Spa, drinking its saline waters.

To the great saline springs of the Continent—Vichy and Carlsbad, Aix or Weisbaden—doctors from all over the world send their wealthy patients. Here a variety of ailments are treated, and good results are obtained in all for a very simple reason—

There is nothing like a saline solution to wash away the poisons of waste which too civilized people accumulate within themselves—the self-poisoning (Auto-Intoxication) which causes not only headaches and bad complexions, stomach derangements and acid conditions, but also rheumatism, nervous disorders, and a host of other ills.

Sal Hepatica, the standard effervescent saline, effects the same benefits as the "cure" at the famous saline springs. Like these health-giving waters, Sal Hepatica effectively clears away the stoppage that is so often the real cause of bad complexion, headaches, lethargy and similar ills.

Promptly and safely, Sal Hepatica flushes away waste products, neutralizes acidity and corrects self-poisoning.

At the first sign that waste products are not being thoroughly and regularly eliminated, take Sal Hepatica. Its use is the approved way to relieve the many ills traceable to intestinal stoppage.

Dissolved in a glass of water, Sal Hepatica makes a palatable, refreshing drink. It may be taken on arising, or, if you prefer, half an hour before any meal.

Send for our booklet which explains more fully the benefits of Sal Hepatica.

For booklet please address
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. L 77, 71 West St.
New York City

Sal Hepatica

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worked Doctor Kane's famous vessel north, in the fifties. And it was myself, master of the "Roosevelt," that marched to within a hundred miles of the North Pole, in April, 1909.

A good many of my friends have thought I ought to be angry at Peary for not taking me to the Pole with him. But I think he did exactly right. I was not then a naturalized American, as I am now. And after Peary's terrible struggle to reach the top of the world, it seemed right that he should want only Americans to put up the Stars and Stripes when he got there.

Since that time I have commanded the ill-fated "Karluk" expedition; I took the "Neptune" north to the rescue of MacMillan, Fitzhugh Green, and other members of the Crocker Land Expedition; and only last summer I was wrecked off the Greenland coast in the schooner "Morrissey" of the Putnam Expedition.

I THINK the most grievous shipwreck I was ever a party to, was that of the steamer "Karluk." Her destruction caused me and my men to walk hand in hand with death for many weeks.

It was in the summer of 1913 that I went north as master of the "Karluk," the flagship of the Canadian Arctic Expedition. We had a noble band of scientists aboard. It looked to me as if we were headed for a fine big circus along the Alaskan coast.

There was a circus all right, but the ice pack cracked the whip—and incidentally the "Karluk." Just east of Point Barrow she got blown out to sea among the floes by a howling sou'wester. First thing we knew, we were jammed up in the ice.

We drifted west. Knowing something about ice, I figured the ship was a goner. The sun left us and it got cold. You'd have to play around in that white desert for a while to know how fearfully cold it could get. Old Klondike miners used to say that a loud crackle rent the air when they spat. We were just about that cold. I guess it was sixty below zero.

On New Year's Day we were all huddled below around the little stove. Suddenly, there was a rumbling noise. As near as I can describe it, it was like the singing you hear along telegraph wires on a windy night in the country. This meant pressure. With the pressure came an easterly gale. It lasted for ten days. At five o'clock on the morning of the tenth I was roused out of a sound sleep by a loud report like a rifle shot. A tremor ran through the ship. I threw on my parka and hopped up on deck.

All that day the poor old "Karluk" struggled in the death grip of the ice pack. At half past seven that evening I heard a splitting and crashing below me. The engineer and I ran to a hatch and held a lantern down into the hold. We could see water rushing into the old girl.

I hurried back on deck and ordered all hands to abandon ship. There was no confusion. Our food and ammunition were already on the ice, as we had built an emergency house of provision boxes near by. I sent an Eskimo woman to start a fire in the little stove we had placed there when we knew we'd have to abandon ship.

Then, all at once, I had a feeling that I wanted to be alone with the old ship during her last hours, so I sent all my men to the house.

I went down into the cabin, and sat and thought about what the "Karluk" had been through. There was a phonograph on board and about a hundred and fifty records. With the cracking of timbers and the rushing of waters around me I played tune after tune. As I played the records, I threw them into the stove.

When I came to Chopin's "Funeral March" I laid it aside. I knew I would soon need it. About an hour or so later the ship began to settle in earnest. Pretty soon the lower decks were awash. Putting the "Funeral March" on, I started the machine. When the water came rippling along the upper deck and into the hatch I ran up and stood on the rail. She took a header, and when the rail was level with the ice I stepped off. I turned and looked at her as she went down by her head into thirty-eight fathoms of water. I could hear the phonograph in the galley sending out the strains of the "Funeral March." Pushing my hood back I bared my head and said, "Good-by, old girl."

I LEFT the survivors of the wrecked "Karluk" marooned on Wrangell Island, and started back across the ice to Nome in the bitterly cold weather, so as to send a relief party after my men before they froze or starved to death.

I had with me forty-five dollars, which a friend of mine had loaned me some time before. This money had to get me back to civilization.

When I reached the desolate Siberian coast I got hold of one of the natives and told him I wanted to go east toward East Cape, where I might cross to Alaska.

"How much you pay me?" asked the native.

I figured it was pretty important that I hurry. So I said, "Forty dollars."

Right away I saw I had made a mistake. If I had been a business man, I would have said twenty dollars. I could tell this by the look in the fellow's face. He was used to trading fox skins and knew how a bargain should be made, each party beating the other party up or down. And here I had gone and left myself only five dollars leeway.

"Show me money," said the native.

But I had my dander up by this time. "No, by golly!" I said.

He said, "Maybe no got him."

I said, "You bring me to East Cape, me give you forty dollars."

Well, we kept this up for about two hours. Then he sort of got hoarse from yelling at me. I was hoarse too. But we were still at forty dollars, so he decided to take me. We traveled by dog sledge over the rough ice. It was hard work and the weather was cold. But we kept warm arguing about that forty dollars. Part of the time we would argue whether it was the right price or not. Part of the time we would argue whether I had it or not. When the native wasn't looking, I'd count it to make sure.

We went along this way for about a week. There was hardly anything to eat, and my feet were all played out. My guide seemed to be getting worried. I couldn't tell whether he was worrying about the forty dollars or about the danger of our not getting to East Cape.

My fears were realized when he came to me and said, "I go home."

"How about the forty dollars?"

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Some men hurry . . . others take their time

—the nature of the skin and beard of every man differs from his neighbor's.

The New Improved Gillette makes shaving comfortable and enjoyable to ALL. It has 1 a shaving edge with ample space beneath to receive shaved hair and lather without clogging; 2 an adjustability of shaving edge so precise as to suit any skin and beard; 3 a micrometric exactness of dimensions that makes it *the hand-tailored razor for your face* . . . Get a New Improved Gillette today and your shaving troubles are over.

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Whether you have a beard "like wire" or as soft as silk, your GOOD shave will become a PERFECT shave if you read "Three Reasons." On request we will gladly send you a copy, free.

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TRADE **Gillette** MARK

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

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Your Mistakes in English STAND OUT!

YOU can not hide your mistakes in English—they stand out sharply, giving others an unfortunate impression of you. You may not make such glaring errors as "He don't," "You was," "I ain't." But perhaps you may make other mistakes which offend the ears of cultured people, and cause them to judge you unfairly.

No one will correct *your* mistakes in English. People are too polite. They fear you will feel insulted, and unconsciously you keep on making the same mistakes. And, though you may think your English is good, it may be dotted with errors which *others* notice, and which destroy many of your opportunities for advancement.

What Can You Do?

For many years Sherwin Cody studied the problem of creating *the habit* of using good English. After countless experiments, he finally invented a simple method by which you can acquire a better command of the English language in only 15 minutes a day.

Under old methods rules are memorized, but correct habits are not formed. Soon the rules themselves are forgotten. The new Sherwin Cody method provides, on the contrary, *for the formation of correct habits* by constantly calling attention only to the *mistakes you make*—and then showing you the right way, so that correct English soon becomes "second nature." Already over 50,000 people have used this method with the most marked results.

FREE Book on English

A command of polished and effective English denotes education and culture. It wins friends and favorably impresses those with whom you come in contact. Now, in only 15 minutes a day — in your own home — you can actually see yourself improve by using Mr. Cody's "100% Self-Correcting Method."

A new book explaining Mr. Cody's invention is ready. If you are ever embarrassed by mistakes in grammar, spelling, punctuation, pronunciation, or if your vocabulary is limited, this new free book, "How to Speak and Write Masterly English," will prove a revelation to you. Send the coupon or a letter or postal card for it now.

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Please send me your free book, "How to Speak and Write Masterly English."

*Name*_____
*Address*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

He said he had been thinking things over, and decided that he had a lot of deer skins back in the country that he had better get. He confessed that he knew forty dollars was too high a price in that part of the world for the job he had undertaken. He added he knew that if I got to a place where I could talk to some white man about it, I would find this out and refuse to pay.

The funny part about it was that when we came to a stopping place that night at another native hotel, my guide came to me and said, "Me want money now."

That made me mad. I yelled right back at him, "Not a cent!"

Well, we argued back and forth, he in his language and I in mine just as loud as we could shout. Finally, I decided I would be a good sport, and I gave him five dollars on account.

I then showed him the four ten-dollar gold pieces I had, besides. But that guide was so scared that when I got in touch with civilization I would find out he'd tried to cheat me, that he vamoosed with the five dollars. I never saw him again.

I made a thousand miles on this trip, and in the spring, when the ice broke up I had a relief ship go out for the men on Wrangell Island, who were too weak to get back to civilization as I had done.

DESPITE my many harrowing experiences in shipwrecks and in the Far North, some of my closest shaves of recent years have been aboard ships that weren't in trouble at all.

Sooner or later, a sailorman has to know how to handle himself after he falls overboard. The great danger is not being seen. Many a good sailorman has disappeared off his ship when nobody happened to be looking. I can imagine his feelings when he sees her sailing away, leaving him to the sharks.

A funny thing happened to me one day. Just before Christmas when I was mate in a barkentine, we sailed out of Sydney, Cape Breton, in a stiff northwester and the thermometer almost down to zero. In heaving up the anchor the fluke became caught in the ship's forefoot. We couldn't get it free. So I had a block put at the end of the bowsprit, a line rove through it and made fast to the anchor. The weather was so nasty and cold that none of us was very spry. I climbed down on a back rope and stood on the anchor's ring. First thing I knew, I lost my balance and tumbled off into the sea. As I was all snarled up in oilskins and pilot suit I was in no condition to swim.

By luck, the starboard fore brace happened to be hanging over the side and the ship was listed a little that way. I grabbed the rope and went up like a monkey, glad of the exercise after the shock of the icy water. In about six seconds I was sitting on the topgallant forecastle. Just then a cry broke out in the well deck amidship, "*Man overboard. The mate's gone over the side!*"

When the excitement started up I waited a bit. Then, just when all hands were figuring I'd drowned, I let out a yell: "*Yes, but I'm back again! Now, turn to, you cockeyed loafers!*"

As sailors are a pretty superstitious crowd, a disaster like a man disappearing over the side means to them Divine punishment.

WHILE I'm on it, let me say that superstition is one of the worst things among sailor-folk. It nearly did for a great friend of my family's, a Captain Halfyard, of Western Bay, near where we live.

The fall work was just over and Captain Halfyard sailed from St. Johns for home, where he was going to spend Christmas. My uncle John left the same December afternoon, a few hours later.

Next day a visitor to Western Bay would have seen a sad-looking group gathered around Captain Halfyard's house. Crape was on the door. His ship had just come in and reported that he had fallen overboard in the midst of a gale off Cape Conception. The poor widow and children were crushed with grief. They had looked forward to a happy Christmas. Now Death had put his black hand on their celebration.

Right about this time Uncle John's vessel came in. He had a dory already over the side, and hurried ashore. He ran all the way from the landing to the widow's house.

When he reached the edge of the mourning crowd, he filled his lungs and holloed as loud as he could, "*Captain Halfyard is alive!*"

There was wild excitement. And while the village wept for joy Uncle John explained things. It seemed his lookout had heard a "spirit" in the mid-watch of the night before. Luckily, Uncle John happened to be on deck at that moment, and he didn't think it was a spirit. He had the helm put down and nosed his vessel up in the direction of the "spirit." Five minutes later he pulled Captain Halfyard out of the sea, a pretty cold and tired ghost, but a very solid one.

Imagine the vitality of a man overboard during December in the North Atlantic, swimming around for nearly four hours in gale and blizzard without even a life preserver to hold him up!

When I told a writer friend of mine I'd never marry, because I loved the sea, he said:

"You don't really love it. It's a kind of insanity you fellows get, wanting to be wet and cold and ill-fed. When you say you love it and talk about the romance, it's all bosh!"

My friend was wrong. The mariner's life is just as full of adventure and romance as story writers and poets make it out to be. More so. In fact, sometimes I think a man who's been to sea all his life is far luckier than the landlubber.

But the sea is a hard master, and that's no mistake. Just ask any seafaring man.

AS A COWBOY ADVENTURER, participating in the famous Oklahoma run of 1889, John Noble (Wichita Bill) dreamed under the stars of a career as a painter, a dream that was realized when Paris and London recognized his genius. But in spite of this recognition he worked on for twenty years almost unknown at home. Isolated! Exiled! Next month you will read the story of his ultimate triumph in this country. To-day his pictures are sought after by collectors and museums the world over.

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King of the Sand-Lots

(*Continued from page 19*)

in Providence that year and had been the daddy of a boy, you wouldn't long have been in ignorance of the league. It was the particular sensation of boydom. Every boy not in the league wanted to get there. Every boy who was "in" was a neighborhood hero. And at your dinner table, on the sand-lots, wherever boys met, you would have heard some new expressions from your boy: "You've got to *live* clean! You've got to *play* clean! You've got to be on the square!" And if you had asked who said that, the answer would have been, "Tim O'Neil!"

Tim was the self-appointed organizer and president of that boys' league, the grand arbiter of all disputes, the crowned and accepted King of the Sand-Lots!

The marvelous thing about the league, however, and about the other leagues of similar kind which rapidly followed it, was the absolute lack of connection with any agency other than Tim. The movement was without backing in the usual sense: no civic body, lodge, or school was sponsoring it. There was no philanthropy connected with it, no "uplift" committee; it hadn't even a regular headquarters.

A second league was formed, a third, a fourth. To-day there are six of these Tim O'Neil leagues, as they are called, comprised of forty-eight teams and seven hundred and fifty contracted players, whose ages range from fifteen up to twenty-three. There is nothing like it elsewhere in the country. From two to five thousand spectators turn out to the games. The leagues are entirely self-supporting, independent, self-governed, and in their ranks are some of the finest amateur ball players in the country. From them have graduated some of our leading professionals.

Yes, and more than professional ball players have graduated over these twenty years since Tim O'Neil first called, "Play ball!" A former governor of the state, the present mayor of the city, judges, lawyers, doctors, ministers, leaders in finance and business, are former Tim O'Neil ball players. To-day you will find Tim's boys making good in every walk of life, not only in Providence but elsewhere as well. Of course many of them would have made good anyway; but there is no doubt that Tim's "Live clean! Play clean! Be on the square!" has carried from out the sand-lots like a ripple in a calm pool. It has helped make preachers and millionaires.

TO-DAY, in Providence—and on all sides I heard this—Tim O'Neil's word about a boy is better than a bond. "He won't do it again, Judge. It's the last time this boy will be in trouble," and you can stake your last lone dollar on that boy. In twenty years not *one* boy for whom Tim has "stood up" has failed him!

He has reunited homes, taken understanding into homes where it was needed, set the runaway boy right again, made gutter-snipes into citizens of whom old Providence is proud. Many a big city's elaborate recreational and welfare program on which fortunes have been spent has done less than Tim on nothing.

And Tim—in all of these years his only reward has been the glory. He is still "just Tim."

Yet Tim O'Neil was pointed out to me as one of the richest men in Providence, or, as the editor put it, "in America"!

So, at No. 185 Eddy Street, in the tiny cubby-hole off the shop which does duty as an office, by a little battered and ancient desk, freshly dusted and put in order, I sat down to talk with Tim O'Neil, King of the Providence Sand-Lots. A black-and-white cat dozed in a nearby chair, Tim's coat as its bed. Tim was in shirt sleeves.

There was a twinkle in his eye as he regarded the desk, its brand-new blotter and perfect order. "That was my sister's idea," he smiled, "of getting me ready for this occasion. It's the first new blotter I've had in ten years."

TIM is slender, straight, clean-cut, and clean-shaven. When he was fourteen, he told me, he had joined a total abstinence society, to which two of his brothers also belonged. "We took the pledge then," he said, "not to drink. We've all kept the pledge, and been no worse for it."

And Tim was born in "Dog Town," now South Providence, where a "regular guy" was supposed to fight and "hit the booze."

There were seven children, among whom Tim stood fifth. His father was a machinist, and the whole family worked. Tim carried papers, went to church, swam in the bay, got into fights, and played baseball on the vacant lot across the street.

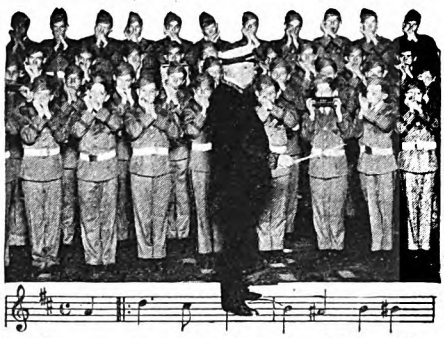
"Of course," Tim explained, "in those days we had no regular ball teams. The fellow who owned the bat was always captain, and a fifty-cent ball was 'swell.' We didn't always have a regular bat, and many a time I rummaged through the town dump for old kid gloves which could be made into baseball gloves.

"Usually, before the game got started, there'd have to be a fight to get the lot. Then, with the score tied, the bases full, and our best batter coming up, somebody would make a bad throw and bust a window. That meant we'd have to run for it. You'd be surprised how good a runner I became. In fact, I became a better runner than a ball player."

At thirteen years old, Tim was an errand boy in the down-town manufacturing jewelry center, earning his three dollars a week, but still carrying papers before reporting for work. He wasn't a model errand boy. Often he was gone an hour when the boss expected him back in ten minutes.

"You see," smiled Tim, "I'd start off with the best of intentions, meet another boy on the way, get to talking, and time'd fly before we knew it. Maybe a game of marbles would be to blame. Maybe we'd get to talking baseball. Once in a great while we'd steal a swim. But, darn it," he exploded, "*all* boys are like that. It isn't badness or laziness; it's just plain boy.

"The trouble with us older folks," he continued, and now there was a snap in his eyes, "is that we're too quick to forget our own boyhood. In blowing about what 'good boys' *we* were, we forget all about



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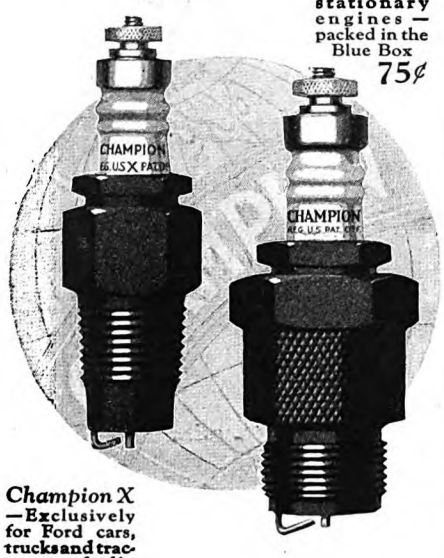

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the faults we had and the mischief we got into. Well, maybe we were good; but we were just a little bad, too. I've known many boys in my time, but I've yet to find one whom the Lord made all good. And," Tim said it softly, "I've yet to find a boy whom the Lord made *all bad!*

"'There isn't a particle of good in that boy,' one boss told me. 'He's always some place he shouldn't be and doing something he shouldn't do. He smokes cigarettes and shoots craps, and loafs on the job. He is absolutely worthless to me.'

"And then he started to tell me the kind of boy *he* had been. 'Why,' he said, 'when *I* was a kid, I got up at five in the morning, milked five cows, fed the pigs and the horses, and did a dozen other chores before breakfast. If I didn't do it, I got a thrashing. After breakfast I walked three miles to school.'

"'Always get to school on time,' I asked. 'Didn't you ever stop to pick a few chestnuts? How about the times you never got to school at all, but got your learning that day over on the ice pond?'

"HE FROWNED, scratched his head, then gave up with a laugh. 'You've got me, Tim,' he said. 'I guess I wasn't such a good boy, after all. I'll admit further that I smoked corn-silk cigarettes behind the barn and secretly owned a game-cock. I'll give the boy another chance, provided you have a talk with him.' That boy to-day is a sales manager and one of the most active members of his church."

And Tim went on:

"When I was eighteen or nineteen years old, I got somehow to teaching Sunday-school over at the State Reform School at Sockenosset, which was about six miles from where we lived. My class, all boys, was held in the afternoon. The first question they'd ask me when the lesson was over—I could see them itching to come to it—was, 'Hey, what are the scores?'

"If it was winter, they'd want to know football scores; if spring, summer or fall, baseball scores. But their main interest was baseball, and big-league baseball above all else.

"'Do you think the Giants'll win?' one youngster would pipe up. 'Aw, the Pirates are gonna win!' would put in another. . . . 'How many hits did Wagner get?' . . . 'Did Rube Waddell pitch?' . . . 'Tell us about Eddie Plank?' They'd keep firing questions at me for an hour.

"I was as big a baseball 'bug' as they were. Every American boy *is* a baseball 'bug.' If he isn't, it's no job at all to make him into one. There isn't a game in this world which strikes truer to the hearts of American boyhood than baseball. Football, basketball, hockey, soccer—they just fill in the year until baseball season comes around again.

If you don't believe that, ask your boy who he'd like to be, President of the United States or Babe Ruth. I'll bet his answer will be 'Babe Ruth' every time!

"We didn't have the Babe as a hero when I was teaching Sunday-school out at Sockenosset. But we had heroes who were just as big in those boys' eyes and hearts. And the men on top wearing the laurels were the clean livers, the clean players, the chaps who could lose to-day with a grin, and go back to-morrow to win.

"'I'd rather be Christy Mathewson than any man on earth,' said a boy wistfully one day.

"He was there as an incorrigible. He wouldn't go to school. He ran away from home and stayed out all night, loafing in pool-rooms.

"'Well, kid,' I said, taking him by the shoulder, 'maybe you can be another Christy Mathewson if you make up your mind to it. Now, Christy went to school. He went to college. While the other fellows were shooting pool and smoking cigarettes, Christy was out on the ball field learning to twist 'em over the plate. He was turning in at nine o'clock, to get a good night's sleep. He was keeping shy of booze and bad company. 'What do you like best about Christy?' I asked him.

"'He's the cleanest player in the game.'

"'That's it,' I said; 'he's clean straight through. Nothing brassy about him, but all gold. And I'll bet he's just as clean and square with his father and mother. I'll bet he was just as clean and square with his teachers at school.'

"The kid didn't become a second Christy Mathewson; but he became a man you'd be proud to know—clean and square. Chalk that up to the credit of baseball.

"Boys were in the reform school there for stealing apples. They were in there for playing hookey, and bustin' windows, and going in swimming without any bathing suits. I began to wonder how I had escaped getting in there myself. Probably my legs were all that had saved me.

"'Why,' I said to myself, 'these aren't bad boys. They're chock full of good. Trouble is, folks have seen only their faults; they haven't given the good in 'em a chance to come to the top.'

"And, little by little, I began to realize what to me seemed a pretty big thing. It was that the easiest way to get to a boy's head was through his heart—through his heart's greatest interest. I didn't have to hesitate over what that interest was. It was baseball. And," added Tim, grinning from ear to ear, "that was right down my alley! I liked baseball better than corned beef and cabbage."

ABOUT this time Tim was learning the trade of jewelry making, and going to night school to get a little more education. But pass over that as incidental. He organized and became the manager of a boys' baseball team which won the state championship. He joined the military organization known as the Providence Cadets, learned to drill, and became a captain. Also, he became drillmaster for the boys of the Rhode Island Catholic Asylum.

Like a scholar studies his books, Tim studied boys—the boys of his home neighborhood, those of the shops and offices in the jewelry district, boys, wherever he met them. If there was an argument as to whether John McGraw was a better manager than Connie Mack, Tim was the authority the boys came to for settlement. When a youngster became unruly, the adviser called into family council was Tim.

Nowadays, men and women interested in boys go to college and study psychology, social science, and what not, to learn how a boy's mind ticks. Tim was too busy earning a living for college, so, for his textbooks he went to life itself. His

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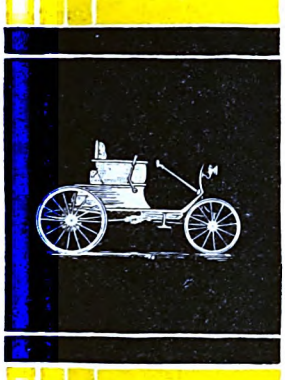
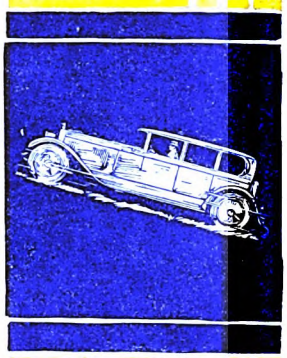
Automobiles have improved

but—

what about gasoline?





IT IS a far cry from the "horseless buggy" of yesterday to the automobile of today. But the first cars and the latest cars are alike in one fundamental respect: *both depend on gasoline for fuel.*

Gasoline is not a perfect fuel. It has always had one inherent fault. It explodes too quickly ("knocks") as temperature and compression increase.

Carbon increases both temperature and compression beyond the point at which the present day automobile is designed to operate efficiently on regular gasoline. And the full efficiency of the modern motor car and its continued development have both depended upon the discovery of a "*knockless*" *fuel.*

After eight years of experiment, General Motors Research Laboratories developed Ethyl brand of anti-knock compound, a chemical ingredient which leading oil companies are mixing with their regular gasoline to form *Ethyl Gasoline.*

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problems were those of the sand-lots, of the home on the back streets, and sometimes of the police court. He wasn't a front door and parlor caller, but the kitchen way in—the boys' way—was always wide open to Tim without the ceremony of knocking.

For six, eight, ten years he held himself to this job of learning boys. His whole spare time was given over to it. Not once but many times on a wintry night he was called from bed to serve. A boy had not come home yet, and a mother or a father was worried. "Can you find him, Tim?" was the plea. Tim always could.

And all the time, in the back of his mind and heart, he was turning over his great idea, the idea of a Kingdom of the Sand-Lots! The idea of a Big League of Boydom! Every now and then, in a circle of boys, he would let drop some hint of his thoughts, bits of judicious propaganda to "get the kids thinking."

"Sure," he'd say, in response to wide-eyed inquiries, "sure, you fellows could have a league, an' uniforms, real balls, bats, contracts, regular scheduled games, just like the big leagues."

"Who'd buy the stuff, Tim?"

"Aren't most of you working? Couldn't you take up collections from the folks who come to see the games? Of course you'd have to do it right. You'd have to be on the level. You'd have to play real ball, an' play it hard."

"Say, Tim," a youngster blurted one night, "why don't *you* start our league? You know all the fellows. We'll do just as you say."

AND that night Providence's first amateur baseball league was born and a king crowned whose sway was to be more absolute than that of any Old World czar. The laws he laid down were iron-clad and riveted:

Players were to be selected by merit only.

They had to "keep fit."

They had to recognize the authority of umpire, manager, and president, and the last named was the court of last resort.

They had to stand by their contracts, keep their word.

They had to live clean, play clean, and be on the square!

"There's going to be no grand-stand players in this league," declared Tim. "We're going to have only team players. If you're going to school, you've got to keep up in your studies; you can't be 'in bad' at school and 'in right' here.

"There's going to be no fighting, nor gambling, nor tough talking. The kid who can't be on the level and clean will be done before he starts. And we don't want quitters and fellows who can't take the gaff of defeat. You've got to learn how to lose, as well as how to win; and to win without getting swelled heads.

"Now, fellows," he concluded, "some of you are going to make mistakes, for none of us is perfect. If you do make a mistake, come to me. If you pull something crooked, though that's something I don't expect you to do, come to me. I don't care what you do or how bad it is, or how bad others think it is, come to me and tell me the truth. I won't kick you out; but I'll try to show you how the crooked stuff hurts you and your future many times more than it hurts anyone else. I'll try to show you how it pays to be square, and how you can be square.

"If you get discouraged; if everything and every person in this world seems against you; if everything you do goes wrong and every friend you think you have turns bad—don't quit, fellows! Come to me!"

Yes, the boys of the Providence sand-lots crowned a king that night, and no king by divine right ever sat on a firmer throne.

THE first league, founded twenty-three years ago, was named the Providence Amateurs. Most of the boys were between fifteen and seventeen years old. Tim went about and talked to the heads of industries and to owners of vacant land, and obtained playing fields. Some of them, in addition to loaning their fields, wanted to give money.

"No," said Tim, "the boys have got to find their own money. Each team is responsible for its own expenses. That'll teach them the worth of money and responsibility."

During the twenty-three years he has been in this boy-and-baseball business, Tim has not accepted one gift for any of these leagues of his. At big games score cards are handed to spectators. Advertising on the cards pays for their printing. If the spectators wish to pay for the cards, all right; if they don't, they are just as welcome to see the game. There is no soliciting of funds, nor begging.

From the very first, the league was a success, and such a success that Tim found himself overwhelmed. He had only one league and eight teams, with places for about one hundred boys. A thousand youngsters were clamoring for admission. The demand was immediate for a second league.

"We couldn't start a second league," said Tim, "because we hadn't fields enough. Besides, I wanted to be sure, before undertaking more, that the public was really with us."

Then, at the end of the first season or two, a new difficulty arose which made a second league even more imperative. The older players of the Providence Amateurs, upon reaching the age limit Tim had set, shouted protests to the heavens. They didn't want to quit the league. They demanded that Tim increase the age limit.

The clamor of the younger boys for a league, and that of the older boys against leaving, and the coöperation of the city of Providence in providing playing fields, gradually resulted in the formation of the present six leagues.

Each league has its players graduated according to age. The Providence Amateurs, being the oldest league, has the oldest players, with no official age limit. Actually, there is a limit of about twenty-three years of age. The second league is the Independent, with an age limit of twenty-two; next, the Melrose, with a limit of twenty. Then is the Circuit, whose limit is nineteen; and the Providence Junior League, and the City Junior League, each with age limits of eighteen. Some boys in the latter two leagues are as young as fifteen.

A boy wins a place in the City Junior League, say, at sixteen. If his playing ability warrants it, he may go up to an older league and remain there until he at-

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tains the age limit or a higher league drafts him. But he can't return to the City Junior, or any league below him, once he exceeds that league's age limit.

Fathers who played with Tim's Providence Amateurs twenty years ago, to-day have sons in his leagues. Each year Tim's graduates have been going out into the world, until to-day you'll find them in every Providence shop and office. While below the youngest leagues is an army of youngsters striving, training, preparing for the day of their "try out." No other city in the land has such an all-inclusive, far-reaching organization.

That editor told me: "There are a dozen of the best lawyers in Providence ready, if Tim says so, to defend any one of his boys without exacting one penny fee. There are scores of business men ready night or day to go down into their pockets at Tim's word of a boy or a family in need, or to make a place for a boy if he needs work. There is no mystery about this; these men are Tim's old ball players. Their faith in Tim has grown with the years."

Several years ago two boys got into serious trouble. Their names were on the front pages of the papers. They were headed straight for the penitentiary, according to the evidence at hand. The man they sent for was Tim. The world had turned against them; but not Tim.

Quietly he made his own investigation. The boys weren't bad. They had never been in trouble before. This was their first slip, and in the blackness of the evidence Tim found extenuating circumstances. The "crime," after all, was only "boy work." No real harm had been done, though the law had been violated.

At once several lawyers offered to defend the boys. "No," said Tim, "they've broken the law. They must plead guilty. They must admit their wrong before they can go right."

But when they stood up in court, heads down and tears in their eyes, Tim stood up with them. He told the judge the facts.

"They'll make good for what they've done," Tim promised. "You won't have to send them to jail for that. They've done their last wrong deed and you'll never see them here again. I'll be responsible for them, if you let them go."

And because Tim O'Neil's word, once given, never has been broken; because no boy whom he has sponsored ever has failed him, the two youths were paroled in his custody.

"THAT day," Tim told me, "I staked only my honor and reputation. To-day I'd stake my life, if need be, on either of those boys. There are no cleaner, squarer, more honorable boys in Providence.

"Do a little for a boy," he went on, "and he'll do a lot for you. The secret of winning boys is in doing that little. A boy is proud, and he's sensitive too; and he's loyal to his pals. I try to be his pal.

"No matter how bad a boy looks, I hunt for the good in him. Then I slap him on the back and let him *know* I see the good. There is no surer way of hurting a boy than by making him feel he doesn't amount to anything. Make him think he is somebody, and he'll go out and lick the world to prove it.

"I've never bawled out a boy. I've never criticized one. I've never told a kid

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Get more for your money!

1 FLAT BAND METHOD
2 SPRAYED RUBBER
3 WEB CORD

United States Rubber Company

Trade US Mark

How does the Flat Band Method build longer wear into United States Tires?

THE Flat Band Method, invented and patented by the United States Rubber Company, puts longer wear into a tire because it is the most precise method of tire building ever developed.

It is comparable to the exact engineering practice of bridge design and construction. Just as the position, length and load of each cable in a bridge are calculated and fixed *in advance*, so with the cords in a United States Tire.

By the Flat Band Method the plies are laid *without tension*. The length of each cord is precisely right. The relation of the cords, one to another, is *exact*.

The result is a tire in which *uniform* tension and strength of every cord are assured. The load is *equalized* all around. Longer wear follows.

UNITED STATES
ROYAL CORD
BALLOON

UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

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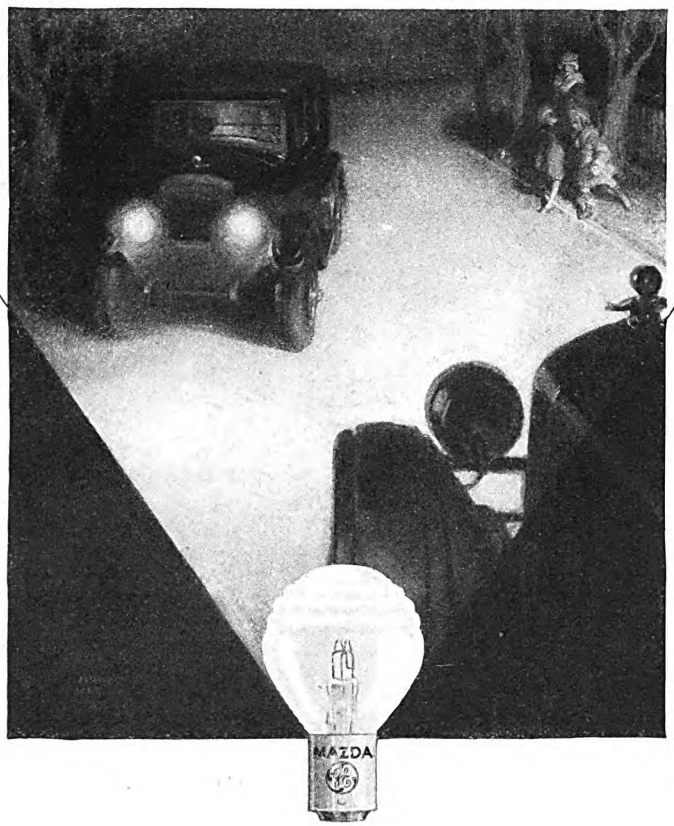
Light up....for courtesy



COURTESY promotes courtesy. Don't fume at the other fellow's headlights when yours may be glaring too. Lights in focus do not glare and they give better driving light besides. Correct focus is easily obtained with good lamps and a simple adjustment.

Light up for courtesy with the improved Edison MAZDA* Lamps. They are the product of MAZDA Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to use the name MAZDA.

Ask an Edison MAZDA Auto Lamp Dealer to show you the handy Edison MAZDA Auto Lamp Kit and to fit it out for you with the proper lamps for every light position in your car. For his identification as a reliable dealer he displays the emblem shown below.

*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

For your own safety and the safety of others, carry spare lamps—in the handy Edison MAZDA Auto Lamp Kit.

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

that he's rotten to the core and ought to be ashamed of himself. I play to his *good*, to his loyalty, and to his pride! There's nothing greater and finer than a real boy's pride.

"There was one boy who had started with my youngest league. Call him Jimmy Moore, though his real name wasn't that. He was a handsome youngster, smart as they come, and a born ball player. Every time Jimmy came up to bat he got a hand.

"He went up into the bigger leagues, then to college. And in college he began to strut a bit, to wear fine clothes, and to spill some red paint. He was beginning to feel pretty cocky about himself, made nasty remarks to his teachers, neglected his studies, and stepped pretty high. Next summer, when he came back to play with his league, the place was hardly big enough to hold him. He bullied the umpires and sneered at the town boys. When it got too bad I had his manager tell him I wanted to see him.

"That night Jimmy came in, tossed his hat into the window, and swaggered to a chair. I was sitting at my desk, and I kept right on working. After five or ten minutes I heard him begin to fidget a little, but I never looked up from my work. Another ten minutes passed.

"'Say, Tim,' he burst out, 'I thought you wanted to see me!'

"For the first time I looked at him. 'No, son,' I said, 'I don't want to see you. The boy I sent for was Jimmy Moore.'

"'But I'm Jimmy Moore,' he protested.

"'Not the Jimmy Moore I know,' I said. 'The Jimmy I sent for is a chap I haven't seen for two years.'

"'I'm Jimmy, and you know it,' he said.

"'No,' I told him; 'the Jimmy Moore I knew was one of the finest little kids on the ball lots. He was always on the square, in the game because he loved it, and, no matter how things went, he never beefed. He never played to the grandstands, nor thought he was bigger or better than the poorest tyke on his street. Maybe he was a little better, but Jimmy never showed it. He was too much of a gentleman to be priggish, and too much of a square-shooter to get a swelled head.'

"He wasn't looking at me now. He was looking at the floor. 'Kid,' I said, 'you say you're Jimmy Moore, the Jimmy I always knew. Then *be* Jimmy! There wasn't a finer, more popular boy in this town. No boy was better liked and admired. As an old friend of Jimmy's I'd like to see him again.'

"'You're seeing him now, Tim,' he said.

"And I was. The old Jimmy was back.

"IT ISN'T so much what you say, but how you say it, and to what trait of the boy you appeal, that counts. Folks wonder why boys will go straight for me after I get them out of trouble. A big reason is their loyalty to other boys, and gratitude.

"You see, this thing has been sort of an endless chain. The first boy for whom I went to bat in trouble made good. That was in my favor when I stood up for the second boy. The second boy making good, made it still easier for the third. Now I can say, 'Kid, every boy before you has made good. That makes it easier for you. You can't spoil the record, and make it tough for the next boy. You can't take from him the chance these others have made for you.'

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"More than one boy has told me, 'Tim, you're the first person who ever took any interest in me. All the Old Man has ever done was to pick on me and call me good-for-nothing.'

"It isn't because the father doesn't love the boy, but because he doesn't understand him. He has forgotten that he, too, was once a boy.

"One father told me, when I argued this, that his boy hated him. 'I'd cut off my right arm for him,' he said, 'and yet actual hatred of me is back of his every movement.'

"An hour before, the boy had told me the identical thing about his father. They were that far apart, actually strangers to each other.

"I stood them up together. I made them repeat as man to boy, and as boy to man, what they had told me. Each choked it out like a kid up before the teacher. Then I slipped away. A little later when I came back, the father dabbed quickly at his eyes, and the kid dabbed at his. Then all three of us started to laugh."

And here Tim, King of the Sand-Lots, leaned over the little desk with its brand-new blotter and freshly dusted surface. "Tell me," he earnestly demanded, "why should an umpire be needed to settle a simple case like that?"

"ONE THIRD of the sons of preachers remain obscure, one third achieve mediocre success, the other third rule the world," says Bruce Barton, next month, in "There Will Always Be Something New to Do." In the last-mentioned class is Merlin H. Aylesworth, president of the National Broadcasting Company, and the most important man in radio entertainment to-day. This article gives not only a bird's-eye view of the radio industry but it also sheds a bright light on the scope of the work of the National Broadcasting Company, which linked up forty-three stations for President Coolidge's speech, and now spends two million dollars yearly for talent alone.

The Man Who Wouldn't Live on His Wife's Money

(*Continued from page 33*)

windows, its white enameled kitchen, and twin bathrooms opening off the enchanting bedroom, for a man who aspired to be assistant sales manager of the Commercial Super-Electric! The rent alone was almost as much as he was making.

"This is way beyond us, dear."

"I suppose so," said Olive, reluctantly; "but you must admit—"

The agent broke in, expatiating on the cheapness of the place for its advantages. It irritated Cornelius that he addressed himself almost exclusively to Olive.

"I'm afraid we're not interested," he said.

But the agent kept his eye on Olive.

"I'm sure if you look around, Miss Tillsbury, you yourself will come to the

"Boy, it certainly is hot! I hope your tires will stand it; I'm not hankering to do any changing in this sun."

"You won't have to—these are Kelly-Springfields."

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INDEPENDENCE DAY

One hundred fifty-one years ago, fifty-six men with vision affixed their signatures to a famous document in the shadow of the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia. It was a country's declaration of independence.

Today thousands of other men with vision are affixing signatures to documents that are also declarations of independence. They are applications for Old Age Endowment Insurance — insurance that is planned to mature in those autumn days of life when the average man *can't* be independent unless a life insurance income makes him so.

"Seven Keys to Contentment" is the name of an interesting book which explains Provident Mutual Old Age Endowment Policies and tells of six other ways in which life insurance may help YOU in solving your financial problems. It will be mailed to you without cost if you will fill in and mail the coupon below. Send for it today.

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Send me, free of charge, your booklet, "Seven Keys to Contentment", as I am interested in receiving information about life insurance.

© P. M. L. I. Co.

Name_____

Address_____

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Occupation_____

Date of Birth_____

conclusion that I'm offering you the greatest bargain—"

Cornelius walked Olive away toward the elevator. They were having tea together, and neither of them talked much until they got in the corner behind the palms, where the isolation was almost complete.

"That really was a bargain," said Olive. "And—didn't it make things seem real? To think that we are choosing a place to live? By ourselves?"

CORNELIUS regarded her. She had on a soft black coat and another thimble of a hat, black, and turned back with a twist from her dominant young forehead.

"What did that hat cost?" he asked.

She looked surprised, and put one hand up to it, wondering which one she had on.

"This thing? I don't remember exactly. Not much. Eighteen or twenty dollars, or something like that. It was pretty cheap."

"And your coat?"

"The coat's rather a darling, really. It was something over two hundred or thereabouts. Figuring out how much I'm worth as I stand?"

"How many coats and hats like that do you suppose I can buy you?"

"You won't have to buy me any—not for a long time. Believe me, I'm going to stock up. I know what you're thinking—that I'm extravagant. But you know I'm not. I don't care for clothes—just a few simple things. And as for that apartment, it was just big enough for us. Not a bit of waste space."

"It wasn't the size. It was the price."

"If I spoke to Mother or took her to see it, I don't see why she shouldn't give us the lease for a year. I'm sure if I asked her—"

She stopped, astonished at Cornelius. His face was a funny color.

"No. I'll pay the rent of the place I live in, myself!"

"What a temper you have!" said Olive. "Honestly, you scare me stiff when your eyes wobble at me like that. All right. I won't. If you can find anything cheaper, or a better bargain, just show me!"

She ended triumphantly. Cornelius was beginning to find that Olive Mary was used to being triumphant in conclusion.

"I can find lots of cheaper things."

"Yes, but what will they be like? Cheap apartments always either are dark or in the wrong end of town, or something like that. Of course rents are awful; but everyone has to pay them!"

It was becoming clear to him that it had never occurred to Olive that it might be necessary to live in the wrong end of town, or to sacrifice any degree of light or air. There were certain things that were out of her range.

He was silent.

"Cornelius, you've got a grouch," she said; and then, as his face did not lighten, her voice changed, "Cornelius, you're not really off me? You do love me, don't you?"

There was no mistaking her tone when she asked him that. It had all sorts of lights and shadows in it, tremors and braveries. He met her eyes gravely.

"I do, you know," he said simply. "I almost wish, for your sake, I didn't. Or that you didn't care. Because I really am just a poor young man, Olive."

"Oh, foolish Cornelius, do you think

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I care?" she asked softly, "I don't care any more about money than that!" She snapped two white fingers together, and Cornelius, watching them, wondered how he could ask hands like that to work about an apartment, to do common things, like carrying dishes and making beds, such as he had seen his mother's hands do.

They saw other apartments in the days that followed. "Hunting for our cottage," Olive called it gayly. There was one day when Cornelius, having figured out on paper what he could pay in rent, what he should pay, asked the agent to show him apartments at that price.

They were strange places to take Olive Mary into. She wore a fur coat that day, a coat of soft dyed caracul, and as she poked into dark living-rooms and dingy dining-rooms, or kitchens with traces of previous occupancy upon them, Cornelius felt his heart go down further and further. Even he could see the unfitness of places like this for Olive. And she grew rather quiet.

"You see," she said, as they went down the street after inspecting an apartment with such thin floors that they could hear the baby beneath and the phonograph above, "I don't think our things would fit in a place like that. I have my own piano. It would simply be too big for the living-room. And the set Mother wants to give me for the dining-room would be utterly out of the question with that built-in oak sideboard." She paused, and then went on a little timidly, for Olive Mary: "I admire your independence and all that, darling, but you know Mother would really like to take care of us for a year that way. Lots of people's fathers and mothers do it. And money isn't very important, it seems to me, when you care for each other, and in a year or two you'll be making a lot of money."

"But, sweetheart, I won't. Not as you think of money. I'll be getting a raise, I suppose. But it's not like a quick fortune. My business success means years of building, and getting more valuable, and buying stock when I can afford it, and other things you wouldn't understand. What I mean is, there aren't any chances of fairy-tale fortunes. Do you see?"

"I know you're awfully clever, and that's the main thing," said Olive. "Outside of the fact that I adore your stern and Puritan profile! But you ought to realize that you're marrying me, and, after all, I've got some claim on my parents. They ought to do something for me if they don't have to shelter me any longer or buy my food or anything."

SHE spoke with a certain touch of reasonableness that made Cornelius wonder if there wasn't something in what she said. He was about to answer when they heard the bleat of a horn, and Billy Bates bore down on them.

"Can I give you a lift?" he called. "Or do you think this is honeysuckle lane?"

He broke the spell. They had almost felt that it was.

"Come on," said Olive. "I am going to be late, Corny. Let him take me home, anyway. We'll drop you on the way."

"Sure," said Billy. "I'm a grand taxi driver. I've been taking Nita all over town, then I took her mother home. Thinking of getting a license."

"Isn't this a new car?" asked Olive.

Dandruff . . . baldness

—*their* 9 in 10 *relationship*

How would you look if you were bald? Here the artist shows a young man as he is and as he would be without his hair.

A pine-tar method to promote hair health

THE "normal" scalp is about as rare as the "average" man.

Scalp specialists tell us that most men are in some degree troubled with *dandruff*. And baldness traces back to dandruff, 9 times out of 10!

To correct dandruff and thus hold baldness in check, your scalp of course needs special care. A special soap is advisable—a soap, like Packer's Tar Soap, made especially for the hair and scalp.

How pine tar helps

Packer's contains *pine tar*. Practically every well known authority recommends *pine tar* soap for shampooing, in the treatment of common hair and scalp ills—especially dandruff. And leading physicians for over 50 years have been prescribing Packer's Tar Soap in the care of the hair, scalp and skin.

The following dandruff treatment lets your scalp enjoy all the soothing, healing properties of the Packer *pine tar* lather. It clears the gland openings; helps them to perform all their normal duties. It helps start the scalp toward renewed health.

The Packer Method

When you wash your hair, do this: Wet the hair with warm water, apply Packer's Tar Soap and pile up the rich, piney lather. With the finger-tips massage three minutes. Rinse. Lather again, repeat the massage, then rinse thoroughly.

In severe cases of dandruff, repeat this every other day for one or two weeks. (In milder cases, every third or fourth day may be sufficient.) Gradually decrease the frequency of the shampoos as your scalp clears. Then *keep up* the treatments regularly once a week to prevent the dandruff from coming back.

In most cases, this simple method will soon rid your scalp of dandruff and restore your hair's normal, healthy vitality.

Send 10c for Sample and Manual

For 10c (stamps or coin) we will send you a generous sample of Packer's Tar Soap and a copy of our new Manual, "The Care of the Hair." This profusely illustrated 28-page book has recently been re-edited to present the most scientific thought on the care of the hair. It contains dozens of authoritative suggestions for keeping your hair healthy and young-looking. Fill in the coupon, clip and mail today.

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Box 85, G. P. O., New York, N. Y.
I enclose 10c. Please send me sample half-cake of Packer's Tar Soap and your Manual, "The Care of the Hair."

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PACKER'S *Tar Soap*

"PURE AS THE PINES"

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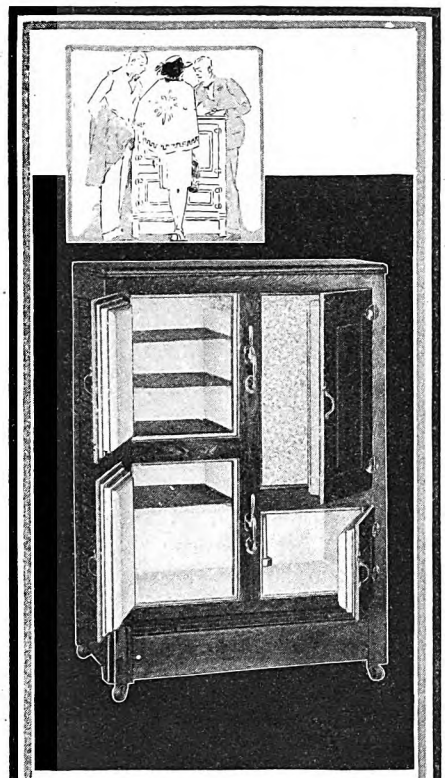

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The Gurney saves you money when you buy it, lasts for years without replacement. Economical on ice.

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Write for new booklet, "Modern Refrigeration," and name of Gurney dealer in your city.

GURNEY REFRIGERATOR CO.
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Gurney
REFRIGERATORS

"It certainly is. Every improvement except bail thrown in. Isn't it a wonder? Nita and I bought it last week."

Cornelius looked at Billy Bates. He was sitting there snugly in the driver's seat, wrapped in a fur coat, and he seemed very affluent and care free. But he gave Cornelius a strange feeling of disgust. Everyone in town who knew Billy Bates knew he hadn't done a stroke of serious work since he married Nita. He drove cars, played chauffeur now and then, went to week-end parties—all as Nita's husband. That was all he was, no matter how he might look to the men on the street who were carrying home packages of meat for supper. He was Nita's husband, and nothing more.

"We've been hunting for our cottage," said Olive, "and it's terribly discouraging. Rents are so high."

"Can't you get a house for a wedding present?" asked Billy, and winked gayly back at her. "Better drop a line to Santa Claus, or whoever looks after wedding presents in your family."

"Maybe I will."

Cornelius said nothing. He merely told Billy where to drop him, and got off a block from his boarding-house, so they wouldn't go out of their way. He walked toward the place where he lived, and went half a block past it before he realized where he was. And, more than ever before, he realized the impasse of the situation he was in. Billy Bates seemed to be grinning it at him and Olive smiling it at him, and together they were riding him down, with all those ambitions it had been such fun to wake up to in the morning, all the things that put zest into living.

THERE was one thing he could do. He could write a note to Olive and call everything off. Perhaps he could make her see that, for her sake even more than his own, he couldn't take her love and drag it through the kind of marriage they were apparently headed for, which would destroy his own self-respect and blunt hers.

He took out his pen, but it would not coöperate. It insisted on drawing little sketches of Olive's face instead, and topping them with little thimbles of hats. He knew about those hats now. They had no relation to economy. He saw how the country idyll had deluded him, and how everything that he had taken for simplicity was also the zenith of luxury and expensive living.

For a long time Cornelius sat there, a very haggard look on his face, making his little sketches and watching what seemed to be himself crumbling away before his eyes, as he fumbled with hopes. There seemed to be no way out.

Morning brought Sunday; but Cornelius could neither lie in bed, nor interest himself in the newspapers in the boarding-house parlor. He had breakfast, and then the sun, shining on a clear cold day outside, drew him out. He walked through the district of boarding-houses and apartments where he lived, through the city, and out toward the West Side, taking that direction because he did not want to meet people whom he knew. Olive lived, as all of Olive's kind of people did, on the East Side. He found himself before long clearing the outskirts of the business places and coming into a suburb.

It was a flat, new little suburb, gleaming with fresh timber and clean stucco, with commonplace little bungalows grown up everywhere like cheery mushrooms. The sidewalks were new cement, the trees were only sapling elms stuck in the ground at intervals.

A street car rattled noisily through the main street every few minutes, and young men in shirt sleeves were putting up storm windows for the winter or washing small cars. It was altogether a lively place. Cornelius felt vaguely more cheerful.

For sale and for rent signs peppered the streets. Cornelius stopped and looked idly at a little white cottage set on a fifty-foot lot between two others. It was very neat and new, and he wondered why that place stood empty.

"Would you like to see the house?" asked someone at his elbow, and he saw a young man about his own age, obviously an agent on the lookout for house-hunters.

"Oh no," said Cornelius; "just walking by."

"Glad to show you around if you're interested. No harm in looking. Best little place you ever saw," said the agent blithely.

Cornelius hesitated for the fraction of an instant, and the agent was on him like a wolf. He insisted on showing Cornelius the house, and led him up to it, swinging the thin little front door open with a flourish.

IT WAS a box of a place. Small trim rooms, painted freshly, offered themselves as a kitchen, living-room, and what the agent said was a breakfast nook. There was a miniature staircase, a couple of bedrooms above, an ironing board that let down neatly, a basement with a new furnace in it.

From the kitchen window Cornelius looked square into the kitchen opposite, where a fat baby sat in a high-chair and gazed admiringly on life.

"Who lives around here?" he asked.

"Young people—finest people you ever saw—honeymooners, newly-weds. Fine air, good commuting, street car every ten minutes, simply can't be beat. There are garages across the street for rent—community garages. In the summer, it's an awfully pretty little place. And the price is only five thousand. Five hundred down, and the balance like rent, fifty a month. Anyone can carry it, on a salary, you know. And then you've got something. This suburb's coming on. You're never going to sell for less than you pay." He went on with a flood of arguments.

Cornelius was noting the newness of everything, the freshness, and a sense of venture crept into him.

"If I were interested whom should I see?"

"See me—right now."

"Oh well, I suppose this thing will be open for a while—"

"Don't you fool yourself," said the agent. "It's just been finished. It'll sell before sundown."

It seemed altogether likely to Cornelius. He felt impulsively in his pocket for card and checkbook. It was just about what he could swing. It was what he ought to swing at his age. It was his own speed.

"All right," he said, "I'll buy it. We'll fix it up to-morrow, and in the meantime I'll give you a check to hold it."

"Now you're talking," said the agent.

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Where does he get his disposition?

From his Mother?
From his Father?

"PERHAPS" *says Science* . . ."BUT ALSO FROM HIS FOOD"

Science speaking:

"In a poorly nourished child, unfortunate personality traits develop, such as self-centeredness, shyness, lack of confidence, selfishness, jealousy, depression and self-pity".

WM. R. P. EMERSON, M.D.

"When properly nourished, the harmony of all the body will be so great and abiding that it will express itself in a happy and jolly disposition". G. F. ALSOP, M.D.

"Do you know that the so-called 'problem' children, who can disrupt entire families, may be the result of nervous and glandular systems that have become unstable *because starved for proper food*"? LULU HUNT PETERS, M.D.

Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate.

Post Health Products

READ the quotations given at the left. They show you that balanced diet is essential to the *happiness*, as well as the health, of your children.

Grape-Nuts is a delicious food that simplifies the task of arranging a balanced daily diet. Made from wheat and malted barley, it supplies dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; proteins for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite. Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an admirably balanced ration.

Grape-Nuts is prepared by a special baking process that brings out the nut-like flavor to perfection, makes the food easy to digest and makes it *crisp*. Your dentist will tell you how important this crispness is for children. It gives their teeth and gums the exercise they need for proper development and lasting health and beauty.

Try Grape-Nuts tomorrow. Your grocer sells it—or you may wish to accept the following offer:

Two servings of Grape-Nuts, free . . . and two interesting booklets

Mail the coupon below and we will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts, free, and two booklets—"The Effect of Food Upon Your Children's Lives" and "A Book of Better Breakfasts." Both are of vital interest to mothers.

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G.—A.M.7-27

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Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with your booklet on the correct feeding of children, and also "A Book of Better Breakfasts," by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College.

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This tooth brush *reaches every tooth* every time you brush

TO keep all your teeth, brush them all. Here is one tooth brush that reaches every tooth.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush is sold in three sizes in the U. S., Can., and all over the world. Prices in U. S. and Can.: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Made in three bristle textures—hard, medium, soft—white or colored transparent handles—red, green, orange. For those who prefer a larger bristle surface, we make the Four-Row Pro-phy-lac-tic. Price 60 cents. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Mass.

"And, believe me, you've got a good buy!"

Cornelius tried to remember that, later in the afternoon, when Olive whispered, temptingly close to him, "I spoke to Mother about the apartment, and of course she says she expects to help. I know she'll take care of all that, Corny; and there's no reason why she shouldn't."

He made two attempts to tell her:

"I think I've found something else you'd like."

"Have you really? Where?"

He didn't tell her. He evaded, promising to take her to the place.

He paid for it next day, at least paid enough to make it his temporarily, and went out after work to unlock the door and look at it all again. It was even smaller than he remembered, and very empty; but it seemed friendly, as if it already knew that it belonged to him. Cornelius, who had lived in boarding-houses for five years and in college rooms before that, did not know quite why he felt so strangely content in the vacant rooms. He did not recognize the sense of home.

But there was Olive Mary. There were wedding presents coming in now, for the invitations were already out. Such things as Olive Mary got in tribute! A rare old Spanish desk, thin Oriental rugs, silver dishes without number, lamps—even books. She would show them to Cornelius, and Cornelius, thinking of the cottage out in Shore Park, felt stranger and stranger. Yet still he had not told her. He evaded. He was busy. They'd go see the place he had in mind to-morrow, and then the day after that. Until there came a day when Cornelius knew that he could put it off no longer. For in a week they were to be married.

He had sent a ton of coal out to the cottage and built a fire in the furnace that noon, enormously proud of his victory over drafts and furnace doors. The few things he had had in storage since his mother died were already there, too. He had kept only those things which had been in the Alstyne family for a long while, all the time the family grew poorer and poorer—a few pieces of mahogany, a portrait or two, the low rocker that his mother always sat in. They did not fill up the rooms, but they seemed to be at ease there.

When he went out at noon, Cornelius had thought of something else. He had bought roses and they stood on the tilt-top table which had come out of storage, stuck in a milk bottle which he had borrowed from the neighbor on the left, the mother of the fat baby.

"WE DON'T need your car," he told Olive, when he met her. "Let's just go by ourselves. We may want to hunt around. We can take a street car, and the agent has given me the keys."

"Street car?"

"Yes. It goes close to this place."

"You're terribly mysterious," said Olive. "Now, mind you, if I don't like this place we don't live in it."

"No—we won't," agreed Cornelius, with a funny accent on the we.

"Am I nice-looking to-day, Corny? I've got some trousseau on."

She was more than nice-looking. She stood out in the street car against the background of imperfectly assembled clothes, of worn clothes, like someone who did not in the least belong there. Her coat was plain and straight, her hat untrimmed; but her purse was gold, and her oxfords had been cut by a master's hand.

Cornelius reflected, as he looked at her, that her clothes probably were worth that minute more than the house he proposed to put her in. He was unlike himself, distraught, and his hands fidgeted. Olive didn't seem natural in the least, and his relationship to her extraordinarily unnatural. And, strangely, he was almost jealous for the little house and what she might think of it.

IT WAS nearly dark when they got off the car in Shore Park. Olive did not say anything. She looked around her at the little houses, flat against the barren landscape, and at Cornelius, who avoided her eyes and kept talking of a totally unrelated subject. Olive Mary's chin went up and her lips set together a little. And as he guided her down the block, and up the tiny strip of cement, her chin went higher yet.

"You see," said Cornelius cheerily, "it's a very graceful door, really. You don't often find doors with such nice lines."

She looked at it, and it became a slab of painted pine. He fitted the key into the lock and swung the door open.

Olive looked around mercilessly. She didn't have to take many steps to see all the down-stairs, but she stood quite still in the tiny hallway. The staircase ran up at the left. The little plastered nook for the telephone was on the right.

"You're quite mad, Cornelius," she said. "We can't live in a place like this. You don't think we could live in Shore Park!"

"Lots of people do. Young men like me," he told her quietly. "I can pay for this. In fact, I am paying for it. It's mine."

She turned on him angrily.

"You haven't bought this dump!"

Cornelius stiffened. It wasn't him she seemed to hit, so much as the kindly little house that had been so friendly to him.

"It's my home," he said coldly. "It's where I'm going to live. I'm the sort of person who can afford a place like this. If you don't want to marry me, you needn't. But if you do marry me, you marry me, just as I am, with what I can give you."

"You think I'd live here?" she asked.

"I didn't know. I wondered. I only know that I won't live in any place your parents pay for. I want to be married as a husband, Olive—or not at all. If you care to look around, the place is at your disposal. If you don't, I'll take you back to your house. I've shown you what I could give you. It's small. There's no room for a maid. But I wouldn't let you work too hard. It's near to commonplace neighbors; but it's not as near as you would be in an apartment to people of any kind who could afford the rent. It's my home. The best I have. And I've got to look at the furnace before this place burns up," he added abruptly.

Olive saw him go, heard him clumping down wooden stairs somewhere into a cellar, and she gazed around her in a kind of panic, tears tight in her throat. It was unimaginable, this tawdry little house,

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this cheap suburb! What insolence to think he could put a thing like this over, to dream she'd live in such a place!

She drew the expertly tailored coat close about her, with one of those patrician gestures which were as natural to her as impossible to most girls, and went to the front door. Let him have his little shack, then, if he liked it so much! She was through with him, after this humiliation. The tears swelled and grew violent in her throat as she opened the door and looked out on the silent little street.

Up and down its length she gazed at it. It was incredibly strange to be here. Yet everything had suddenly become strange. Her father's house seemed incalculably distant, remote and uncomforting. She didn't want to go back there alone, have them ask her, be forced to tell them.

FORGETTING the open door, she turned back into the living-room, where Cornelius had switched the light on. She must reason him out of this nonsense.

Through the glaze of angry tears the odd setting of the room came to her: the old pieces of furniture standing about stiffly, and yet with a curious air of familiarity. The odor of roses arrested her, and as she turned she saw them spreading gloriously from the stem of the milk bottle.

Suddenly, a strange feeling of pride came over her; but it was not the kind common to Olive Mary. Not the consciousness of being a Tillsbury, but that proud glow which comes only to women who are cared for because they are beloved. All her life, people had taken care of Olive Mary in luxury, and yet never like this—not with this sense of her glory, as the roses showed; not with this eagerness to work for her warmth, her shelter.

Money had come easily to the Tillsburys for several generations, but Olive Mary was no fool, and she knew it had not come easily here. Spreading over her discomfiture and the humiliation of the little house came the erasing sense that this was her own, this, and all it stood for, a home born of personal love for her, raw, unfledged, needing care and needing her.

It was a strange moment for Olive Mary. She had a sense of the grimness of Cornelius's mouth as she heard him shaking the furnace below, and she knew that he did not intend to change his mind. Or, if he did, if she could make him, he would not forgive her for that. Perhaps he shouldn't—

The room did its best to explain, talking its own simple language, trying to welcome her with its used, much-loved furniture, and the scent of its roses. And Olive Mary stood very gravely in the middle of it, until the splendid sureness which had come to them in the woods seemed to sweep over her again.

Then she knew. This was Cornelius's house, and therefore hers. Instinctively, she felt the draft from the opened front door, and shut it. Then she went through the dark kitchen, and as she was fumbling for the switch she saw through the lighted window of her neighbor's house the fat baby in his high-chair, pounding a welcome with his spoon. With a queer, unsteady smile, and her head up, Olive Mary Tillsbury looked for the door to the cellar stairs.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

Removing film on teeth is accorded high importance by the modern dentist. So Pepsodent is chosen for its unique therapeutic and prophylactic qualities.

Keep Film Off Your Teeth

Thus the price of teeth like pearls, is regular film removal in this way

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TEETH and gums are imperiled, say many authorities, by a film that forms on teeth.

Ordinary brushing having failed to combat it effectively, a new way in tooth cleansing has been advised. A way that differs in formula and effect from previous methods. These are embodied in the special film-removing dentifrice Pepsodent.

Now an effective film combatant

By running your tongue across your teeth, you will feel a film; a slippery sort of coating. Ordinary brushing does not remove it.

Film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. That is why, according to leading dental opinion, teeth look dingy and "off color."

Film clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It invites and breeds the germs of decay. And that is why it is judged so grave a danger to the teeth by authorities.

Film is the basis of tartar. And tartar, with germs, is the chief cause of pyorrhea. That is why regular film removal is urged as probably first in correct gum protection.

Most dental authorities urgently advise thorough film removal at least twice each day. That is every morning and every night.

For that purpose, obtain Pepsodent, the special film-removing dentifrice which leading dental authorities favor. Different from any other tooth paste.

Pepsodent curdles the film, then removes it; then polishes the teeth in gentle safety to enamel. It combats the acids of decay and scientifically firms the gums. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And meets, thus, in all ways, the exactments of modern dental science.

On dental advice, people are adopting this new way of tooth cleansing. Obtain Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, at drug stores. Two months' supply at a moderate price—or send coupon for 10-day tube. Use twice every day. See your dentist twice each year. Make both a habit.

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SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

There's a *joker* in the *cheap* paint can!

WHEN you are tempted by a "low price" and alluring promises to use "cheap" paint on your house—STOP! There's a joker in every can.

It may *look* like paint. It may *smell* like paint. But if it sells at a "cheap" price you can decide that it is made of poor or skimpy materials. And a *poor paint* is the most *costly* paint you can put on your house.

Let the "formula" prove it

There is one way to prove that a "low price" house paint is merely an inferior paint. Insist upon seeing the formula, either on the can or in the literature. Then compare it with the formula of fine old SWP which you will always find openly printed on every can.

Note the big percentage of *White Lead Carbonate* and *White Lead Sulphate* used in SWP Outside Gloss White House Paint.

White lead should be the *basic* ingredient of all white paint and light tints. It is to these paints exactly what flour is to bread.

See how much less of this basic ingredient is used in the average "cheap" white paint.

Zinc oxide, another costly pigment, is the next essential ingredient. A liberal percentage of zinc oxide combined with a large amount of white lead makes for a *balanced formula*—such as the formula of SWP Outside Gloss White House Paint. It assures a finish of superior wearing quality.

More than 90% of the pigment content of SWP Outside Gloss White is made up of these two important ingredients—white lead and zinc oxide.

In the majority of "cheap" white paints you will find only *50% or less.*

It is the liberal quantity of this expensive basic material in every can of SWP Outside Gloss White that gives this fine old paint its remarkable covering capacity.

In the darker colors like browns and greens, the "*balanced formula*" of SWP is even more important. Naturally, these dark

THE FINEST HOUSE PAINT THAT MONEY CAN BUY

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HOUSE PAINT

colors can contain little, if any, opaque white pigment such as white lead or zinc oxide.

Sherwin-Williams have the pick of the world's colors. Sherwin-Williams Dry Color Works produce practically everything except the natural earth and mineral colors. That is why SWP colors are so rich, so permanent and so true to character.

Greater durability of the paint film on your house is assured by SWP due to the use of a specially treated, pure linseed oil—made in Sherwin-Williams' own linseed oil plant.

Prepared house paint—*at its best.*

SWP *costs you less*

One evidence of quality in a house paint is the way it *hides the surface* and the *area it covers.*

A gallon of fine old SWP will properly cover 360 square feet (two coats). A gallon of "cheap" paint will cover *only* 250 *square feet* (two coats)—110 square feet (two coats) *less* than SWP House Paint!

That is one side of the joker in the "cheap" paint can.

Where only seven gallons of SWP will finish the average house, *eleven* gallons of "low price" paint, if not more, are needed.

SWP costs more per gallon. But it covers *much more area.* By the job it costs no more, often *less,* than *cheap* paint.

Which would you rather use?

Outwears "cheap" paint

Being made of best quality materials, SWP dries to a tough, elastic, glossy finish. There is no chipping, cracking or peeling. It weathers slowly. Lasts usually for five years. When repainting *is* needed, you save paint, time and money *because the SWP surface is in proper condition.*

A "cheap" paint frequently chips, cracks, peels and fades in a year or so.

It gives an inferior finish—and a much shorter life than good house paint.

Repainting is frequent and costs more for paint and labor because the old paint has to be burnt or scraped off every time.

That is the *other side* of the *joker* in the "cheap" paint can.

SWP *beauty!*

With fine old SWP you always get a beautiful paint job. Your house looks like new.

The colors are especially rich—with a sheen like fine old pottery.

And they are weather-fast—slow to fade.

Even after several years of exposure, a washing with plain soap and water will bring out their beauty almost like new. Contrast this with cheap colors that look dull and wishy-washy almost in no time.

Which would you rather have—when SWP is guaranteed to cost less per job and much less per year?

Trade Mark Registered

Call at "Paint Headquarters" and save money

SWP House Paint is sold the world over by thousands of dependable SWP dealers. Each one is "Paint Headquarters" in his locality. There is one near you.

Before you let "cheap" paint blind you to real economy, get his advice on your paint problem.

He will estimate your requirements in SWP. Compare it with the cost of "cheap" paint. Then decide.

If you want literature, color cards, a copy of the famous SWP Household Painting Guide, help on a decorative scheme, write us.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.
Largest Paint and Varnish Makers in the World
CLEVELAND, OHIO

COSTS LESS PER SQ. FOOT . . . LESS PER YEAR . . . LESS PER JOB

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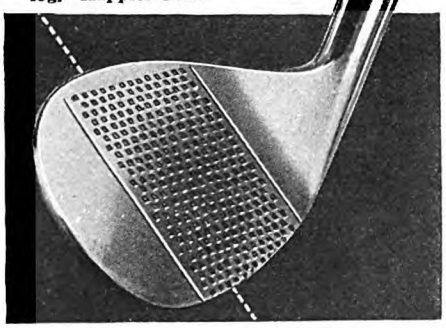
Don't let trouble *trouble* you—

The toughest bunkers and deepest sand traps all look alike to Grand Slam No. 8, a perfectly balanced trouble iron that "digs 'em out and stops 'em dead."

Trouble needn't trouble you—whether you are in a trap, have a long iron shot to make down the fairway or a delicate chip shot to get on the green. With Grand Slams in your bag you are prepared to meet any golfing situation. There is a perfectly designed and constructed club for every shot. A famous Scotch clubsmith designed Grand Slams and players throughout America have tested and found them right.

Grand Slam wood clubs with steel and hickory shafts cost from $7.00 to $12.50; the irons are $5.00 each, $2.00 additional with steel shafts. Write for our interesting catalog, "Happier Golf."



GRAND SLAM GOLF CLUBS

HILLERICH & BRADSBY CO., Incorporated
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Makers of world-standard Louisville Slugger Baseball Bats.

I'm an Indoor Man With an Outdoor Urge

(*Continued from page 63*)

bass there last summer; but I was really asleep in the boat at the time and was trolling for pickerel with a pork rind spinner, so it should be put down in the books as an error for the bass.

The average Connecticut fisherman gets as much satisfaction out of a mess of three bullheads as a Florida angler gets out of a tarpon. He has to.

Nutmeg State anglers who live near the coast do most of their fishing in Long Island Sound. This explains why they are such a patient, tenacious, doggedly resolute and stolidly resigned people. Nobody could fish in Long Island Sound—west of New London at any rate—and develop any tendency to become turbulent, wildly excitable, or deliriously enthusiastic.

Blackfish are the only fish of any size caught there, and the rule is to go for them as soon as the apple trees have blossomed. There is no zest for me in blackfishing, anyhow, I would just as soon pull up a horse collar. The fishing that Connecticut Waltons regard as really good fun comes late in the summer with the arrival of snapper blues.

To get a kick out of fishing for snapper blues you've got to be a man who is easily satisfied. They are no fish for the angler whose fishing requirements exceed those afforded by the humble sardine.

These snapper blues are infant bluefish. When they first appear in August they are about the size of goldfish. When the run reaches its height in September, they have attained a length of about seven inches, and Connecticut fishermen refer to them with gusto as being "whoppers."

Last year I went out in a boat off what is known as "The Gulf" in Milford Harbor nearly every day from August 12th to September 7th, and fished most of the day. My total catch for the season was eleven snappers (with a maximum length of five inches); one eel, and two "skatefish." It was an off season. In a good season I might have landed an additional skatefish.

THIS year will find me back, very likely, for more. These snappers don't amount to much, even if you get them; but what I like about them is their frankness and sociability. They swim in schools close to the surface of the water, which I consider mighty considerate of them. But the mere fact they are on the job means nothing. I have fished for hours without getting a bite, although they were running circles all around the boat. Still, when I'm fishing I like the company of fish. It's good to know they're present. Fishing becomes unbearable to me only when I can't get the slightest idea whether there are any fish within miles of my line.

Last season, I took a fellow hotel guest fishing for snappers. After three hours he pulled in one about four inches long. He regarded it curiously.

"What's this?" he asked.

"That's a snapper," I informed him. "They're getting to be pretty good-sized. Last week they were running quite small."

He gave me a look of disgust, threw the fish back into the glittering waters, and began taking his pole apart.

"Let's go deer hunting to-morrow," he suggested. "We might get a few field mice."

That remark annoyed me. It made me think that, after all, I shouldn't go on forever being contented with demi-tasse fish. Every fisherman should have at least one big fish about which to boast.

"Why don't you go out for cod?" asked a friend about a month later.

"How do you go out for them?" I asked.

The idea of catching a codfish appealed to me strongly, and brought to mind that old trademark of a certain tonic depicting an old salt struggling home with a giant cod on his back.

"Take one of the fishing boats," he explained.

"What equipment do I need?"

"What have you got?"

"Nothing."

"You don't need anything," he explained. "The skippers on those boats will fit you out with everything from line and hook to pole, bait and gaff. If you don't catch a cod they'll sell you one."

THE next morning I showed up at the pier at daybreak. Loud-voiced ballyhoo men for each of the forty or fifty boats were out on the sidewalk buttonholing prospective customers. Sleepy-eyed fishermen were flocking to the piers by the thousands. It had all the aspects of a subway rush.

"Now, get aboard and grab your space," instructed the captain as I selected my vessel. "And when you grab it, stick to it." I found the warning well given. A "space" is just room enough against the rail for a man to stand, and there were only a few spaces left. I edged in between an insurance agent dressed like a man going to a business conference and a fat man in an oilskin suit who turned out to be a pie baker.

There was very little elbow room. The baker explained to me that on these fishing boats the congestion is so great that the form used for fishing is very similar to the form used by a golfer when putting. It has to be. It is entirely a wrist motion.

At least two men were on my feet all the time. Before the ship had left the dock I was covered with elbow bruises. Shouts of "Move over!" "Quit your shovin'!" and, "You'll poke who in the eye?" arose from various parts of the deck. Here and there a fight broke out.

"This is no rough-house," rebuked the skipper from the pilot house. "Youse'll act like gentlemen, or we'll put back and call a cop!"

When the fishing banks were reached there was a rush to get the lines over.

"Wait'll I anchor," bawled the skipper, "if you don't wanta lose your lines in the rocks! I'll give the signal to cast over."

After a time he blew the whistle. Four hundred sinkers hit the sea as one. A few more fights broke out. Somebody in the

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"THE BEST PIPE SMOKE EVER MADE!"

A VAST MULTITUDE OF PIPE SMOKERS instantly welcomed and praised Old Briar. Thousands upon thousands claim Old Briar to be "the best pipe smoke ever made."

The additional enjoyment, satisfaction and pipe comfort you get out of a pipeful of Old Briar costs but a fraction of a cent more than ordinary tobaccos.

Light up your pipeful of Old Briar. Let the ripe fragrance of Old Briar creep up your pipe's stem. Enjoy every bit of its full, pleasant aroma — its rich body — its extra smoothness. Notice how mild and cool it is — how completely satisfying. Then you will know why this wonderful tobacco continues to win the praise of pipe smokers everywhere.

Generations of tobacco culture, years of selecting and of testing the finest leaf tobacco, of scientific mellowing and blending, have gone into the perfecting of Old Briar. IT ALL SHOWS UP IN THE SMOKE.

TO DEALERS: Old Briar is sold in Pocket packages at 25c and Humidor boxes at 50c, $1.00 and $2.00. If your jobber has not supplied you, write us and we will send you a supply by prepaid Parcel Post at regular Dealers' prices.

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50c 25c

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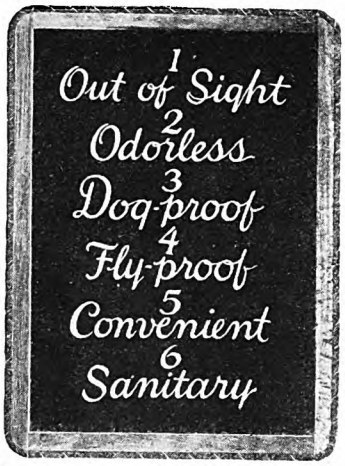
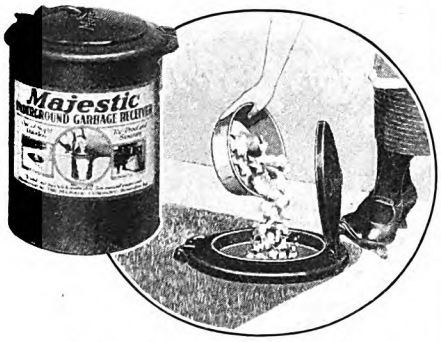


6 REASONS WHY
You Should Have This



Majestic
UNDERGROUND GARBAGE RECEIVER

YOU should have this modern solution of your garbage problem for the six definite reasons displayed above. The Majestic puts your garbage can underground—away from disease bearing flies and prowling animals. A convenience worth far more than its moderate cost. Sold by hardware and department stores. Write for full information and your dealer's name.

ANOTHER NEW CONVENIENCE

***A new convenience* that costs but little—the Majestic Milk and Package Receiver. It receives deliveries from the outside—you remove them from within at your convenience. Saves steps—protects from annoyance, intrusion and theft. Outside door locks automatically when closed. Easily installed in old or new homes.**

Write for catalog describing Majestic Underground Garbage Receivers, Milk and Package Receivers, and many other Majestic Quality Products you will want in your home.

THE MAJESTIC COMPANY
1200 Erie Street, Huntington, Ind.
The Galt Stove & Furnace Co., Ltd., Galt, Ontario

stern hit a companion in the nose. He charged the man with taking his watch out of his vest. The man said it was a mistake; that they were crammed so close together he thought he had put his hand into his own vest.

I could see the logic of his defense, for at that moment I discovered that I was fishing with the pole that belonged to the man next to me, and that he was holding mine. Once I backed out of line to get some bait, and it was fully twenty minutes before I could squeeze into my allotted space again.

I got a terrific bite soon after casting over, and hauled in the biggest fish I had ever seen. It seemed to me it must have weighed fifteen pounds in its bare fins. By the time I had hauled it up it had become entangled in the lines of half a dozen other fishermen, and as it neared the railing two dozen hands reached out and fought for it. There is honor among thieves, but not among some fishermen. When I last saw that cod it was disappearing into the bag of a hard-looking customer six spaces down the line.

"If I hadn't been watching you, you'd have swiped that one on me," he leered. "I just got it in time!"

He almost made me believe that perhaps it was his fish, after all. A little later I pulled in another; but a man with a long reach several spaces aft got it, and accused me of snarling up his line. Honesty is the best policy, but it gathers no cod.

BY THAT time I began to get the idea: On these boats nothing comes to him who waits. Whenever one man hauls in a fish, he drags up from three to six other lines, and in the confusion it's the early burglar that gets the cod. Inside of two hours I had a half-dozen of the finest cod ever caught on some other man's hook.

By early afternoon I had perfected my technique to a point where I could bag a cod as fast as the men on either side of me could catch it. The motto of that fishing party was, "There are just as good fish in the sea as ever were stolen!"

Everything went, including the huddle, the forward pass, the straight-arm, and the use of spiked shoes. Never again will anybody tell me ice hockey is the roughest of sports. Those Sunday fishing boats have everything hockey has, except a referee.

At the conclusion of the trip a cash pool was given to the fisherman who had caught, snatched, or embezzled the largest fish. It was a close contest this day between three men, two of whom were detected shoving heavy lead sinkers down the throat of the fish in an effort to make it a sure thing when the man with the scales came around.

Yes, I have done some fresh-water fishing too. I am taking it up in a serious way. Three years ago I thought all fish were caught with worms or live bait. The first time I went fresh-water fishing and my companion opened a box full of "plugs" I thought he was exhibiting a spring showing of Christmas-tree ornaments.

He brought forth a thingumabob that looked like a wooden grip from a pair of bicycle handle bars. On one end of it was something resembling a collection of old coins. On the other was what I took to be a watch fob, a suspender buckle and a red feather. Dangling from various parts of the chassis were a half-dozen hooks.

"What is that?" I asked him.

"That's a plug," he replied.

"What are you plugging?" I asked.

"That's what we ought to get bass with to-day," he insisted, referring to it affectionately as his "Weebish, Miggle-thorpe and Gillyhead No. 23, buck-tail spinner," or something of the kind.

"If you ever hit 'em with that thing you ought to get 'em," I agreed.

"My boy," he explained, "you don't hit 'em with this. The bass sees it and goes for it."

"If he does, he's crazy," I insisted.

He showed me a few dozen other "plugs" and "lures," explaining that one would work when another wouldn't, and that you had to keep trying them out. It seemed to me that a fish that would bite at such hardware would be an easy mark for any man smart enough to fish with a key ring, an identification disk, an egg beater, a stuffed canary, and a fur glove.

Later, it was explained to me that bass do not strike at the hardware in the idea they are grabbing a full course dinner, but strike in anger. When this old curiosity shop lands near a bass among the lily pads, the bass resents it, and I don't blame him. His one idea is to get it out of the way, and he snaps at it, so my companion said. I don't know yet whether this is true or not. Plug fishing grew on me, however, and now I have a case full of curious contraptions, which I cart with me on all fresh-water fishing trips.

A man who would tote around the paraphernalia I do deserves to get a fish some day—and some day I think I may. The first three years are evidently the hardest.

WHEN the Urge To Be an Outdoor Man hits you it hits you all over.

Just now, I have an enthusiasm for bird dogs. At the dog show I'm the feller that hangs around the kennels with the setters and pointers. I never owned a bird dog in my life, and wouldn't know what to do with one if I did, but I like 'em.

I'm a hunting and fishing magazine addict, and read all the advertisements that read:

Come to Spruce County this Month, and Let Us Show You Forest Haunts for Moose, Deer, Elk, Wild Turkey and Other Game. The Sportsman's Paradise.

One like the following will keep me awake all night:

Special Opportunity: Join the Minnejawc Hunting Club. In Old Mexico Near the Texas Border in the Heart of the Carmen Mountains! Big game, 126,000 acres. Bear, deer, Mexican lions, wild cats, cougars. Six hundred miles of running, plunging mountain streams alive with game fish.

Oh, man!

Recently, I saw an advertisement that said "Moose, Caribou, and Bear. Shots at Bear Guaranteed!"

That's carrying the service idea too far. It's always seemed to me I'd like a shot at a bear; but all the bears I've ever seen have been on bicycles in circuses. They probably are something else again in the great open spaces. And that guarantee stuff is disconcerting. I want to take my bear shots or not, as I see fit.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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These Nationally Known Business Men have visited LONGVIEW, *Wash.*, and commented upon its opportunities

K. R. Kingsbury, *President*
Standard Oil Company of California, San Francisco, Cal.

Charles Donnelly, *President*
Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul, Minn.

Frederick I. Cox, *Member*
Interstate Commerce Commission, Washington, D. C.

Louis W. Hill, *Chairman*
Board of Directors, Great Northern Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

Samuel G. Blythe, *Author,*
Washington, D. C.

R. S. Hawes, *Vice-President*
First National Bank, St. Louis, Mo.

Herbert Fleishhacker, *President*
The Anglo & London Paris National Bank, San Francisco, Cal.

Carl R. Gray, *President*
Union Pacific System, Omaha, Neb.

Jefferson Myers, *Commissioner*
United States Shipping Board, Washington, D. C.

H. E. Byram, *Receiver*
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry., Chicago, Ill.

Frank B. Willis, *U. S. Senator*
from Ohio, Delaware, Ohio

Harry Leon Wilson, *Author*
Monterey, Cal.

Charles L. Wheeler, *Vice-President*
and General Manager McCormick Steamship Co., San Francisco, Cal.

James J. Davis, *Secretary of Labor*
Washington, D. C.

R. E. Coontz,
Rear Admiral U. S. Navy,
Commandant, Fifth Naval Dist., Hampton Roads, Va.

Howard Elliott, *Chairman*
Board of Directors, Northern Pacific Ry., New York

George S. Long, *Vice-President*
Weyerhaeuser Timber Company, Tacoma, Wash.

Arthur Curtiss James, *President*
Curtiss Securities Co., New York

Charles H. Grakelow,
Grand Exalted Ruler,
Benevolent Protective Order of Elks, Philadelphia, Pa.

W. J. Bailey, *Governor*
Federal Reserve Bank of Kansas City

LONGVIEW, Washington, the new industrial city of the Pacific Northwest, impresses business men.

Why?

1st: Longview is **located on the deep Columbia River with its ocean-going traffic; only 50 miles from the Pacific Ocean; served by three great trans-continental railways; giving access to all the markets of the world.**

2nd: **An abundance of raw materials capable of supporting a variety of industries.**

3rd: **Living conditions unsurpassed anywhere; a city of beauty; school equipment equal to that of cities of 100,000 or more; churches; public library; complete recreational facilities; even climate, permitting year-around operations.**

4th: **A high type of citizenship being attracted by such living conditions.**

Longview has **had many prominent visitors. Below is shown briefly the nature of the comments of the men listed above. Write for their complete statements and receive in addition a beautiful rotogravure portfolio containing nearly 150 photographs of Longview. It is free.**

"Longview is a city in which any American would be proud to live. You have built on a solid foundation. Your community stands for every good thing in life."

"Built in accordance with plans that were splendidly conceived, the city's future is assured, and it will endure long as a monument to the energy and foresight of those who founded it."

"You estimate that you will have 50,000 people in five years. I would say that you would have more than that. Your strategic location is unquestioned, and just as soon as America realizes that you are building a city that will give the employee an opportunity to benefit and enjoy life on a par with the employer, factories will seek locations here."

"I am simply amazed at all my eyes behold. When I think of the comparatively few months in which all of this has been accomplished, it seems incredible, and in railroad circles we think we do big things."

"This city, with its climate, its railroad facilities, its deep-water harbor, the excellent living conditions . . . Why Longview may some day rival Seattle and Portland."

"I admire the tenacity, ambition and loyalty of these people. I do not believe there is another section of the country in which a city such as Longview could be built in so brief a time."

"It is particularly gratifying to me to think that with the large development which my company expects to make in Longview that its employees will have a sensible, practical town to live in." (From a statement by an officer of one of America's largest industrial concerns which has begun the erection of a huge manufacturing plant in Longview.)

"What I have seen today convinces me that Longview is the greatest place for future growth along the Columbia."

"I think it is the most impressive thing in the way of community development I have ever seen. The way your plans have been worked out certainly entitles you to congratulations for your foresight and judgment."

"The same qualities that elevate an individual above his fellowmen—progressiveness, stability, foresight—elevate cities, and these qualities Longview possesses.

"I have no doubt at all that within a decade or two it will be the home of at least 100,000 people."

"Money can build cities but it cannot build spirit and that is where Longview differs from other programs of a similar nature."

THE LONGVIEW COMPANY
12 Colonial Bldg., Longview, Washington

Gentlemen: Please send me the complete statements of nationally known business men concerning Longview, Washington, and also the rotogravure portfolio. I am especially interested in the opportunities for:

_____

Name _____

Address _____

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

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Not only keeps contents at the desired temperature, but is

Unbreakable

LITTLE accidents that sometimes spoil an outing! A vacuum bottle broken—contents undrinkable.

But there is no harm done when you drop the Stanley Super Vac. It contains no glass to be shattered. Made of steel—lined with porcelain enamel—*it can't break!*

And it keeps your cold milk or your hot coffee the way you want it *until* you want it. Holds temperature all day long.

Sold by leading dealers. Pint, quart, 2-quart sizes.

We would like to send you our useful recipe booklet, "Outdoor Cookery." Write for free copy. Stanley Insulating Company, Dept. A-7, Great Barrington, Mass.

STANLEY
SUPER VAC
VACUUM BOTTLE

He Lives on Top of a Hill and Lets the World Go By

(*Continued from page 57*)

with an ax when I was buildin' a fence! The doctor come from the village and sewed it up; but it didn't git along because he couldn't find the arteries. So they sent to Albany for a surgeon. And after I'd waited a day and a half for him to git here," laughed Mr. Clum, "I wished he'd stayed to home, because he wanted to cut my leg *off!* He said if he didn't do it that trip he'd have to do it the next one, and he didn't want to make any more trips than he had to.

"'There ain't more'n one chance in a hundred of savin' that leg!' he said.

"'Well,' I says, 'I ain't got so many legs that I can afford to spare any of 'em; so I'm goin' to take that one chance.'

"I did; and we saved the leg. But it was so many months before I was able to work, that I 'most forgot how. That was the only time, in my whole life, that I've been away from this farm more'n two or three days at a time. When I was well enough to git around on crutches, I went and visited my relatives in C'lumbia County for a month.

"I ain't much of a traveler, I guess. I'll tell you somethin'," he said, in a confidential tone. "I ain't never been further than Newark, New Jersey; and that's less than a hundred miles from here."

"DO YOU often go to New York?" I asked, for we were only about sixty miles from that city.

"I ain't *never* been there!" he declared, his blue eyes fairly sparkling with amusement at my surprise.

"My boys and girls have been there," he went on; "but they tell me I ain't missed much. Just a lot of folks herded together. Nothin' to hear but noise; and nothin' to see that can beat this!" and he pointed toward the glorious view.

"Are you too busy to sit down and talk a little while?" I asked.

"Never too busy to talk to a friend!" he said, and led the way toward the shady side of the house.

He motioned me toward a comfortable up-to-date hammock; and, as I sat down, I picked up a book which was lying there. The title was "Easy Lessons in French."

"That belongs to my youngest girl," said Mr. Clum. "She goes to town, to high school. She's been all through that book and got another one now. I don't know why she's learnin' French, but I guess it won't hurt her, anyhow.

"When I was a youngster, I didn't have a chance even to learn English; not as much as I wish I had. I used to go to school—when there was any to go to—until my father died. Then my brother and I ran the farm. After he left, I ran it alone.

"This house here has seen a lot of life. There's been enough children brought up here to start a whole town! My father's first wife died and left him with one set of children. He married a second time, a widow who had children of her own. That was two sets. My father and his second wife had children, and they were the third set. I belonged to that one.

"My older brothers married, and several of 'em lived here for a while, and brought up children here. The house used to be bigger than it is now. They tore down the oldest part years ago. But if the children that have been raised here could all come back, bringin' their husbands and wives and their own children with 'em—they'd fill the house and the barns two or three times over.

"One by one, they all left, except me. Finally, the farm belonged to me and one brother. But he didn't live here; he'd moved away, too. In them days there was neighbors around us; workin' the farms their fathers had worked before them. There was hundreds of tons of hay cut where you won't find nothin' but second-growth trees now. And there was nice, comfortable homes, where there's nothin' now but old cellars choked with bushes.

"Then a man begun buyin' up the farms around here. I don't know what he wanted 'em for, because he ain't never done a thing with the land. But he bought it anyhow; and the families moved out, and went—I don't know where.

"The man made an offer for this place; and my brother wanted to take it."

The figure facing me straightened, and stiffened. The cheerful twinkle died out of the blue eyes and something grim and resolute came in its place, as he went on:

"'Mebbe *you're* ready to sell,' I says, 'but I ain't! This is the old homestead, where we've lived and worked. Long before you and I can remember, this was the Clum farm. The Clums have kept these fields yieldin' crops and makin' a livin' for a family. If we sell out, there'll be an end to all that. This land will go back and be a wilderness again. There won't be nothin' left to show, for a hundred years of work, but the name of that hill up there! And if I went off and left the farm to ruin, I'd hate to leave even my name behind. It wouldn't be any credit to me.'

"MY BROTHER says, all right; if that was the way I felt about it, we wouldn't sell. And we didn't. Then, finally, he died. That sort of complicated matters, so I made up my mind to buy his share. It would cost me a thousand dollars; and so far as my havin' the cash was concerned, it might as well have been a million. But my brother-in-law loaned me the money on my note.

"'You know, Jonie,' he says, 'it's goin' to take you a long while to pay off this thousand dollars.'

"'No, it ain't!' I says. 'It's all goin' to be paid inside of a year—mebbe before next Christmas!'

"You see, I knew just where the money was comin' from. Lots of summer folks drive or walk up here to look at the view; and more than once they'd made me an offer for part of my land.

"I hadn't taken none of these offers. Not yet! But I'd made up my mind now

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Spalding

adds just the touches that make you look like a *swimmer*

• • •

SPALDING has designed and made the equipment of expert athletes for over fifty years. They are exacting, these athletes, about the equipment which affects their chances of winning. But Spalding has suited them —*for over fifty years*.

Naturally, Spalding designers have a "know-how" when it comes to athletic apparel. They give it an air, a finish, which no one else approaches.

And no garment is more rigidly "just right"—or all wrong—than a swimming suit.

In a Spalding Suit you'll have the professional air. You'll look like a *swimmer*—whether you are or not. And you'll feel at ease—and rather proud of yourself.

Moreover, your suit will be of *professional* quality—like a life guard's. Wear or water won't dim the colors or harm the fabric, within a long season. That is guaranteed.

Spalding brings you new models —good clean *swimming* designs— and scores of new color combinations. You'll find *your* design and *your* colors among them.

There is a Spalding Store, or some other store which has these suits, in almost every town. The prices are surprisingly low, quality considered.

© 1927, A. G. S. B.

A 24-page booklet — illustrated with photographs . . . It's free. Send for it. It shows Spalding Swimming Suits for every member of the family.

FREE—MAIL THE COUPON

A. G. SPALDING & BROS., A. M.—7-27
105 Nassau Street, New York City

Please send me the free 24-page booklet showing Spalding Swimming Suits for every member of the family.

Name.....

Street.....

County.....

City.....*State*.....

A. G. Spalding & Bros.

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SAFETY (*also*) should begin at Home

Especially with your money

And it does begin at home—stays with you—and is a constant service and comfort wherever you are—***when you carry American Express Travelers Cheques.***

The "Travel" suggestion in the name of these Cheques must not limit your conception of their ***practical every-day use to you.***

The chief appeal, and the simple, human logic of American Express Travelers Cheques is that thru their use ***your every-day money is made safe against loss or theft wherever you are.*** If you lose these Cheques, or they are stolen, ***you are not the loser.*** If your Cheques have not been countersigned by you, or exchanged for value, the American Express Company makes good your loss.

What American Express Travelers Cheques have meant in money protection and personal service to American travelers in foreign lands in the past 36 years, ***they mean, with especial force today, to everyone traveling in this country.*** Safety against loss or theft of your pocket money is more necessary at home today than ever.

American Express Travelers Cheques are issued in $10, $20, $50, and $100 denominations—bound in a small, handy wallet—and cost only 75c for each $100.

FOR SALE AT 22,000 BANKS, AMERICAN EXPRESS AND AMERICAN RAILWAY EXPRESS OFFICES

American Express Travelers Cheques

Secure your steamship tickets, hotel reservations and itineraries; or plan your cruise or tour through the American Express Travel Department.

to do it, so as to own my farm, free and clear. I was willin' to sell a piece of it to a city man, if he'd build on it, because that wouldn't be lettin' it go back to the wilderness.

"One day there was a picnic up here, and a gentleman in the party come to the house to git some water. I talked with him a bit—and I took to him right away. So I asked him how he liked the place and he said it was a wonderful spot. I knew he meant it, too.

"'Well,' I says, 'if you're thinkin' of buildin' a summer home, there's a good site for it, right over there.'

"'Is it for sale?' he asked.

"'I'm goin' to sell it within six months,' I says. 'Mebbe within *two* months!'

"'All right! I'll think it over,' says he.

"Inside of two weeks, he and his wife bought them two fields over there. That was the best stroke of business I ever done. Not because of the money I got out of it! But because it brought us two of the finest friends and neighbors in the whole world.

"When my barn burned down, the summer folks across the valley chipped in five hundred and fifty dollars to help rebuild it. But in spite of my puttin' in five weeks of work on it myself, it cost a good deal more than that; and my neighbor over here paid the deficit out of his own pocket.

"His wife is as good to my children as if they were her very own. She give 'em that phonograph you hear goin' in the house right now. She give 'em a fine radio. And what do you think she done last spring? Give 'em a check for five hundred dollars to buy an automobile!

"I says, 'No, they can't have one!' So she says, 'All right! They can put it in the bank and use it any way they like; mebbe to help with their education.'"

"WHY didn't you want them to have a car?" I asked.

"Because it wouldn't do them no good!" was the emphatic reply. "I don't go off this farm much. I ain't been to town in two years; and then I had to go to git some tools mended. But I don't have to go out of sight of that road," pointing to the one leading up from the valley, "to know that my children are better off at home than runnin' all over the country in an automobile.

"One night two young fellows stopped here and got me out of bed at one o'clock in the mornin'. They was both full; but the one that was drivin' was downright drunk. The other one was afraid to ride with him any further, and wanted to stop here for the rest of the night. Of course I couldn't turn him away, so he stayed.

"When the car had gone on, I heard it crashin' around in the bushes, down the road a piece; so I got dressed and went to see whether the fellow had come to some harm. I couldn't find him; but a couple of days later he come up here and apologized.

"'That's all right,' I says; 'but I give you fair warnin'. The next time you come up here drunk, and git me out of bed at one o'clock, I'm goin' to take a log-chain and fasten your car to a post, so that you won't go no further *that* night!'

"He's been up here since then. He was full, too. But," with a chuckle, "he didn't risk gittin' tied up for the night. He went right on by. I've seen too much of that sort of thing to have my children take any chances."

"But they need recreation," I said.

"Sure!" he agreed. "They go to the village when they want to. It's only half a mile, by the short cut through the woods. They don't think nothin' of that. But," he added, "they don't think an awful lot of what they find when they git down there, either! They seem glad enough to come back home.

"My oldest daughter has married and gone away. The second one is keepin' books for her uncle down in New Jersey. The rest are here at home now; but mebbe they'll go, too, when they git older, though I hope at least one of the boys will stay on the old homestead. This farm has raised a good many folks. Seems like 'twould be a pity to let it stop."

"WHAT else do you raise here besides folks?" I asked.

"Mostly hay," he replied. "I keep ten cows and two horses. I raise the hay for their feed. The cows give us milk and butter and meat. We have enough chickens to give us the eggs we use. We have a flock of geese. We raise our own vegetables, and we have apples, pears, plums, and berries. We cut our own wood."

"That means," I said, "that you are pretty nearly independent. You literally get your living from your own farm."

"Just about!" he agreed. "We have to buy a few things: flour, tea, coffee, sugar, and clothes. Nothin' else to speak of. We put down butter and eggs for winter; and we put up fruit and vegetables."

"Where do you get the cash for the things you have to buy?" I asked.

"During the summer we sell a lot of butter. I sell some of the calves and occasionally a cow. Then there's the wood. You see that pile of cut stovewood? There's more than a hundred cords in that pile. We'll use most of it ourselves, but a good bit of it will be sold. So, you see, we won't have to go without flour and sugar and that sort of thing. We have just as good food as anybody—and a better appetite for it than most folks have!" he added, with that irrepressible twinkle in his eyes.

"And of course," I said, "with the town so near, the children can go to school and you all can attend church."

"Sure!" he replied. "For that matter, I can go to church in my own settin'-room, now that we have the radio. I heard a fine sermon last Sunday; sermon and singin' and everything.

"Not that I have to go to church to git my religion," he added.

"What *is* your religion?" I asked, with interest.

"Well," he said, "if a man tries to *do right*, and to do right *by others*, I don't know as he could find a better religion than that. If there *is* one, I ain't never found it. If goin' to church helps you to git that religion, you'd better go as often as you can. But it seems to me that *some* folks go to church to cover up their sins.

"I went to a minister once and asked him to preach a funeral sermon for one of my neighbors.

"'What did he die of?' says the minister.

"When I'd told him, he says: 'Why—don't you know it ain't safe to go where anybody's died of that disease?'

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"I says to him: 'What kind of a religion have you got? If it can't keep you from bein' afraid to go where there's sorrow and sufferin', it ain't worth much! I've been to that house a'ready and I'm goin' there again. I'm goin' to the funeral. I'm goin' to hear a funeral sermon—and I think *you're* goin' to preach it!'

"He did, too!" remarked Mr. Clum.

"Aren't *you* afraid of anything?" I asked.

"Naw!" he said, with calm contempt. "There's some things that can hurt you—*but most of 'em never git you!* No use worryin' for fear they will, because they probably won't! Keep busy workin', and you won't have no time for worryin'."

"WHAT is it like, up here, in the winter?" I asked.

"Fine!" he declared. "You just ought to see it! Sometimes the snow is more'n four foot deep on the level. It's beautiful."

"But lonesome," I suggested, turning to Mrs. Clum, who had come out of the house and joined us.

She smilingly shook her head.

"I've never known a lonesome day in all the years I've been here!" she declared.

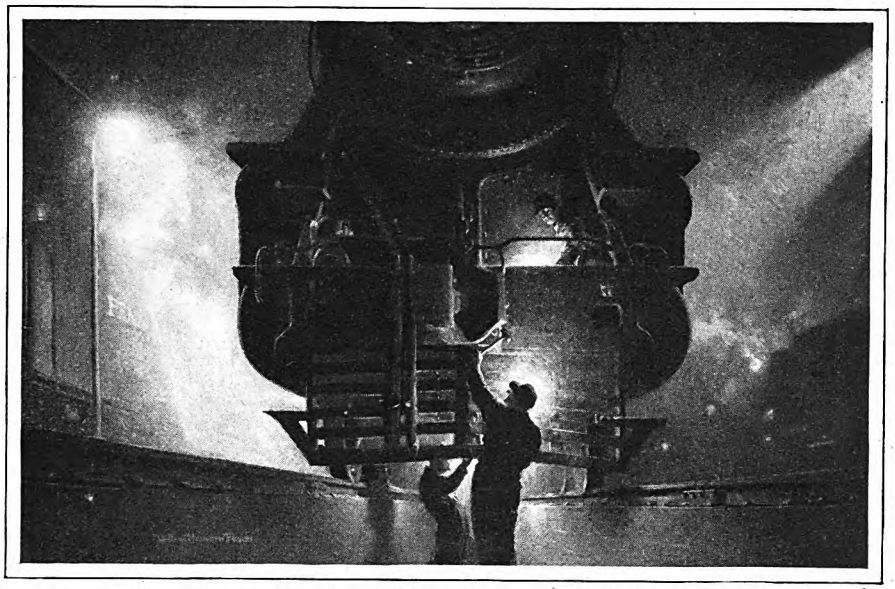
"Then you are no more anxious to leave the farm than your husband is," I said.

"What would we leave for?" she asked. "We're comfortable and happy here. That's all anybody can be, anywhere, ain't it? We have our health, and mebbe we'd leave that behind us if we went to live in town. We don't have any 'boss' over us. If we want to sit down and visit with you," she laughed, "we don't have to ask somebody to let us. Our time belongs to us. So does our home. And so do our children. Seems as if, in town, parents don't see their own children except at mealtime—and mebbe not even then. No! I hope we won't ever have to sell the farm. If we did, I don't know where we could be any better off than we are right here."

After a while, I reluctantly said good-by and again walked up to the edge of the forest—that vanguard of an enemy always menacing the fields which encircled the old gray farmhouse. I looked down on them, thinking of the long procession of years during which so many men and women had lived and worked there, raising a sturdy human crop where once the wilderness held possession. It seemed to typify the struggle, ages old, between the spirit of man and all the forces that are arrayed against him. A struggle also, to keep alive the traditions of that simple, honest, hardy living on which this nation was founded, and in whose permanence lies our greatest guarantee for the future.

VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER, whose novels, stories, and articles have made her one of the most widely read writers in this country, surpasses herself next month on the subject of "Feeling the Years." Although she is more than fifty-five, and has no illusions as to the number of years that have passed over her head, she refuses to "feel the years" just because she is gray and a grandmother. With charm and humor and sound common sense, she writes of the compensations of age.

TO GET THE TRAINS THROUGH . . . SAFELY, SWIFTLY, AND ON TIME



After each run, a Pennsylvania locomotive is "put over the inspection pits" and gone over as though it were a racing car awaiting its crucial test

Here they groom the iron horse

DOWN in the pit, with flaring torch held up toward the barrel of the huge locomotive which crouches over him, the inspector shrugs his shoulder at the gale which rages through the summer night.

"Got to keep her tuned like a harp."

Clinging to the towering front of the engine, another intent figure works on oblivious to the storm, cleaning the headlight which must shine clearly through the flying rain.

"Got to keep her right on her toes."

Other figures along the platform at either side go about their work in the same spirit:

"She's got to run like a top."

They phrase it a dozen different ways; but its meaning is the motto of the Pennsylvania inspection pits.

As each locomotive steams in from the road, these men clamber through it, over it, under the great bulk which crouches astride the pit.

Grease cups are filled under high pressure; bearings are inspected and oiled; a flaring torch held at every joint and coupling tests for leaks; each working part is tried with hammer and spanner and wrench until this half-million pound mass of machinery is tuned to the concert pitch demanded by the great Limited trains.

Driving blizzard, black of night, blinding thunderstorm. But in spite of them all, the locomotives have got to roll—efficient, safe, on time to the dot.

Leaders of the largest fleet of trains in America

BROADWAY LIMITED
New York and Chicago—20 hours

THE AMERICAN
St. Louis and New York—24 hours

LIBERTY LIMITED
Chicago and Washington—19 hours

CONGRESSIONAL LIMITED
Washington and New York—4⅔ hours

BUCKEYE LIMITED
Cleveland and the East

CINCINNATI LIMITED
Cincinnati and New York—18 hours

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

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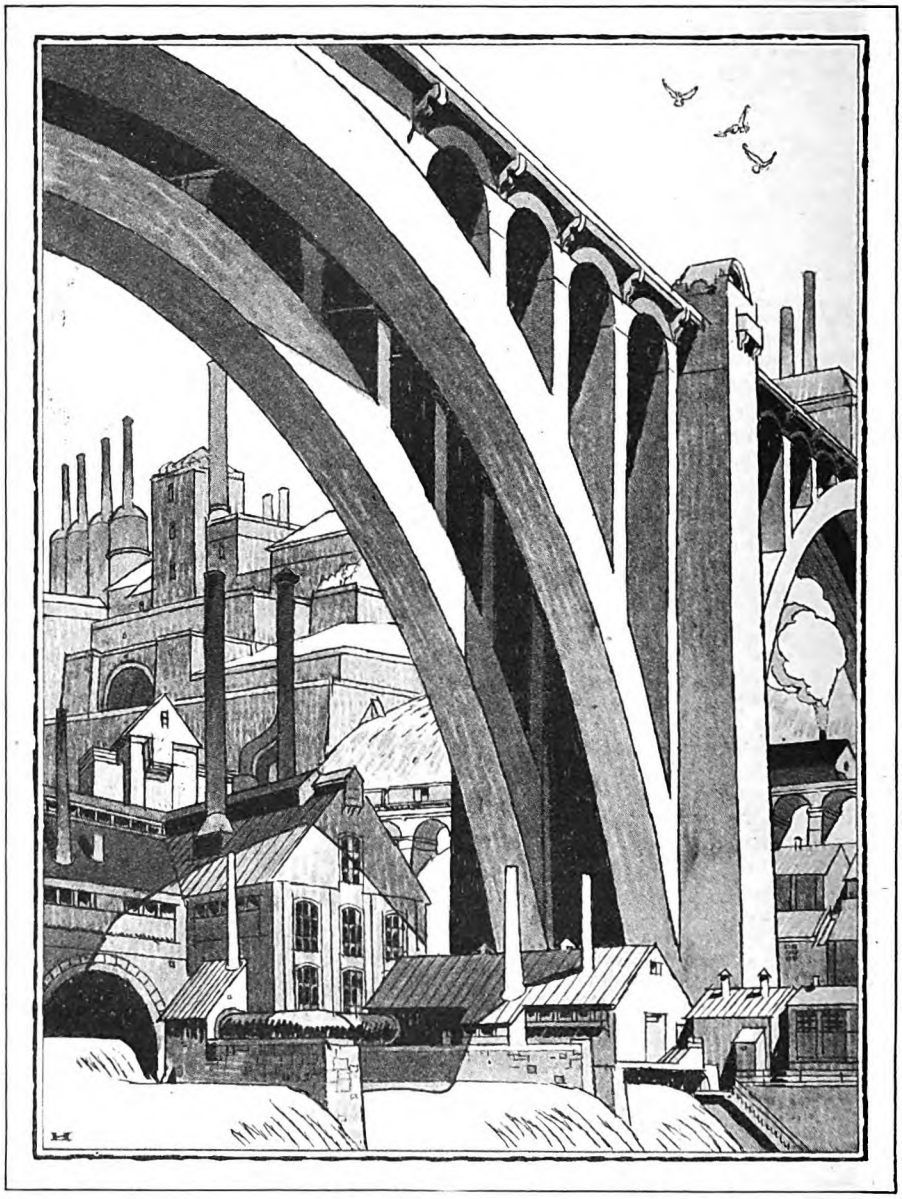
In the lap of the Rockies



IN THE trough between the Cascades and the Bitter Root Mountains spreads an enormous vale, the size of France, tilted southwestward to meet the warm Pacific winds. Through this vale flows the Columbia River and its rushing tributaries. Richly blooming valleys, famous throughout the world, open into it; and more than seventy lakes of dazzling beauty are scattered like lambent jewels among the tumbled velvet and silver of the mountains that hem it in.

This is the famous Inland Empire! In the heart of it rises Spokane, its shining metropolis. And here are factors that make it great:

POWER. Spokane River alone developing 172,000 H.P. Billions of potential horse-power charging unchained away to sea. Priest Rapids Dam and Columbia River Project, both planned to surpass Muscle Shoals.

AGRICULTURE. One-fifth the Nation's boxed apples. One-tenth the Nation's wheat. Last year's new wealth of farm crops, $250,000,000. Orchards, $50,000,000. Famous valleys of amazing fertility; and far greater valleys waiting to be tilled!

TIMBER. Thirty-five million acres of virgin timberland, including largest stand of white pine in the world.

MINERALS. The center of probably the richest mineral region known. Already producing one-third the Nation's magnesite; over one-third the Nation's lead; large quantities of silver, gold, zinc. New mineral wealth last year, $65,000,000. Close contact with the copper region of Butte.

TRADE. Spokane, regional center for 63 cities and towns, distributing to 1,500,000 inhabitants. Annual wholesale and jobbing volume totaling $200,000,000. Greatest production of white pine timber in the country.

TRANSPORTATION. All resources easily reached by railroad, river and highway. Ten thousand miles of improved roadway winding through the valleys and mountains. The trunk line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul passing through the heart of it; and spur lines reaching out as feeders.

A generation ago the Inland Empire was virtually a wilderness. But it has shared with the Olympic Northwest in an uninterrupted *growth five times faster than the Nation as a whole!* With the marvelous maritime region of Puget Sound to the west, with the tremendous resources of Industrial Montana to the east, with its own inestimable richness of soil, of mineral deposits, of timber resources, of white power, of an incomparable climate, the already famous Inland Empire is destined to become the center of a much vaster industrial and agricultural dominion.

Lombardy in the Northwest

Like Lombardy, ringed with Alpine peaks and tilted towards the warm scented winds of the Mediterranean, the Inland Empire is a land-locked vale strongly influenced by the warm breezes from the Pacific Ocean. Like Lombardy, but as large as all France! In the west Rainier lifts its glacier-crested peak. To the north and west stretch glorious wildernesses of mountain and primeval forest. Through enormous fertile valleys, blossoming with apricot, melons, grapes, apples, pears, plums, peaches, alfalfa, wheat, rushes the mighty Columbia under claret-colored headlands.

SHORTEST AND MOST MODERN ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC AND THE ORIENT

The

The recognized route between Chicago, Milwaukee and Twin Cities,

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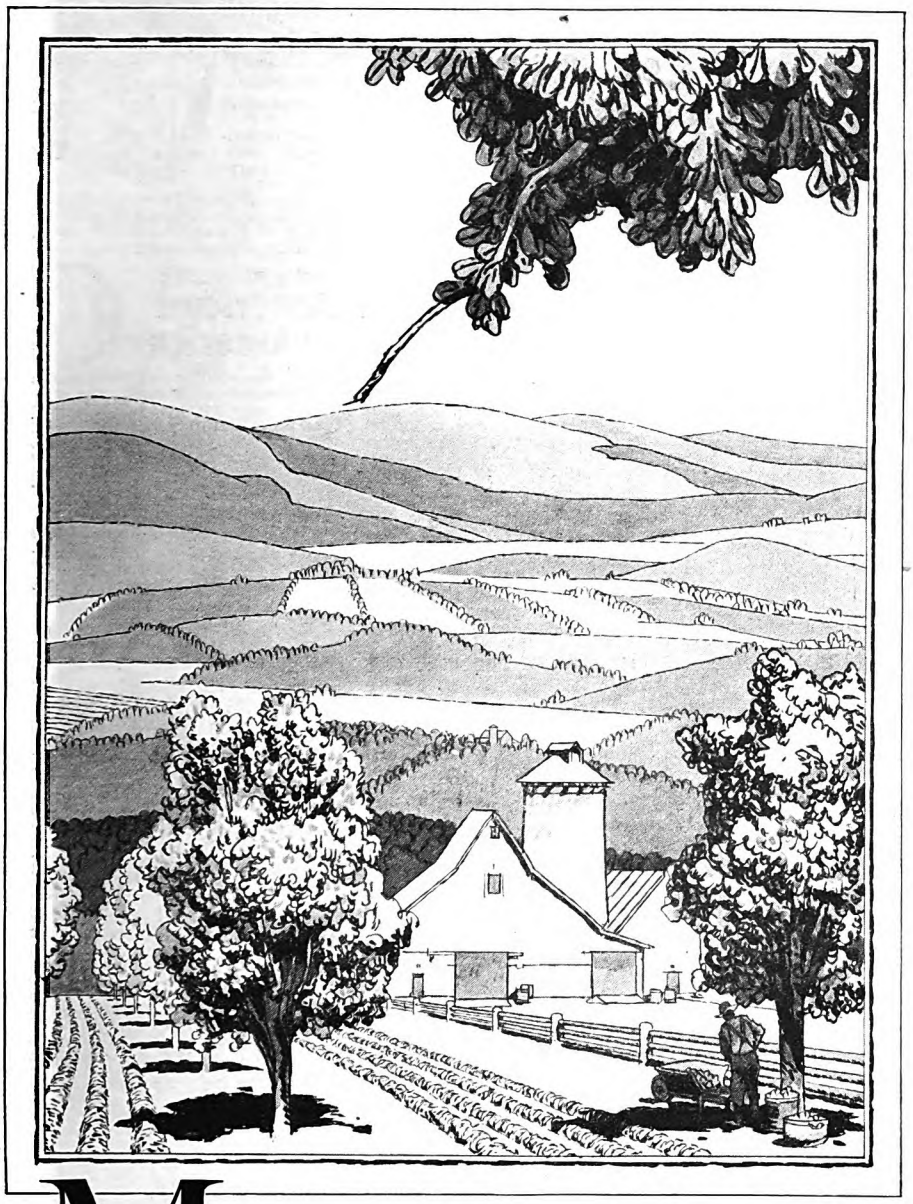
is the Inland Empire



How does the railroad reach the Inland Empire?

IT IS directly in the path of the shortest and most modern transcontinental route to the Pacific! No region in America is more adequately served by great railroads. It was the railroad, breaking through the mountain barriers, that opened up its riches to the world.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul—pioneer in the last great American development, from Chicago and Milwaukee westward—penetrates the Inland Empire with a marvelous *electrified system*, one of the world's greatest achievements in railroad engineering. Its feeders extend into the richest valleys, timberland and mineral regions. Yet this is only part of the vast system—11,000 miles long—with which this railroad serves the Northwest.

It is like a great artery along which flows the life-blood of a waking giant. Farm implements, machinery, tools, seeds, pure-bred stock, and people pour through it, giving energy and life. Pulsing back comes the flow of raw products upon which the giant industrial centers of the East are fed.

Far-sighted industrial and commercial leaders are already planning for the great trend towards the Pacific. The Pacific Northwest now leads the Coast in commerce. *And the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the shortest link with the Pacific Northwest and the Far East!*

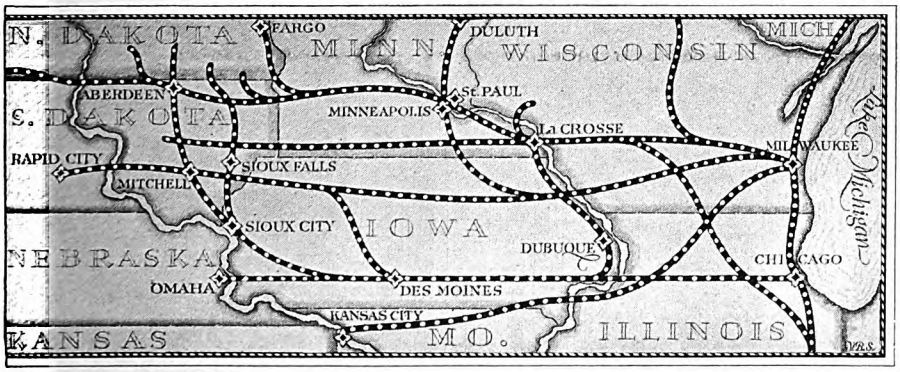
See it on your next trip West

When you make your western trip, take this wonderful route. You will see the most diversified scenery in America—the golden plains—lush dairy country—three of the greatest rivers in the world—four tremendous mountain ranges: the Belt, the Bitter Root, the Rocky, and the Cascade Mountains—the glories of Puget Sound—truly an empire bursting ripe with opportunities!

Milwaukee passenger cars are now being equipped with *roller bearings*—a revolutionary improvement first adopted by this road.

MILWAUKEE ROAD

TO PUGET SOUND
THE CHICAGO MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL RAILWAY
ELECTRIFIED



Kansas City, Omaha, Des Moines, Sioux City, Butte, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway
Room 884, Union Station, Chicago, Ill.

Make a check before the region that interests you. We have the closest co-operation with Chambers of Commerce and other business organizations who will supply you with detailed information.

- ☐ Puget Sound
- ☐ Inland Empire
- ☐ Industrial Montana
- ☐ Kansas City
- ☐ Agricultural Montana
- ☐ Eastern Dakotas
- ☐ Omaha—The Western Gate
- ☐ Minneapolis-St. Paul
- ☐ Wisconsin
- ☐ Iowa
- ☐ Upper Missouri R. Valley

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Voyage to vacation land on D&C LAKE LINES Steamers

Ride the new $7,000,000

Str. Greater Detroit
Str. Greater Buffalo

—the largest and most luxurious of their type in the world—and their sister ships, the swiftest that sail the Great Lakes.

Vacation at MACKINAC ISLAND
"The Summer Wonderland"

Overnight from Chicago or Detroit via the fast D & C boats is this scenic wonderland. Here days are warm, and nights refreshingly cool. Here unspoiled natural scenery, virgin forests, historic points of interest will allure you. Golf, tennis, horseback riding, boating, fishing, and countless other recreations.

View the illuminated NIAGARA FALLS

—now more interesting and beautiful than ever with the billion candle-power multi-colored lights playing on the falls every night.

Utmost in Luxury Aboard

First class accommodations exclusively. All water sterilized. Autos carried. Radio and moving pictures on both the Buffalo and the Mackinac Divisions. On the Mackinac Division there is also dancing, with hostess in charge, afternoon teas, bridge, golf, horseshoe pitching, etc. Tickets on this Division limited to sleeping accommodations.

Round Trip Fares *between*

*CHICAGO and DETROIT $60
*MACKINAC ISLAND and CHICAGO or DETROIT $30
*BUFFALO and CHICAGO $79

	One Way	Round Trip
†CLEVELAND and DETROIT	$3.50	$ 6.00
†BUFFALO and DETROIT	$6.00	$11.00

*Berth and meals included. †Berth and meals extra

No surcharge.

Unlimited stopover privileges at all ports.

Send for free illustrated booklet

For Reservations or further information, address E. H. McCracken, Gen. Pass. Agt. Dept. 8, at Detroit, Mich.

Detroit & Cleveland Navigation Co.

My Biggest Moments

(*Continued from page 45*)

know," he agreed, in that staccato voice of his. "But, you see, Powell, these European royalties have formed their ideas of me from the Rough Rider caricatures they have seen in the comic papers. They picture me as a sort of sublimated cowboy, and they'd be disappointed if I didn't shoot out the lights and kill the butler."

A few days later, as the "Hamburg" was approaching the Straits of Gibraltar, I came upon the ex-President in the bow, leaning upon the rail and watching the shores of Africa slipping past. He beckoned me to join him.

"You have no idea what a thrill it gives me, Powell," he confided, "to find myself actually sailing these historic seas—through waters which have been plowed in turn by the galleys of Phœnicia and Carthage, the triremes of Rome, the galleons of Spain, the frigates of Napoleon and Nelson."

"But, Colonel," I remarked, "hasn't it occurred to you that you were yourself responsible for sending around the world an armada far mightier than all the navies of antiquity put together?"

He pondered my remark for a moment; then clapped me on the shoulder.

"By Jove, Powell!" he exclaimed, "I never thought of it before; but you're perfectly right."

PORFIRIO DIAZ when history tardily grants him the justice of perspective, will be recognized as one of the greatest figures which Latin America has produced. In 1910, when Diaz was at the pinnacle of his power and fame, it was my good fortune to be invited to accompany him on a journey by rail and motor from the City of Mexico to Acapulco, the occasion being the inauguration of a highway from the Capital to the Pacific. As the presidential train drew slowly into the precincts of Guerrero it was suddenly engulfed by a mass of cheering, singing, flag-waving humanity. Every class of Mexican society was represented in that tumultuous throng—provincials and municipal officials in full evening dress girt with red-white-and-green sashes; top-hatted, frock-coated business men; rich *hacendados* who had driven in from their ranches; *vaqueros* on wiry ponies, their sombreros, jackets, and saddles encrusted with bullion; black-eyed, red-lipped girls with fans and mantillas; and thousands upon thousands of *peons* in enormous straw hats and garments of white cotton. As they caught sight of the sturdy, dark-skinned, white-mustached man standing on the rear platform they went mad with enthusiasm. "*Viva, el Presidente!*" they roared. "*Viva, Porfirio Diaz! Viva, Mejico!*" Flowers and confetti rained upon him.

"Such a reception as this must be very gratifying to you, Señor Presidente," I remarked. "It shows how great is the affection your people have for you."

"It is gratifying," he replied, "particularly when I recall that the last time I was in Guerrero, forty-seven years ago, I was a hunted fugitive, pursued

7 Joyful Days' Cruise On 4 Great Lakes and Georgian Bay (30000 ISLANDS)

A restful and exhilarating 2,200 mile trip over beautiful waterway with alluring scenery en route. Drive around historic *Mackinac Island*, see the Indians at Canadian village of *Parry Sd.* Take the sight-seeing bus at *Detroit and Chicago. See Cleveland*—spend a full day at *Buffalo.* Gaze in wonder at *Niagara Falls*, the world's greatest cataract.

The Big Oil-Burning White Liners
North American and South American

$77.50 MEALS & BERTH INCLUDED

offer you an experience similar to that of an ocean voyage—comfortable berths or parlor rooms—*all outside rooms* with windows or port holes. Excellent meals daintily served. Rest in quiet on observation deck or join in the gaiety as you prefer. Music, Dancing, Entertainments, Games and a Social Hostess to introduce you. A voyage of invigoration, recreation and education combined; a different kind of vacation.

Semi-Weekly Sailings between Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland and Buffalo

Ask for illustrated pamphlet at any Railway Ticket Office or Tourist Agency or write

Chicago, Duluth & Georgian Bay Transit Company

W. H. BLACK, G. P. A. 110 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.
W. E. BROWN, Gen'l Agt. 13 S. Division St., Buffalo, N.Y.

Oh, Boy!

You can own your own business, earn your own spending money, and win "nifty" prizes. Let me tell you how.
JIM THAYER
The Crowell Publishing Co., Dept. AA58, Springfield, Ohio

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by French troops and with a price on my head.

"I was encamped on those hills over there," he continued, pointing toward the bare brown range which rises to the north of Guerrero, "with only a small body of troops under my command, when word was brought me that an immensely superior force of French cavalry was approaching. Some means of delaying the pursuit had to be devised if I was to effect a retreat.

Fortunately for me, the French had no accurate information as to the strength of my command. So I set my men to cutting mesquite, which they tied into bundles. Then, deployed on a broad front, we turned northward, each soldier dragging a bundle of mesquite behind him at the end of his lariat. The enormous cloud of dust thus raised convinced the French commander that I had a much larger force at my disposal than he had been led to suppose, whereupon, instead of attacking, he decided to wait for reinforcements. But by the time they arrived I was safely across the mountains and on my way to join the Army of Liberation.

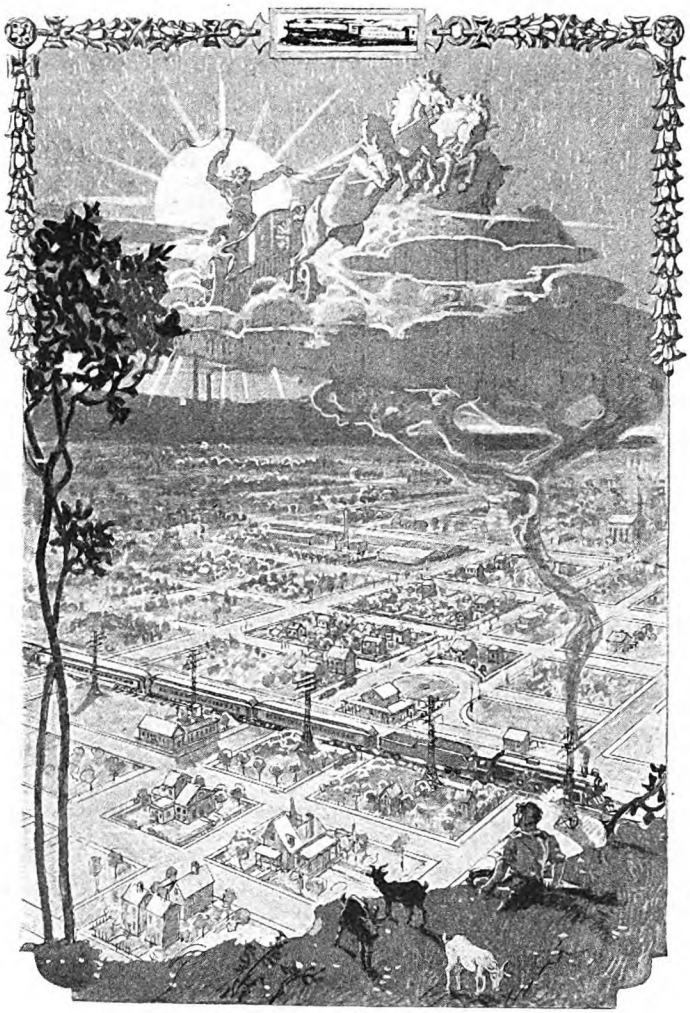
"What a change for one man to witness!" he said meditatively. "I left here ragged, tired, hungry, knowing that if I were captured I would meet my end between a blank wall and a firing party. I come back to be greeted with cheers and flowers, and in danger of being killed by kindness."

The old dictator was noted for his Indian stoicism, but as he stopped speaking and looked out across the cheering throngs and the flag-bedecked city, to those well-remembered hills, it seemed to me that I caught the gleam of moisture in his eyes.

THE most remarkable demonstration of popular admiration and affection that I have ever witnessed occurred a good many years ago in Paris, and the object of it was a nineteen-year-old boy. In the spring of 1905, His Most Catholic Majesty, Alfonso XIII, King of Spain, who, if my memory serves me faithfully, had just passed his nineteenth birthday, left his own country for the first time on a state visit to Paris. His stay in the French capital was inaugurated by a gala performance at the Opera, in which many of the musical celebrities of the day took part. Being unable to obtain tickets—the house had been sold out weeks in advance—Mrs. Powell and I stationed ourselves on the rue de Rivoli to watch the royal procession pass on its return to the palace.

Because of persistent rumors of an Anarchist plot against the king and his host, President Loubet, the authorities had adopted extraordinary precautions to insure their safety. The entire route from the Opera to the Palais d'Orsay, where the king was staying, was lined with troops standing shoulder to shoulder, and the four-horse barouche in which the king and the president rode was surrounded by troopers of the Garde Républicaine.

Just as the cortège had come into the rue de Rivoli, and when the leading ranks of the escort were within a hundred yards of where we were standing, there came a sudden, blinding glare, as though a million magnesium lights had been touched off



Something new under the sun

Thousands of factories have been erected in the South, but they have not brought about congested industrial centers. These factories lie apart—often on wooded hillsides and in smiling valleys. Nearby are the small and well-kept towns with attractive homes for the workers, and schools and playgrounds for the children.

Southern industry, turning natural resources into wealth, is wisely investing its prosperity in its people.

Small wonder that industrial towns and cities of the South are prosperous, and their people busy, healthy and contented.

Three-fourths of the mill capacity of the South's billion dollar textile industry, which now takes more than two-thirds of the cotton manufactured in this country, is along the lines of the Southern Railway System.

The Development Service of Southern Railway System, Washington, D. C., will gladly aid in securing industrial locations, farms and home sites in the South.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

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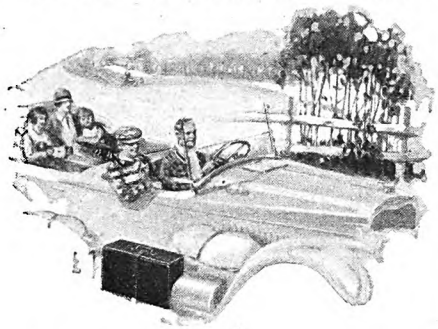
AMERICAN
KAMPKOOK
AMERICA'S FAVORITE CAMP STOVE



A Gas Range on The Running Board

Kampkook **is the most important item in your camp equipment—and the easiest to carry. Packed like a miniature suit case, it is up and going full speed in two minutes, with every facility of your gas range.**

Hot biscuits, baked or broiled meats—whatever your outdoor appetite demands, is provided by *Kampkook*, for, with its handy built-in oven, *Kampkook* bakes, broils, and roasts as well as it boils, fries and toasts. Uses common motor gasoline; burns with a clear blue flame as hot as gas, and free of smoke and soot. Large capacity detachable tank, with built-in funnel and pump, is easy to fill; the folding wind-shield makes it weather-proof; patented burner won't clog, lights quickly in any weather.

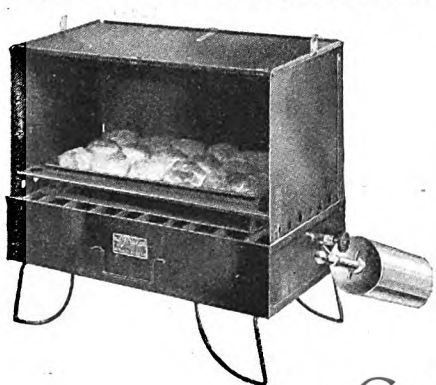
"Kampkookery," a valuable hand book on motor camping, sent on request.

Kampkook's **many exclusive features, the result of 30 years' manufacturing experience, make it the ideal stove for every outing. That is why there are more *Kampkooks* used than all other camp stoves combined. If your dealer does not carry genuine *American Kampkooks*, write for names of nearby dealers who do, and folder showing the full line. Address Dept. M. 8.**

American Gas Machine Co., Inc.
ALBERT LEA, MINNESOTA
Branches in New York and San Francisco

American Gas Machine Company, Inc.,
Dept. M 8, Albert Lea, Minn.
Send me full particulars about American Kampkooks, and name of nearest dealer.
Name.....
Address.....
Town and State.....

Kampkook No. 8, with built-in oven and heater, America's finest campstove, bakes, broils, boils, fries, roasts, toasts—in short, does everything you can do with your kitchen range at home. Strong wind-oven protects utensils on all sides and top. Unequalled for heating the tent or cottage. Has 10½x19-inch cooking surface. Two-quart tank, with built-in pump and hand operated filler plug, holds six hours' fuel supply. Folds to 10½x19 inches, with everything inside. Price in U. S., $11.00. Other models $6.30, $9.00 and $14.50.



together, accompanied by a terrific detonation. The Anarchists had made good their threat. A bomb had been hurled at the king. A number of the escort were killed or wounded; the royal carriage was filled with fragments of steel; but, as by a miracle, its occupants escaped unscathed.

Those in charge of the arrangement must have acted quickly, for a moment later the cavalcade tore by us at a gallop, some of the troopers and postillions streaming with blood. President Loubet, who sat at the left, was crouched forward, as though still stunned by the explosion, but the slim young king stood erect in the swaying carriage, plainly visible above the cordon of steel which surrounded him, bare-headed, smiling, and waving his silver helmet in response to the roar of plaudits from the crowd.

The following evening we attended a state ball given for the king by President and Madame Loubet at the Élysée Palace. I have never seen, and never expect to see again, such a spontaneous and heartfelt demonstration as that which greeted the youthful monarch when he entered the glittering ballroom with Madame la Présidente on his arm. Magnificently gowned and jeweled women stood on the tapestried chairs and waved their handkerchiefs and fans and tossed their bouquets at him and cheered; cabinet ministers and ambassadors and officers of state cheered and clapped their hands until their white gloves burst; the Archbishop of Paris forgot his dignity as a great prelate of the Church, and cheered; and the gray-bearded president of the republic cheered loudest of all, while out in the illuminated gardens the band of the Garde Républicaine burst into the Royal March of Spain.

And the boy-king, who had never been out of his own country before, blushed and bowed and smiled with embarrassment and confusion, like the democratic, unspoiled youngster that he then was.

OF ALL "the vanished pomps of yesterday" of which I was a witness, none impressed me more deeply than the funeral of Prince Regent Luitpold, the octogenarian ruler of Bavaria. I chanced to be in Munich at the time and, through the good offices of a high official of the court, I was permitted a private view of the lying-in-state in the Frauenkirche, the ancient cathedral-church in which the Bavarian monarchs were crowned and from which they were buried.

Entering by a side door, I was led up a flight of narrow winding stairs to a balcony heavily draped in black. Groping my way to the rail of the balcony—for, barring a patch of light in the center of the nave, the vast interior was shrouded in darkness—I found myself looking down into the face of the dead ruler, an old, old man with a long white beard reaching half way to his waist. Clad in the black velvet costume of a noble of the Middle Ages, his face framed by a huge white ruff, he lay upon a catafalque of black-and-silver. His hands were clasped upon the hilt of an ancient sword, and from his neck hung the jeweled collar of the Golden Fleece. The fitful light thrown by the guttering tapers was reflected by the steel breastplates of the halberdiers who stood on guard, immobile as statues, at the corners of the catafalque. The silence was broken only by the muttered prayers of the two nuns and the two Capuchin monks who knelt at the head and the foot of the bier. So medieval was the scene that it seemed as though I had stepped back into history for half-a-thousand years.

As I stood there in the semi-darkness, enthralled by the majesty and solemnity of the scene, the silence was abruptly broken by the shrill notes of a bugle, sharp commands, and the rattle of arms, and the great doors were flung open to admit a solitary and most striking figure. The man who entered thus dramatically was wrapped from neck to heels in a voluminous gray cloak with a broad fur collar. Of medium height, his stiff, military carriage and silver helmet surmounted by an eagle made him appear taller than he really was. He advanced with quick, jerky steps to the foot of the catafalque, and, bringing his spurred heels together, raised his white-gloved hand to his helmet in salute. Then, as the light from the candles fell upon that pale, masterful face with the upturned, grizzled mustaches and the haughty, intolerant eyes, I recognized him. It was the Kaiser.

IN THE spring of 1906, as the representative of a syndicate of American and English newspapers, I attended the revival of the Olympic Games in Athens. They were held in the ancient stadium, which was rebuilt for the purpose by the liberality of a Greek merchant prince and held about fifty thousand persons. Among the spectators were two kings, three queens, and a whole galaxy of lesser royalties, several of whom were destined to wear crowns of their own.

The Stars and Stripes were at the masthead most of the time, for the American athletes won more points than all their competitors put together. But the Marathon race was by far the most important event of the games.

Perhaps I should explain that the Marathon race was instituted to commemorate the feat of the Athenian soldier who, in 490, B. C., ran from the field of Marathon to Athens—a distance of about twenty-five miles—with the news of Miltiades's great victory over the invading Persians, and fell dead as he delivered his message. Because of its historical associations, its length, and its arduousness—for the course leads over the Pentelikon Range—it is the most picturesque and interesting athletic event of modern times.

It was a foregone conclusion that a Greek would win the great race, and the Greeks who packed the stadium to its utmost capacity and who formed a solid mass of humanity along the course for many miles were agog with excitement and expectation. It seemed as though every man, woman, and child carried a Greek flag, and hundreds of thousands of drachmas had been wagered upon the outcome.

It was late in the afternoon when the rumor spread through the eager throng that the runners had entered the precincts of the city and were approaching the stadium. A moment later, from our seats in the press stand we saw a lithe figure in a white shirt and running shorts dart into view at the far end of the troop-guarded lane. As he trotted through the marble

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Retail merchants:

Now more than ever— a powerful local selling help

"I am astonished," says one of New York's greatest retailers, "to learn what a large number of subscribers the Woman's Home Companion has in the better residential neighborhoods. Certainly, the Companion is a tremendous factor in the local sale of products advertised in its pages."*

For years dealers who realize the importance of checking up on advertising facts have watched the constant increase in the number of Companion readers—from 900,000 in 1915 to 1,900,000 in the first part of 1926. And *right now* a gain of 300,000 new readers since July, 1926—bringing the Companion's circulation to a high level of 2,200,000.

And here's what these circulation increases mean to you.

If you are a hardware merchant with a rating of $5,000 or over, there are now about 106 Companion homes in your neighborhood that you can logically draw trade from.

Or if you are an electrical goods dealer, there are 787 Companion homes in your trading area that are familiar with products in your line through seeing them advertised in the Woman's Home Companion. And all good customers for you.

In other words, today, more than ever before, the Companion is giving *local* coverage, creating *local* demand for the products advertised in its pages, making *local* sales for merchants who handle those products.

That is why the shrewder merchants in all parts of the country are featuring Companion-advertised products, tying-up with manufacturers' advertising by means of window displays, counter cards, and local newspaper advertising.

Now, more than ever, they know the Companion is a powerful *local* selling help for them. Equally important to you as dealers is the way leading manufacturers are helping you reach these Companion homes—so that you can sell more goods and increase your profits. For instance, in the short space of 5 years the advertising in the Woman's Home Companion has increased over 400 pages. And this is the final test of the local sales value of Companion advertising.

Number of Companion Homes Reached per Retail Outlet

Dealer	Homes reached per dealer rated over $5,000
Auto Dealers	160
Department Stores	758
Drug Stores	103
Furniture Stores	164
Hardware Stores	106
Jewelry Stores	277
Grocery	52
Radio	2824
Music Stores	699
Women's Furnishings	488
Electrical Stores	787
Dry Goods	110

**William F. Schlemmer, President and Treasurer, Hammacher, Schlemmer & Co.*

Woman's Home
Companion

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK

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See the world from an orchestra seat!

Pathé News

Japan is rocked by an earthquake, thousands are killed, other thousands made homeless—cable and wireless reach Pathe News cameramen in the Orient, motion pictures are taken while the earth is still shaking, a speeding liner bears the film to America, airplanes carry it to five great film distributing centers for printing—once again Pathe News is first in the theatres of America.

Wherever something big is happening, there is a Pathe News cameraman near at hand to cover the "story". England, France, Germany, Italy, China,—all over the world these men are in constant, immediate contact with the News.

The experience of sixteen years has made all this possible. The first news reel is still the first. Its incomparable organization can be imitated but not equalled.

Make Pathe News a habit at your favorite theatre

PATHE EXCHANGE, INC.
35 West 45th Street, New York

"Sees all—knows all"

portals of the stadium, the vast concourse rose as one man beneath a fluttering cloud of blue-and-white banners. For an instant the hush was so intense that we could hear the rapid "pit-a-pat" of the runner's feet and his labored breathing. Then there came a great sigh, almost a groan, of disappointment: the forest of Greek flags drooped and fell. For the runner, instead of wearing the Hellenic colors, carried on his breast the Canadian maple leaf. M. D. Sherring, a Canadian, had won.

There was a moment of deathly silence, and then the innate sportsmanship of the Greeks asserted itself. Bands blared the British and Canadian anthems, a Canadian standard fluttered out from the top of the winner's flagstaff, King George of Greece shook hands with King Edward of England, and Queen Olga embraced Queen Alexandra, half a dozen royal princes ran out into the arena and fairly lifted the little Canadian from his feet as he plunged across the finish-line, and when the King of the Hellenes placed on Sherring's brow the laurel wreath of victory, the crowd, forgetting its disappointment and chagrin, cheered itself hoarse in tribute to the winner of the Marathon. It was a great moment—a sight worth having seen.

THOUGH during the four years of the Great War I witnessed many profoundly impressive military spectacles, the one whose memory will remain with me longest, I think, was the entry of the Germans into Antwerp, on October 10th, 1914, when sixty thousand fighting men passed in review before the military governor in front of the royal palace, from which, only a few days before, the Belgian king and queen had fled. So far as onlookers went, the Germans might as well have staged their triumphal entry in the streets of Pompeii. My photographer, Donald Thompson, and I, standing on the balcony of the American consulate, were among the few non-German spectators in the entire length of the mile-long Place de Meir—which is the Broadway of Antwerp. The streets were deserted; every door was barred, every window shuttered. In a thoroughfare which had blossomed with bunting only forty-eight hours earlier, not a flag was to be seen. I think that even the Germans were a little awed by the sinister silence which greeted them.

At the head of the advancing column rode a squadron of gendarmes—the policemen of the army—in uniforms of bottle-green and silver, mounted on sleek and shining horses. After them came the infantry: solid columns of gray-clad figures, with the silhouettes of the mounted officers rising at intervals above the forest of spiked helmets. After the infantry came the field artillery, the cannoneers sitting on the caissons with wooden faces and folded arms and heels drawn in, like servants on the box of a carriage, as the guns rattled and rumbled over the cobblestones. After the field batteries came the horse artillery, and after the horse artillery the machine guns, until one wondered where Krupps' found the time and the steel to make them all. Then, heralded by a blare of trumpets and a crash of kettledrums, came the cavalry: Cuirassiers, with their steel helmets and breastplates covered with gray linen; hussars in fur busbies and befrogged gray jackets; and finally the uhlans, riding amidst thickets of lances under clouds of fluttering pennons.

For five long hours that mighty host poured like a human river through the canyons of brick and stone.

Battalion after battalion, regiment after regiment, brigade after brigade swept by, until our eyes grew weary watching the endless ranks of gray under the slanting lines of steel. As they marched they sang, the high buildings along the Place de Meir and the Avenue de Keyser echoing the thunderous strains of "Die Wacht am Rhein," "Ein Feste Burg Ist Unser Gott" and "Deutschland über Alles." Though the singing was mechanical, like the expressions of the men who sang, the mighty volume of sound, punctuated at regular intervals by the shrill music of the fifes and the rattle of the drums, and accompanied by the "tramp, tramp, tramp" of iron-shod feet, was one of the most unforgettable things that I have ever heard.

As the result of a serious injury incurred during the latter stages of the World War, the final days of the great conflict found me on a hospital ship in mid-Atlantic. The vessel, a former German liner, was crowded with sick and wounded officers and men, bound for home. I think it was shortly after midday on the eleventh of November when a hatless, coatless radio operator dashed from the wireless room to the captain's cabin with a message in his hand. A moment later the ship's siren split the gray silence of the wintry Atlantic with a shriek of triumph which could be heard for miles. We didn't need to be told what that blast signified. Intuitively we knew. The Armistice had been signed. The war was over! Peace had come!

THE great news spread through the ship like fire in dry grass, and in scarcely more time than it takes to tell about it the decks were ateem with cheering men. From the stokehold came figures begrimed with coal dust. Bluejackets came flocking from the fo'c'stle. Men in stained and faded khaki, with wound chevrons on their sleeves and the hospital pallor on their cheeks, hobbled from their cabins. Ship's officers, army surgeons, hospital orderlies, nurses, Y. M. C. A. workers joined the cheering throng. *These* were men who had made this thing possible—the men who had fought at Château Thierry and the Bois de Belleau, who had smashed the Hindenburg Line, who had faced the German steel-storm in the forests of the Argonne and on the slopes of St. Mihiel, who had fought amid the swamps along the Yser and the marshes of the Piave, who had manned the Atlantic convoys and the North Sea patrols. For a moment all was chaos, pandemonium, wild rejoicing. Then—and I never knew who gave the signal or how it started—the tumult was suddenly superseded by a reverent hush, and from the crowded decks rose, in a mighty volume of sound, the solemn strains of the Doxology—"Praise God from whom all blessings flow . . ."

Of all the big moments of my life, *that* is the one which I shall remember longest.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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Do Wild Animals Think?

(*Continued from page 55*)

Just how the first ratel learned to follow the first honey guide, it is of course impossible to say. The first coöperation of these two was probably a chance circumstance. Additional such chances followed, until the honey badger came to recognize the chatterings of its friend the honey guide, and the bird came to remember that the little badger was powerful enough to tear open the home of the bees. From these first chance encounters and associations grew the knowledge which each now possesses. To me, such a chain of circumstances is neither impossible nor improbable.

During the dry season, which lasts for six or seven months, the majority of the rivers in parts of Africa dry up. In July and August often nothing remains of a once rushing stream save a few rather stagnant pools. Most of the water holes and pans have become crinkled beds of hard mud. As a result, all the animals of a particular district become dependent on one or two pools or holes for their water.

If one did not know animals' habits, one would expect that such preying animals as lions and leopards would naturally lie in wait near such spots. It would seem that the one water hole in an area of, say, fifteen square miles would be the easiest place at which to secure a meal of zebra or hartebeeste meat. But such is not the case.

In my hunting, I have walked at least five thousand miles. I found many spots where antelope had met their death from lions, leopards, wild dogs, or cheetahs. Yet I cannot recall a single instance of such an occurrence near a watering place.

IT SEEMS to me that this action in itself shows reasoning. The fact that lions and other killers never bother to wait for game near a water hole is even more significant. They evidently know how useless such a procedure would be. Game does meet death at water holes, but only by accident. The winds and light breezes play queer tricks occasionally, and it might very well happen that a lion sometimes came face to face with a zebra without either animal being aware of the other's proximity until too late for the zebra.

Buffalo, eland antelopes, rhinoceroses, and elephants are often accompanied by egrets, which walk around and over their bodies, feeding on the blood-swollen ticks. Egrets are nervous, wide-awake birds. At a distance, their sight is probably better than that of the animals they ride on. If a hunter can approach a herd of buffalo, or a solitary rhino, without disturbing the birds, and without telegraphing his scent ahead of him on some wandering breeze, it is pretty certain that he will get his shot. But if the birds see him, they will at once become restless, and eventually take flight if the hunter continues to approach.

The departure of the birds arouses the animal. It becomes conscious that probably something is approaching. Once they are on the alert, animals are very difficult to approach. The least snapping of dry grass, the faintest breeze, or a sudden movement will give the hunter away.

Although the eland, elephant, and rhino are nearly always covered with ticks which annoy them they did not seek out birds to pick off the parasites. Probably the egrets found out by accident that certain large animals are infested with ticks. Then the birds associated themselves with the animals in order to obtain food. After a time, the animals learned by experience to take the sudden flight of the birds as a danger signal. Now, to me learning from experience means reasoning.

Very seldom do animals lie down or stand up for their noon-day snooze without previously circling down-wind and back-tracking some distance. They do this so that they will have forewarning of any enemy on their trail. Is this act instinctive? Or is it performed with conscious design? I believe the latter, because all animals which I have tracked always have a sentry or guard. I have never yet found a whole herd of adult animals asleep.

It is an interesting point that very young animals do not know this trick of safety. They lie down where they are, without regard to wind. It is because such youngsters have not yet learned how to take the necessary precautions that so many are killed by wild dogs, hyenas, and lions, and it is also the reason why so many are captured by natives, who stumble across them by accident.

The ignorance of such an emotion as fear is another factor in the careless behavior of very young creatures. Young animals accept any other animal as a friend, on first meeting it. On my farm, I once had a young wart hog which tried to make friends with a full-grown leopard. She did. But not in the way in which she expected. Only quick action on the part of my natives and myself saved her from serving as that big cat's noon-time meal. We had a monkey whose greatest pal was a kitten; a leopard and a Great Dane dog that drank milk from the same bowl; another leopard which used to box in the most friendly fashion with a goat.

WATCHING young animals make friends, regardless of species, on our animal farm, plus experiences while hunting, has convinced me that adult animals teach their young how to feed, what to eat, what to be afraid of, and how to act under any and all circumstances. Having learned what their parents can impart by example, the young animal fares forth on its own. If it is intelligent and strong, it survives. Otherwise, it quickly succumbs and becomes a prey of vultures and hyenas.

Animals learn from observation and from experience. I do not believe that a zebra approaches a water hole up-wind because it reasons each time that by this procedure it will be warned if lions are lying in wait. When it was a foal, the young zebra followed docilely wherever its mother and the rest of the herd led. Scents and sounds meant nothing to it.

This was because it had had no experience wherewith to connect certain scents with certain animals, or certain sounds

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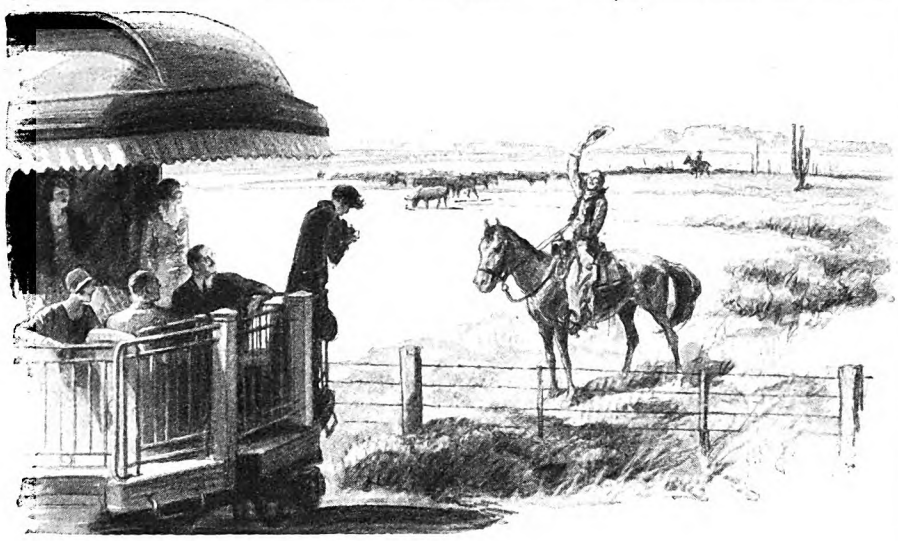

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with danger or safety. But over the course of the first six months of its life, the herd with which the foal belonged undoubtedly came into contact with preying animals of some kind. The little zebra learned to associate certain smells with instantaneous stampede. It saw that the roar of a lion made its mother nervous and caused her to be doubly on the alert. As yet, however, it did not understand why its companions fled so precipitately when the strong smell of lion came drifting down the breeze, or the high, whooping yelp of wild dogs sounded in the near distance.

Then, one day or night, the killing rush of a lion was successful, and one of the foal's companions disappeared. The roar, the terrified rush for safety, the squeal of the dying zebra, and the horrible smell of hot blood made a deep impression. Now the smell of lion was connected with something tangible. When that reeking scent came to its nostrils, the young zebra shivered involuntarily.

As it grew older, the foal noticed that danger always came from a certain direction; namely, that in which the wind was blowing. From these observations, and from the example of the herd, the young zebra developed the habit of approaching water, food, and lying-down places against the wind.

IN MY opinion, it is in some such way as this that animals learn. I do not believe that knowledge of danger, for instance, comes to them instinctively. If such were the case, would not all young antelopes be terrified of man, of lions, of dogs, of leopards? Yet they are not. Of all the more than a thousand very young creatures which I have handled in Africa, I have never seen one which was afraid. Baby elephants, cheetahs, rhinoceroses, leopards, wild dogs, monkeys, wart hogs, baboons, zimba cats, blue jays, owls, mongooses, hawks, duiker, koodoo, reedbuck, hartebeeste, sable and lechee antelope, zebra, kingfishers, hornbills, and servals have passed through my hands.

The little ones which were just beginning to see, to walk, and to eat were never afraid. The older ones did exhibit fear, but only of certain other animals. Some were afraid of dogs or cats; others of human beings. Some paid no attention to the growl of a leopard or to the crack of a rifle. Others were terrified. In short, reaction of the individual animal to these sounds and sights depended on the picture which past experience conjured up in their minds. Without such previous experience they had nothing by which to judge, to form an opinion.

This theory is borne out by the obvious difficulty which young lions have in killing their first antelope. I have shot many a buck which bore on its back and hindquarters the long scars of lion claws. But with the exception of the huge bull eland, which even adult lions have great difficulty in killing, these marks were nearly always those of immature lions, who were obviously learning how to kill. Instead of springing on the neck and shoulders, and either biting through the spinal column or breaking the neck of their prey with the strength of their tremendous fore legs, they missed their spring and landed on the broad, strong back or sloping hindquarters. They had not yet learned to time a spring accurately.

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Intelligence is a very difficult trait to define, particularly when the term is applied to animals. However, I believe that if any animal or group of animals can be shown to be able to communicate, discriminate, remember, coöperate, teach, and learn, they must be able to reason. And the ability to reason certainly implies some degree of intelligence.

Elephants always provoke wonder, whether in a circus, walking the streets, working on the docks in India, or roaming free in the African bush. Their size, enormous ears, and ponderous yet rapid movements are a never-ending source of wonder. Compared with their bulk, their brains are small. Yet they are among the most intelligent of all African animals.

ELEPHANTS have a language, or a series of calls, by which they can communicate ideas. These noises vary greatly. There is the clear, loud trumpet call given when elephants are at ease feeding through the bush. At night I have heard this trumpeting come rolling across the veldt through the darkness, and I have pictured the herd scattered among a patch of mauhaubahauba trees, pulling down branches and butting over whole trees in order to feed on the fruit of which they are so fond. This clear trumpeting is a call uttered much as boys call and shout when swimming or playing some game. Indeed, I have heard elephants trumpet and squeal at a water hole just as if they were a crowd of boys at the swimming hole playing hooky.

One night when I was far up the Luia River in Portuguese East Africa, I listened for hours to a herd of over sixty elephants bathing and playing at a water hole in the nearly dry river bed. I had made a machan—a tree house or platform—high up in a white thorn tree on the river bank. My native boy and I were watching a spring of clear water, to which elephants often came to drink.

I was beginning to doze off when Mangineera poked me in the leg. I swung around toward him. In the faint light I could see that he was pointing toward the running water of the spring. I listened carefully. A subdued "slap, slap, slap, slap" came to me. Then there was a sound as if water were being sucked through a large hose. Staring hard, I gradually made out a dark bulk looming against the black background of the bush and papyrus on the opposite side of the dry river. There was a movement, and the gleaming white of a tusk showed for a moment. An elephant; probably a single bull come for a drink. The slapping was its trunk dabbling at the water. From the glimpse of its tusk, I knew that it was probably a big bull.

We lay silent, watching intently. Old bull elephants usually travel alone, but often there is a herd not far away. There were only two places on this stretch of river where there was sufficient water for a herd to drink. We hoped the bull was a forerunner, and that the herd would come in the early hours of the half-dawn.

The black blotch had gone. There had been no sound, nor any movement that we could see. But the bull had left, making his way under the shadow of the great thorn trees. We settled back on our grass and blankets, only to sit up again as the clear trumpet call of an elephant sounded

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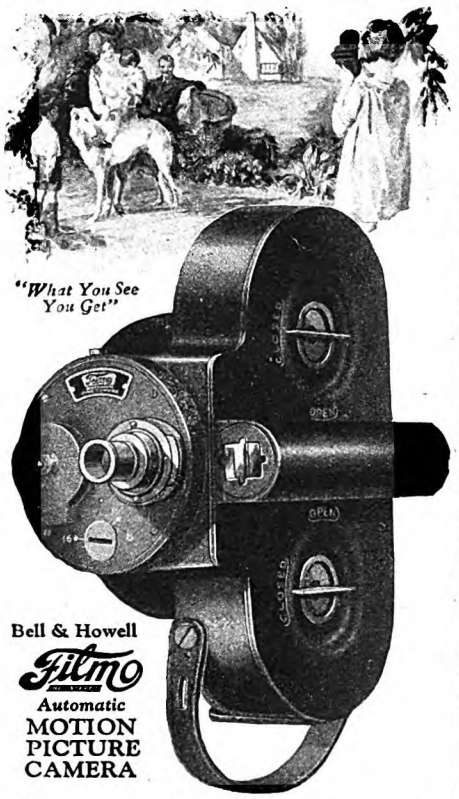

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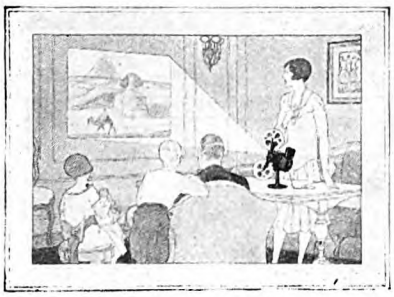

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from the other water hole, a quarter of a mile below us. Another trumpet. Then more. Splashing, thumps, squeals, and half-roars sounded through the night. The herd was having a party at the other pool. We were disappointed, but we listened eagerly to the uproar. The herd was bathing and playing. The sound of sucking mud and squirting water drifted up to us. The crash of a tree torn down in sport cut across the other sounds. But through all the sounds, there ran a note of enjoyment and fun.

THERE are many less pleasant sounds that an elephant makes. When wounded badly, even a big bull will sometimes call for help. This call is a penetrating, screaming trumpet, and nearly always brings response. If there are members of the herd near when such a trumpet strikes through the bush, they respond. The elephants which come to the aid of a wounded comrade are in most cases cows. That they come in response to the call is evidenced by their endeavor to get their helpless companion away. If the wounded elephant is down, the good Samaritans will attempt to get it on its feet. If it has a broken leg or shoulder, a friend will walk on each side and bolster up the stricken comrade, so that it can get away.

This action is one of the most touching and courageous which one sees among wild animals. To hear a wounded elephant trumpeting for help and succor, to see two cows returning to render what assistance they can, and then to watch the cleverness with which they get the sorely hurt elephant to its feet makes the human watcher think hard. Are these acts performed without conscious design? Do cow elephants return in the face of danger because such an act is merely an instinct with them? Or do the cows answer a call for help, in spite of the danger which they know awaits them from the hunter's rifle?

Elephants also roar and scream from rage, and with the purpose of terrorizing men or other wild animals. More often than not, a charging elephant bursts out upon the hunter, screaming like a tied-down locomotive whistle. It is a terrifying sound, and is more nerve-shaking than the sight of the enormous beast, bursting down with terrific speed, with its great ears spread twelve feet or more, tusks gleaming, pig eyes rolling, and trunk dangling wickedly.

Elephants trumpet when they scent danger. On such occasions, the call sounds only once, but the entire herd moves as if one, and disappears for some more secluded and less dangerous locality. I have heard such a call only once, but the warning quality in it was unmistakable. Unwittingly we had passed up-wind of a herd and they had scented us. The trumpet sounded below and slightly behind us. Although we hurried toward it we were too late. The elephants had gone.

We know that elephants can coöperate, as witness the return of the cows to help a wounded bull. They also combine their strength to push down trees too well rooted or too large for the strength of one.

Water every two days, and preferably every day, is essential to an elephant. During October and November the heat is terrific in the parts of Africa just south of the equator. It is then the end of winter and the dry season. Most of the rivers present only dry beds of roasting white sand. Yet elephants obtain water.

Often I have found places where they have dug in the sand, and secured pure, clean water sufficient for their immediate needs. An elephant digs by swinging one of its huge, powerful fore legs back and forth, sending gravel and sand flying. Tusks also are used for digging, but more often to dig for roots than for water. Once an elephant has scraped and kicked a hole in the sand deep enough to collect the water, it waits until sufficient has seeped through to furnish a drink.

This digging shows, to me at least, that an elephant can think. First, it must find the water under the sand. How does it do this? Probably by remembering where the various river beds are, and by walking along them until its keen smell tells it that water is below. It then digs. Between it and the necessary drink is a mass of sand and gravel. The elephant proceeds deliberately to remove that which is between itself and the water, to wait until the water collects, and then to drink. Is this an action performed without conscious design? Or does the elephant remember, discriminate, and reason, as I most firmly believe it does?

A FIRE is commonly thought to be a protection against wild animals. As a matter of fact, it is firelight which frightens away marauders.

During the months of July, August, and September, all Africa south of the equator burns. The grass, which during the rainy season has reached heights of six, seven, and eight feet, becomes dry as tinder. The natives fire the grass to drive game into nets, or water, or pitfalls, and to encourage new grass to grow for their cattle. Consequently, wild animals have become accustomed to the sight, sound, and smell of fire. As a matter of fact, antelope and zebra are very interested in fire as a means of securing a delicacy—salt.

While hunting, I have often fired great stretches of grass, with the deliberate intention of helping myself to obtain game. Antelope, and zebra also, have found that the blackened roots of the harsh burnt grass contain a residue of salt. One of the easiest methods that I know of to secure game is to burn off the grass of a particular area, and then wait until some hartebeeste, wildebeeste, duiker, or zebra come to feed on the salty residue which remains.

Again, antelopes, wart hogs, or zebras will seek the protection of man and his fires when pressed by a pack of wild dogs. One evening, when I was camped in a district far west and south of the upper Kafue River, a hartebeeste came into camp at a staggering gallop. It stood shaking and quivering, surrounded by my dogs and natives. It was terribly frightened, yet it would not move. Then the yelps and barks of a pack of wild dogs sounded from the bush from which the hartebeeste had come. The dogs came up, circled around us and after a time withdrew. The hartebeeste stayed with us until late at night, and then took itself off.

Firelight is a protection because animals realize that they can be seen if they come within its circle. Of the actual fire itself, they are not afraid. A lion, for instance, will approach close to a camp, will wander around and even through it, but very,

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very seldom does it approach close enough to a fire to be revealed.

When we first made camp on the Luia River in Portuguese East Africa we had no houses or stables. While these were being built, we surrounded our tents and houses with a fence made of the stiff stalks of dried papyrus reeds. It was flimsy enough, but it was all the protection that we required. Inside at night we tied our six horses. Near them slept several natives, whose special job it was to keep fires burning all night.

The first time lions came up to us they prowled all around the fence. For a time one stood within six feet of one of our tents. Yet nothing happened. Those lions did not want to enter the brightly lighted area inside the fence, even though they could see and smell the horse and dog meat there.

Are all these actions examples of instinct, or do they show that animals act with intelligence? The very variations in the conduct and habits of animals tend to convince me that animals often act with conscious design. Antelope, for instance, know only too well that man means danger. Yet, when hard pressed, they will appeal to him rather than suffer the agonies of being torn limb from limb while still alive. When fire rages behind them, antelope, buffalo, and all wild creatures flee headlong. But they will return, and, if herbivorous, feed on the salty residue behind. Young animals are born unafraid. Of that I am positive. Still, when adult, they possess all the fears of their species. Observation has convinced me that, like human beings, animals learn through experience.

One Way to Kill Worry is to Laugh It to Death

(*Continued from page 51*)

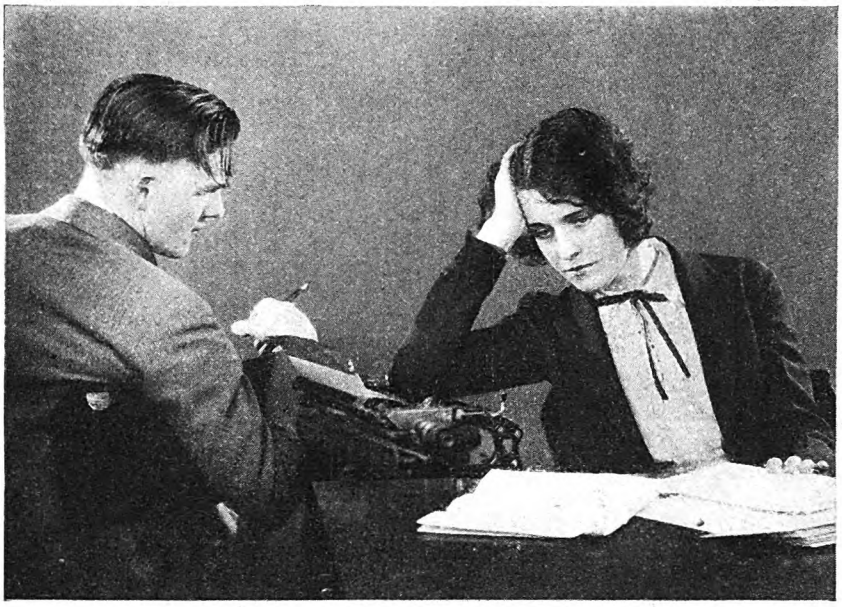
out to one of the six who had lost heavily.

"'He can afford to worry,' he laughed, 'because he's got nothing to worry about. It won't hurt him. As for me, I can't afford it. I've got too darned much work to do to make up that loss. If I worried about it, I sure would be sunk.'

"Worry is destructive. Nobody will dispute that. Then, when you are down on your back, so bad off that you need every ounce of will and strength to get back on your feet again, why weaken yourself with worry? It's like pulling the last prop from beneath an undermined house you want to save. It's making yourself a hand-in-glove assistant to the trouble that has downed you.

"Ask me to name the most useless, the most destroying thing in this world, and I'll answer you in one word, 'Worry'! It has slain more men, wrecked more homes, ruined more lives than war itself! The tortures of war are thrust on us. Worry is torture self-inflicted. It is thought which we ourselves dress in black!"

Nights, at home, young Bell studied accounting. At the bank he began to do work of a clerical sort, in addition to his duties of running errands and sweeping up. A year went by and his pay was



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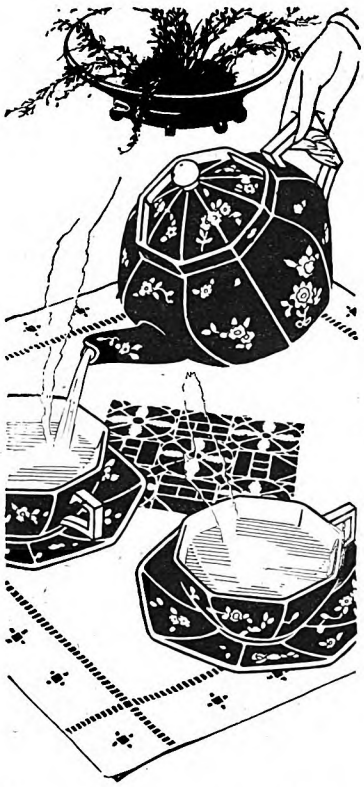

At noon—each day

JAPAN TEA

Unties your nerves

That taut feeling in your nerves, most afternoons, is nothing to fret about.

It's the natural result of too much hurry, of concentrated work.

Escape it by setting aside ten minutes each day for relaxation.

The best time is at noon, at luncheon.

The best way, with a cup or two of fragrant, restful Japan Tea, leisurely savored, *lingered* over.

See how it unties your nerves. How it keeps you fresh, all afternoon.

Japan Tea is tea at its best — tea in its *natural* state, uncolored and unfermented, with all the flavor-laden juices of the fresh leaves preserved by immediate sterilization.

Specify Japan Green Tea. Packaged for the home under various brands. Several grades and prices. The best costs but a fraction of a cent a cup

raised to thirty-five dollars a month. But, and he chuckled as he related this, the bank told him that thereafter he would have to pay his own car fare. The actual pay increase was, therefore, only one dollar a month.

In the meantime, his father was in the Klondike. His partner came down with scurvy. To save his life, the elder Bell started with him by sled to the coast; but no medical aid was to be had there, and they had to go on to Seattle. The sick man pleaded to be taken home, and Bell came back to Jermyn with him. The gold he brought hardly paid expenses.

At the bank, Grant was promoted to bookkeeper. He married. That year, to increase his income, he also kept the books of a lumberyard, a mill and grain company, and a stationery store. He was working holidays, and nightly until midnight. He was forgetting to play. But the bank promoted him to teller. From that he went up again, to become the assistant treasurer of a trust company, a concern with a dozen branch offices and doing business in forty states. A few years more and he was treasurer, then treasurer and comptroller.

A rapid rise was this, founded on nothing but work; on work undiluted, unrelieved, unbroken. I've said that he forgot how to play. He forgot, too, how to laugh. Life had become a dead-serious, a grinding and driving business with him, work and sleep, sleep and work.

"Ease up a little. Take a rest. You can't stand this pace," pleaded his wife.

"I couldn't ease up," Mr. Bell told me. "The work had me. The responsibility had me. I had got the notion in my head that if a thing was to be done right I had to do it myself. I had been successful, and it had gone to my head. I was a slave to my job, and, what was worse, my own slave-master, my own tyrant."

Warnings came—annoying little pains. That was as early as 1902. The pains meant there was a physical weakness, something in need of correction, or at least of consideration.

"It's nothing," Bell insisted. "I can't slow up for that." He didn't bother to stop work now at midnight; he was still plugging away at two, at three in the morning. Hang the pains!

But the pains wouldn't be hanged. They kept announcing their presence more frequently, more annoyingly. "Muscular rheumatism," said the doctors. "You're working too hard, wearing yourself out."

"Nonsense!" Bell retorted, and dashed away on another grueling trip. The nature of his work demanded a lot of traveling, for the twelve branch offices were scattered the country over.

AND then came 1907.

For several years, apart from his duties with the trust company, Bell had been making investments in stocks for himself and friends. He had gained some little reputation in this, with the result that two large customers of his company engaged him to buy for them, quietly, fifteen hundred shares of a certain stock. By scattering his purchases over five months and watching the market, he was able to buy the stock for much less than the two customers had expected. They were so gratified that they offered to let Bell into the pool to the extent of three hundred shares.

"But at the present market price," he protested, "three hundred shares would cost me sixty-five thousand dollars. I can't afford to make such a purchase."

"You don't need to put up cash," explained the two. "Buy the stock, as we are buying ours, on notes. Pay for it when you can. We'll make it a joint purchase. You merely have to sign the notes we have already given. The banks have accepted the stock as security."

The offer was prompted by a generous impulse, the idea being to let Bell "in on a good thing." The men had information that the stock was due for a rapid rise. Their profit would be considerable, and they wanted Bell to share in it.

But 1907, you will recall, foreran another panic. One by one, various of the investments Bell had made for friends started to go bad. They came to him, alarmed. Bell had confidence in the investments, so he personally guaranteed his friends against loss.

To make some of his own investments, he had borrowed money on personal notes secured by stocks. Week by week, under the broadsides of the panic, the value of first one and then another of these stocks went down, requiring him to supply additional security. His friends' stocks, guaranteed by him, went down likewise; but somehow he was able to keep up with the demands.

THEN, in climax, came the heaviest blow of all. The stock which he had purchased for the two wealthy clients, and to which he was committed for three hundred shares, started to drop, and not to rise as anticipated. The two men came to him. Their own affairs had been hard hit, and they were as hard pressed for money as was Bell himself.

"All three of us are down on those notes," they pointed out. "We'll have to fight together or all three will go under."

The stock, quoted at $185, fell to $170, to $150, eventually to $100. With each drop new security had to be furnished. Before the bottom was reached Bell was bankrupt, as were also his two partners.

And into this diet of work and money-grubbing crept a new factor—worry! While behind worry, black as night, stalked its boon companion, fear!

"I was bankrupt," Bell confessed to me; "but my wife didn't know it. My friends didn't know. My company, which wasn't involved at all, only suspected the truth. You see, my plight was strictly a personal one. The company was sound, though it, too, was having its difficulties. I was bankrupt, and yet working for a sound company. Outwardly, I tried to be as usual. Inwardly, I was raw in every nerve."

Trying to beat back the hidden worry, he plunged harder into work. His physical pains were growing more menacing. At times they were so bad he couldn't get to his office; an associate had to come to his home with a horse and carriage to get him. Twice his leg joints became so swollen and distorted that he had to go to a sanitarium for treatment. But the doctors couldn't keep him there long enough to check the disease.

"I was living in a house of cards," said

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Bell; "and I knew if I wasn't there to hold it the whole thing would come tumbling down. I didn't dare stay away. You see, at home I had two boys and a wife. They were dependent on my carrying on."

Between that year of 1907 and the year of 1913 everything that Bell touched went wrong. His health was failing, and even his life insurance was pledged to cover debts. His nights were nights of sleepless worry; his days, days of work, and fear. He was at that point where he was afraid to say "Yes," for fear that he should say "No;" afraid to move, for fear that he should stand still. Everything went wrong, and all of this trouble he kept pent up inside of him.

In the fall of 1913, the trust company's affairs demanded that he make a flying trip across the continent in a round of the various branch offices. For thirty days he was continuously on this trip, twenty-one nights being spent on sleepers. In San Francisco he was forced to call a doctor, so great had become the pain racking his body.

"YOU should be in a hospital," the doctor warned him. "You are completely worn out, ready to go to pieces."

"I've got to go on," insisted Bell, kept up only by sheer will. His joints were swelling; he could move only with difficulty.

He completed the trip, finished the work, and somehow got back to his desk in Scranton. All at once he began to sway dizzily. The room went black, and he slumped over senseless in his chair. A few hours later, when he opened his eyes, he was in bed at his home. A physician stood by, and Mrs. Bell. The room tilted crazily, like a ship in a stormy sea. He didn't want to get up any more.

Until January he lay there, more dead than alive. Most of the time, unable to move, he could only think: Who would pay the doctor? Who would pay his debts? What would become of his family? There were times when the shadows of fear pressed close.

One afternoon—it was approaching Christmas—he spoke to the doctor alone. "I'm no baby," he said earnestly. "If I'm due to pass on I want to know it. A day or two, more or less, isn't going to make much difference now."

"Grant, you'll live," said the doctor; "but—"

"But what?"

"I don't think you'll ever walk again. If you do, it will be by a miracle."

"That," smiled Mr. Bell, "was my Christmas, 1913."

A week or two later they took him to Newark for treatment. It was there, three months later, that we began this story.

"Call it a miracle, call it what you will," said Mr. Bell. "I started to get better the very moment I stopped worrying! My world began to change the instant I changed my state of mind!"

He went on:

"I had been seeing only the red side of the ledger. There, were set down all the things I didn't have. I turned from it over to the happy entries, though I hardly expected to find any there; but there were some, nevertheless. My wife! She had never uttered a word of complaint, never a reproach; not once had *she* groaned at

What do you understand in *your* family when you say "*Antiseptic*"?

Don't think of an antiseptic simply as something to put on a scratch or a cut. A *real* antiseptic is a daily protector against infections of the skin, hair, mouth, nose, throat, gums and all membranes and cavities of the body. Make yours an antiseptic household.

OUR own time has well been called "the age of antisepsis". Not only physicians, but all people in general have advanced in their knowledge of disease-*prevention*. And many dangerous germ-diseases are becoming rare because of enlightened measures of protection.

For family protection there are many forms of antiseptic available—one for cuts and wounds and another for the throat—this one for sunburn and that one for feminine hygiene or the enema. But there is *only one* antiseptic that will do *all* these things. That antiseptic is *Zonite*.

Zonite the all-round antiseptic

Zonite is powerful. Zonite is non-poisonous. Zonite is quick-acting. Can you name any other antiseptic which combines these all-round qualities? Such germicides as carbolic acid and bichloride of mercury are powerful but poisonous. The non-poisonous products, such as peroxide of hydrogen and various mouth-washes, are weak and ineffective. In comparison Zonite stands in a class by itself. For though as harmless as the weak antiseptics, it is actually more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on the body.

Astonishing range to Zonite usefulness

Yet Zonite, despite its great strength, is absolutely non-poisonous. It is so harmless that it can be held full-strength in the mouth. In fact, one of its principal uses is the daily mouthwash. Zonite guards against gum infections. It is a breath deodorant and a body deodorant. It corrects dandruff. It purifies drinking water.

When an antiseptic enema is desired, Zonite supplies the needed germicidal qualities; also invaluable in feminine hygiene. For sunburn, poison-ivy and mosquito bites, Zonite Ointment is available (in vanishing cream form); also for after-shaving use and as a deodorant.

Many in one:
Emergency antiseptic
Dental cleanser
Mouthwash
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Body deodorant
Enema
Feminine hygiene

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Use Zonite Ointment for sunburn, plant poisoning, insect bites, etc. Also as a powerful deodorant in vanishing cream form.

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Only one solution to the problem —eliminate waste . . .

PITY the poor manufacturer! On one hand stands his customer, expectantly awaiting price reductions. On the other his organization demanding ever increasing operating costs.

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Remington Rand through the ceaseless research and service efforts of its associated divisions is effecting tremendous economies in every line of commercial activity. Millions of dollars have been saved to American business by them in the elimination of wasteful methods.

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the load, which was hers as well as mine. My boy too. With all the worrying I had done—and I had become an expert worrier—I had found not once occasion to worry over my boy. I had never had to ask, 'Where is he to-night? Is he in bad company? Is his character bad?' The boy was on the credit side of the ledger. His younger brother was yet too small to be anywhere but there.

"And my friends: their names were not so numerous, on the credit side, as I once had thought; but those left—and they were more than a few—had been tried by brimstone. Trouble had done me the favor of sorting the true from the false. Here were friends of whom no questions need be asked.

"Then I was young, only thirty-five years old. My heart was sound. My lungs were good. My brain was intact in my head. Those nearest and dearest to me had kept their confidence and faith in me; at least I could do as much for myself!"

THAT little office space which he rented upon leaving the sanitarium was over the bank where he had started work as messenger. An accountant is like a lawyer or a doctor: he can't, ethically, go out and solicit clients. They must come to him. There were weary months of waiting and then things began to happen.

A bank failed. There was a shortage in its accounts. For the first time in seven years, opportunity knocked at Bell's office door. He was named to do the accounting in the failure. The case got into court, with Bell as one of the principal witnesses, and into the newspapers. The ice was broken. Clients began to come in a steadily swelling stream.

A great company with a thousand employees and two dozen subsidiary concerns got into difficulties, and Bell was retained to do the accounting incident to its reorganization. This was constructive work, different from that of the bank failure, and it was the kind of work Bell longed to do. So successful was he in this instance that he was engaged for other reorganizations. Big businesses and banks alike began to seek his services. He became an expert in income-tax returns.

Now he was back on his feet again, both figuratively and literally, for he was able to walk, with the aid of a cane, to drive a specially fitted automobile, and to go fishing once more—the sport of his boyhood—in a specially equipped boat. He bought a camp site in the mountains, built on it a bungalow by a lake, and learned to play again.

This is the way Grant Bell summed up his creed to me:

"My friend, beat worry and you'll beat life. It has cost me a good many thousands of dollars, and a good many hours of pain, and a whole making-over to learn that. But it is worth the price."

EDGAR A. GUEST reappears next month in "You Can't Live Your Own Life." This article is full of simple, stimulating philosophy. "We may not be important to ourselves," says Eddie; "but we can't side-step the fact that we are vastly important to others."

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"Smells Are Surer Than Sounds and Sights"

(*Continued from page 49*)

"The result is that natural perfumes are not perfectly standardized. But the chemist, working in his laboratory, can turn out a synthetic perfume which is absolutely unvarying. If he has the correct formula, his product is just as good as the original. And it is always the same.

"To get this formula, he first extracts the flower's own perfume in concentrated form. He finds out what elements it is composed of. Then, by repeated experiments, he tries to find in what proportions and in what arrangement these elements must be combined in order to give the right odor.

"Our synthetic violet perfumes are the result of experiments made by Tiemann and Krüger, famous German chemists. The odor of orris root is very like that of violets, so these chemists attacked the problem from that direction.

"From two tons of orris roots they obtained about twelve grams of odoriferous material. But they found that the odor was supplied by only a small proportion of these twelve grams of substance! From their experiments came the clue to the formula which is used now in making synthetic violet."

"What is the most persistent of all odors?" I asked. "The one that lasts longest."

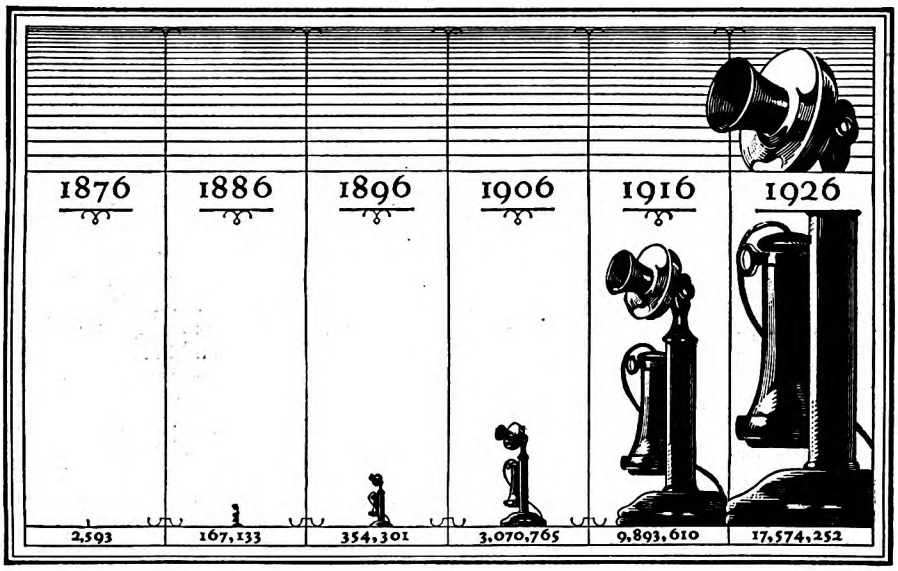
"Musk seems to be the Methuselah among perfumes," replied Doctor Bogert. "According to what seem to be reliable statements, the odor of musk, clinging to articles shut up in tight receptacles, can be detected even after the lapse of centuries! This appears incredible, but I believe it is true.

"Musk, which comes from the male musk deer, is one of the strongest as well as one of the most persistent odors. Because of its lasting quality, it is used in combination with the flower essences in manufacturing many of our favorite perfumes.

"DIFFERENT people like different perfumes. It is just as it is with food, or color, or music; our tastes are not alike. Musk, for instance, is very unpleasant to some persons' sense of smell. Others delight in using a scent so strong of musk that everybody else in the room is actually uncomfortable.

"Between peoples of different nationalities this contrast in taste is even more astonishing. In certain Oriental countries there is an odoriferous substance which is called by a name suggesting a most repulsive origin. To the Occidental nose, the odor itself is intensely disagreeable. Yet the people of the Orient actually like the smell.

"We have 'periods' in perfumes, just as we have in pictures and in music. The perfumes which are the vogue now are complicated blends; many of them very artistic ones. Just at present, the chief demand is for those in which jasmine is an



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THERE are twenty-five Bell companies but only one Bell System—and one Bell aim and ideal, stated by President Walter S. Gifford as:

"A telephone service for this nation, so far as humanly possible free from imperfections, errors or delays, and enabling anyone anywhere at any time to pick up a telephone and talk to anyone else anywhere else in this country, clearly, quickly and at a reasonable cost."

The year 1926 brought the service of the Bell Telephone System measurably nearer that goal. Seven hundred and eighty-one thousand telephones were added to the System—bringing the total number interconnected in and with the Bell to more than seventeen and a half million.

The number of applications waiting for service, including those in new and outlying sections, was reduced fifty per cent.

A third transcontinental telephone line was completed to the Pacific coast.

The largest number of miles of toll wire for one year was added to the System—more than 664,000 miles.

The average length of time for completing toll calls throughout the System was lowered by thirty-five seconds.

A seven per cent improvement over the previous year was made in the quality of voice transmission in toll calls. An adjustment was made in long distance rates amounting to a reduction of about $3,000,000 annually.

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important factor. But, taken over a long period, I believe the favorite among natural perfumes is violet.

"I spoke of some of our modern blends being 'artistic.' That word is the correct one to use in this connection, for the preparation of a really fine blend is truly a work of art. The experts who produce these formulas are creators, in the same way that a painter creates a beautiful picture. The price you pay for a perfume does not depend solely on the cost of the ingredients of which it is made, any more than the price of a painting depends on the cost of the colors and brushes and canvas. In each case, you pay for the skill of the man who created the work of art.

"That is something which most people do not realize. My students often bring me samples of perfumes which they have made in the laboratory. It seems a simple matter to put together certain known ingredients. But long experience is necessary in order to know how these ingredients will behave when they have been combined. One member of the group may unexpectedly turn out to be stronger than all the rest. Another one may seem to disappear entirely. Inside of a week, a perfume made by an amateur may have an odor which is totally different from the one it had at the beginning.

"AMONG savage peoples the sense of smell is much keener than among civilized races. Some years ago, when I lived for a time among our Western Indians, I was acutely conscious of my inferiority to them in this respect. They could smell the smoke of a distant camp fire, for example, when I couldn't possibly detect it. In Africa, the people of some of the native tribes track their enemies, almost as a hound does, by the sense of smell.

"We all know that animals locate their prey by scent, but it is also likely that insects use the same method. When a mosquito finds you in the darkness, it is probably guided by its sense of smell. This sense is extraordinarily developed in many insects, their organs of smell being located chiefly, or even entirely, in their antennæ. Apparently insects are like human beings in having certain preferences in odors. Bees, for example, dislike musk, but have no aversion to asafetida!

"Even in the average person, the sense of smell is more marvelously delicate than any of the others.

"You remember that Kipling wrote: 'Smells are surer than sounds and sights, to make the heartstrings crack.'

"It is true that perfumes, or other odors, have a peculiar effect on our emotions, because they awaken our memories. A breath of perfume may instantly bring up the recollection of some past experience, with a revival of the pleasure or the pain connected with that experience.

"There may be some flower which you never like to have near you. Not because its fragrance is unpleasant, but because it is associated with something which has been painful—or with some happiness which you have lost. These 'odor memories' seem to be more poignant than those connected with sight or with hearing.

"The explanation probably is this: Our mental associations depend on the interconnection between different areas of the brain. The olfactory cortical center in one of the brain lobes is widely connected with other parts of the cerebrum; the result being that we have many associations with odors and excellent 'olfactory memories'."

"The sense of smell is affected by certain drugs. Caffeine and strychnine, for instance, stimulate it. Cocaine, applied to the mucous membrane of the nose, paralyzes the sense of smell. It may be totally lost as a result of disease.

"It gets 'tired,' too. Sometimes you are acutely conscious of an odor. It seems to thrust itself upon you. And yet, after a while, you cease to notice it. The stimulus has continued to assail your olfactory nerves until they are so fatigued that they no longer react to it. Some odors have this effect on practically all of us. There are others to whose benumbing influence only a few people are susceptible.

"Everyone has heard of color blindness; but there are cases also of 'smell blindness'—the inability to distinguish between certain odors.

"There are other cases of people who are hypersensitive to some one odor. To us it may be a highly agreeable perfume; yet if a person has this mysterious hypersensitiveness to that particular scent, it will cause him acute discomfort.

"It is a rather interesting fact that the sense of smell is, on the average, more delicate in males than in females. This statement may arouse feminine protest, but it seems nevertheless to be true.

"Probably few people think of fish as having a sense of smell. Yet many of them are better off than human beings in that respect. The shark, which is one of the most intelligent of fishes, has an olfactory membrane of astonishing extent. If spread out, it would cover about twelve square feet.

"However, certain kinds of birds surpass not only man but all other living creatures in the keenness of their sense of smell. If you ever have been in the South you have seen the buzzards sailing in slow circles hundreds of feet above the earth. Occasionally they descend, to make a meal off some dead animal. Even so small a thing as the carcass of a mouse, they are able to locate from aloft—not by sight, but by smell.

"Vultures scent the same sort of food at incredible distances. Still more amazing, Pliny declared that carrion crows can 'smell death' three days *before* it occurs! They arrive in advance and hover about, waiting for the stricken creature to die."

"WHAT is the strongest odor?" I asked.

"Well," laughed Doctor Bogert, "I am willing to award the title to the skunk. Its scent can be detected at a distance of a mile or more.

"Among drugs there are several which have powerful odors. Doctor Holleman, a Dutch chemist, tells of noticing the smell of a certain chlorophenol as he was walking along a street in Amsterdam one day. Looking up, he saw one of his assistants a block away. The man had been working with this compound in the laboratory; and the odor, still clinging to his garments, was strong enough to attract attention, even at a distance of a block.

"One of the most persistent perfumes is patchouli, which was very fashionable a

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century or two ago. There is a curious story in this connection: Cashmere shawls also were fashionable in that period, and an attempt was made to manufacture them in France. Apparently the French-made shawls were exactly the same as those imported from the Orient and yet, people wouldn't buy them!

"Finally, it was discovered that the Oriental shawls were preferred because of a subtle odor clinging to them. This odor turned out to be patchouli. The perfume was used by the Oriental workers; it clung to their hands and their garments; the fabric of the shawls became impregnated with it; and this was responsible for the subtle scent which characterized them.

"Some of the facts concerning odor are almost incredible. For instance, we can detect the smell of camphor in a dilution of one part to 400,000! With musk, all that is necessary is one part in eight millions. With oil of rose, one *one-hundred-and-twenty-thousandth* of a grain can be detected. With mercaptan, a strong-smelling chemical compound, the minuteness of the amount is almost inconceivable; for it is estimated that if one *four-hundred-millionth of a milligram* of mercaptan comes into contact with the olfactory nerves, they immediately react to it."

"HOW about flowers?" I asked. "Which ones have the most perfume?"

"They differ decidedly in the amount of flower oil they yield," said Doctor Bogert. "The amount varies, too, according to the process used in extracting the oil. A ton of orange blossoms, for instance, yields only one fifth of a pound of oil by what is known as cold enfleurage. But it yields over two pounds by distillation with steam. For that two pounds of oil about *one million* orange blossoms would be necessary; and they would be the total output of perhaps ninety or one hundred trees. The oil would be worth from $100 to $130 a pound at wholesale.

"As for attar of roses, only one pound of the oil is obtained from over a million blossoms. As they are larger than orange blossoms they would weigh several tons! Attar of roses sells at wholesale for about $10 an ounce, which is at the rate of $160 a pound. But when you realize that this is for several tons of roses, not counting the cost of labor and other items, the price certainly is not high.

"One of the most expensive of the hyper-essences of flowers is that of Parma violets. In a recent catalogue, I saw it quoted at $1,900 a pound. That of victoria violets was $1,300 a pound, and of roses $200 a pound."

"What flower yields the most perfume according to the weight of the blossoms?" I asked.

"Perhaps cassie," said Doctor Bogert, "which is raised extensively in the south of France. The bright yellow blossoms grow in little tufts close to the stem, like some species of acacia. One ton of the flowers yields from seven to ten pounds of 'concrete,' which is the name given to the extracts obtained by a certain process.

"The most enormous flower garden in the world is in the south of France; for in the district surrounding the little city of Grasse thousands of tons of flowers are

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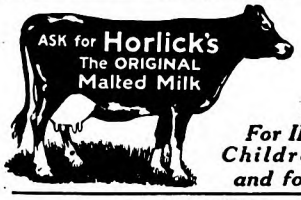

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raised every year, and their essential oils extracted for the perfume manufacturers.

"Grasse alone uses about 2,000 tons of orange blossoms, 2,200 tons of roses, 1,750 tons of jasmine, 450 tons of violets, and 300 tons of tuberoses, besides hundreds of tons of narcissus, mignonette, carnations, and other flowers.

"You can get some idea of the size of this immense 'flower garden' from the fact that at least 1,000 acres of jasmine, with something like 40 million plants, are necessary to produce the 1,750 tons of blossoms which are supplied to Grasse.

"Jasmine essences sell at wholesale for $600 a pound. Of course all prices vary according to the demand; also, according to the season, which may be a good one or a bad one for the flowers. Jasmine flowers, for example, have sold in the Grasse district as low as five or six francs per kilo, and as high as fifty or sixty francs per kilo. A kilo is a little over two pounds. When orange blossoms and roses were selling, before the war, at the rate of about six cents a pound, violets brought thirty-five cents and tuberoses forty-five cents.

"In some cases, like the rose and the orange blossom, the perfume is ready-made when the flower blooms. In others, like the jasmine and the tuberose, the flowers seem to contain very little of the essential oils at first. They keep on producing it, however, even after they have been picked.

"If flowers of this latter class are treated with steam or hot solvents, to obtain the floral extracts, they cease to produce perfume. But if they are placed over cold fat they continue for hours to manufacture and to give off perfume, which is taken up by the fat. By this process ten times as much is recovered from jasmine flowers as by the other processes; and in the case of tuberoses, the difference is even greater.

"Plants furnish many odors besides the perfume of their blossoms. The essential oils are sometimes in the wood itself, as in cedar and sandalwood; or in the bark, as cinnamon and cassia; in the leaves, as patchouli, bay, mint, thyme, or lemon verbena; in the fruits, as orange, lemon, nutmeg; in the seeds, as almond and caraway; in resinous secretions such as turpentine; or even in the roots, as the orris I mentioned before.

"Oil of peppermint, which has a very strong odor, is made from the leaves of the plant. Most of our supply in this country comes from Michigan, and sells for two or three dollars a pound at wholesale. Oil of wintergreen is made not only from the wintergreen plant, but also from the leaves and twigs of the sweet birch. True wintergreen oil sells for from four to eight dollars a pound; while that which is made from the North Carolina sweet birch brings about half that price.

"THERE are fascinating possibilities in the field of synthetic perfumes," Doctor Bogert continued. "We shall be able in the laboratory not only to duplicate the natural perfumes but to build up entirely new ones. In fact, this has already been done. There are perfume substances now in common use which, so far as we know, do not occur in nature. These were invented, or created, outright. In other cases, the chemist has taken a natural product and changed it into a different and often more valuable one. For instance, he has transformed asafetida into vanilla.

"Many of our synthetic perfumes have been built up, step by step, from some of the components of coal tar. There is no more beautiful miracle in all chemistry than this transmutation of a foul black mass into the most delicate and delicious perfumes. It is a more wonderful magic than even the old alchemists dreamed of when they attempted to transmute base metals into gold."

"THE history of perfumes, by the way, is a romance in itself. In Athens, the shops where they were sold were the most fashionable places of rendezvous. People made appointments to meet at the perfumer's, just as they now arrange to meet for tea, or at a club, or at a theatre.

"For social affairs, the host or hostess had the rooms exquisitely scented. Sometimes tame doves, whose plumage had been drenched with perfume, would circle about the banquet hall, delicately showering a sweet spray from their wings. The craze became so universal that Socrates complained that everybody, from the slave to the aristocrat, 'smelt exactly alike.' Finally Solon advocated a law restricting the sale of perfume; at least to men.

"Rome also went to extremes: It is said that more perfumes were used for the funeral of Nero's wife, Poppæa, than all Arabia produced in a year. Here, too, the law was invoked, because the popular craze was depriving even the places of worship of the perfumes which were a part of the religious ritual.

"Later, in France, it was practically the same story all over again. During the reign of Louis XV, the rooms in the royal palace were perfumed each day with a different odor. Madame de Pompadour is said to have spent 50,000 francs a year on perfumes. And 50,000 francs, in those days, was an immense sum.

"The vogue never reached such extremes in England, although it did not fall far short. But that country did furnish one of the most curious bits in the whole story. Here is an extract from an old English law, which ought to interest the eligible bachelors of to-day."

Doctor Bogert showed me this extract, which read as follows:

> Any woman of whatsoever rank, profession, or condition, girl, woman, or widow, who, subsequent to the date of this act, shall deceive, entice, or influence to marriage, any of Her Majesty's subjects by the aid of Perfumes, False Hair, High Heels . . . shall be subject to the same penalty as that now in force against sorcery, and the marriage shall be declared void and of no effect.

"That," said Doctor Bogert, "is an extraordinary recognition of the power of perfume to excite emotion. Everybody is conscious of this power. As I said before, the same odor does not arouse the same emotions in every person. As someone has said, 'One man's spinach is another man's poison ivy.' But every odor has its effect; and it certainly seems as if we are 'missing a trick' by not getting more enjoyment out of this marvelous sense which we possess."

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That Refrigerator Door

(*Continued from page 48*)

of July the Edward Wimpers had reached a condition that threatened either an explosion or a collapse. Early in May the weather had become unseasonably warm and the heat had increased continually, and whenever Mrs. Wimper entered the kitchen a stream of overflow water seemed to be trickling from under the refrigerator.

"Mr. Goletti," she said to the ice man, "I think I'll hang the ice card on the back porch after this."

"Sure! Go to it!" agreed Mr. Goletti, who had learned English in the night schools.

The ice card was a printed card with a space for entry of the weight of the ice delivered each day. Hanging in the kitchen it got on Mrs. Wimper's nerves—the amount of ice used never growing less.

Everything, for that matter, was getting on Mrs. Wimper's nerves, much as she tried to prevent it. Even trying to prevent things getting on her nerves got on her nerves. Any noise annoyed her, because noises made the refrigerator door spring open; any silence annoyed her, because silences suggested that the refrigerator door would spring open when the silence ended. Her thoughts dwelt too much on Mr. Wimper when he was absent, and that was a bad sign, because a female very properly forgets her husband's existence when he is absent, except at two periods—one is when she is falling in love or is in the first fire of love; the other is when she is beginning to hate him or is hating him for the first time.

Mrs. Wimper spent hours wondering why Mr. Wimper could not do something about the refrigerator door. She spent hours wondering why the children could not remember to close the refrigerator door properly. Like Mr. Wimper, she began feeling abused and maltreated, and she sometimes wished she had never met him.

Mr. Wimper, as his part, began to act as if wives were a nuisance. Following the years during which he hardly looked at his wife at all, he began to look at her often, but not as he had looked at her during their courtship. Then he had thought how beautiful she was; now he thought she was getting too fat.

From time to time Mr. Wimper tried anew to mend the latch of the refrigerator. Mrs. Wimper herself tried to do something to the latch that would keep the refrigerator door closed; she tried sticking a fork in the latch, and she tried wrapping a piece of string around it. None of these things did much good. The refrigerator door latch was wrecking the whole happiness of the Edward Wimper home.

ONE pleasant afternoon in August, Mr. and Mrs. Wimper were sitting on their porch in comfortable indolence. For the moment they had forgotten the refrigerator. Mrs. Wimper was knitting and Mr. Wimper was smoking his pipe and reading a periodical he liked. Young George was seated on the steps reading a book.

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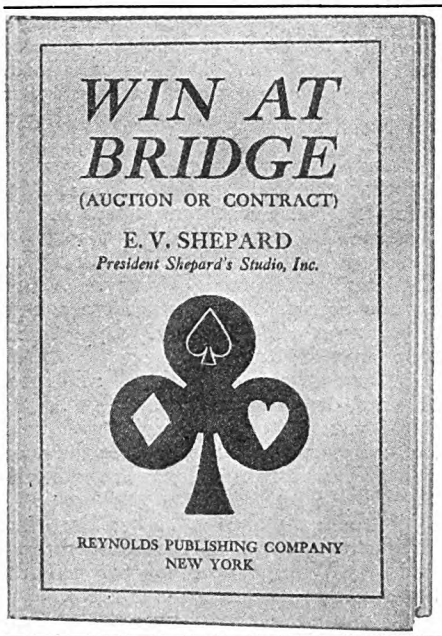

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Edgar was home from college—he was a junior now—and presently he came up the walk swinging his tennis racket and smoking a cigarette. He seated himself with a pleasant "Hello, Pop! Howdy, Mom!" and tapped George on the head with the edge of the racket.

"Ouch! Stop, you!" George said, and went on reading.

"Did you have a good game, Edgar?" Mrs. Wimper asked, dropping a stitch but recovering it without trouble.

"Not so bad," Edgar said. "Is there anything to eat?"

George looked up from his book and listened.

"There is that cold chicken in the refrigerator," said Mrs. Wimper.

"If you go to the refrigerator," said Mr. Wimper, "be sure you close the door tight."

"Or I can make you a couple of sandwiches in a minute," said Mrs. Wimper.

"Oh, slush!" exclaimed Edgar with true college spirit.

"Chicken?" asked George eagerly. "Where is it—in the refrigerator?"

"If you go to the refrigerator," said Mr. Wimper, "be sure you close the door tight."

"I could make you a fried egg sandwich in a minute," said Mrs. Wimper. "I'm sure we have some eggs."

"I could stand a fried egg sandwich myself," said Mr. Wimper; "but if you have to get the eggs out of the refrigerator be sure you close the door tight. The last time I was in the kitchen—"

AT THIS moment Dorothy appeared, waving her tennis racket gayly as she saw the group on the porch. She was glowing from exercise.

"Mother!" she exclaimed, as she dropped to the step beside Edgar and playfully tapped George on the head with the edge of her racket.

"Ouch! Stop, you!" George exclaimed, and rubbed his head.

"Mother, I do think you might make George wash his hands once a month or so! They're filthy!" Dorothy exclaimed.

"George, go this instant and wash your hands," said Mrs. Wimper, dropping a stitch.

"And if you go near that refrigerator see that the door is closed," said Mr. Wimper. "The last time I was in the kitchen—"

George began reading his book again. "Mother!" exclaimed Dorothy. "What do you think? The Blanes have a new refrigerator. Oh, peachy! Spiffy! Is there anything to eat?"

"There's that cold chicken," said Mrs. Wimper, dropping a stitch.

"If you go to the refrigerator," said Mr. Wimper, "be sure you close the door tight. The last time I was in the kitchen—"

"Is there any cheese?" asked Dorothy.

"There is some in the refrigerator," said Mrs. Wimper, dropping two stitches, but quickly recovering one of them.

"If you go to the refrigerator—" said George; but Mrs. Wimper interrupted him.

"George!" she exclaimed warningly.

"Well, I was only going to say that if she went to the refrigerator she could bring me a piece of chicken," said George, in a hurt tone.

"If you go to the refrigerator," said Mr. Wimper, "be sure you shut the door good and tight. The last time I was in the kitchen—"

"Well, I didn't leave the refrigerator door open!" all exclaimed angrily, and in a moment they were all quarreling bitterly. Mrs. Wimper said she wished she were dead.

"Oh, that reminds me!" Dorothy exclaimed. "I met Lawyer Bruce; I suppose he has told you that Uncle George has died and left us one million dollars?"

MRS. WIMPER immediately dropped several stitches and a couple of tears; she picked up the stitches, but the tears seeped into the yarn that she was using and were lost.

"We must send some flowers, Edward," she said; but Mr. Wimper was frowning.

"If that isn't just like your family," he said with annoyance.

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean," said Mrs. Wimper, with considerable spirit.

"He means leaving us a milllion dollars," said young George. "He means he'll have to give up that soft snap of a commission business and hustle around investing and reinvesting the money day after day and week after week, like old Mr. Fultz."

"Buying stocks and bonds," explained Edgar; "and worrying for fear they'll be no good."

"And fretting about taxes," said Dorothy. "Fretting about income taxes and inheritance taxes and real estate taxes—great long income tax blanks. That's what he means, Mother."

"Nothing of the sort!" said Mr. Wimper. "You don't know what you are talking about. I meant that now the funeral will probably be Sunday, and I had set Sunday aside for mending the latch on the refrigerator door."

"But, Father!" cried Dorothy, clapping her hands. "Father, with all that money we can afford to buy a new refrigerator!"

"Edward!" exclaimed Mrs. Wimper, dropping all the stitches she had left. "That is absolutely true! We can buy a new refrigerator!"

"That's right!" cried Mr. Wimper, slapping his knee. "Why, folks, this ends all our troubles right here. We'll never have another cross word or unpleasantness or anything. I've said time and again—and you'll remember it, Eleanor—that if we had the money to afford a new refrigerator we would be as happy as—as happy as—"

"Larks," said George.

"What did you say?" asked Mr. Wimper suspiciously.

"I said we would be as happy as larks," said George.

"What kind of larks?" asked Mr. Wimper.

"Happy larks," said George.

"We will discuss that later, young man," said Mr. Wimper. "What I was going to say was that if this family had a new refrigerator with a latch that would stay latched when it was latched, we would all be as happy as a family that has a new refrigerator with a latch that would stay latched when it was latched."

"Your father is right, George," said Mrs. Wimper, and she looked at her knitting needles, seeking a stitch to drop; but

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there were none, so she did not drop any. The era of happiness had begun.

On the way to the office the next morning, Mr. Wimper stopped at the refrigerator store and priced refrigerators. He found an excellent one at $245, all enamel and nickel plate, with a new style patent latch on every door. The doors were heavy, and so attached that they swung to voluntarily when opened, and the latches latched themselves instantly and completely. Even when a light chair was placed against an open door the door pushed the chair out of the way and closed itself, and the latch immediately latched.

"This is an excellent refrigerator," Mr. Wimper told the salesman. "I would like to own it. I have not $245 with me, but my wife's uncle George has just died and left us one million dollars; and if you do not mind waiting a few weeks for payment, you may send it to my house in Flushing."

"I'm sure we would be delighted," the clerk said in a friendly manner. "If you could make a small deposit—"

Mr. Wimper made a small deposit, and the refrigerator was immediately sent to his house in Flushing, and for several days everyone in the family—and a few of the neighbors—opened and closed the doors of the refrigerator, and the latches worked perfectly. It was such an excellent refrigerator that when, in the evening, Mrs. Wimper looked at the chunk of ice that had been put in it in the morning the chunk actually seemed larger than when it had been put in.

This was because—as was explained by the diagram that accompanied it: "The air passage (p) opening under the ice tray (t) passes below, but not through, the food chambers (f—f′—f″), thus preventing the hot roast beef (b) from warming the air (a)." Or words to that effect.

"And everything else that troubles us in the future," Mr. Wimper said to his wife, "we can smooth out the same way. That is the wonderful thing about money; if one has plenty of money one has no troubles."

"THE beauty of having plenty of money," Mr. Wimper again said to his wife, a week or two after the new refrigerator had been installed, "is that it smooths out all worries and cares. Money is the lever that lifts the load from life."

"Levers," said Edgar. "I know about levers. Levers are in physics, and physics is what I flunked in at Amherst last semester."

"I know about physics, too," said young George eagerly. "Physics is what Benjamin Franklin invented with a kite."

"Are you sure, George?" asked Mrs. Wimper pleasantly, as she dropped a stitch. "Wasn't it the steamboat Benjamin Franklin invented?"

"Oh, say, Father!" exclaimed Dorothy, before Mr. Wimper could correct all this misinformation, "speaking of steamboats—there's something the matter with the car again; it won't run."

"Did you release the clutch before you threw in the gears?" asked Mr. Wimper, and Mrs. Wimper drew a quick breath and glanced down hurriedly.

"I never throw in the gears before I release the clutch," said Dorothy. "I certainly know that much."

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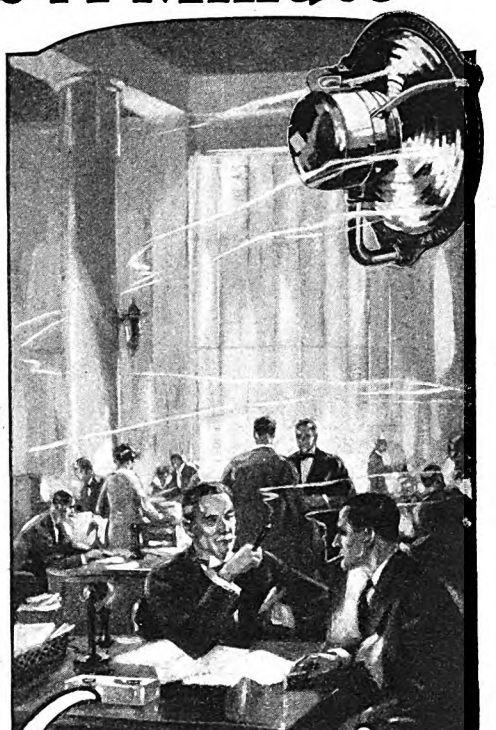

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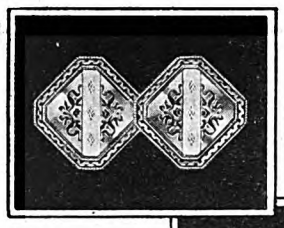

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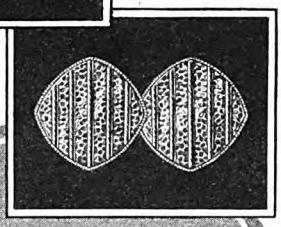

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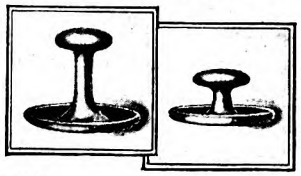

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Mr. Wimper arose and went out to the garage. He returned presently with a very unpleasant look on his face.

"I would like someone in this family to tell me," he said, "just how many times I have told you all not to throw that car into gear before you release the clutch. One thousand and one times if once! Here I go and buy a seven-thousand-dollar car, and not a soul in this family will take the trouble to release the clutch."

"I'm sure, Edward," said Mrs. Wimper, "I have told the children again and again to release the clutch. I am most careful, when I use the car, to release the clutch—"

"I notice you did not release the clutch this morning, however, when you drove me to the station," said Mr. Wimper coldly. "It is strange to me how the gears always get stripped if everybody always releases the clutch."

"I've told them a thousand times—" said Mrs. Wimper.

A WEEK later Mr. Wimper came home with a garage bill in his hand.

"Well," he said, "I've got another garage bill."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Wimper; "is it a big one?"

"It's $216," said Mr. Wimper accusingly. "I don't want to say anything, and of course what I do say don't seem to mean much in this house; but if you would only release the clutch before you throw in the gears—"

"But I do, Edward," Mrs. Wimper cried. "I don't believe it is releasing the clutch or not releasing the clutch. I believe it is just that automobile. We all release the clutch."

Mr. Wimper drew his memorandum book from his pocket.

"In thirty-one days," he said, with a most irritating lack of emotion, "I have watched this family start that car fifty-six times, and out of those fifty-six times the clutch was released an exact thirty-nine times."

At this Mrs. Wimper began to weep. "Oh, I wish you would get a new automobile," she sobbed.

"That is utter nonsense," Mr. Wimper declared. "That is a perfectly good car."

"Then can't you do something about the clutch? I should think a man could do something about the clutch!" Mrs. Wimper pleaded.

"Very well," Mr. Wimper said coldly. "If you will kindly ask George to leave the tools where I can find them I will do something about the clutch."

From time to time Mr. Wimper tried to loosen or tighten the clutch or loosen or tighten the gears, and from time to time he had the garage man get the car and work on it, but something was always going wrong with it. Sometimes it was a flat tire, and Mr. Wimper would say, "If you did as I told you, and released the clutch—" And sometimes it was the ignition, and then Mr. Wimper would say, "If you did as I told you, and released the clutch—"

The automobile clutch was wrecking the whole happiness of the Edward Wimper home. Each member of the family blamed every other member for not releasing the clutch in the proper way. Mr. Wimper was bitter and sarcastic about it, and the others were bitter and hateful, because Mr. Wimper made them keep on with a car that had a clutch that was so exceedingly hard to release.

The Wimper family had actually become so unhappy that Mrs. Wimper had looked up Lawyer Bruce's address in the telephone book and had called up to see how much he charged for divorces, but he happened to be out. Mr. Wimper was seriously thinking of going to Europe without telling Mrs. Wimper in advance, and Dorothy was on the verge of eloping with anyone who would elope with her. Things had reached this sad pass when something occurred to give this story a happy ending—which is something all stories should have.

Mr. and Mrs. Wimper were sitting in the living-room. Mrs. Wimper was knitting, and Mr. Wimper was reading a periodical he liked. Young George sat on the sofa reading a book. Edgar, nicely flunked out of Amherst, entered the room.

"I say, Pa," he said, "may I use the car?"

"If you do," said Mr. Wimper, "be sure you release the clutch before—"

"Oh! there you go again!" exclaimed Edgar angrily. "Don't go howling 'clutch' at me all the time!"

Mr. Wimper grew red in the face, but, luckily, Dorothy entered at that moment.

"Folks!" she cried. "What do you think I have just heard from Lawyer Bruce? Grandaunt Jane has just died, and she has left us ten million dollars!"

"Ah! That's too bad!" exclaimed Mr. Wimper, for Aunt Jane was his aunt.

"If that isn't just like your family!" said Mrs. Wimper. "I suppose the funeral will be Sunday, and I had intended going for a drive Sunday if the car was mended by that time."

"If you would release the clutch when—" Mr. Wimper began; but young George looked up from his book.

"But, say!" he exclaimed. "Say! With all that money, we can afford a new automobile, can't we?"

For a moment all the Wimpers looked at each other as they grasped this delightful truth; then they all laughed joyously for, of course, this ended all their troubles.

"Now we can get a yacht!" exclaimed Dorothy, "and join the yacht club like the Fultzes! Oh, peachy! Spiffy!"

"A yacht?" retorted Mr. Wimper. "A yacht? I don't want a yacht. If I'd get one some of you would always be forgetting to batten up—I mean fasten down those things they call hatches. Then the rain would rain in the yacht, and rain on the inside of a yacht ruins it."

"Oh, slush!" said Edgar.

"No, rain," Mr. Wimper replied sarcastically.

"IF YOU are unhappy, money will make you happy; if you are happy, money will make you happier."

This is the third epigram the writer of this story has made since starting it. The first one meant nothing at all; the second meant less than the first; and the third one means less than the other two combined, because it isn't so. If you don't believe it, ask the people who have plenty of money and have tried to find their happiness in it. The Edward Wimpers, for instance.

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What Causes Unhappy Marriages?

FIRST PRIZE

Too Many In-Laws and Not Enough in Common

MY MARRIED life began nearly three years ago with an infatuation that swept away all obstacles. I had secured the financial backing of a millionaire in my medical career, and had completed only two years of pre-medic work; but I turned my benefactor down and launched out upon the stormy sea of monogamy.

Though my wife was the only child of a wealthy family, she was willing to go anywhere, and do anything, that we might be together; that is, so she said. I was forced to take a job in a factory, and she did our housekeeping in two rented rooms. Everything went smoothly until my mother-in-law came to visit us. She said she was not used to "slumming," so we were packed bag, baggage, and kaboodle into a better place, with my in-laws meeting the difference in rent. This gesture caused me to lose all self-respect, and I began to realize my mistake.

For the first cause of unhappy marriages, I should put interference on the part of parents. If parents have any objections to a match, they should break the initial bargain with brickbats, instead of banking the altar with roses.

The next greatest cause for failure in marriage is, to my mind, a stationary level of intellectual attainment on the part of *one* of the contracting parties. My wife insists that I am a bookworm, and that she alone is practical. Intellectually, I feel that I have progressed miles beyond the place I stood when I was married. What would I not give to be able to say that my wife had done the same! R. L.

SECOND PRIZE

Poverty Ruined Our Marriage

I AM seventy-five years old. I was married when I was twenty, and helped rear a family of six; but for the past twenty-one years I have not lived with my wife, though at all times supporting her in comfort. Some time ago she brought suit for divorce, which I did not defend. She is, I think, like any woman who has reared a family, entitled to anything she may desire in her old age—bobbed hair, dancing lessons, and a divorce—all of which she has!

Having qualified, I think, in the expert (or at least experienced) class, I shall now address myself to the subject. The principal cause of unhappy marriages may be stated, according to my personal experience and observation, in a single word. *Poverty!* Not dire penury, necessarily, but lack of the means to meet the demands of a family according to their needs and natural desires. When the wage-earner has to exert his utmost effort, and strain his every nerve to secure shelter, clothing, food, education, and an occasional amusement for those dependent upon him; when the wife and mother has to labor and scheme and contrive, day in and day out, early and late, her body and nerves worn to a frazzle by the insistent demands made upon her, how long can happiness endure?

There *may* be people who can be happy when they see their families unable to enjoy that share of the good things of life to which they feel entitled, but they are few. I know that my wife and I started out in our combat with the material trials of existence with loving, cheerful hearts and high hopes. And I know that our insufficient income, and the consequent discouraging present and gloomy future drove away the cheerfulness and happiness that are necessary for a harmonious marriage.

The old proverb about love flying out the window when poverty comes in the door is only too true. Believe me—*I know!* G. F. W.

THIRD PRIZE

Loss of Illusions Often Causes Unhappiness

"HOW do you manage, you and Dick?" I inquired of my old friend Janet married ten years, mother of three children, and only middling prosperous. "How do you keep so head over heels in love with each other?"

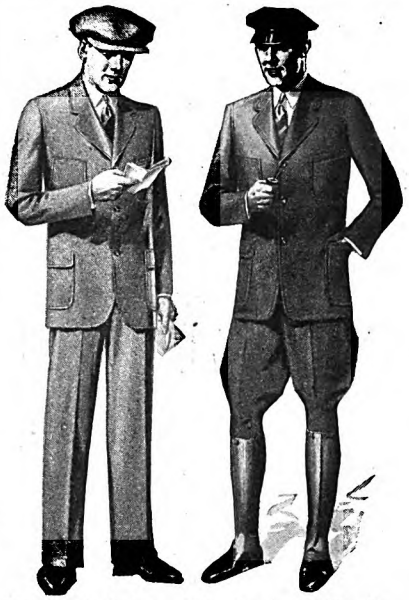
Janet replied without hesitation: "We have kept our illusions. You know when you're engaged, how you always keep your nose powdered, your shoes shined, and your conversation gay and sprightly. Well, Dick and I have gone right on trying to make a hit with each other," she laughed. "I never get breakfast in my bedroom slippers, or greet Dick at dinner in an untidy dress, and I don't forget to flirt with him now and then, just as I used to when I wasn't quite so sure he was mine.

"As for Dick, he always wears a collar; he sends me valentines; gives me an allowance, and locks the bathroom door when he shaves. If we go to a show, we discuss the play between acts with as much animation as we used to in courting days, and when Dick takes me to dinner at a restaurant we try to act as if—well, as if we weren't married!"

"But can you *always* keep your illusions?" I inquired.

"Oh, perhaps not always," Janet admitted. "With three children and no servants, the steak is bound to scorch now and then, and the cake to fall, and the baby to yell. But Dick and I have tried so hard to be pleasant, even when things are a bit upset, that we have got the habit.

"People deal politely with their friends and acquaintances," Janet finished. "Why shouldn't husbands and wives treat each other with like consideration? As soon as married folks grasp the full meaning of that old saying, 'Familiarity breeds contempt,' the divorce lawyers will be looking for other jobs. Carelessness in dress, manners, and general conduct after marriage causes many a break." F. D. M.



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The American Magazine's Directory of Schools

(Continued from pages 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9)

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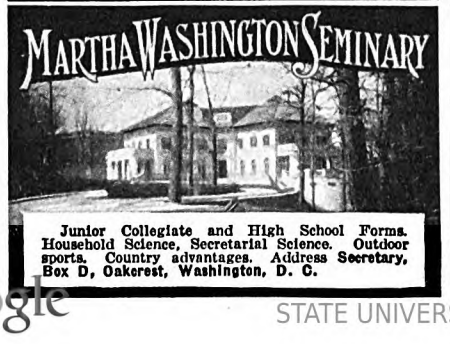

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Strange Things We Human Beings Swallow and Inhale

(*Continued from page 29*)

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"Children, especially babies, are imitative. Also, they are curious. The mother will hold pins in her mouth, and the child at the first opportunity will do likewise. A cough, a laugh, a stumble while at play, and the pin is swallowed or aspirated. The mouth is the childhood laboratory. By placing things there the youngster determines if they are hard or soft, sour or sweet, hot or cold, edible or inedible. Whatever comes within a small child's reach is likely to go into his mouth for investigation, and then the accident happens.

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"In a few short moments the baby was coughing and gasping painfully. The doctor was called in. The medicines he had were of no avail. The child's symptoms became those of acute pneumonia, and she was sent to the public ward of a hospital. There other physicians came to study her case and they, after talking with the mother, guessed what had happened: Baby had breathed the tack into her windpipe.

"The doctors said she would have to be taken to Philadelphia to have the tack removed, or she wouldn't live. But the father, a janitor, earned only nineteen dollars and fifty cents a week. He hadn't funds for the long journey of thirteen hundred miles.

"At length some church organizations heard of the baby's plight, and raised the necessary money. On fast trains the child

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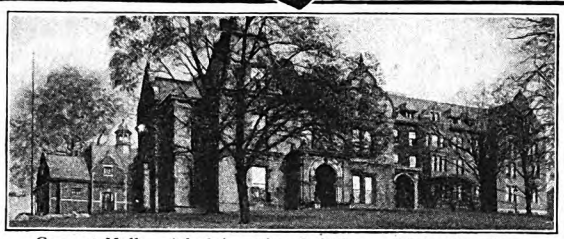

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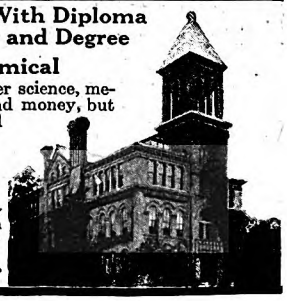

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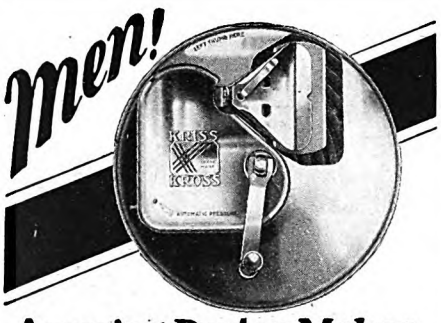

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JIM THAYER The Crowell Publishing Co. Dept. AA57, Springfield, Ohio

was brought to the clinic and, after four weeks of terrible pain, the tack was taken out and the baby saved. Newspapers all over the country featured the story; people read it, and thought the case exceptional because of the attention and sympathy it had drawn. But it wasn't exceptional. Even while mothers read of it their *own* babies were perhaps playing on the floor near by, groping about for unnoticed objects that might be there, to put into their mouths.

"WHAT I want to emphasize and wish folks to realize is that *none* of our cases is exceptional," Doctor Jackson continued. "It may sound exceptional when I say that the tiny rubber eraser on the end of an ordinary lead pencil has endangered numerous lives and taken some. But how many times have you seen children, and grown-ups too, stick that end of the pencil into their mouths? Perhaps it rings of the spectacular to assert that such a common, seemingly harmless thing as a peanut, or a watermelon seed, or a grain of corn, may prove deadly to a child; yet thousands upon thousands of babies, without teeth with which to chew, are given these things in food or to play with. The marvel of it is that more children don't get them into their air passages, where invariably they produce dangerous infection and suffering.

"Our collection of foreign bodies which we have removed from our patients' lungs and gullets includes almost every small object that ever finds its way into the hands of a child. We have every conceivable kind of seed that is found in food and fruit; nearly every nut kernel under the sun; bits of bark; sunflower stems, burrs, pieces of cornstalk, and so on.

"The collection also includes all kinds of shells—oyster, clam, crab, lobster shells. Not long ago we removed a piece of ginger root from the lungs of a man who was fifty. We have a small electric light bulb a boy swallowed; lead whistles, watch charms, trinkets, pins, tacks, nails, loaded cartridges, nuts, bolts and parts of automobiles, coins, false teeth, the glass eyes of dolls, and even bits of kitchen utensils. Most pitiful of all, we have children, and even adults, suffering from swallowing an apparently harmless cleaning powder, which was deadly because it contained lye.

"In connection with lye used in the household there is a remarkably significant fact. The law requires that when a druggist sells a poison of any kind to a layman that he label it as such. In all my nearly forty years of experience in medicine, I have had no child come to me, nor so far as I am aware, to any of the many hospitals with which I have been connected, who had been poisoned by swallowing a substance so labeled. But hundreds of children have come to us poisoned with lye, sold in cleansing preparations for which the law demands no poisonous label.

"While the druggist's poison went into the medicine cabinet beyond reach, the grocer's poison went into the kitchen and into everyday thoughtless use. The parent would not have thought of eating it, nor considered for a moment giving it to a child; yet because the *warning* of poison was absent, carelessness was present!

"Let me tell you of just one case: The favorite playhouse of a little boy, three and a half years old, was the smokehouse. One day he found a can containing some water. He had been playing hard; it was hot, and he was thirsty. Being too small to reason, he drank some of the water.

"Almost immediately the child was unable to swallow solid food, and soon became so bad that liquids, and even his own saliva, would not go down to his stomach. Brought to the hospital, starving from lack of nourishment and water, it was found that his esophagus, which is the passage from the mouth to the stomach, was ulcerated and completely closed, from lye poisoning. He was in a pitiful condition, wavering between life and death.

"The smokehouse, we discovered, was the place for making soap on the farm. The can from which the boy had drunk had been used in measuring the lye used in soap. This can of lye *was* labeled as a poison, but in such a manner that the print was almost undecipherable. The mother's eyesight was not good, and the label had escaped her.

"An operation was performed, a tube passed into the child's stomach, and for months he was fed through this tube with the aid of a funnel. A long course of treatment finally opened the boy's esophagus so that once more he could swallow. Then measles complicated by bronchopneumonia set in, and he died.

"Such cases by no means are limited to children. A man thirty-nine years old was sent to the clinic because of inability to swallow solid foods. Thirty-seven years before, as an infant, he had drunk from a pitcher which had held a preparation containing lye. He was very ill for two weeks; but then recovered sufficiently to take liquid nourishment and soft foods. For years he had lived under the impression that he had 'stomach trouble.' An X-ray examination revealed that his esophagus was constricted in three places—drawn together by the burning action of the lye.

"There is a lesson worth heeding in this. Every cleansing preparation and laundry powder, regardless of how harmless it is to delicate fabrics and to the hands, should be as conscientiously kept beyond the reach of children and away from food containers as if it were Paris green, arsenate of lead, or the most deadly of insecticides! The powder or liquid may be harmless. On the other hand, it may be deadly, if swallowed. Don't take the chance.

"IN LIKE manner, don't take the chance of the button box, of the watch-charm plaything, of the candy containing nuts, of the coin as a teething ring, or of *any* small objects in a baby's hands! To be absolutely safe, consider every foreign body that is swallowable as dangerous as a poison branded with the death's head.

"'Oh, I'm always careful,' one mother assured us. 'My baby likes to play with coins; but I never let her have one smaller than a half-dollar piece. She couldn't possibly swallow that, and it makes a good teething ring.'

"I'm not so sure of this mother's supposed care. Money, at best, is a filthy thing to put into the mouth. Furthermore, here in our clinic we have removed seven half-dollar pieces from children's throats and gullets! And in Massachu-

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setts a small child swallowed a wooden spool, an object far larger than any of our coins!"

"What is the largest article in your collection?" I asked.

"A set of false teeth," the doctor replied. "The owner, a man of middle age, forgot to remove the teeth when he went to bed. During his sleep he choked and swallowed them.

"This is a common accident. Altogether, we have sixteen sets of teeth that we have removed and various other kinds of artificial dentures. These were swallowed or aspirated while eating, while asleep, and at other times. The dentures became loose or misfitting, and the owners neglected to have the defect remedied; they also neglected to remove them before going to sleep.

"Pieces of bone, especially chicken bone, are the foreign bodies most frequently swallowed by adults. A little triangular bit of bone from the breast of the chicken is among the worst of offenders. This small triangular piece extends out a ways from the breast bone proper, and often is cut off and left in the meat in carving. A person who doesn't masticate thoroughly may very easily swallow this bit of bone.

"Meat which is cut with a cleaver in the butcher shop frequently contains bone fragments. If you take food into the mouth in small quantities, as good taste demands, and chew it well, these bits are readily detected. They are dangerous principally to the 'fast eater,' to the aged whose teeth are poor, to invalids, and to people with artificial dental plates that cover the roof of the mouth and so diminish the mouth's sensitive area. Anyone who wears such dental plates should always eat slowly and carefully.

"GENERALLY, we give foreign bodies two classifications: First, opaque substances, such as coins, pins, nails and other articles of metal which are visible to the X-ray; second, those substances, such as nut kernels, seeds and food particles which are non-opaque to the X-ray. These latter probably are the most dangerous when lodged in the air passages or lungs, because of the intense irritation produced.

"All nut kernels are dangerous in the mouths of young children. If a baby under two years old, and hence without molars, is given a nut—whether in candy or otherwise—he can't masticate it. Therefore, the child will do one of three things: spit out the nut, swallow it whole, or choke and inhale it into the lungs. When the last happens the child will become dangerously ill. Unless the kernel is removed it will cause serious complications and death.

"Peanuts are the worse offenders, but that is because other nuts are not so popularly bought as the peanut.

"Watermelon seeds rank next to peanut kernels in the number we have removed from children. Sometimes they are given to children to play with, but usually the child gets them in eating. It is easy to remove seeds from a melon—far easier than from a child's lungs; and this should invariably be done before any portion of the melon, or of any seedy fruit, is given to a small child.

"Coins are the most common of the opaque foreign bodies in children. We

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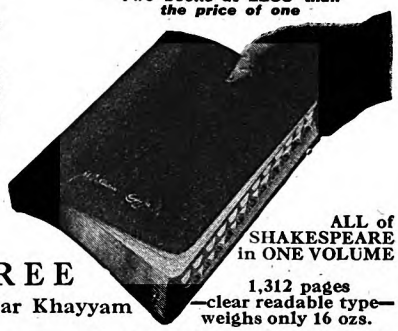

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JIM THAYER

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have extracted any number of pennies, nickels and quarters, and seven half-dollars, as I have already said. Ride for a time in a street car, and you are almost certain to see a woman hold a coin in her mouth while getting change for the conductor, yet very few women come to us with coins stuck in their throats. Their bad example, however, is followed by youngsters, in whose throats and gullets we *do* find the coins.

"Safety pins stand second to coins. One child managed to remove the pin from its stocking, which means that safety pins must be secured beyond Baby's reach. With another little patient, the pin was accidentally dropped into the crying child's mouth while the mother was changing the quilts of its crib. A little girl who had seen Mother hold pins in her mouth while attending to the baby, did likewise in attending to her doll. So I might continue the list indefinitely."

I WAS curious to see these marvelous instruments, the gastroscope and the bronchoscope, expecting to see an expensive, complicated set of surgical apparatus. Instead, the doctor pointed to a number of simple, slender tubes of polished brass that averaged not more than two feet in length. Each was a separate instrument and complete in itself, the varying sizes being for different operations; an infant, naturally, demands a smaller tube than a grown-up.

"Now, here is all there is to it," Doctor Jackson explained. "The periscope, about which everyone knows, enables a man in a submarine to see *up* from his ship to above the level of the water. Our instruments are to all effects *inverted* periscopes, which enable us to see *down* into the interior of a patient. It is dark down there, so we must have a light. This is provided by a tiny electric bulb, which is connected through the tube with a battery.

"Also, the patient breathes through the tube, and our long slender forceps are passed down through it. We know from our X-ray and supplementary examinations just where the offending object is lodged, and so don't have to hunt long in order to find it. The forceps are attached to the object, and then object, forceps, and tube are withdrawn simultaneously.

"The difference between the gastroscope and the bronchoscope is chiefly that of purpose. The former, as its name implies, is designed for removing objects from the food passages, and the latter for removing objects from the air passages. Both are inserted through the mouth.

"Now, please don't get the notion," he added, "that our clinic and our doctors are the only ones who have and who know how to use these instruments. If that were true all of the teaching which we have done would have been in vain. Today, in virtually every large city in this country, and in many towns as well, physicians are doing work identical with that which we do here."

It greatly depends, explained Doctor Jackson, in what part of the lungs or air passages the foreign body is lodged, whether or not the danger to the victim is immediate. A Michigan woman had been perfectly healthy up to four years before she came to the Jackson clinic. Then a cough had developed that was diagnosed first as a symptom of a lung abscess and later as acute asthma. But to Jackson and his associates the symptoms were of something else. They brought the X-ray into action. It showed a safety pin lodged in one of the lungs.

"A safety pin?" repeated the woman in astonishment. "Why, I remember clearly that I swallowed that pin when a child! It never bothered me, so I never gave it another thought." The pin had been in her lung for thirty-six years!

A boy from British Columbia carried a tack in his lungs for eight years before his condition became such that he had to be hurried to Philadelphia to save his life. A New Zealand youth similarly harbored a button inside him for a year, while a Massachusetts woman furnished the longest case on the clinic records: she carried a screw inside a lung for forty years and more before it threatened to take her life!

"However, most of our cases are of the emergency kind early after the accident," Doctor Jackson went on. "We can't always get them soon enough, because often the trouble is mistaken for pneumonia, bronchitis, or a similar disease, and thus there is delay in ascertaining the real cause, especially when the foreign body has lodged in the lungs proper.

"For example, a toy balloon is a seemingly harmless plaything. You would wonder how it might cause trouble. Yet one of these harmless balloons exploded while its little owner was blowing it up with his mouth. The wooden mouthpiece flew backward and was inhaled by the boy. He died before the thing could be removed.

"Among all the hundreds of cases which the clinic has handled there is only one where the foreign body did not enter through the mouth. That was the case of a young man who was accidentally shot in the right lung while handling a loaded revolver. It was impossible to remove the bullet by surgery. To have left it there would have resulted fatally, from lung abscess. We took the bullet out with the bronchoscope through the mouth."

I asked Doctor Jackson what first should be done in these emergencies when a foreign body is aspirated or swallowed.

"If it has gone that far," he answered, "do nothing. Get the patient to a physician as quickly as you can take him there. Tell what has happened. Let the physician take the necessary measures for relief.

"If you *see* a pin, a tack, a button, or any foreign body on the tongue of one of your children, take it out with the fingers without exciting the child or frightening it. But if the body has gone down *back* of the tongue, don't try to reach it with the finger. You will probably just push it farther down into the throat. Call a physician immediately.

"A YEAR or two ago I published a short list of rules which, if observed, would do away with most of these distressing accidents. The whole represents a summary of what we have learned in a preventive way here in the clinic. Here is the list:

1. Analysis of the causes in 1,135 cases of foreign bodies in the air and food passages shows that in nearly 90 per cent, the presence of the intruder is due to easily avoidable carelessness:

Carelessness in the preparation of foods.

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Carelessness in eating and drinking.

Carelessness in putting inedible objects in the mouth.

Carelessness of parents and nurses.

2. Foods for children, invalids, and aged persons should not contain such things as bones, watermelon seeds, orange seeds, lemon seeds, grape seeds, cherry, plum, prune, or peach pits, or stems of fruits.

3. Foods other than fish or birds should not be served, even to normal adults, with small bones. Fish and birds should be eaten with the utmost care as to the bones.

4. It is careless to serve food containing fragments of nut shells, egg shells, oyster shells, crab shells, and so forth, and to permit containers and utensils to contribute to the food such fragments as chips of enamel or chinaware, splinters of wood from flour or sugar barrels, and solder from tin cans. When a fruit jar or jelly glass breaks or chips in opening, the contents should be strained or thrown away.

5. Care should be taken when cooking or serving food to see that there are no loose pins or buttons in the clothing that could fall into the food.

6. Hasty eating and insufficient mastication should be avoided as dangerous.

7. The chewing of pencils, toothpicks, grass stalks, straw, is a cause of foreign-body accidents. Pencils are filthy things to put in the mouth anyway.

8. Children should be taught not to put inedible substances smaller than a spoon into their mouths.

9. Coins are dirty things to put into the mouth, and may get lodged in the throat. Teething rings are objectionable, but a coin as a 'tooth cutter' is worse.

10. It is careless to allow a child to run or jump with anything, even food, in its mouth.

11. Babies should not be put on the floor to amuse themselves, until the floor is cleared of all small objects, such as tacks, seeds, and bits of coal.

12. Children's toys should be inspected for small loose parts, such as eyes, buttons, fragments of metal and wood.

13. Babies should not be allowed to play with corn (maize), coffee berries, seeds, small marbles, jacks, or similar objects.

14. Children under two years of age should never be given peanuts, peanut candy, or any other kind of nut candy. They cannot chew the nuts, and are likely to choke on them and aspirate them into the lungs.

15. Don't set a bad example to a baby by holding a straight pin or a safety pin in your mouth.

16. Don't bend over a baby or take it into your arms without making sure that there are no pins, needles, safety pins, buttons, or jewelry in your dress that could get into the baby's mouth or reach.

17. Artificial plates should be kept in good repair and adjustment, and, no matter how well they fit, should always be removed, not only before anesthesia, but also in case of delirium, coma, semi-consciousness, unconsciousness, severe shock, and intoxication, and before sleeping, or even dozing.

18. If you see a foreign body on the tongue, take it out; but if it has gone down back of the tongue, don't try to reach it with your finger. Send the patient to a physician.

Do Your Stuff—And Keep Your Eyes Open

(*Continued from page 37*)

but five months afterward, I received a telegram offering me a job on the Illinois Central at sixty dollars a month. I accepted with joy."

Turning to one of the windows of his office, Mr. Downs pointed. Below us, as if viewed from an airplane, lay the tracks of the busy terminal, and the city's front door.

"I began right down there," said Mr. Downs, "in the year 1896. Do you see that retaining wall east of the tracks? It hadn't been built at that time. All the land over east has been made since I knew it; in 1896 that space was covered by blue water. I went to work as a rodman in a surveying party under my friend Wallace."

With this position began a program which proceeded through the years without striking incident. But steadily, from job to job, the experience was enriching Downs with a rare knowledge of men, a deep fund of experience, and what amounts to-day to a philosophy of promotion and achievement. Within a year came the first step. Young Downs was made an instrument man in the roadway department, with an increase of salary to seventy-five dollars a month, and later he became an assistant engineer. Inside of another year he was promoted to roadmaster, one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, and oversight of several hundred men.

"I couldn't tell you," Mr. Downs said, "what special reasons there were, if any, for these first promotions. Such steps were natural on the railroad for a young fellow who did his stuff."

There is a kind of fascination in chronicling, one after the other, the ensuing promotions. For nine years, Downs served as roadmaster on various divisions; next, for three years, he was assistant chief engineer in charge of maintenance of way. Following this job, at his own request he was transferred to the transportation department, serving during the next five years as division superintendent in turn at Fort Dodge, Iowa, Dubuque, and Louisville.

Next he was made general superintendent, with supervision, at first, of the Southern lines, and later of the Northern lines—he held the two positions for four years. Shortly, he became assistant general manager; then vice president and general manager of the Central of Georgia, a railroad owned lock, stock, and barrel by the Illinois Central. Next, president of the same railroad, and also of the Ocean Steamship Company. And, finally, in September, 1926, he was elected president of the Illinois Central itself. He had reached the summit of the long climb begun humbly as a rodman and track apprentice thirty years before.

Naturally, Downs made records along

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the way. As division superintendent at Fort Dodge, he began analyzing performance in a simple report for his own information, comparing each detail with that of the previous year. Before he left, he had made that division perform better than ever before in its history. Incidentally, the simple report he inaugurated has grown into an elaborate "dope sheet," now used on the entire system.

While he was president of the Central of Georgia, for instance, that road made the most money in its history; not because of any one particular thing he did that you could put your finger on, but because the whole job was done well.

"As I told you before," said Mr. Downs, "I'm an average person. I do the things the ordinary man does, and do most of them just about average well. So, judging by my own experience, I feel sure that an average man who does the necessary things has a chance to win promotion to the biggest jobs, even in the biggest organizations.

"OF COURSE, being as good as the average is not quite enough to win regular promotions. It's necessary to be a little better, to work a little harder, perhaps display a little better grade of judgment, express yourself a little more tactfully and persuasively and fairly. But the difference between 'average good' and 'better than average' in these matters is not great enough to stop a determined man.

"I believe, in fact, that it is possible to frame a sort of program of promotion, and in my opinion it should include at least these seven corner stones:

"1. Do your stuff on the job you've got.

"2. Let the man immediately above you know that you are dependable; if possible, the *most* dependable man he has.

"3. Avoid 'pockets' and blind alleys that lead nowhere—even quit a job, if necessary, rather than stagnate.

"4. Size up the job ahead, and prepare yourself to fill it.

"5. Don't overwork; there are hours enough in the business day to do all the work you need to, provided you plan your duties, and don't waste time.

"6. Don't over-specialize; balance up your accomplishments. There is such a thing as becoming so much better at one particular job than at any other, that you aren't worth your keep elsewhere.

"7. Above all, be fair—to yourself, to your employer, to your associates.

"When I took a job," Mr. Downs went on, "I never thought of becoming president of this or any other railroad. It was a long, long time before the thought entered my head as a possibility. At the start, as I told you, I wanted a job, and that was all. I simply aimed to fill that job creditably.

"That, I'm sure, is the first step to promotion: to do your stuff where you are. The spectacular things are rare and don't matter very much. The thing that does matter is the cumulative effect of many little jobs done well.

"Down-stairs is a door bearing the sign 'general superintendent.' I held that job once. To-day it is held by a man whose progress I have watched with interest ever since I was division superintendent at Dubuque. What is he doing in it? Nothing, you may say, not a blessed thing!—*except doing the job well.*

"He is one of many. One of these days, from among them, one will certainly step out to become general manager, another to become vice president—who knows what more? You could put all the spectacular things they do in a year into one very small tin cup!

"As I went along from job to job I gradually learned that promotion was a thing I had to look out for on my own hook; I couldn't leave it entirely to the boss.

"Sensing this, I made it a practice, about as soon as I got my chair warm in each new job, to look around and see what might be next in line, and to fit myself, in case the opportunity for such a promotion ever came, by doing two things: First, studying the requirements and duties of the job ahead; and, second, convincing my immediate superior, not by argument but by my actions, that I was one of the best assistants he had.

"Sometimes, of course, the man ahead, instead of moving on, blocks the way to promotion for those behind him. It is perfectly true that there are 'pockets' or blind alleys of employment, in almost every large organization, and they must be guarded against.

"There are some jobs, for example, in which, as time passes, a good man acquires skill and experience, and becomes very useful doing *that particular thing*, so that the management finds it costly to shift him. Promotion may pass him by for that reason; or, of course, he may be happiest and best fitted to stop right there. But if he can qualify for promotion there is always a way to get it, even out of such a job, provided he has the stuff to find it. Sometimes it means detouring; sometimes it means taking another job that pays less in money, but more in experience and opportunity.

"When I was assistant chief engineer, for example, I seriously doubted whether there was a very great opportunity due ahead. I stood a chance of becoming chief engineer, it was true, if and when a vacancy occurred. But beyond that *possible* promotion, it seemed as if a man of my training and disposition might have a hard time finding a good place to jump!

"So I asked for a transfer to another department and kind of work, and kept asking for it for some time, until finally I was made superintendent of a division in the transportation department. It was not a promotion, in either pay or dignity, but it gave me an opportunity to learn at first-hand a different phase of the railroad business; and in the new job I thought I saw more ways to jump.

"IF," Mr. Downs continued, "a man has unused ability beyond the job he occupies, it isn't best for him or anybody else if he stays in a blind-alley job. Most employers know this; but many employees, I think, do not grasp the fact that if they want a different kind of work, ask for it, and have a good reason for asking, their chances of being shifted are good.

"When I was with the Central of Georgia, I sent out several simple, home-grown letters to employees, touching on different subjects I thought important, and one of them was entitled, 'What are you doing to prepare for promotion?' I brought out this thought about blind alleys. I added that if any man felt he could

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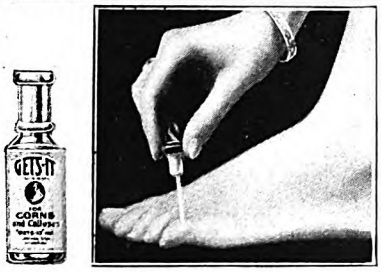

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do better in a different job, he should write in and state his case. Quite a number of replies were received, even from wives and members of the families of employees. As a result, there were some shifts that made people happier, and which in the course of years may prove critical.

"A blind alley may be created artificially. That is, a man may advance to a position beyond which he cannot very well go; meanwhile, there may be men working under him who are smarter than he is. The company can't afford to discharge him, and doesn't want to, anyhow, for he is good where he is.

"It has been my experience that, somehow, a man of ability hurdles such obstacles.

"Blind alleys, in short, are 'blind' for men of ability only when they do not try hard enough to find the way out. There is always a way. If the situation becomes too discouraging, there is nearly always a job somewhere else.

"When Mr. Charles H. Markham, president of this railroad for fifteen years, and by all odds the greatest railroad man I have known, came to the Illinois Central, he came as president. He had never been connected with this road previously in any capacity, but had gained his experience mainly on the Southern Pacific and in industrial lines.

"Mr. Markham's plans were not known. It was thought by many that he would make sweeping changes in personnel, bringing in friends and other outsiders. However, one of the first things he did was to call a meeting of department chiefs. At this conference, he stated explicitly that he did not intend to make any immediate changes, and furthermore, that, as far as was humanly possible, he would not at any time bring outsiders into the organization as executives, but would promote from the ranks. That policy has been followed with very, very few exceptions from that day to this.

"NOT all business men follow this policy or believe in it. For that matter, such a policy is not invariably desirable. Circumstances alter cases.

"Certainly there is no law compelling promotion from the ranks. But any man considering his own future owes it to himself to know the policy of his company in this vital matter, and to govern himself accordingly.

"Furthermore, he owes it to himself to know whether his line of work is one that will permit him to expand to the full limit of his capacity.

"When I was division superintendent at Fort Dodge, I had an offer to become general manager of the Panama Railroad. I was getting three thousand dollars a year, and was offered seven thousand.

"I made a trip East to talk the matter over with the man who had the job in his gift. I had virtually made up my mind to accept; my wife also had agreed to go to Panama. However, I asked for a week in which to reach my final decision. On the way back to Fort Dodge I stopped at Chicago to have a talk with our president, Mr. Markham.

"'Are you going to accept?' Mr. Markham inquired.

"'I don't quite know," I said.

"'That ought not to be difficult to decide,' Mr. Markham went on. 'The first

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thing to do, I should say, is to settle in your own mind what job in this organization you want, then size up the competition ahead of you. If you decide you can get what you want here, probably you'd be foolish to leave. But if you decide the competition is too stiff, then you might get further in the end by taking the other job. Nobody can decide that for you.'

"I left, with a determination to try Mr. Markham's suggestion before resigning. Thinking over the jobs ahead, one within reasonable reach that appealed to me was the superintendency of the Kentucky division, one of the most important on the line. I figured there was one man, a chap named Baldwin, already holding the Louisville job, from whom I might expect my stiffest competition. But he was moving fast; I believed he would keep on going. There seemed a reasonable chance to satisfy myself by sticking—so I turned down the Panama offer.

"Curiously, things turned out about as I figured. Before long, I was transferred to Dubuque. Not long after that Mr. Baldwin moved on, leaving a vacancy at Louisville, and I was given that division.

"Of course a good deal happens in a man's life that he isn't responsible for. Fortunate openings occur. There are heroes of circumstance, just as there are victims of circumstance. But in planning for promotion, it is safe to remember that such 'breaks' are occurring all the time, and, *other things being equal*, the advantage goes to the man who is ready.

"ONE of my favorite theories," Mr. Downs went on, "is the danger of one-sidedness. Not long ago a man was talking with me about his son, and said he was afraid the boy was not getting what he should out of college. The boy, he said, was on the football team and made long trips to games; he went a good deal to dances and social functions; he belonged to a fraternity. And, the father owned up, the boy wrote to his mother frankly about all these activities.

"'But,' he said, 'I didn't send John to college to cut up on a dance floor, or a football field. I sent him there to learn something.'

"'How,' I asked, 'are his grades?'

"'Oh, they're all right; he passes.'

"'Then don't worry about John,' I replied; 'from what you've told me I can see that he is getting an education.'

"My views on this grew out of my own experience. I have felt pretty strongly that I got far more from college *outside* of books than from them. And in that, I think, is involved a significant principle of living. There is a balance among activities to be maintained, and if it falters a man is almost certain to become one-sided. And just because of that one-sidedness, he may slip up in larger aims.

"I knew of a man who was ambitious and worked hard, so hard that finally he broke down and lost his health, and could not accomplish his ambitions. That man grew bitter, and nursed a grievance as long as he lived, feeling that the world had treated him shamefully and unfairly. He held that, since he had worked so hard as to lose his health, success was due him!—he never admitted nor realized that it was solely because he had neglected to pay proper attention to his health that he failed.

"In college, again, I knew a man who was a student, and not much else. He did not play football; he did not join a fraternity; he did not dance; he did not belong to a literary society; he did not take a minute more of military training than the curriculum required; he did not belong to the glee club. In short, he came to college to get an education as he understood it, mistakenly believing that it was all in the books.

"Well, in studies he led his class. But what happened later?—life is the biggest university, after all. I can take you to an office not far from here and point out this chap, bending over a drafting board, doing work that a man of far more modest attainments could do just as well.

"He failed. Why? Because he neglected to balance up. He recognized value in only one thing, and did not cultivate other values which are equally needful in the larger affairs of life.

"I realize that this counsel is risky, because it can so easily be misinterpreted. To be specific, I do not believe that *every* boy who goes to college should engage in a lot of miscellaneous activities beyond his studies, because not every boy has the strength or capacity to do it and maintain at least an average grade in what the books teach; and that much, at least, he should contrive to do. I do believe, however, that every boy should do it to the extent of his ability. And, also, every man, I think, should cultivate diverse interests to the extent of his ability.

"And because it narrows more than it broadens a man, I object to spending too much time on the job continuously. There is time enough in a business day to finish the biggest kind of a day's work, provided it is well-organized; unless, of course, there is some emergency to be met. More than that much work, if undertaken regularly, is likely to dull a man's point of view. I never carry home a folder of work to finish at night.

"LAST of all, but far from least, in any program leading to promotion comes fairness. Unless a man's associates learn to trust his judgment and sense of justice in matters of importance, they will never tolerate him in a position of much responsibility.

"How does a man cultivate the spirit of fairness? Largely, I think, by studying men sympathetically, by learning their peculiarities and idiosyncrasies, by finding out what prompts one man to do a certain act, and what else prompts another. Human nature is the biggest book there is. All my life it has been one of my greatest pleasures to try to read a few chapters in it here and there.

"In mere dollars and cents, if we could figure them that way, men constitute the biggest kind of investment, although the fact isn't recorded on balance sheets. Take this railroad: We buy much of our equipment, including locomotives, cars, and the like of that, with borrowed money, which we rent at an interest rate somewhere in the neighborhood of five per cent. That investment, of course, goes on the balance sheet.

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"See how this human 'investment' mounts up on a railroad like ours. The average yearly wage is around fourteen hundred dollars, and there are about sixty thousand employees. On the five per cent basis, the 'investment' is worth *one billion six hundred and eighty million dollars*. The physical property of the railroad is worth less than half that much.

"The peculiarity of this human 'investment' is that every single unit is different from every other. And a man meaning to be fair must know something about these differences and understand each particular man he deals with. I know one man, for example, who always has to be addressed a bit gruffly, or at least very seriously; he wouldn't know how to take it if he were joked.

"On the other hand, I know another man whom you can kid; in fact, that's the best way to get your ideas across to him. If you talked to him seriously about a mistake, it would almost take the heart out of him. You can utter any reproof that's needed, and give him the courage and determination not to repeat, by simply saying:

"'Bill, that was a darn-fool thing for a man like you to do; now, wasn't it?'

"I knew another man whom it was dangerous to praise, because he puffed up and went to pieces under it. On the other hand, men who know their own worth and shortcomings correctly can be praised to their faces, and they will find in the appreciation, not flattery but the stimulus and inspiration to do even better.

"THE individuals in this great human 'investment,' too, are prone to get into all sorts of difficulties. That fact needs understanding. For when a man's in trouble and can't see his way out, if he gets no help the trouble may color all his actions and prevent realization of his ambitions.

"I mentioned the home-grown letters sent to employees when I was with the Central of Georgia. In one of those letters, speaking of thrift, I remarked that if any man had allowed himself to slip into the clutches of a loan shark, and he would let us know, we would try to help him. I believe we received three hundred calls for help! Some of the victims were simply poor managers of their money; others had had sickness, and hospital or doctor bills to meet; others had other reasons or excuses. But the trouble clouded their lives. Many could see no way out. Some had borrowed twenty dollars, paid back thirty in interest, and still owed twenty! A very little help was needed.

"Understanding of this human 'investment' begins to come only as the result of life study. In dealing with it, however, no matter what the circumstances and peculiarities of the individual may be, there's only one rule I know that will work with all men at all times; that is, *be fair*. If a man does well, be fair-minded and commend him. If he does poorly, don't neglect to let him know that you know it—don't be 'easy'—be fair enough to tell the truth, whatever the circumstances. That covers it!"

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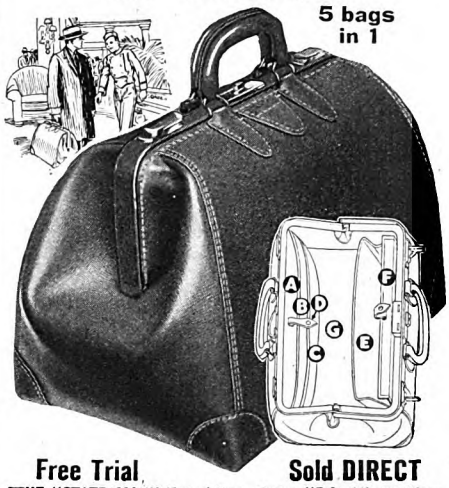

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Dot and Will Take a Vacation

(*Continued from page 23*)

warm bath after those damp, chilly days in a soggy tent! Long after Will was asleep in his twin bed, I trailed around the room in my nightgown, sitting down in front of the dressing table, switching on the candle lights and trying my hair one way and another, feeling like DuBarry or somebody. Oh, but this was the life!

I was nearly dead from sleepiness, but I lay for a few minutes, propping my eyes open, looking over a new magazine, just to use my little bed reading lamp. The luxurious feeling that it didn't make any difference what time I went to sleep!

I finally dozed off, still trying to make up my mind whether to have breakfast in our room at a little table drawn up by the window, or to dress and go into the dining-room, where you'd see other people. . . .

"For the love of Mike!"

I woke up with a start. Will was shutting the windows, looking at his watch. I blinked at him.

"It's quarter past eight!" he said accusingly.

I stretched, sat up in bed.

"I'd thought I'd sleep till nine," I said.

"Sleep till nine!" Will exclaimed, and from his tone you'd think I'd said I thought I'd set the hotel on fire. "What do you want to sleep till nine for?"

"Because I'm staying at a hotel."

Will looked baffled.

"Living in as quiet a place as Montrose," he said, "I can't see why anybody's got to go to a Chicago hotel in order to get their sleep!"

I rose without trying to explain. I was wide awake now anyway, and I might as well get up. Besides, there's no use trying to explain anything to a man. Will had already had his bath and was beginning to shave.

"Well, what's the program for to-day?" he asked briskly.

"How would you like to go to the theatre to-night?" I asked.

"Fine! And what about the day?"

"We might go shopping this afternoon."

Will looked sort of dubious.

"What about the morning?"

"Well, I thought I'd get my hair washed."

Will looked even more puzzled than he had at my wanting to sleep till nine..

"Can't you wash your hair at home?" he asked.

"I can't have it done in the beauty shop of one of the swankiest hotels in Chicago, at home," I explained. "I want to have one of those new finger waves put in, and see if I can catch on to how it's done, so I can do it, myself."

"Oh," said Will.

I HAD a perfectly lovely morning. The girl who did my hair does the hair of a lot of actresses, and the things she told me about some of them would surprise you. She kept calling me "Miss," and when I told her I had two babies at home, she just wouldn't believe it. She said I didn't look old enough to be married. She said anybody with hair like mine owed it to herself to have the right kind of water-waving combs, and I bought a set.

I also got a face-patter and a jar of Anti-Wrinkle Cream and a little bottle of muscle oil. They were terribly expensive; but the girl said that anybody with a fine, clear skin like mine couldn't begin too early. She said so many women made the mistake of waiting till the wrinkles began to come. She was an awfully nice girl, and seemed to have a lot of sense.

I met Will for lunch. We went to a tea-room on Michigan Avenue that Louise Curley had told me about.

I thought it was a perfectly wonderful tea-room, but Will complained that he didn't get enough to eat.

"Mercy, Will," I said, impatiently, "you can eat at home! You don't go clear to Chicago for food!"

"Maybe not," said Will; "but when I go into a restaurant, that's what I'm going for."

He didn't seem exactly to enjoy shopping that afternoon, either. I wanted to get some silk stockings. There are a lot of new shades that Father doesn't carry in the store. I'd read in one of the fashion magazines that Spanish Nude was the latest thing, and I had to go to three different stores to find any.

Will didn't seem to have any patience at all. When I couldn't find them at the very first store, he lost interest. Of course I paid no attention to him, but a person along who isn't in sympathy can certainly take the edge off shopping.

GOODNESS knows I hadn't any intention of just dragging Will around shopping all our time in Chicago. I had thought we would try to compromise, and do things that both of us enjoyed. But it gave me a terrible shock to find out what queer sort of things Will did enjoy. He wanted to go to the Field Museum, for instance!

Of course I wouldn't want to say anything against natural history museums. They're very interesting and instructive for people who like them and have time for them. If I lived right in Chicago all the time, doubtless I'd go to the museum often, or at least once. But with only ten days out of five years, it did seem kind of crazy to waste the best part of a day among skeletons and birds' nests.

And then Will wanted to go to the *stock yards!*

When he said that, actually I could have cried. Our precious time in Chicago! Why, I could have filled every day, from the moment I woke up till I fell into bed at night with fascinating, lovely things to do. I grudged the time I had to spend in sleeping, and Will wanted to go to the stock yards!

I actually believe Will would have eventually ruined the whole trip for me if we hadn't met the Janssens. Lorraine Janssen and her mother used to have a cottage at Winneposocket and I'd known them for years. We just ran into each other at the theatre.

From the moment we met them, the vacation began to be the sort of thing I'd dreamed of. The Janssens were real women of the world. While Will went to

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see the stock yards, I went shopping with the Janssens. They were two women who knew how to shop! Why, we could be in the stores all day long, and never spend a cent.

They knew all the really interesting places to go, and how to go to them without spending a lot of money. They took us to a Russian tea-room for lunch, where the tea was made in a samovar, and where all the waitresses were refugees and not one of them less than a countess. They showed us how to see all the swanky restaurants and dance places very inexpensively, by going at tea time, and just ordering tea and cinnamon toast.

They took us to "Book Week" in one department store, where a real poet would autograph his book if you bought it. They took us to an art exhibit that everybody who was anybody in Chicago was going to. It was wonderful and sophisticated. Why, if you saw those pictures anywhere but in an art gallery you'd never have guessed they were pictures.

It was an opportunity such as might not come twice in a lifetime. Without somebody like the Janssens to show us the ropes, we might have floundered around spending our money on all the wrong things. But this way, it was an education.

And the fun that it was, getting it! I'd wake up at six o'clock mornings, so excited and anxious for the day to begin that I couldn't possibly have lain in bed till nine. If I hadn't been so breathlessly happy, I suppose what happened wouldn't have come as such a shock.

BUT, actually, I'd been so engrossed in what we were doing I hadn't realized that Will wasn't enjoying it. So the blow came upon me, completely unprepared.

We were riding up in the elevator at the hotel when we'd been there nearly a week, reading our mail. I had a letter from Mother saying that the twins were fine and everything was going well. Will had a letter from Howard Merton, and was reading that. I tucked my letter in my bag, and began to tell Will about the most exciting thing yet that was going to happen. The Janssens were going to give a bridge luncheon for me Labor Day!

And such a luncheon! It would be in the dining-room of a very smart apartment hotel near their apartment, a big table, reserved and everything. Lorraine said you could scarcely go there without seeing a débutante. Then we could go to the Janssens' apartment for bridge afterward. Taking taxis! Lorraine was having all up-to-the-minute Chicago girls. The party was in my honor! My, but I was glad I had my new black satin dress to wear and knew how to play a good game of bridge!

I was talking about it to Will, and I was so excited that I didn't realize at first that he wasn't listening to me.

"I wonder," I was speculating, "if I wouldn't be justified in getting a pair of those beige patent leather two-strap slippers. They are all I need to make my costume absolutely perfect."

I looked doubtfully at Will to see whether he felt that this would be going too far. He had a queer, absent look, and his face was lit up like Main Street on Saturday night.

"Say, listen to this," he said, as he unlocked our room door; "I got a letter here

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from Mert, and he says it's warmed up again, and he and Frank Kirsted are going to take a few days off and go camping over Labor Day."

"Yes?" I said absently. "It wouldn't be an extravagance, in the long run, because I could wear them for dress all winter, and then they'd be stunning with my tan suit in the spring."

"And they want us to come back and go with them," Will went on.

"They're specially treated," I said, "so they won't crack."

"If it isn't luck," said Will, "that we left everything all packed up, the blankets and cooking tools and everything."

"I won't spend the money, though," I said, "if you feel that it would be extravagant."

"Extravagant!" Will exclaimed. "Why, it wouldn't cost us hardly anything! We'd even go up in Frank's car."

I CAME to earth suddenly, as you do when a chair's been pulled out from under you just as you're sitting down. As suddenly and with as great a feeling of outrage.

"Will Horton," I gasped, "do you mean to tell me that you want to leave Chicago—now?"

"Wel-ll," said Will doubtfully, as though making a great concession, "we might wait till morning, as long as we've got tickets for a show to-night."

"Leave Chicago in the morning!" I cried. "But the party! The luncheon the Janssens are giving for me!"

"Oh, you can get out of that."

"Get out of it!" I could feel my voice getting higher and thinner. "I don't want to get out of it!"

"You mean"—Will's face dropped like a cake that didn't have enough flour in it—"you mean you want to pass up a chance to go camping, and stick here in Chicago, just for a party three days off!"

"Not just for the party," I wailed. "I'd want to stay if there weren't any party at all!"

Will stared at me, horrified. And I was as horrified as he was.

"Leave Chicago, to go and sleep in a leaky tent and eat burnt bacon and fried potatoes, three times a day! With three men, who don't want to do anything but tramp millions of miles, and fish!"

"Pass up camping!" said Will. "To stay in this filthy city! With three women who don't want to do a thing but trail from one store to another, and eat whipped cream in tea-rooms!"

And there we were! Right down to bare facts, without any pretty veils of pretending and being good sports. "I always thought you liked good healthy outdoor fun," said Will. "I do," said I; "but I always thought you wanted to see something of life outside Montrose." "I do," said Will; "but—"

But! There was no getting beyond the "But" for either of us. The more we talked, the more excited and the further apart we got. Why, before we finished, we were arguing about things that had happened before we were engaged. It was as near a real quarrel as really nice married people ever get.

It was Will who finally suggested a compromise.

"Well," he said at last, "why don't I go back and go camping with the boys, and you stay here the three days and have a good time with the Janssens?"

It was a perfectly sensible solution, and we both knew it. There wasn't a reason in the world against it. We stopped arguing and began planning how we could manage. It would be easy as anything. In the planning we got perfectly amiable again. And by the time Will caught the four-o'clock train for Montrose, everything between us was as smooth and sweet as maple mousse.

On the surface.

Underneath, I couldn't help feeling a little hurt at Will. I didn't want Will to stay in Chicago if he didn't want to—there's no fun for anyone in that—but I wanted him to *want* to. And I could see that he felt a little hurt at me. He knew that he'd really be better off camping with just Howard and Frank, who would never in the world get blisters on their heels. But he wanted me to *want* to go.

If it hadn't been for this little feeling of hurt, my three days in Chicago would have been heavenly. But away down underneath, taking the edge off all the pleasure, was that sore feeling that Will had been perfectly willing to spoil it all for me.

If it hadn't been for the luncheon in my honor, that feeling of hurt might have actually ruined things for me. But the luncheon was so important that I had to put everything else aside to get ready for it.

They played contract bridge in Chicago, and I bought a book of rules and studied it after I'd gone to bed, so I wouldn't be a disgrace as a guest of honor. I bought the beige patent leather slippers, and then had to get stockings dyed to order so they would be a perfect match.

Labor Day morning, I went down to the hotel beauty parlor and had a fresh finger wave and a manicure. I allowed myself loads of time to dress, and when I was ready to start I studied myself in the long mirror in my room, and from the top of my wave to the soles of my beige patent leathers, there wasn't one single snappy detail lacking. I had everything but a Paris divorce!

I HAD allowed myself so much extra time for dressing that when I got down to the hotel mezzanine, I was twenty minutes ahead of time. I didn't want to kill the effect by arriving early, so I bought a newspaper and sat down to wait.

I glanced at the front page and then turned to the ads. Leaving for home that night, of course the ads weren't really anything to me any more; but you know how it is, you always like to read them anyway. I was studying the prices in a fur coat sale, when in a column beside it a familiar name leaped out and caught my attention. It was Lake Winneposocket.

Casually, I began to read the little item.

Suddenly, everything in the world stood still. In icy horror.

Three young men who have been camping for a few days on Stony Point, Lake Winneposocket, were drowned late yesterday afternoon when their boat capsized off the point.

Stony Point! Where the boys had been going to camp.

The tragedy was witnessed by Sam Brado, a farmer who had seen them put out earlier in

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the afternoon, and who was watching their struggle with the storm when the boat capsized. Until midnight none of the bodies had washed ashore, and a search of the camp they left disclosed nothing by which they could be identified, except for a Masonic emblem on one coat. Brado described them as being between twenty-five and thirty years of age. Two of them he remembered having seen on the lake in previous years. Most of the campers on the lake, he said, came either from the nearby towns in Wayne County or from Chicago. The station agent at Dawson said that several parties of campers had come from Chicago lately, but no party of three that he could recall.

The work of dragging the lake for the bodies will commence to-day.

I don't know how long I sat there, numb to everything. Then I came to in the panic of terror. What should I do? I stared around the mezzanine, people sitting, walking about as though nothing had happened. I couldn't do anything here, in this queer place, among all queer strangers. I must get back to Montrose. Right away.

I tried to see the time; but my wrist watch shook and was queer and blurred. Finally, I made it out. Just twelve minutes before the one-ten train. I dashed through the hotel lobby, out onto the crowded street. Some people were just getting out of a taxi, and I jumped in.

"The Union Station," I said to the driver. "I've just twelve minutes to catch a train. Can you make it?"

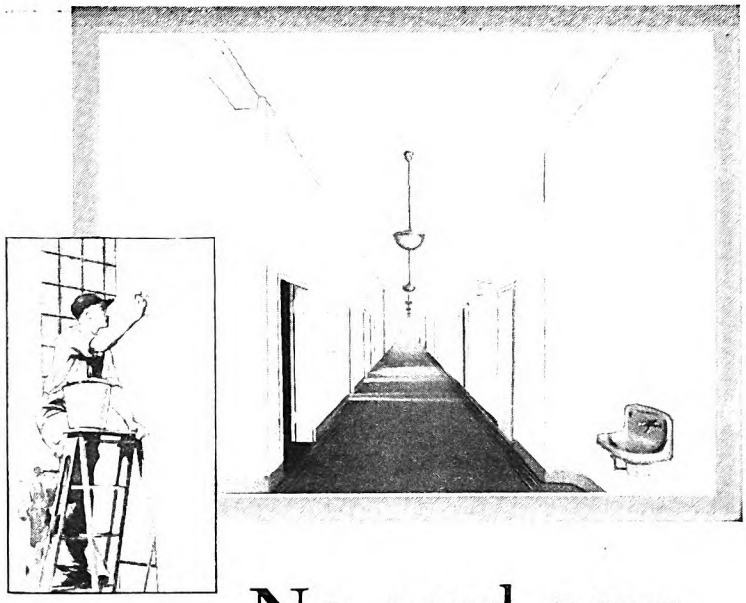
He shrugged his shoulders and started off. Dodging in and out among the cars, cutting corners wherever he could. There was a terrible time while we had to wait for a traffic signal. One-eight-and-a-half when we reached the station. As though there weren't another soul in all that crowded place, I ran across the great concourse, not little, hurrying, woman steps. I ran the way I used to at home when Will and I played in the same kid games and the leader shouted, "Run, Sheep, Run!"

The light over the train gate was already out, the gate was being shut; but the man saw me coming and held it open an extra second for me.

WHEN we were rolling along and my heart had at last slowed down so that it didn't shake me all over, I remembered all the things I should have done. I hadn't any ticket. I hadn't paid my hotel bill. I hadn't got my baggage. If I'd had time, I might have telephoned Montrose, long distance. What good would that have done, though? Whom could I have telephoned? The boys hadn't planned to come home till late to-night. Who would have known where they were?

And where were they? The tears streaming down my face, I read over and over the paper I had clung to. At first, I tried desperately to think that it might be some other three campers. Lake Winneposocket is a huge lake; there must have been lots of other campers. But three young men! And Stony Point! Will had said they would camp on Stony Point. A Masonic emblem on one coat. Will's lodge pin.

It must have been his old gray coat. There would be his pipe in the pocket, and the two buttons off. I must sew on those buttons. He'd kidded me about them, and it had got to be a joke, so I hadn't done it. I must sew them on. They were



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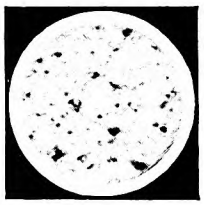

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Philadelphia News, Feb. 21st, 1927.

"Eleven persons were rescued and ten others fled through smoke and flames early today after a police dog's incessant barking sounded an alarm."

Almost daily some faithful dog saves human lives. Your own dog is a potential hero—ever watchful and faithful and true.

Take Good Care of Him

A DOG can't tell you what's the matter when he's sick nor what to do to relieve his suffering. Fortunately, you do not have to be an expert on dogs to know exactly how to care for him and treat all his ailments. Nor does it cost any money to find out the best treatments for all dog diseases. There are safe and effective remedies for every dog ailment and it is a simple matter to find out when and how to use them.

All dogs, puppies especially, should be wormed. Reasons are given on page 15 of Polk Miller's Dog Book.

Famous Dog Book Free

Our staff of expert veterinarians has compiled a book of intense interest to dog owners. It contains the accumulated knowledge of fifty years. In clear and explicit language, it tells the symptoms of dog ailments and explains the best treatment for each. There are articles on feeding, breeding and the rearing of pups. This famous book, which has been used as a guide by millions of dog-lovers, is revised each year and kept strictly up-to-date. It has saved the lives of thousands of valuable dogs. We urge you to write for a copy. It will be sent FREE to anyone who cares enough for his dog to write for it.

Fleas make dogs miserable and may cause serious skin troubles. Kill fleas with Sergeant's Skip Flea Soap or Powder as directed on page 42 of the Dog Book.

Expert Advice, Free

If your dog develops a condition not fully covered in Polk Miller's Dog Book, *write us at once.* State age, breed, sex and all symptoms. Our expert veterinarians will answer personally, sending, without charge, complete instructions for care and treatment. Sergeant's Dog Medicines, standard for more than fifty years, are sold by dealers everywhere. If you cannot obtain them, write us direct. Address Polk Miller Products Corporation, 1564 W. Broad St., Richmond, Va.

Mange is highly contagious among dogs. Proper treatment is given on page 27 of the Dog Book. Use Sergeant's Mange Medicine and Sergeant's Arsenic and Iron Pills.

Write for your free copy of Polk Miller's Dog Book.

Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

"A medicine for every dog ailment"

Write for FREE Sample of our No-Tar-Odor Mange Medicine for Human Hair and Scalp.

in the little ivory pin box on our bureau. I must sew them on. I kept thinking about those buttons—I had to keep thinking about them. If I hadn't, I would have had to think of never sewing a button on a coat for Will again. I must sew— And suddenly, I couldn't think of this any longer.

I shrank back against the car seat and put my hands over my eyes. Trying to shut out the thought. Life without Will.

Despair isn't always black, as they say. It isn't any color. It isn't anything. Just emptiness.

Would I go on doing things, in that emptiness? Putting the babies to bed? When they had finished their supper, they always ran over to the window in their sleeping suits, and I would sit down on one of their little chairs and we would watch out the windows, down Water Street, for Daddy to come home. What would I do now? How could I put them to bed now? How could I tell them Daddy wasn't ever coming home any more?

How could anything go on if Will never came home again? Could I go on, setting the table for a summer breakfast on the porch, and not put any chair there for Will? When my work was over, what would I do, what would I wait for, if I was never to hear his whistle again? Our big two-some chair in front of the fireplace, with the little clock ticking in the stillness of a winter evening, the little mantel clock, that Will and I had wound and set to ticking, together, on our first night in our own home . . . and Will not there . . . never again . . .

I pressed my hands tighter over my eyes, but I couldn't shut it out. That awful emptiness of despair. The conductor called "Montrose." I had to take my hands away, and in the sudden blinking light, I felt my way down the train aisle, down the train steps.

THERE on the station platform stood Will!

I can't remember what he did or said. It was a long time before I realized that he was clinging to me in the same frightened, unbelieving way that I was clinging to him.

"I was just petrified," he was saying. The dearness of a familiar voice when you had thought you might never hear it again!

"Just called you up, long distance, when I heard of the accident at Stony Point! Thought you might hear of it and think it was us, and be frightened. And you weren't there! They were terribly worried—they'd called the hotel and you weren't there—girls have just disappeared like that in big cities, and never been found—"

Will's arms tightened around me, those strong arms I had thought I would never feel around me again.

"Lord, but I was so scared!"

"But how did you know that I was coming on this train?" I asked, bewildered.

"I didn't." Will's face was still a little grayish around the mouth. "I never thought of such a thing. I was waiting to catch the five-three. To hunt for you."

The sun shone bright and warm over us, the very planks on the station platform floor seemed different from any planks I had ever seen. Glorious, happy planks!

"I CALLED the Janssens long distance, first, of course," Will was going on. "I thought you'd be there at the party."

"The party!" I exclaimed, bewildered.

And suddenly it dawned on me. The bridge party the Janssens had been giving for me!

I had the briefest moment of feeling guilty—it was too bad not to have let the Janssens know. But only the briefest moment. Standing there on that happy platform in the sunshine with Will's arms around me, I suddenly saw, for a moment, just how little things like bridge parties or camping trips or Chicago count. A blister on my heel, Will's hating tea-rooms, taking our vacation together or separately—I could have laughed at the idea of having given a moment's concern to things like that. Only when I tried to laugh, I began to cry again.

Our vacation, stumbling around in a dark room, forgetting where everything that counted was. And then, like a revealing flash of lightning, that moment when I saw Will standing on the station platform. A bright, quick flash of lightning that lit up every shadowy corner.

You couldn't live all the time in such a dazzling light, of course. I suppose we'll be like all married people, tripping up now and then over some silly trifle. But it will be a long time before I'll forget the lay of the room again!

I'll be able just to close my eyes and see that dazzling flash. And know where all the big, important things are standing.

I Gave Up My Law Books for a Cook Book

(*Continued from page 34*)

involving millions of dollars were won and lost.

After a year, the largest bank in Brookline, Massachusetts, requested him to name a lawyer for the position of legal adviser. I was much complimented when he recommended me for the position.

I had to prepare myself in thirty-six hours to answer questions that the bank or its clients might ask of me. And the job was not made any easier by the fact that it was income-tax time; indeed, it was the first year of the Federal Income Tax, and all the explanations were confusing, even to the tax experts from Washington. The most perplexing as well as the most amusing questions were asked me, not only by timid elderly ladies, but also by presidents of corporations and heads of business concerns who were clients of the bank.

And it was while I was in this responsible position that I was asked to undertake the duties of marriage.

This was the most difficult question to answer that had yet been asked me. Here was I, in the midst of my career,

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able to give myself the luxuries that I loved, and living a life that I was none too ready to sacrifice. Moreover, the young man whom I loved was a writer, and a long way from a famous writer.

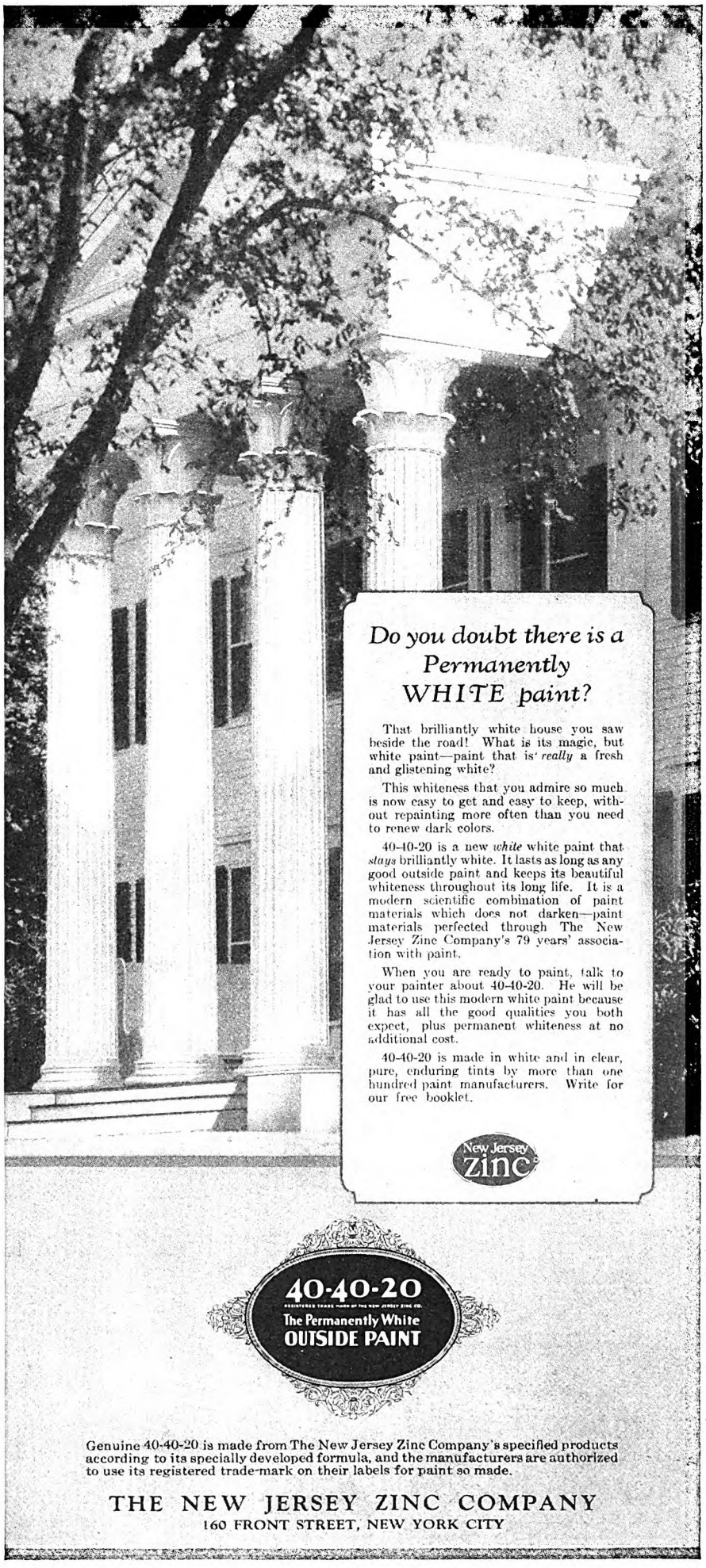
This meant that I must either go on earning my income in order to have the things I had been accustomed to, or I must give it all up and be poor, for a few years at least. The latter course seemed at the time impossible, so, since we were at war, I was obliged to decide in twenty-four hours whether I was to continue my successful legal career without husband or love, or to attempt to combine my status of a lawyer with that of a wife. I knew that to keep my place among so many others I must work early and late, and that my mind, like the minds of all successful lawyers, would be occupied by my work. The usual argument, "I can get a competent servant to run my house for me, thus leaving me free to devote all my time to my profession," did not deceive me.

For I intended if I married to have a *home;* and no maid could be hired who could give me, unsupervised, the home that was to be ours. I had always lived in a real home. It was so essentially a part of myself that, without it, I could never be content. I knew, too, that a writer-husband must have just such an environment, if he were to do his best work. The creation of such a home would mean the expenditure of much time and thought. The question resolved itself into this: Would whatever I might find necessary to give up from *my* life be repaid by what he gave me in *his*. I decided upon marriage *and* a career. I have never regretted this decision, so hurriedly made, though it entailed deeper sacrifices than I was able to foresee at that time.

In three weeks, my husband was sent to France, and so was spared my earliest efforts at the lawyer-wife combine. The war made the future so uncertain for all of us that I determined to save as much of my earnings as possible. I took an apartment with an unmarried sister. From the first, I attempted to do nearly everything myself.

MY PRINCIPAL interest was still, of course, the law, and I went on with it as enthusiastically as I had before marriage. I even added to it a war job with a committee headed by a member of another large firm of lawyers in Boston. This committee was formed to collect subscriptions for Liberty Loans among citizens of foreign birth or descent. It needed many helpers, and I was asked to enlist for them the services of the women lawyers and organize them for this work. Also I worked evenings upon the local draft board as one of its legal advisers.

My sister also had a job; she did not have the incentive to learn housework that I had, so I intimately got my taste of an attempt to combine home-making and profession-making. Actually, there was no home, simply a place to sleep, frequent meals outside to prevent us from starving, a fairly decent apartment, and money going out all the time for laundry, food bought at the delicatessen shops and tea rooms, and undirected cleaning about half done. Yet I was determined to make a success of it; the war might be over any time and my husband return. I *must* learn.



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FOR CORNS, CALLOUSES, BUNIONS, TENDER SPOTS

First of all, I did not have the least idea of what was necessary even for light housekeeping. I thought in despair of the kitchen closets in my former home, clattering with pots and kettles of all sizes, and table drawers full of cutlery. Even had it been possible to buy them, what would I have done with them? The apartment had yawning kitchen drawers, and empty hooks cried aloud for pots and pans.

I took my mind away from the legal case then interesting me and went into conference with my kitchen. With paper and pencil I sat down and thought of each meal, setting down a list of what must be necessary for its preparation. I went to a large department store and put myself in the hands of a kind sales girl. She evidently knew her job, for I still have those same utensils, and have added very few to them, though I have greatly increased the variety of my menus.

With a beautiful gas stove and all those shining kettles, it seemed a fascinating game to get our own meals; but it proved more difficult than fascinating. My first attempt had been a cup of tea. It tasted like nothing at all, for I had not waited for the water to boil. My toast was all burned, even on my electric toaster. For many days I could not discover how to use the oven or broiler of the gas stove.

I HURRIEDLY added to my essentials a splendid cook book, and it was from this that I learned how to do everything, except to scrub floors, wash clothes, clean and keep my kettles bright. And, alas, how to live on the budget system!

I studied that book as if it were a textbook on Real Property or Contracts: I learned what frying, baking, and broiling meant, and how to light the gas stove. These lessons brought forth food of varying degrees of attractiveness. I attempted the simplest of dishes at first; but with each success I became bolder, and soon was willing to try any recipe. The secret was the same as in mastering the law: study and complete concentration.

And, all this time, where was my law? It was constantly with me, in thought and actual labor. Every evening, Saturdays, and Sundays, home came my work, which I found I was more and more often too tired to complete.

Gradually it came over me that the concentration necessary for the least possible amount of housework was taking away my concentration upon my legal subjects. Had I a job requiring no creative or personal strain, or had I had more physical strength, it might have been possible to go on doing justice to both my jobs. But I found myself too tired to be reasonable, patient, or efficient at either my home work or my legal work.

So in the first thirteen months of my attempt I found that one or the other of my jobs would have to come first. My husband had returned and the problem became more serious. Should I go on as I was, and give him a makeshift home?

We were still far from that mythical competent maid, for the war had set back his progress, and my income would have to be stretched a long way to cover part of our expenses and her wages. The part-time maids had proved unsatisfactory, and my supplementing them had changed me from the woman with a career into a woman with a part-time job.

I knew that some women expected their husbands to help; but if it had affected my powers, would it not even more affect the powers of a man? I had accepted marriage only after due consideration, and had voluntarily pledged myself to the duty of providing for my husband everything he had a right to expect in the normal home. I believed that the man who had offered me the greatest opportunity for happiness in life deserved something from me in return. I had chosen him partly because his tastes were like mine, and the only home that I had been able to create would never satisfy his needs, any more than it had mine. Where were beauty, inspiration, and serenity—the requisites of a home; what had I, after my day's work, to offer him, or anyone? After these months of experience, I had at least learned the lesson that, whatever sacrifices our life together was to demand of us, it must not be the *home*.

It was not only the question of a career and a makeshift home; it had become a question of which one was to have the career. The continuance of my established career demanded that we stay in Massachusetts, where I was a member of the bar; but the attainment of my husband's career demanded a residence near New York. So, with the desire for a true home, and the confidence that, given the proper environment, my husband would "arrive," I made my final decision to give up my career, in the faith that my compensation would be found in his.

We moved to New York, and his health required a place in the country. We would be poor without my earnings, so I must do everything. Gone would be the work that I so loved, my interesting contacts with business and professional men that I had found so stimulating and inspiring. Gone would be the luxuries bought with my income, my expensive clothes, my imported hats, my pleasures, my travels, and my little extravagances.

And what was I to get in return? I would find happiness in the home that I knew I could create, the home that was to be an inspiration for my husband. I would gain satisfaction in being perfect at one job at least, in conquering the problem of housework that had baffled me, and in striving to make the husband I loved happy. With my decision I put all regrets behind me and set out to make myself a success in my new rôle.

NOW my real test began. Apartments were not for us, we must have a house. We found only an old Colonial house at our disposal, beautiful to look at, full of that inspiration that I had desired, but rambling and devoid of any modern aids to housework. I had to add to my other duties, then, that of laundress, gardener, carpenter, plumber, and even glazier. For one of the first things I had to do was to set a pane of glass. My husband had just put it in before a trip to the city, and I, handling my broom most awkwardly, put the handle right through that very pane.

This must never be known, for was it not enough to upset any husband? And I knew he had a humorous article to grind out that evening. All his tools were—where the tools of a recently finished job by every husband always are—very close at hand. I spent long moments discovering how it had just been done, and with-

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out handing myself any bouquets I must have done a good job, because it never caused any comment.

My husband took over completely the earning of our daily bread and butter, and I felt that in return I must give him absolute freedom from the petty annoyances of the home. This undoubtedly spoiled him, but it also brought him success more quickly, and it gave me the satisfaction of feeling that I had helped to expedite it.

The most perfectly happy man is the one who lives in a servantless home, running smoothly on invisible wheels, his own precious things allowed to remain untouched, without the threat of a duster, even though they accumulate the dust of ages. I can see one of those supreme moments of happiness come into my husband's life when he returns from town, throws his hat upon one table, his gloves upon another, his overcoat on one chair, his bundle of manuscripts upon another, and departs to his room, sacred to himself and his possessions, after a hasty kiss given me as I emerge from the kitchen followed by odors of dinner cooking.

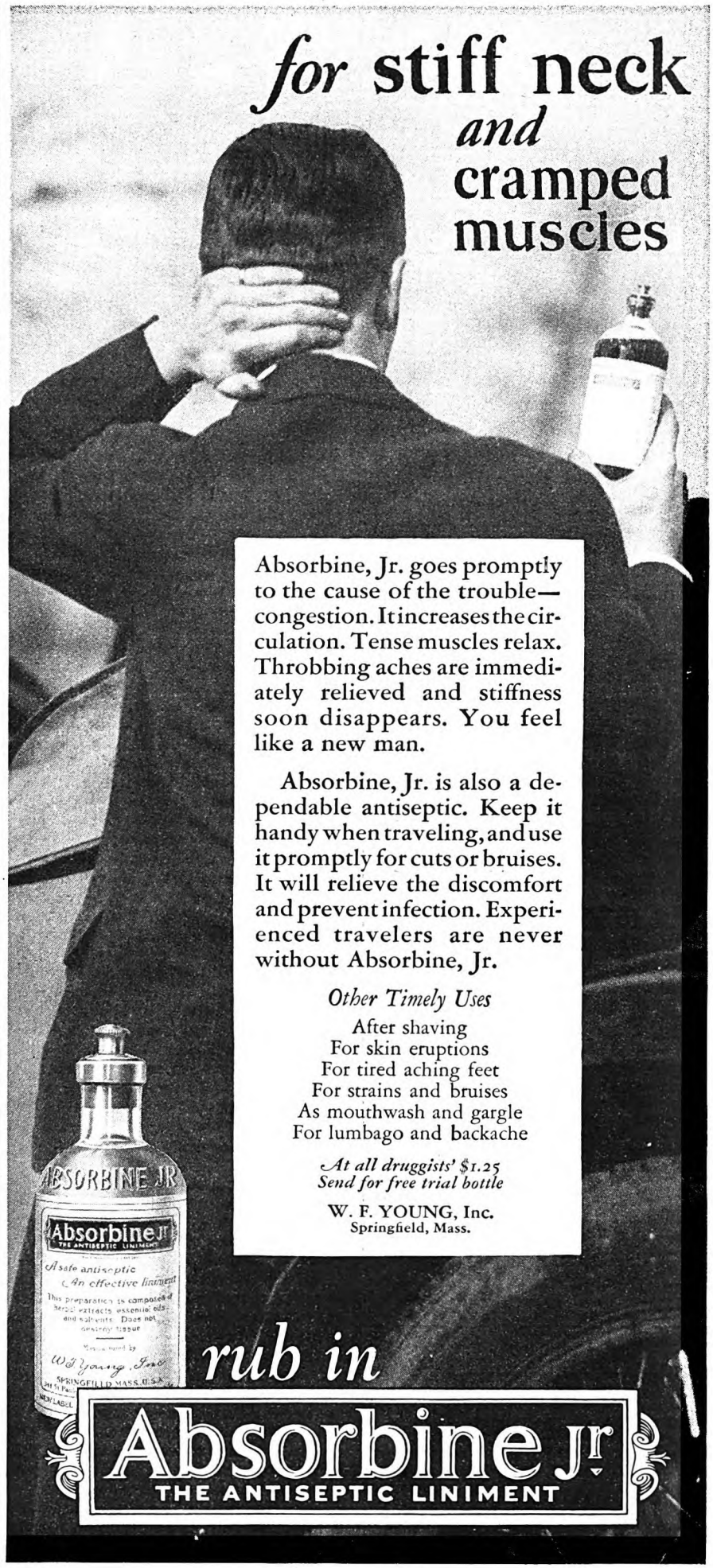
It can with justice be said that this servantless bliss was forced upon us; but I am proud and happy that I have never asked my husband to live in a light-housekeeping apartment. I am convinced that his love, his good disposition, and his excellent digestion have survived because he has room to stretch in.

I am also glad that my husband's health prevented me from allowing us to form the habit of his helping with the dishes or scrubbing the bathroom floor. We started out on our married life with the clear idea that he had his job and I had mine, and that there was a dead line between them.

I REMEMBER my battle royal with the coal stove. My husband had courageously invited his family and relatives to our first Thanksgiving dinner. The turkey was too large for our kerosene stove, so it had to be cooked in the primitive coal stove. The owner of the house had told me that it went beautifully, except when the wind was east; and it was with a heart of true thanksgiving that I arose that morning to find the wind blowing briskly out of the west. I read and reread my precious cook book on how to build a fire. How glad I was that it assumed that I hardly knew how to scratch the match! I gathered the fuel, the kindling, and the paper; twisted the paper, laid each stick of wood and each piece of coal as described, and soon I had a cheering blaze.

Then to the turkey! To my horror, I found it had not been cleaned. What was to be done! I turned to the book once more, and though I found my memory of biology was very vague, I did as I was told, step by step, and the turkey was not spoiled. Indeed, nothing was spoiled, not even my first pumpkin pie or my pudding sauce. I was very proud, because I knew that my husband's family did not share my theory that learning to do one thing gives you the power to do another, no matter how unrelated; and so I was glad for his sake that his lawyer wife had been able to give them a real New England Thanksgiving dinner.

I even learned to run the furnace in this



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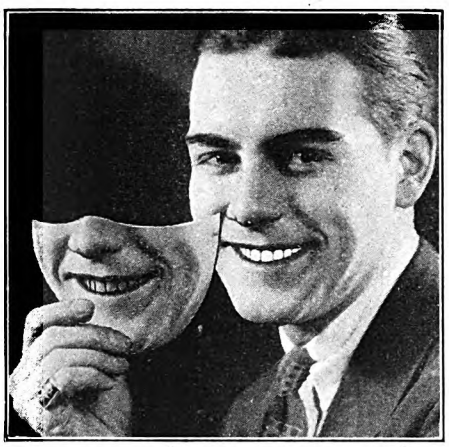

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old house. This I did by diagrams of drafts and dampers and currents of air, and, I must confess, by varied experience. Cannot everything first be worked out by theory? I admit some theories do not always work out when put into practice; but I found that the woman equipped with theories has a much better chance of doing what she has to do.

When I was up against a stiff problem I often encouraged myself with the memory of how I had been taught to run a car. My uncle, who was a lawyer, drew me a picture of the insides of the car, and showed me just what happened when I did certain things with my feet and hands, and why. After studying all this very carefully on paper, and getting my lesson letter-perfect, I was put into his car. It was high-powered, four-geared, and his property stood on the edge of a precipice dropping into the sea. But he told me to back it up, turn it around, and repeat. After two days of this, I was able to drive that car anywhere.

ONE of the most difficult things I had to cope with was the problem of nourishment—how to plan it, and what to purchase at the market and the grocery. It was difficult not only because the money must go as far as possible but also because I knew absolutely nothing of marketing or the value of foods. I naturally followed the menus in my own home, as nearly as I remembered them, but this proved expensive, and so I scoured all the women's magazines for suggestions and diets and laws of calories. I tried out the cheaper cuts of meats and all the substitutes on sale, and borrowed recipes from my equally poor but more experienced friends. In these first days of my inexperience our diet was sometimes reduced to bread and potatoes; but I studied very hard at this really interesting subject, and, aided by my husband's never-failing patience and encouragement, and, above all, his sense of humor, our marital happiness weathered these storms.

I learned the art of dressmaking, and made all my own clothes and some of my husband's. I was even guilty of wearing a home-trimmed hat, and it was quite chic too. All patterns have diagrams to go with them, showing the simplest-minded person how to cut the cloth; almost how to thread the needle.

Perhaps it was well for my growth and the enlarging of my abilities that my husband's confidence in me never flagged. Sometimes it put me to the severest tests, however, by its sudden and unexpected demands. One day he announced that he was going to bring home with him a rather formal, although charming, Englishman, whom he had met through his work but who was a total stranger to me. This gentleman awed me by accepting the invitation to dinner with the question whether should he bring his dinner coat.

The day was very hot. I selected the simplest meal as the least likely to get spoiled in a crucial situation, and put my whole concentration on it. I greeted him with a composure and costume which would give him the impression that I had never seen a kitchen. When my husband took him for a swim, I fled to the kitchen, and on his return the dinner was on the table. I was still wearing the summer gown of a lady of leisure and, I hoped, my air of composure. I have been rewarded for this effort by our guest often telling us that that dinner was one of his pleasantest memories in America. It is also one of my pleasantest memories, for it has ever been my ideal to acquire the ability to cook a full course dinner for our guests, and yet appear a cool, calm, and care-free hostess.

AT THIS time we had the brilliant idea that all my husband's earnings and all my efforts might just as well be going into our own home. Up to this time we had been renting. We looked everywhere for a little old house to do over. This was somewhat forced upon us by the size of our bank account; but it was also our ideal. At last we found a poor, little, old Colonial home, standing forlorn and unwanted. We gathered about us all the things gleaned from the attics and cellars of our combined families, and sat down to look at them. They looked almost as woebegone as the house, which was a mere skeleton.

Our savings must be stretched to include the price of the house, all modern improvements, the dressing-up of this old furniture, and all my new electric maids. I was to be so rich in maids—an electric laundress, ironer, vacuum cleaner, and even an electric cook. With all these servants I should have to be only the gardener and carpenter and plumber and painter and electrician.

The thought of the time and the labor that would be saved gave me courage to pledge all my energies to the interior painting of the house, and the redoing of all the furniture. My first efforts at painting were among my failures. The floors never dried that first year; but I have always consoled myself with the conviction that it was the fault of the painter who advised me. He told me how to get the dark blue that I desired, but forgot to mention drier or varnish; so, for twelve months the floors were sticky whenever it rained.

I learned how to scrape and refinish the old Colonial pieces of furniture; they had been abandoned so long that they were now fashionable and beautiful. I learned how to make slip covers, how to turn old vases into lovely lamps, and make shades for them; how to make hook rugs, and how to do needle-point for the chairs and footstools.

None of this could be taught me by demonstration. I was never able to be long from home, for there were three meals to prepare and clear away, and even those perfect "maids" had to be started and directed. As I could not go to the department stores for lessons, I sent to the magazines for instructions, studied them carefully, and did exactly as I was told. Soon we had a very charming and interesting home.

Thus I found that I had acquired my ideal. And it has been done through my theory that the way out of every problem could be found by study and the concentration of all one's training and intelligence. I found that three years in a law school helped me to become a successful wife and home-maker. Indeed, the mental training I got there rather made up for the fact that I was not a "natural-born" housekeeper and had had no experience in that field. Not being born

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with a measuring spoon in my mouth, I had to approach each job with my brain, as the solution was not instinctive with me. And so I have blessed many times my confidence, and my ability to study my way out of difficulties, both of which had been developed in those legal experiences.

I HAVE often been asked if I would like to be an active lawyer now; if I did not regret having given it all up, and feel that I had betrayed myself. My answer has always been, "No."

I have a complete life in my home and husband—and in the appreciation that I have fulfilled an aim in life. Is not that what we are all seeking?

A suitable environment must start in the home. What does any man work for but for a home for himself and his family? All our ambitions are inspired by personal aims, and whatever our calling and duty in life, it cannot be nobler than the creating of a home that is an inspiration to someone else. Careers are all very well; but they do not always combine with a love deep enough to demand unselfishness.

My personal satisfaction lies in the home that I love and which is attractive to all our friends, speaking a charm that can be given only by personal thought and effort and love. I realized that my years of labor and all my sacrifices had not been wasted when, one day, a stranger coming into my house, a distinguished Frenchman who had been entertained and fêted in homes far grander than our little place, involuntarily exclaimed, "Oh, what a charming home; it is the most charming that I have seen in America; it is so full of peace and sunshine!" As it was raining at the time, and the gray sky shed no sun through our many windows, I felt this sun shone from within, and, in that moment of seeing my accomplishment through the eyes of another, I knew what my heart had told me many times—that I had made no mistake in giving up my career.

I have gone through drudgery and considerable routine. But I have a husband who is the most interesting man I know, and a happiness that might be equaled, but certainly not surpassed, by success in a legal career. From close observation, I am convinced that we owe our years of complete happiness largely to our home. And I know that my husband's recognition came much more quickly through this happiness. In his frequent acknowledgment that without me and what I have given him it might never have come at all, I have reaped my rich reward.

IN "It Took Gary 43 Years to Beat the Family Luck," you'll read, next month, the astounding story of Theodore Gary, president of the Kansas City company which bears his name. His father played in bad luck all his life; and it looked as if Theodore, his son, would do likewise. How Gary finally turned the tide in his favor, until to-day eighty per cent of the world's automatic telephone equipment is supplied by the companies controlled by Gary and his associates, makes unusually interesting reading.

"Hot water or cold — it works swell with either!"

Your Best Pal on Any Outing

Roughing it is bully. But after you've been in camp two-three days, doesn't a nice clean shave feel great? *Barbasol's your best pal then.*

And you know if you let a couple of women within hailing distance of any summer resort, they'll get up a dance. You've just got to slick up and go. *And you want Barbasol then.*

Or is touring your game? Why, there isn't a run by car or train that isn't ended better by a cool, smooth *Barbasol shave.*

So take Barbasol with you on your trip. It helps you to travel light. No brush to pack or lose. Just your dandy old razor and *Barbasol!* Look here:

1. **Wash the face** (and leave it wet)
2. **Spread on Barbasol** (but don't rub in)
3. **Shave!**

And what a sporty shave! All silky smooth and cool. For Barbasol leaves the natural oils right in the skin—takes nothing away but the whiskers. Send for the sample—try Barbasol three times according to directions—and you'll be glad forever.

Mister, you're next.

Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

COUPON

The Barbasol Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.

I enclose 10c. Please send trial tube and I'll give it a fair trial.

Name.....

Address.....

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IF only someone knew that Mickey *really is* sick—with a parasitic disease as common to dogs as fleas and a hundred times more dangerous.

Affection Cannot Take The Place Of Necessary Care

DO you know the disease which infects most puppies at birth—shortening their lives, spoiling their dispositions and leading to other more serious and often fatal dog diseases?

It afflicts almost all dogs at all ages. *It is worms.*

Yet every dog authority knows the remedy. It is sold at all drug stores, at pet shops and kennels. Anyone can administer it easily. Glover's Vermifuge or Glover's Worm Capsules.

You Owe It To Your Dog

Puppies should be treated monthly and older dogs four times a year. Affection cannot supplant this vital care. Dog fanciers, breeders and kennel owners would not be without these approved worm medicines. It isn't fair to your dog to delay this safe and simple treatment.

Watch For These Symptoms

Is your dog's sleep restless? Does he drag his hindquarters? Are his appetite and bowels irregular? Give him Glover's Vermifuge or Worm Capsules at once, according to directions. Then you will have a better and healthier dog.

GLOVER'S
IMPERIAL
DOG MEDICINES

These few of Glover's medicines for the remedy and prevention of dogs' most common ills should be in every home that has a dog. Get them from your drug store, pet shop or kennel.

Used for more than 60 years by dog lovers everywhere.

Glover's Vermifuge	65c
Glover's Worm Capsules	65c
Glover's Condition Pills	65c
Glover's Distemper Medicine	$1.25
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Tells how best to feed and care for your dog—how to protect his health, improve his disposition and his appearance. It is the work of H. Clay Glover, V. S., recognized as one of the world's greatest dog authorities. Write for it today.

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Quicksand

(*Continued from page 43*)

finest grade of flour. Put it in your tongue and you feel no sharpness. Bite your teeth on it, you feel very little grit.

"But it is only the minute size of the grains that makes them seem unlike sand. Tested by chemicals they are found to be quartz, and of a flintlike hardness.

"I have many times examined quicksand under the microscope, and a peculiar feature is the shape of the grains. They are globular, like microscopic marbles or ball bearings. When water is added to a mass of these infinitesimal ball bearings it acts as a lubricant, and the sand will flow long distances.

"This is true quicksand that I am describing, the type that we find underlying the surface of the lower Mississippi River valley. But there are also other forms of soil which will flow when saturated with water. Some twenty years ago, a large grain elevator near Winnipeg, Canada, sank twenty-nine feet on one side, and leaned at such an angle that it was in great danger of tipping over. The engineers who righted the building and restored its foundations to level reported that it was not quicksand, but a flow of soft clay, that caused the trouble.

"SOME engineers say that almost any kind of sand will flow and be troublesome under a foot or more head of water. Indeed, it is true in a sense that quicksand is not any particular material but rather a condition of material. No quicksand is 'quick' except when saturated with water, and any soil that will flow when saturated may be regarded as in the same class with quicksand.

"In New Orleans we find that many of our pockets of quicksand seem to be connected with the Mississippi River. When we make a test boring, and strike quicksand, the quicksand usually rises in the bore hole until it reaches the same level as the water in the river. The height of the river varies considerably at flood seasons. Between high and low water there may be a difference of as much as twenty feet. But whatever the river level, the quicksand generally rises to the same level. This seems to indicate that most of our quicksand pockets have underground connections with the river, and that it is the pressure of the Mississippi which causes the quicksand to flow.

"Some years ago I was hurriedly called into consultation by the owners of a large industrial plant in this city. Their building had a ground plan in the shape of a large U. In the courtyard between the two wings of the building they had started to dig a pit in which to place a big fuel-oil tank. When the excavators had gone down six feet they struck quicksand. They began to bail, but the sand flowed in as fast as they could remove it. And soon the surrounding walls of the building showed a tendency to move toward the pit. It was at this stage I was called in.

"What had happened was obvious: the building rested on fairly firm soil; but this soil, in turn, rested on the pocket of quicksand. As the sand flowed out of the pocket into the pit, the upper soil lowered to fill the cavity. If this continued, the brick walls were likely to collapse.

"In a situation of this kind the first thing we do is to drill a two-inch pipe into the ground by the side of the excavation. This is a test boring. We note at what depth the pipe enters quicksand, and we keep on driving, and taking samples at every foot of descent, until we pass into the material that underlies the quicksand. Thus we find out the thickness of the layer of quicksand. In this case, it was about seven feet.

"Our next step was to shut off the underground flow. We did this by driving layers of planks all around the pit, so that it was boxed in and, of course, the quicksand was boxed out. The planking—or sheet piling as it is called—was driven deep enough to enter the more solid earth under the quicksand. Thus, the underlying earth formed the floor of our box, and the walls of tight-fitted timber formed its sides.

"After this, it was an easy matter to dig the pit down to the required depth, install the steel oil tank, cover it over with earth and fill up the pit. Thus the courtyard was restored to its original surface condition, and the walls were at rest.

"But there remained one question that interested me: The foundations of the building were several feet underground, and I wondered how the original builders had got around quicksand trouble in laying those foundations. I looked up the records, many years back, and found what I suspected. Our work had been done at a time of high water; but the foundations had been laid during a period of low water. And at low water there was no river pressure on the quicksand, and so no flow."

IT IS generally dangerous to try to clean out a pocket of quicksand, Mr. Coleman said. "For one thing, the task would be an endless one," he explained, "because usually the pressure of the river or some other nearby body of water is back of the quicksand, and you would have to pump or bail until you had emptied the body of water down to your level.

"For another thing, the surrounding surface ground is likely to be undermined by the draining off of its under support of quicksand. As long as its pocket remains unpunctured, quicksand provides resistance to the weight of the earth above it, and has great sustaining power.

"We were driving test piles recently, as a preliminary to putting down a foundation for a very heavy structure. The piles had been going easily, an inch or more at each blow of the pile driver. Suddenly, the hammer gave a rebound that showed a change in conditions down below where the point of the pile was being driven into the soil. We let the five-ton weight of the hammer drop again, and again there was a rebound. It was as though the pile had reached a ledge of granite or some other hard material; but we knew that the 'ledge' was only a pocket of quicksand.

"Quicksand always resists a heavy blow in that way. In order to get the pile

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$4,000,000 In Sales

That's What This Store Did In a Year —In a Town of Only 13,610!

"The Largest Small-City Store in America"

ARE YOU a dealer in one of the smaller cities—say of 25,000 population or less? Do you feel that there is just so much business in your town—that you're getting your share of it—and that it's hardly possible for you to get any more?

Then—there's a big merchandising idea for you and every other retailer in the methods which this big Wisconsin store uses to draw in trade from a 60-mile radius.

This is the store that was called "the largest small-city store in the world" at the London Advertising Convention last summer.

How it Grew—

Can you imagine how a store—in a town of only 13,610—could run its sales up to more than $4,000,000 a year? Is this an example of luck?—*or is it shrewd merchandising energetically applied!*

Ask any one of the four merchants who direct the policies of this big small-city store. What he'll tell you will run something like this: "It isn't so much the profit per sale. A hundred times 1 cent makes only 1 dollar. But a million times ½ cent makes $5,000!"

And this is the same business principle that a famous automobile manufacturer used to build up the biggest fortune that the world has ever seen amassed by one man!

Where the Extra Volume of Sales Comes From—

"That principle is easy enough to understand," you'll say. "But where can I *get* a bigger and bigger sales volume, so that I, too, can double, treble and quadruple my store's earnings?"

To find the answer to this question of yours is exactly why Farm & Fireside, The National Farm Magazine, sent its special interviewer out to visit this big store—to find out the secrets of its merchandising success and pass this valuable information on to you and other progressive dealers throughout the country.

Get the Full Story—

There isn't space enough on this page to give you the details of this story—you'll have to get it from the illustrated folder which we have specially prepared for you.

Use the coupon—send for the folder which tells *how* this big store extended its trading area—How it penetrated farther and farther into the rich rural sections—How it went after more farm trade *and got it!*

This is another of Farm & Fireside's *successful-dealer* interviews. Others will follow throughout the year. And thus, in making available the business methods which successful merchants have used in building up farm trade, Farm & Fireside is simply meeting an obligation to retailers and advertisers which its leadership confers.

But—getting these interviews and publishing them is only a part of Farm & Fireside's service to retailers.

Farm & Fireside's Bigger Service to Small-City Retailers

The biggest benefit comes when the dealer ties up closely to the products that are offered in Farm & Fireside's advertising pages—and specially displays and features them.

As every dealer knows, Farm & Fireside is a real force for influencing farm people to buy. And the yearly growth of advertising in Farm & Fireside proves that manufacturers recognize this fact, too.

A glance through a copy of Farm & Fireside quickly tells *why* its advertising pages register in more than 1,200,000 farm homes—for here is a 100-per-cent *personal* magazine—edited straight to the individual—and read with *warmer interest* than any other farm publication.

MAIL THIS

FARM & FIRESIDE
Retail Merchandising Department
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Send me the folder which explains in detail the methods this big Wisconsin store used to extend its trading area and build up its farm business.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Farm & Fireside

The National Farm Magazine

READ IN MORE THAN 1,200,000 FARM HOMES

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down we have to 'nurse' it; that is, tap it down gradually by quick, soft blows. Sometimes, if progress is too slow, we may also 'jet' it. To do this we run a small pipe, about two inches in diameter, down the side of the pile and pump a stream of water down the pipe with considerable pressure. The water increases the saturation of the sand at the point of the pile, and thus, by 'jetting,' we may make better speed.

"Quite in contrast with this stiff resistance is the rapid flow of quicksand as soon as it is released. The pressure of the earth overlying the quicksand pocket tends to flatten it down like a punctured automobile tire.

"An instance of this occurred in Providence, Rhode Island, some years ago. An excavation for a large sewer struck quicksand, and the slush filled the ditch. One Saturday, a pump was set to work, pumping out this soupy material and discharging it on the off side of a railroad embankment.

"The following Monday, the contractors were startled to find that about a quarter of an acre of nearby forest had sunk several feet, uprooting many large trees. And on the other side of the railroad several acres of meadow were covered with more than a foot of quicksand, from the discharge of the pump. Test borings showed that the pocket of quicksand extended in one direction four thousand feet, and had the pumping been continued a considerable area would undoubtedly have been undermined.

"An even more spectacular example of what may happen when a pocket of quicksand is punctured, comes from Silesia, in Prussia, where an artesian well was being sunk. At a depth of one hundred and sixty-seven feet the artesian fountain began to play, but it was not pure water. A geyser of liquid mud spouted up, and with such force that it blew out the drill and rigging. And while this rain of quicksand was spreading over the countryside, the ground beneath the city of Schneidemuhl cracked, sank, and broke, causing much destruction of property."

A SOMEWHAT similar devastation resulting from the release of quicksand occurred in the city of Boux, in Bohemia, some years ago. A large part of the city overlies lignite mines. At ten o'clock one night, lights suddenly went out in the whole northern section of the city, near the railroad station. Presently the ground began to move, lamp posts tottered and fell over, houses began to sag, to lean, and here and there walls collapsed. Until ten o'clock next morning this movement of the earth continued.

Of course pandemonium reigned in the city. To add to the terror of the sinking earth, a violent storm blew up, with rain and lightning. A contemporary account in the Paris paper, "*La Nature*," said:

> It was a true apocalyptic night—families leaping from bed and escaping half naked to the street; people, panic-stricken, rushing from falling houses, flying from danger without knowing where safety lay; not recognizing the deformed streets, falling into muddy crevasses, blinded by rain, darkness, and lightning. Incredible as it may seem, only two persons lost their lives in all this destruction, though the property loss was considerable.

Not until next morning were the authorities able to determine that they were not the victims of an earthquake, but merely unsuspecting residents above a subterranean lake of quicksand. It was a pocket sixty-two feet thick that lay below the surface of the streets—but above the deep tunnels of the mines—and its existence was entirely unknown until the catastrophe revealed it. Some weak spot in the walls or roof of the mines had broken, and through this vent more than three million cubic feet of quicksand poured into the lignite workings.

"FIFTY years ago prospectors were exploring for petroleum in southern Louisiana," said Mr. Coleman, "and discovered large deposits of sulphur far underground. Sulphur was every whit as profitable as oil; the prospectors were delighted with their discovery, and began to sink a shaft. But soon their digging came to grief from the uncovering of quicksand. Eventually, the unfinished shaft had to be abandoned. From time to time other attempts were made to get a shaft down to the sulphur beds, and several men went broke in these projects, for always the quicksand was uncontrollable.

"Finally a man got the idea that if he ran an iron pipe down to the sulphur deposits, and inside this pipe lowered a smaller tube carrying a jet of steam, the steam would melt the sulphur, and its pressure would force the liquid sulphur up. He tried this scheme, and it worked, and has been working for a great many years now, to the profit of the inventor and his successors.

"Many other ways of coping with quicksand have been tried. One of the most novel is the so-called freezing method, which was first used in England back in 1862. Coils of pipe are inserted into the quicksand, and a solution of brine at a low temperature is circulated through the coils. The effect is to freeze the quicksand into a solid wall or block. When the material is frozen, the shaft or pit can be excavated by the use of pick, hammer, chisel, and dynamite, with no danger of a flow of soil.

"Another method of confining quicksand to permit excavation is to inject cement and grout into selected areas of the flowing sand. The cementing material unites with the grains of quicksand to form a concrete, and thus sections of the quicksand may be converted into walls of hard concrete, which, it is claimed, will withstand considerable pressure. This method is still in a somewhat theoretical stage.

"The freezing method, however, is expensive. The average time to make the freezing, as reckoned from twenty-one jobs, was ninety-four days; and in one case, a full year was required.

"In New Orleans, we have never used either of these methods, to my knowledge. When we have to confine quicksand we use sheet piling. The sheet piling may be of steel, it may be carefully tongued and grooved lumber, or it may be ordinary planks driven in two or more overlapping layers. Any combination that will prove water-tight, and that is strong enough to withstand the pressure, may be used.

"But most of our heavy foundation work here requires no deep excavations, and therefore no extensive sheet piling. The piling that is called for most in our foundation work are the long piles, such as are used to support bridges, docks, and wharves, piles made for the most part of straight trunks of pine trees.

"For all buildings of six stories and higher we drive piles into the ground, sixty to eighty feet deep, rest our buildings on these forests of piles, and count on the friction of the earth to support them. Some of this subsoil is quicksand, and most of what is not quicksand is soft. So engineers and builders find it advisable to allow a wide margin of safety in loading foundations. Our margin is four. If we find by test that a certain length of pile in a certain bit of ground will support sixty tons, we load it with only fifteen tons.

"There have been some difficult experiences with sinking buildings as a result of overrating the sustaining power of the soil. A striking example is the old New Orleans Cotton Exchange, a massive building which was erected in 1881, before piles came into use as a foundation arrangement. Even before the workmen were through with it, this building began to settle. It continued to sink unevenly for forty years, going down twenty-nine inches at one corner and eleven inches at another. Its walls, more than twelve inches out of plumb, were held together, at the last, by iron rods. At this stage the building was pulled down, and the present thoroughly established and substantial building was erected on the same corner. The new building rests on a series of sixty-foot piles, and is secure, though it is a larger and heavier structure than the former one.

"NOT only heavy structures, like office buildings and industrial plants, create special foundation problems in soft soil, but even such works as railway roadbeds. A stretch of about fifteen miles of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad entering New Orleans from the east, is through marshy land which contains material that acts like quicksand. There have been occasional settlements of the roadbed as much as two to three feet at a time in places—the displaced material bulging up on each side of the sunken track.

"The difficulty and danger of quicksand depends on the position and size of the pockets in which it exists, and on their condition, whether confined or free. Sometimes a pocket of quicksand is only a few inches in thickness. More usually it is several feet. The thickest I ever encountered was in southwestern Louisiana which was seventy-five feet thick.

"Quicksand complicates our foundation problems, but it hardly ever is an insurmountable difficulty. It is practically always possible to sink a foundation pile below any stratum or pocket of quicksand that may be encountered. And in no case does the presence of this flowing sand endanger a foundation, provided the material that underlies it offers the necessary friction. It makes us more cautious, less open to the temptation to take a chance. But in no case within my own experience has this material, treacherous though it be, proved a bar to safe foundation construction, although it does put a fairly definite limit on the weight of the structure to be supported."

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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Above the Shriek of the Wind Came the hiss of a Cobra

CLAYE clung to the edge of his bunk, limp with fright, his eyes trying to pierce the blackness that hemmed him in. Was it all worth it? The girl was pretty, but after all only a half-caste—and now he was on his way to marry her. Then there was that cursed bell. He could hear it tinkle in the dark as it slid back and forth across the careening deck. He stretched out his hand to grasp it—then he heard—what *was* that sound? It was more than he could stand — he burst out of his cabin in a frenzy. You may well wonder how this adventure story of the British East Indies ends. Full of the inscrutable romance of the tropics, mysticism, superstition and above all the supreme sacrifice of a princess of the South Seas. Here is a short story that will keep you on the qui vive from start to finish.

"The Golden Bell of Buddha"

By BELLE BURNS GROMER

in Collier's for June 25th, 1927.

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NEWSY ✦ PICTORIAL ✦ BRIEF

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"Scotch Valley"

(*Continued from page 61*)

something nice. We have 'America' in school. And I like 'Fly, Fly, Little Bird.'"

Gladden was grim about it. The only way to teach children to like good music is to make them listen to it. He played "Beau Soir" until the record began to pop and scratch. But he couldn't make any of them like it, except Henry.

Henry waited for the word chanticleer, which, as Gladden had explained, means rooster. When De Luca sang the word, Henry always yelled, "There's the chicken!" and flapped his arms. This was as far as Henry's musical education progressed.

But Gladden turned to the little instrument for satisfaction of his own thirst. He carried it down to the arbor, and made Pete grind out "Parsifal" while he himself grubbed and sweated in the muck at the bottom of the well. Little by little, with a primitive, homemade rigging, he was approaching the new water level.

If he persisted, there would be enough water to drink, enough for keeping clean, enough for the thirsty animals. He had never seen a dog with a thirst like Billoo's. (Who on earth named him Billoo?) He lapped up the precious quarts with lolling tongue and grinning mouth.

To add to Gladden's troubles, he found a mother cat and a nest of scrawny, thin-tailed kittens in the barn. They, too, had to be fed. Born unaware of man's charity, they fled from the food Bertha brought them; they spit and clawed and suffered acute feline panics.

Bertha, smitten, impassioned, lay on her stomach, and crooned, "Here, kitty, kitty, kitty!" Inch by inch, she approached with manna.

"I'll get them yet, Jim," she told him. "There are four of them. I'm going to build a house for them. With bins for milk. And a fish pond!"

SHE was so fascinated that Gladden's second extravagance failed to interest her.

He had decided that she must have a decent dress and a pair of shoes. She might hate him, but he couldn't let her go around in an assortment of gray rags.

"I can't leave the kittens," she said, when he went to fetch her. She was lying in the dusty hay, her braids in a tangle of quills and burrs. "They need me, Jim. One of them licked my fingers. If I try hard enough, they'll love me."

"You get up and come with me!" Gladden said sternly. "I'm going to buy you a dress."

She didn't want a dress. All the way into Vaccatown she explained why: "I like to get as dirty as I please, and if I have a new dress I've got to keep clean."

"You're almost grown up, now."

This infuriated her. "I'm not going to grow up!"

When she saw the dresses in the store window, she weakened. She had a vision of herself in the red dress with the wide black patent-leather belt. She entered the store shyly, suddenly conscious of her lack, hating to be stared at, hanging back. She tried to gather the rags together, to hide her bare brown feet.

The dresses hung limply on a revolving stand. A saleswoman spun them 'round and 'round for Gladden's inspection.

"This is a nice little dress," she said. "Not too fussy. Sixteen-seventy-five. Or this one. Twelve-eight. Reduced. It's for the little girl, ain't it?"

"I want the red one," Bertha whispered.

"I wouldn't, if I were you," Gladden said. "Ladies don't wear red."

"Who does, then?"

"Well—near ladies. Would-bes, who don't know any better."

"I want the red one!"

"For heaven's sake," Gladden said to the saleswoman, "find something that will fit. And shoes. And a hat. Whatever else she needs. I'll wait outside." He threw over his shoulder with finality: "Only, not the red one!"

HE WAITED an hour in the strip of shade offered by a narrow awning. When Bertha emerged at last she was wearing the red dress and carrying the bundle of rags, neatly wrapped in brown paper.

Gladden pretended to be furious. He had no other protection against his surprise and his chagrin. Because the mysterious alchemy of clothes had transformed the skinny, pale child. A spark, struck at random, had fallen. She had taken fire. The drab child had been burned away by a bright dress, a pair of slippers, and a hat.

"Well," Gladden said crossly, "I hope you're satisfied!"

"You see," Bertha explained. "I'm not a lady, anyhow!"

Gladden was embarrassed. He had not reckoned on a child as old as this. He felt certain everyone on the main street of Vaccatown was craning and whispering.

The high heels of Bertha's new slippers gave her a frivolous gait; she no longer shuffled on rough bare soles. Ten minutes had sufficed to teach her the coquetry of shoulders, flanks, and ankles. Her yellow braids had been pinned up out of sight beneath the small round hat, revealing the nape of a dirty but very appealing neck.

Gladden caught her stealing glimpses of herself whenever a plate-glass window offered a reflection. She flaunted the gaudy dress in the sunlight like a banner. She seemed anxious to advertise her grown-up-ness.

"But people don't grow up in ten minutes," Gladden was saying to himself. "What a fool I was to buy her a dress!"

"Olive Smith has a red dress," she said suddenly.

"That's different. She's old enough to wear what she pleases. But you're only a kid. You have to take my advice."

There was really no answer. Yet Gladden sensed the currents of revolt that were charging her silence. He was sorry, because he wanted her to like him. He wanted her, above all, to remain herself. She had a right to grow up, heaven knew—but not too suddenly.

There are always gossip-mongers in a small town. They might make capital of her womanhood. They might drive him away. He must keep her, misty and featureless, a little longer. He must encourage her to stay what she was.

An unpleasant fear groped about his mind, formless and nameless, seeking the materialization of words. He did not want any of these children to know ugliness before they had to. Remembering his own disgust, he was ready to resort to trickery, to downright dishonesty, if only he could save Fred Smith's children from the contamination of smut and suspicion. He thought of Mrs. Pelgram. There wasn't a chance that she would fail to notice the change in Bertha. And make capital of it. He simply couldn't let Bertha grow up.

He said suddenly, with what he thought was a propitiating smile: "You can wear the dress on special occasions. The rest of the time, any old dress will do."

He saw the shadow of renunciation gathering in her eyes. "There aren't any special—special—"

"A picnic," Gladden promised recklessly. "We'll go to the beach some day."

He was horrified when he saw that things were moving too fast for him. Bertha caught his arm, pressed her face against it, and kissed and kissed the stuff of his sleeve.

In spite of himself, sick with shame because he did not want to be self-conscious, and was, he drew away. "Don't do that here! Someone will see you."

SHE changed the dress for the gray rags so much too large for her, the calico rags left from the garments that had clothed her mother's body as she moved from one hard duty to another. But the change was deeper, more penetrating than Gladden imagined. Bertha sat before a full plate that night, not eating, caught into a very personal, haunting dream.

Life had brushed by. She had caught the reflection of herself in a plate-glass window; the reflection of a living color, as if a dream of herself moved behind the glass, remote, unreal, beautiful, as if to herself she were saying, "I might be. I could be. I will be!"

She did not eat the dinner Gladden cooked. Instead, exercising the feminine habit of rubbing things in, she told the others about the picnic.

"Jim promised! We're going to see the ocean."

"The Atlantic or the Pacific?" Pete asked out of his very sketchy knowledge of geography.

Bertha didn't know. "An ocean," she said with finality.

Nancy was washing her face with grape jam. She presented a terrible, congested countenance to Jim. "Let's go tomorrow!"

"Not to-morrow. You've all got to be good for a week. First off, you're all going to have a bath."

"Gosh!" Pete slid out of his chair. "No, sir. I ain't going to take a bath!"

Lily shrieked.

"All right, then. No picnic!"

"But that ain't fair, Jim. Manuel never made us take baths!"

Gladden used the picnic as a disciplinary measure, resorting, like most parents,

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to bribery. He hated picnics, even the luxurious imitations staged by his stepmother. And this picnic promised to be a riot of sand and hysteria.

The bathing went off without any serious rebellions. Pete was sent to gather firewood, and the stove was stuffed with eucalyptus twigs: a sweet incense, a lovely pungence drifted between the red-hot lids and filled the kitchen.

Every available pot and pan was filled with water, the kettle steamed and the bathtub—a wash boiler—was placed behind an improvised screen made of sacking stretched from chair to chair. Pete was first. He used up an entire cake of soap. Once started, he enjoyed himself.

And, rinsed, rubbed dry, clothed in Gladden's gift of flannel pajamas, he turned out to be three shades lighter than usual. It was worth a lot to see Peter Smith chastened and softened, sanctified by soap and water.

Lily was next, but she wouldn't be bathed, not even for a picnic. She didn't know what a picnic was. She sat on Bertha's lap, opened her mouth wide, and yelled. She wouldn't take a bath unless someone told her a story.

"Tell her a story, Bertha."

"I don't know any."

"Do you mean to say, you don't know about Little Red Riding Hood, or Jack and the Bean Stalk, or anything?"

"I know about Henry the Eighth."

"That's no story for a baby!"

"Well, you tell her one."

Tempted, Lily held her breath. But she kept her mouth open, against a possible disillusionment. Henry, who had insisted on undressing out of turn, left the stove, his teeth chattering, and moved into the circle of possible novelty.

"Well," Gladden said, "there was once a little fellow called Jack. He lived in the suburbs in a concrete bungalow, with asphalt pavements in front and a frame garage in back. There was nothing unusual about him except that he was mighty little, and had an imagination. His imagination made him unpopular. He was always boasting that he could lick Henry Ford at his own game, if he only had a chance."

"Gosh!" Pete said.

"Well, first he took a bean seed and then he took a morning-glory seed and he planted them together in the back yard."

"No, he didn't," Henry said.

"Well, where *did* he plant them?"

"In the front yard."

"All right. In the front yard. He dug pretty deep and sprinkled some gasolene on top and a handful of TNT."

LILY showed symptoms of restlessness at this point, so Gladden hurried toward the climax:

"Well, the seeds began to grow. And they grew and grew and grew. . . . Sit down, Henry, and stop shivering. . . . They grew 'way out of mind. They grew so tall no one believed in them. People looked right at them and refused to see them. They walked right by with their noses in the air, and poor Jack was more unpopular than ever. But he believed in his vines, so one day he started to climb, straight up into the sky, hand over hand, as fast as he could. His mother cried, and his Uncle Stevenson was terribly angry."

"Why?" Nancy wanted to know.

"Well, he hated to see his nephew doing anything original."

"Gosh," Peter said, hitching his chair closer, "this is a fine story. Go ahead!"

"So Jack climbed up until he came to a big shelf at the top of the sky, and there he stepped off—"

"Off?" Bertha interrupted.

"I mean on. He stepped onto the shelf. And there, about ten feet away, was the biggest man Jack had ever seen. In fact, a giant. So Jack went right up to him and socked him in the eye."

"With what?"

"A bean-shooter. The big man fell down, and Jack counted twelve, but it was no use. He had put the giant to sleep. So Jack moved into the big man's house and ate his dinner and married his wife. This was because he had an imagination. He didn't believe in failure."

"Tell it again!" Lily said.

"No. This time you play square. You take a bath!"

Bertha was last. "I won't unless Jim goes out."

"Of course," Gladden said. He went out of the steaming kitchen into darkness that seemed cold in comparison. Here, in the very middle of his complicated affairs, was another, deeper problem: Bertha in a red dress. Then his steadying humor came to his rescue.

HE CALLED the dog and walked over to the ford. If there was light enough, he'd level those planks, lay them flat for once and for all.

Something was coming toward him. At first, in the dim glow of stars behind high fog, he thought it might be a stray animal.

Then he saw that it was a woman, and Mrs. Pelgram laughed: "That you? It's dark, isn't it? Makes me creepy. Here, take my hand!"

He pulled her up beside him on the bank. "It's nice of you to come. But do you think you'd better?"

"Still scared of me?" She laughed again, close to him. Her fingers clung to his a moment, then fell away slowly finger by finger. "Russell's away. I was lonely. I wanted to talk to someone. What are you doing down here at the ford?"

"I was going to fix those planks. They aren't safe. I'd like to know who laid them in the first place."

"Fred Smith. He was the laziest man in the Valley."

"I don't believe that. He was the best man in my company."

"Well, it only goes to show you never can tell about men. They act like fiends at home, and put on wings in public. He was mean to his wife, and he used to beat his kids. I stopped him once. He was using a strap on Pete. Pete wasn't so very big then, and he was bawling something terrible. Honest. You don't think I'd lie to you, do you?"

"I don't see why you should," Gladden said politely.

And then he told her about Fred Smith and the German dog: How a lot of Germans were lost, cut off from their lines, hungry and scared, and how they tried to send a dog back with a coded plea for help.

"They pushed him over the top and he started, ears back, tail down—in the wrong direction. He hadn't understood, I guess. We were lying in shell holes, and a corporal, a fellow named Cohen, lunged at the dog with a bayonet. But he didn't get him, because Fred Smith caught him by the leg and threw him flat on his face. Cohen, not the dog."

Mrs. Pelgram leaned toward him. She pressed her shoulder against his. Her hair brushed his cheek. "I'm not *that* dumb. What happened?"

"Fred Smith brought the dog back himself, and while we were deciphering the message, he tried to make the poor fellow eat and drink. The dog wasn't a thoroughbred; he was just a mixture of police pup and collie, and courage and pitiful shame. He knew that he had betrayed his outfit. He wouldn't let Smith or anyone else touch him. Smith was so sorry for him, he cut him loose that night. He said he couldn't bear to see such courage and shame tied up to a stake. He cut him loose, against orders, and smacked him on the thigh and sent him racing for the German lines. I hope he got there!"

"Well, that doesn't sound like Fred Smith. I bet you made it up."

"It's the truth."

"Well, I'll keep it to myself. You couldn't make my husband or the Warner bunch believe anything good of Fred Smith."

"The Warner bunch? Who are they?"

"They own the land along the mesa. Old man Warner, his two sons, and his son-in-law. When my husband gets this ranch, they're going in with him, fifty-fifty."

"Your husband isn't going to get this ranch!"

"Don't be too sure. They've got you framed already. I'm warning you."

She put her arm through his. "You listen to me, and you won't get into trouble. I don't exactly hate you, you know!"

This was probably just another way of striking him: Pelgram had sent Delilah with her shears! They were in full view of the road, and yet, with a pretty lift of her head, she offered her lips again. "I don't exactly hate you!"

Gladden moved aside.

"I'm grateful," he said. "But I don't need any help. You'd better not come here again, Mrs. Pelgram. I've got to go back to the house now. Lily and Nancy are afraid of the dark."

Mrs. Pelgram glanced toward the bright kitchen windows. Her hand, lifted in readiness to slip around Gladden's neck, went instead to her hair and she rumpled the bright curls forward, over her eyes. "Is Bertha scared, too? I suppose you hear her prayers and tuck her into bed! You poor boob, you're so simple you're funny!"

"I'm afraid I'm too simple to understand what you mean."

SO, IT had happened! His frayed ideas had assembled into the whole fabric of an ugly insinuation. Two sorts of mind are safe to deal with: the child mind, uncomplicated, transparent, and the sophisticated mind, as many-sided as a cut diamond, as flexible as a stingray's tail. Anything in between is dangerous.

Beyond the prattle necessary to express the fundamentals of hunger, thirst, and exchange, there is no universal language. He spoke a tongue utterly foreign to this woman.

Standing near her in the cool darkness,

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he had the sensation of dread a hunter in the jungle must feel when a stray wind carries the scent of some lurking beast, some prowler, some nocturnal threatener. He noticed an odor of cheap sachet, the heady smell of attar of roses. He shied away from it as the startled hunter might shy away from a whiff of hyena.

"Bertha's a child," he said.

"Is she? Well, the court will decide that! They're going to make you prove that you have a right here—living in the house with a young girl, buying her clothes, giving her money! You wait! You think you're going to get away with it. Well, you ain't!"

She spared Gladden the necessity of ordering her off the place by running swiftly back across the ford. He watched until the blurred flutter of her white dress was lost in the dark; then he went very slowly back to the house. Before he opened the door he tried to erase from his face the look of disgust he knew must be there.

Bertha was playing "Beau Soir." She had appropriated the blue dressing gown. Gladden noticed, with a burst of thankfulness, a devout heart-pain of gratitude, that she had braided her hair again.

"That's a pretty tune, Jim." Bertha looked up at him. "I guess I could like music, all right, if I tried!"

"Chicken! Chicken!" yelled Henry from up-stairs.

SEPTEMBER came in, cool and gray. A blanket of vapor drifted over the sun, tempering the heat of day and clearing at night to disclose a veritable conflagration of stars. Manuel had planted a vegetable garden behind the barn, and here a few pumpkins ripened, a few ears of corn matured within silken wrappers, and tomatoes glowed in a tangle of vines.

Precious gallons of water, brought all the way from Vaccatown, consummated the miracle, and for the first time in his life Gladden had the satisfaction of "living off the land." He began to appreciate the wealth hidden in that dry soil. Like all Californians, he dreamed of water, water, and more water.

As he dug deeper into the well, the precious mixture receded. He brought it up, a bucket at a time. Pure and cold, it held promise of release and victory.

Hansen advised him to get a job with one of the road gangs. A new highway was lifting itself coil by coil over the Soledad grade, and there was plenty of work there for an engineer of Gladden's experience.

But he could not leave the ranch. From dawn until long past midnight of every day he gave himself to small and vital duties. He had to feed the goat, the cats, the dog, the children, and himself. He acquired, besides, for the sum of five dollars, a broken white horse that had been condemned and was about to be shot.

She cropped the "standing hay" on the slopes when she could; but Gladden had no faith in its sustaining qualities. He gave her oats and corn, a mash of his own that seemed to agree with her, since she grew coquettish and liable to displays of equine temperament.

Pete rode her, bareback, his heels and elbows flapping. It was a sight to see her gallop, gingerly and stiff, playing the great game of Wild West for Pete's sake and trying to look like a pinto.

Because she was blind in one eye, they called her Tuerta. She was supposed to be a plow-horse; but there was no plow.

"You sure there was a plow here when your father went away?" Gladden asked.

"Yep. It was here last winter. I helped Manuel plow the 'cots."

"Who took it?"

"I dunno. Pelgram, I guess."

"I'll go see."

They climbed under the barbed-wire fence and slid down a steep bank into the rancher's pasture. Pelgram, mounted, was driving some white-faced cattle into the corral.

"I've come after the plow," Gladden said cheerfully. "I need it."

Pelgram hesitated. Then he said, "You'll find it on the dump down behind the new dam. I *don't* need it. We use power on this ranch." He jerked his head toward a caterpillar tractor that was dragging itself up and down the orchard like a wounded beetle. A great cloud of dust powdered the trees, but as the tractor crawled along it left the earth turned back, clean, dark, and deep.

Gladden salvaged the rusty plow from the dump and for the first time harnessed Tuerta. The plunge of the plow's nose into that flintlike soil sent him staggering to his knees. Tuerta dragged him over and he cut his face and arms.

When he got to his feet to make another start, there was blood on his lips, and no skin at all on his elbows. He had heard too much profanity in France to find it a relief, but now he cussed like a marine, as men through the ages have cussed the earth's resistance.

Tuerta tugged and braced; he could see the veins in her thighs tighten and swell. To her this was an old story. Fortified by love, reclaimed, grateful, she quivered and strained, arching her neck. The plow plunged, staggered, buried itself in the great clods that were like boulders. And Gladden's hands ached from pressure.

When at last the furrow opened, and Tuerta, with a snort, dragged the plow through straight and clean, he shouted aloud. It was a shout wrung from the very sweat of victory. The earth was his enemy. He had conquered.

HANSEN was deeply sorry for what next occurred. Some question, he told Gladden, had been raised as to the legality of the young man's guardianship.

"Pelgram has approached the superintendent of schools and the clergyman—Pelgram, mind you! The skunk!—and the sheriff, with a complaint. In other words, Who are you, and why?

"We can beat them at their own game. But you'll have to take the matter to court and have yourself regularly anointed, as it were. I'm sorry. Human nature remains just cussed human nature, no matter what we do.

"Perhaps you'd better look through the house for records. You say the old lady left a will? She is buried in the churchyard behind the mission. But they never got the father's body."

"That's funny," Gladden said. "He died at Beaumont, in the hospital."

"Well, they left him there. Not all of them were lucky enough to come home."

Gladden began a systematic search for personal records of this, his family. The births were noted in an old Bible. To Frederick and Mollie Taylor Smith, a daughter, October the Seventeenth, Nineteen Hundred and Two. A son, a son, a daughter, a daughter. Dates. The grave business of creation resolved at last into a faded line of writing. Lily, the baby, August, Nineteen Fourteen.

"So little a while ago," he thought, "and already the creator is dead. I mustn't think of these things. It does no good to think. I cannot alter the mystery. Lily is alive, so there has been no break. This is perhaps all we are meant to know."

He emptied old boxes and bureau drawers, ransacked trunks, examined the dusty rubbish in the attic, and found nothing.

His was apparently a family sprung full-fledged from the blue. Pete denied having any relatives. Bertha remembered a long journey in a train. Beyond this, they had no consciousness of any past outside the ranch.

"YOU told Pelgram that your mother wrote something before she died," Gladden said to Pete.

"Sure. I've got it."

"Will you let me see it? Do you trust me?"

He made the discovery that he cared a great deal whether Pete trusted him or not; he was tempted to cry out, "Go easy! You can hurt me like the very deuce!"

But Peter did not hesitate. He went to the cupboard and took down the luster teapot, placing it on the table before Gladden. The precious sheet of paper was rolled tightly and concealed in the spout.

Upon examination Gladden found that Pete's mother had written her last instructions in pencil: "Pete, be a good boy. The ranch is yours. Keep it. There is oil. Obey Manuel. With love, your Mother."

"Is there anything else?"

"Yes. These." And Peter produced a deed and the copy of a mortgage. The documents, mildewed and crumpled, had been hidden beneath a layer of tea.

Fred Smith had deeded the property to his wife before he went overseas. A year and a half later, under stress of what circumstances Gladden could not imagine, she had mortgaged everything—acres, buildings, orchards, oil, minerals, water—to Pelgram.

Gladden figured desperately with a pencil. "Keep still, all of you!" he ordered. He felt their eyes on him. They knew something was wrong.

And something *was* wrong. Gladden had just discovered that the annual interest payment on this mortgage was due in three days.

"I've got to raise a hundred dollars, or we're ditched," he said. "We're homeless. We're done! Pete, Pete, why didn't you show me these papers?"

Lily, sensing tragedy, began to cry. Bertha's white face twisted with a sudden, unspoken fear. The dog got up from beneath the table and attacked a flea at the root of his tail. As well a million dollars as a hundred! No wonder Pelgram laughed.

Gladden swept the papers toward him, and started up. "Pete," he said, "you were right. I'm a poor father! I'm afraid we'll have to scrap for it. I'm going *gunning* for a hundred dollars!"

"Can I come?" Pete wanted to know.

(*To be continued*)

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THE FAMILY'S PROBLEMS

Mother's Day Comes Once a Week at Our House

THERE isn't a servant in the world who could be hired to work every day in the year. Everyone wants, and needs, a certain amount of time away from his work—time he can spend exactly as he likes without accounting to anybody. Yet thousands of wives and mothers are so tied at home with small children to look after that they never have a minute away from their jobs. If more families would realize the mother's point of view there would be fewer nervously exhausted, nagging, irritable wives, and more happy and harmonious homes.

Before our marriage, my wife went to a university, joined a sorority, and was accustomed to plenty of social life, with freedom to come and go as she chose. Even after we married, and the children came, we were able to go about quite a bit, for we lived in town, and could get a dependable woman to come in now and then and stay with our boys.

But when sickness forced us to move out into the country—or as near the country as I could commute from—my wife was simply stranded, day in day out, month in month out, because there was no one near us to come in and stay with the children. And, of course, going out with two small and extremely lively boys isn't exactly a rest for a tired mother. She couldn't get into town after I came back in the evenings because the trains stopped running at eight-thirty.

Nan never complained, but I could see she was getting fagged. She missed the little outings we used to have much more than I had imagined she would, and the children were getting on her nerves.

One Sunday I suggested that she go into town for the day, leaving the children under my care.

At first she was shocked at the suggestion. "Why!" she exclaimed, "I wouldn't *think* of going off, and leaving you here to look after the boys, when you work so hard all week! I couldn't enjoy myself a minute!"

Then we had a serious talk. I told her that, since it was impossible for us to go out together, we would have to do the next best thing and go out separately. It was absolutely necessary for her to get away from her nerve-racking job as mother and maid-of-all-work. She was going stale. She needed this relaxation and change, in order to bring the best she had to her important job. It would, I pointed out, be a kindness to all of us, for it would give her a new viewpoint, and freshness and serenity with which to greet the new week. Finally, we reached an arrangement: One night a week I stay in town, attend a lecture course, and go to the Armory, where I am a clerk in the National Guard. That's my change and recreation.

Sunday belongs to Nan. She goes whenever and wherever she likes. On Saturday, she prepares our Sunday dinner. Our eight-year-old son is responsible for finishing the job on Sunday, and takes a great pride in his work. She may go into town on the seven-o'clock train, leaving us still in bed. But we are sure to find waffle batter all ready to put on the griddle, bread sliced for our toast, and the coffee-pot ready to put on the stove. If she stays until the last train in the evening, she leaves a kettle of soup, or a pot of baked beans for supper.

The day is wholly hers. Sometimes she goes to church, to the library to read, or to a movie show. She may drop in for a chat with friends. Always she comes back to us brimful of interesting news, enough to last out the whole week.

And I plan to get the children to bed before she gets home, so her day will be completely without family responsibilities. We spend the evening together, listening to the radio, or reading aloud.

This plan has worked wonders with Nan's health and spirits, and I have got something out of it I hadn't counted on—and that is real comradeship with my boys. We are three men together on Sundays; we have our masculine ideas and interests and outlook on life. The boys enjoy these stag parties as much as I do.

Just so everybody will get an even break in our new scheme of things, Nan plans one day in every week especially for the children. It may be a day at a playground, a trolley ride, a boat trip. Sometimes it's a picnic lunch in the woods, or a marshmallow roast around a big campfire. Always it is some mild diversion, not too tiring for excitable little minds and bodies, and usually in the open air. The children get much more fun out of these little jaunts than they did when Nan tried to fit them into her plans for visiting, going to a show, or to church, for these things were too tiring for such little lads.

I SUPPOSE our neighbors pity me as a poor, henpecked husband, being left with the children on Sunday while my selfish wife goes gallivanting into town. Last Sunday one of them hailed Nan as she was hurrying to catch a train.

"You go to town real often, don't you? Almost every Sunday?"

"Yes," Nan said cheerfully, "I'm kept at home so much during the week that it's a treat to be able to get away."

"Well," our neighbor remarked disapprovingly, "it's nice if you can do it. *I* could never go off and leave my children like that when they were little. I was such a devoted mother that I was just a *slave* to my family for fifteen years."

Nan was telling me the incident that evening. "That," she said, "is a form of self-pity I cannot indulge in. I have no desire to be a slave to anybody. Stepping out alone now and then does give me a wonderfully free-and-equal feeling."

"Of course it does," I replied, "and I'd be willing to bet that you're ten times better at your wife-and-mother job than she ever was, just because you do get away and she never did." E. A. S.

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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
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Hard-Boiled

By Albert Payson Terhune

HE WAS right disreputable in appearance. He had the look of being tied together with frayed strings. My only mental criticism of his attire, when he hove in sight, was that he looked *too* disreputable. There seemed too much artistic completeness to his get-up.

Six of us were coming down Broadway from a club dinner. The hour was one A. M.; the night was sloppy and chill. The derelict accosted us. I knew he was going to. Men sauntering along together in evening dress at that hour are rightly supposed to be mellow of mood—which is another way of saying they are generous.

"F'r Gawdsake, gents!" he croaked hollowly, barring our way. "Gimme a dime, to save the wife and the baby from starving. Me, I don't care do I starve or don't I starve. I'd be better off dead than like this. It's them I'm prayin' to you for; for her and Baby! F'r *Gawdsake!*"

There was a passion of appeal in the hoarse voice. It was aquiver with earnestness. But the loose mouth was placid. The eyes showed none of the sick dullness that goes with despair. His suit was picturesquely ragged. But his shoes had sound soles, in spite of their tattered aspect; and their laces were new.

Also, though he wore no tie and had on a filthy shirt, yet the edge of his dirty collar was not frayed, nor had its points worn frayed spots on the shirt. His face was screwed into a doleful pucker. But under the eyes it was neither hollow nor dark; nor were there lines of hunger, nor of fatigue, nor of misery at the mouth corners.

Now, I knew by experience that shoe laces break and need knotting long before a pair of shoes begin to fall apart. Nor do the shoes' uppers go before the soles. Also, the chief handicap to keeping up a decent appearance on an old and meager wardrobe is the fraying of collar edges. Next to that is the fraying of an old shirt from constant rubbing of collar corners.

Long-sustained hunger or despair do subtle but readable things to the human face, if one has the wit to know how to detect them.

My five friends dug deep into their pockets and began exhuming silver pieces or small bills. They pressed these on the weepingly grateful derelict. Then they noticed that I alone had not swelled the collection.

"Broke?" one of them asked me coldly.

"No," I made answer. "I'm just stingy."

"You can stand by and not raise a finger to keep a fellow from starving?" demanded another, with booze-born fervor. "You can let his poor sick wife and his baby die of hunger? Thank heaven, I'm not as hard-boiled as you are!"

The rest echoed his virtuous tirade. Even the derelict glared at me in mute rebuke. The term "hard-boiled" was repeated most often and most accusingly of all the several reproving epithets launched at me by my indignant friends. The accusation was not new to me. I had been its recipient more than once. It did not seem to call for defense; so I made none. But as the derelict shuffled away with his handful of silver and bills, I stopped him.

"You've got all you're going to get," I said. "So you can give yourself the luxury of telling the truth, for once. What are you going to do with the bunch of cash these saps have given you? Come across. I'll see they don't take it away from you."

For a moment, he seemed about to burst forth into whiningly righteous indignation. Then perhaps he recognized in me a kindred soul. For he grinned up at me, and said:

"If Judgment Day don't happen till I can walk to the nearest speak-easy, I'm going to get so drunk I won't know am I in Palm Beach or in last Tuesday. So long, Hard-boiled! So long, Saps!"

No, I was not hard-boiled. If I had been, I would have turned him over to a policeman who came sauntering along. I would have had him punished by the law as an impostor. Instead of that, my heart warmed to the miserable chap's flash of impudence; and I hurried the others away, lest they, too, see the policeman and want revenge for their lost money.

WHICH brings up an often-discussed question as to just what a man or woman must do or be, in order to merit that hackneyed invective, "Hard-boiled."

In oviology, the difference between a three-minute egg and a thirty-minute egg is merely twenty-seven minutes, plus edibility and non-edibility. Applied to us humans, the two terms have perhaps two thousand differentiations.

Those five men thought I was hard-boiled. The derelict branded the five at once as easy marks, and scorned them accordingly. I think the reason why so few people agree on the meaning of the phrase is because so few people recognize the vast difference between a hard-boiled brain and a hard-boiled heart.

Without a hard-boiled brain, it is as difficult to go through life, unsmashed, as for a three-minute egg to go scathless through a stone crusher. A hard-boiled heart is a far different proposition. It is as much of a curse to its possessor as to those around him.

I am sentimental enough to believe that

A Thirty-Minute Head and A Three-Minute Heart

"HARD-BOILEDNESS," says Mr. Terhune, "should be used as a defensive, not an offensive weapon; to guard its owner from a million useless troubles that beset him on every hand; not to make the world less happy and less comfortable for others. Hard-boiled heads, soft-boiled hearts—that's the right combination!"

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not one mortal in five hundred has a really hard-boiled heart. But a brain and a judgment that are not hard-boiled are wont to become mushy and scrambled. Do you see the difference?

Not only in self-defense must the judgment be hard-boiled, but sometimes out of kindness to others. The dentist who pulls your back tooth halfway out, and then stands weeping with sympathy for your sufferings, is far less kind to you than is the hard-boiled tooth-yanker who goes at his murderous job as quickly and as thoroughly as possible. It is so all through life.

A MAGAZINE editor gave me two instances of the cruelty of being soft-boiled at a time when the exercise of a thirty-minute-boiled brain would have been more merciful.

"Some months ago," he said, "a man came to me with some manuscripts to sell. I was courteous to him. Perhaps so courteous as to give him unconsciously the impression that I was an easy mark, and that his manuscripts were already as good as sold to me. That is where I made my error.

"I read the manuscripts. They were impossible—at least for our magazine, and, I think, for any other magazine of high standards. I had to tell him so. His face fell. He and his wife had come to New York to 'crash the gates of glory' and of literary success. They had not done well in the uphill fight for recognition.

"Then, when I was courteous to him and seemed sympathetic with his efforts, his hopes had run high. He and his wife had believed that the long period of probation was ended and that they had 'arrived.' They celebrated their coming triumph by blowing themselves to a party or two that they couldn't afford. Then the blow fell.

"The husband declared I had misled him as to his stories' chances. I had not intended to mislead him at all. I had felt sorry for him, and so I had tried to show him I would give him every possible consideration his work deserved. He mistook this for a sure sale. I would have been kinder if I had been hard-boiled with him from the start.

"A friend asked me, as a favor, to read a manuscript novel written by an acquaintance of his. I ought to have been hard-boiled enough to say, 'No, I have enough manuscripts to read in the course of my daily work. I won't take the trouble to read this one.' I consented to read it. I had one of our magazine's fiction readers go through it too; and then I tried to get a literary agent to sell it to some publisher.

"In all, I must have given a full day's time to the thing—a full day outside of my regular working hours. My efforts were vain. The novel, so far as I have heard, never sold. My reward was that its author's wife has been telling people, more or less publicly, that I stole the plot of her husband's book and that I sold the story, thinly disguised, for my own gain.

"Both of these times I should have been hard-boiled; and I wasn't. Both times it would have been kinder. I wasted time and labor; and made enemies by doing it."

Unquestionably, life would run smoother and more pleasantly, all around, if everybody knew when to be hard-boiled. Just think for a moment of a few gorgeous things that would happen:

If I dared to go into a barber shop, get my shave and hair-cut and facial massage and shampoo, and my boots blacked, and then pay the checks and walk out without giving an extra penny to barber or bootblack—think of the cash I'd save, and the self-respect as well!

If I had the sublime hard-boiledness to go into a restaurant and eat and pay for a meal, then go out leaving the waiter tipless and without giving a grudged and unearned coin to the hat boy or hat girl—!

Suppose everyone was hard-boiled enough to do these and similar heroic but supremely common-sensible things? Don't you see what would happen? Well, among other results, we should all be far richer at the end of the year; and we should be richer, too, in the knowledge that we had not cringed in cowardly guise to pay undeserved cash tribute.

Also, barbers and waiters would serve all customers alike and not neglect a small-tip patron for a slinger of huge tips. Their tyrannical power would be gone. The hat-check girl or boy would have to go to work somewhere for a living; and might in time become a contributing member of the human race.

MOST of the petty nuisances of life would dissolve under the brave sanity of a world full of thirty-minute human eggs!

And, mind you, that would be a case of hard-boiled brain and judgment; not of hard-boiled heart. None of those people and others of their kind—barbers, hat checkers, waiters, Pullman porters, taxi drivers, and the like—none of them are objects of charity. We tip them through cowardice, not from generosity. All would get fair pay in wages if their employers did not trade on the soft-boiledness of patrons to eke out the employees' incomes.

If we did not tip, the employer would have to pay better money to these and other workers. We are not helping them. We are helping him. Besides, the habit of taking tips, even when they are necessary to one's living, is not good for the self-respect of the tip taker. He would be better off if he got his money in wages, better off in his own esteem and just as well off in money.

You did not give a quarter to the man who sold you the necktie you bought to-day or a five-dollar bill to the clerk who sold you a ticket from New York to Chicago, nor a penny tip to the bus or trolley conductor. But custom says you must pay it to the barber and the taxi man and the waiter. So, being soft-boiled in judgment, you pay it. (So do I, to my shame.) Perhaps someone will object that a restaurant keeper would have to charge his patrons more if tips were abolished, for he would then have to pay his waiters more. All right. Let him charge more, if he must. At least, we could pay the added cost with no loss of self-respect to anyone.

The truly hard-boiled-brained man is the sworn, if unconscious, enemy to "bunk" in all its myriad forms. And, if he be consistently hard-boiled, he does not lose popularity by it in the long run. Half the world trades on the soft-boiledness of the other half.

The string twanged on hardest and oftenest is our sense of the Pathetic. Hence, the avalanches of hard-luck stories that precede each "touch." Steady of mind is he who can go through life listening to an endless succession of these hard-luck tales without losing his own faith in the inherent squareness and sweetness of human nature.

Sentimental gush and hard-luck stories; —how many hundred million dollars, I wonder, have they wheedled out of folks who could not afford to pay so high a price for the privilege of listening to such slush!

I am not talking about cases of true charity, where the heart is involved and where your hard-boiled mind tells you to yield to your soft-boiled heart and to go to the rescue. I am speaking of the traditional and chronic and worthless hard-luckers and sentimentalists. The only possible armor against such a bombardment is a thirty-minute-boiled judgment.

And it works inversely too. A mighty weapon in the hand of an employer is the appeal to his workers' soft-boiled side: whether for extra toil or a temporary cut in pay, out of loyalty to the dear old firm; or by the testimonial dinner wherewith a long-service employee is rewarded. This latter is, to me, one of the most pitiful impositions of the lot.

John Jones has been working for the Ironsoul Pump Corporation, from the time he entered the place as a twelve-year-old office boy until his scanty hair has grayed through fifty years of stanch laboring for his boss's betterment.

Mr. Ironsoul is reminded that Jones has worked for him for a half-century. Something ought to be done. Besides, here is a chance for a bit of free newspaper advertising. Ironsoul turns the matter over to his secretary with instructions. Presently, word runs around the works that a semi-centennial dinner is to be tendered to good old John Jones of the export division; and that the boss will appreciate it if department heads and seconds-in-command will attend. (Tickets $3.50; except to John Jones, who for once gets something free.)

JONES sits at the right of the boss, while several hand-picked speakers tell him how fine he is and how lucky to work for such a firm. Ironsoul himself pays him a high tribute, and winds up with glowing eloquence about the beauties of loyalty. If enough has been subscribed, Jones may even be presented with a very thin silver loving cup, rendered unpawnable by reason of the mass of engraved lettering on it.

Jones goes home that night, carrying the cup (or the handsomely engrossed vellum testimonial, if not enough cash was raised to buy a cup), and he has a choky feeling in his throat as he remembers the wonderful things the Big Boss said about him. It makes up to him for his half-century of grinding toil—his Golden Wedding to grim Labor—and it is lucky it does make up to him; for that is all he has to show for his fifty years of loyalty and sweat.

The hard-boiled boss has put it all over the soft-boiled wage slave. Now, if Jones had had a thirty-minute-boiled brain, he would have spoken somewhat as follows

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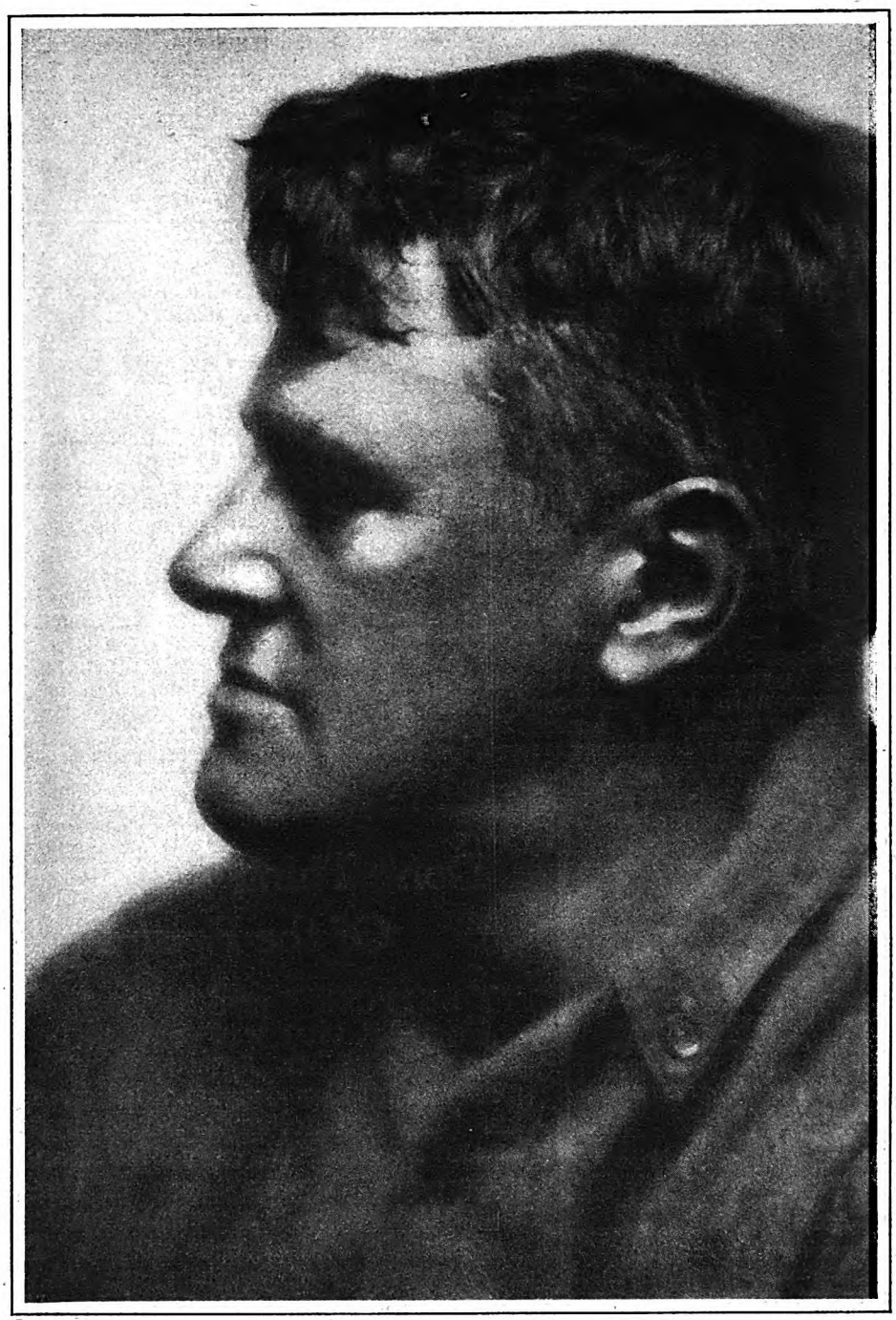
when the Big Boss broke the news to him about the testimonial banquet:

"Mr. Ironsoul, that is a first-rate idea. I've got it coming to me, along with a lot of more worth-while things. I've saved you many thousands of dollars in my day. I stood by you, at low wages, during the three panic years when you were almost down and out. I stopped that strike of the puddlers, eighteen years back. I showed you, several times, how to save big wads of money, by minor efficiency stunts I had worked out.

"I've done all this and a lot more. I've been loyal to you. But, just remember that when loyalty is all on one side it stops being loyalty and becomes servility. In view of my record, I am glad to accept the dinner; and I am sure you'll make announcement during the evening that you are taking that occasion to present me with three hundred shares of your company stock, or with a substantial pension of some other kind, as a slight recognition of my long and valuable service.

"I can't do you the injustice to believe that you are trying to get away with your tremendous debt to me by tendering me nothing more than just a measly dinner and a twenty-five-dollar silver cup. So in advance I thank you for the pension. Without it, the dinner would be a cruel practical joke."

Does Jones say that? And does his employer come across? If he does, it never gets into print; though I have read a score of newspaper items telling of just such dinners to faithful old workers.



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Albert Payson Terhune, distinguished author, whose dog stories, novels, and other writings are widely known

A FEW years ago, a play, "To the Ladies," summed up this hard-boiled trait far better than can I. The president of a great piano company was speaking at the annual dinner of his office and factory force. I quote from his oration:

"It has long been the hope of the Company to do something for its faithful employees—something in recognition of the services they have given. I am glad to announce that that moment is now at hand; and that our employees, particularly those who have been with us for a number of years, are to be recognized.

"Beginning January first, every man who has been with the Company five years or more will be entitled to" [here a pause, and breathless eagerness from the hearers], "will be entitled to wear a button—a solid silver button. . . . We feel that money is a poor return for loyalty. So we have devised this little silver button, which will be marked by one gold stripe for each five years of service."

Could anything be more sublimely and yet more smoothly and adamantly hard-boiled? In both head and heart?

Then here is another instance (a true one, and not culled from a clever play, like the foregoing), of something we were speaking about earlier in this article, the dangerous folly of not being hard-boiled enough at any given time.

A man who worked on the same newspaper with me, some quarter-century ago, could have won any office prize for one hundred per cent unpopularity. Everyone loathed him. At last came the glad word that he had accepted a job on another paper and in another city. It seemed almost too good to be true.

Instead of sitting tight, in safe hard-boiledness, members of the staff were so grateful to him for going away that they gave him a farewell dinner. This same rejoicing at the prospect of losing him made the evening's speakers praise him highly and say that his departure would gloom the whole office.

In the midst of these laudatory and regretful speeches, he arose and left the room. Three minutes later he came back, aglow with happiness. Addressing the assemblage he shouted:

"Did you boys think I'd really leave the dear old paper, now that I know how you all feel about me? I was only going because I thought I wasn't liked. Now that I know how much I'm loved by all of you, I'm going to stay as long as I live. I've just sent a telegram, refusing my new job. Any man would be an idiot to leave a staff where he's so popular."

And stay he did—thanks to our exhibition of soft-boiled brains.

WHEN you go to your tailor and merely order one suit, does he never intimate to you that a man with any sort of claim to good grooming ought to have several business suits? And if he does intimate that, aren't you sometimes soft-boiled enough to increase your original order? Have you the hard-boiled nerve to say to him:

"That is an old wheeze that you tailors have agreed on among yourselves. It's no business of (*Continued on page 82*)

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There Will Always Be Something New To Do

"You can't tell what the future has in store for you," says M. H. Aylesworth, president of the National Broadcasting Company, "and that's part of the joy of life—I started in the old profession, law, and here I am in the newest business, radio"

By Bruce Barton

ONE Sunday evening less than five years ago I crossed the river to Newark, New Jersey, drove out to a drab factory building, and in company with some friends climbed two flights of dusty stairs. We were ushered into a long, narrow room, which had been formed by boarding up one end of the factory. The walls were unpainted, the floor was rough, and the ventilation was none too good. An orchestra of half a dozen pieces was huddled around a piano at one end; that curious contrivance called the microphone stood in the middle of the room, and there were a few uncomfortable chairs at the rear. We had come to see Ed Wynn and members of his company broadcast their comic performance of "The Perfect Fool," the first time in history that a Broadway show had ever been put on the air.

I remember well the look of mingled awe and incredulity on the faces of the actors—it seemed so unbelievable that anybody could possibly be hearing them. I remember Ed wiping the sweat from his face and shaking his fist at the unresponsive tin receptacle that swallowed up his jokes and gave nothing back. "You're a devil of a thing to get a laugh out of," Ed said. The whole situation was curious and quaint, but so crude that one wondered. Was this merely a new novelty with which the public would amuse itself for a while and quickly tire of, or was it the beginning of a great new force?

The next afternoon I sat with Owen D. Young in his office. He settled down into his chair, stretched his long legs out on the desk, lit his pipe, and talked about the future of radio. About the day when every farm would have Grand Opera; when every country school would receive its instruction direct from the great scientists at the state universities; when the voice of the big preacher would carry a thousand miles, and the President of the United States, sitting in his office at Washington, might lift the telephone receiver and speak directly to every home in the land. It was a wonderful dream as he unfolded it, and to me, with the fresh memory of Ed Wynn sweating away in that rough factory room, it seemed a bit too wonderful. Maybe there was some future in this thing, something which the eye of the moment could not discern, but as for the tremendous development that Young pictured! After all, a magazine writer must be reasonably conservative. So I took Wynn and Young in about equal portions, rolled them up together, and wrote for these pages one of the first magazine articles on radio ever published.

That was less than five years ago.

On November 15th of last year, I put on my stiff shirt and went down to the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel to attend the inaugural program of the National Broadcasting Company. There were perhaps five hundred other stiff-shirted gentlemen there, and as many ladies in evening dress. Down in front was Walter Damrosch with his orchestra, playing the accompaniment for Titta Ruffo, Metropolitan Opera star. Harold Bauer, the famous pianist, came in a few minutes later. His ship had been delayed, and a special tug had been sent down the harbor to hurry him to the dock, so that he might appear on this program at the exact minute announced. Following his performance was a second's pause, and then suddenly, as clear and strong as though the voice were there beside us, the announcer—"Ladies and gentlemen: We are now in the Drake Hotel, Chicago, in the parlor of Miss Mary Garden. Miss Garden will sing."

And Miss Garden did.

Another second's pause, and again a different announcer—"Ladies and gentlemen: We are now in Independence, Kansas, in the dressing-room of Mr. Will Rogers. Mr. Rogers will speak."

And out of the air about us came the unmistakable tones of Will, who said he was traveling around the country as "God's gift to those who had failed to see Queen Marie."

I WAS sitting in Mr. Young's box, and while Will Rogers was still speaking, a messenger entered and passed us a photograph. A photograph of Mary Garden before the microphone in her parlor at the Drake Hotel; a photograph taken less than half an hour before and sent to us over the wire. I passed it back without any comment. What comment could one make that would not be inane?

"Where's Deac Aylesworth?" I asked.

"Down-stairs," somebody answered. "Weber and Fields are to wind up the program. They have never been in front of the microphone, and they're scared half to death for fear they won't remember their lines."

I went down-stairs. Behind a big screen in one of the dressing-rooms I found the veteran comedians, studying bits of paper like schoolboys cramming for an examination. And with them M. H. (Deac) Aylesworth, holding their hands and telling them not to worry, (*Continued on page 162*)

Don't Think Too Much Of the Future

"I SUPPOSE I used to wonder occasionally what was going to become of me," says Mr. Aylesworth. "Every man has his day dreams. But mostly I was busy just doing the next thing that had to be done. We hear a lot about the importance to young men of thinking about the future. I sometimes think that too much is said on that subject. There are thousands of young chaps who are looking so hard at the future that they forget to make any real dent on the present."

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Merlin H. Aylesworth

AS PRESIDENT of the National Broadcasting Company, Mr. Aylesworth is one of the big figures in radio entertainment. He was born in Iowa forty years ago, the son of a minister, and at the age of twenty-four was admitted to the practice of law. From the law he went to the public utility field, and from that into radio. In the accompanying article "Deac" Aylesworth describes the commonest mistakes made by people in using their radio sets, and suggests some of the wonders yet to come out of radio development. "We know for certain," says Mr. Aylesworth, "that great things are just around the corner, and we expect that even more exciting wonders are not much further off."

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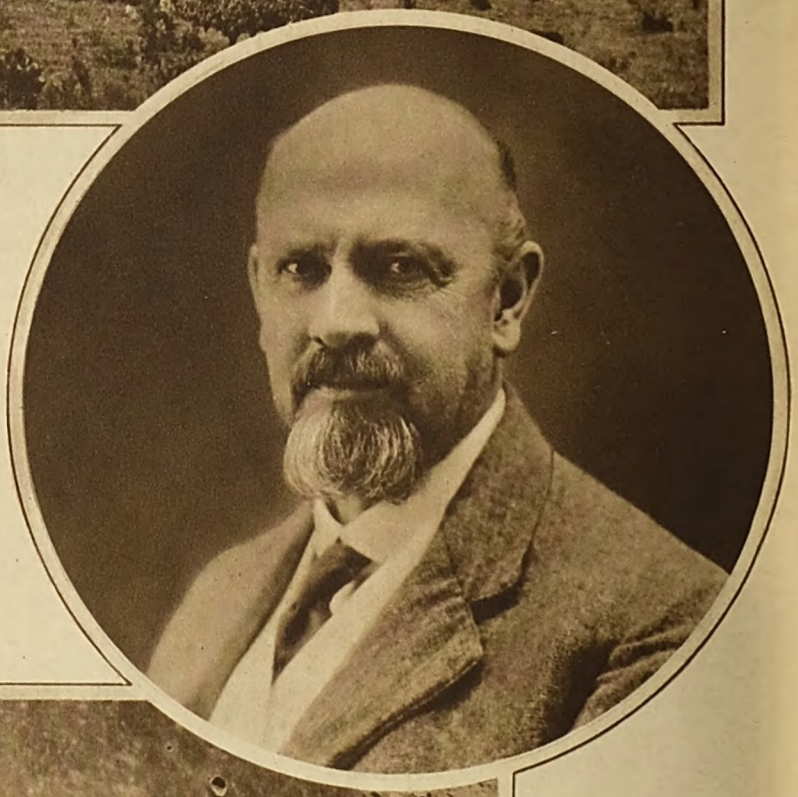

PROFESSOR WILLIAM HENRY PICKERING is an explorer of the moon. For more than thirty years he has studied it, first at Harvard College Observatory, in Massachusetts, then in Peru, later in southern California, and for the past fifteen years on the island of Jamaica, just south of Cuba. In 1899, Professor Pickering discovered two of the ten moons of Saturn, which he named Phœbe and Themis. He is the author of several books and numerous articles on astronomical subjects. (Above) "Woodlawn," the Pickering home in Jamaica.

ON THE left you see a part of the moon as astronomers see it when they look through the telescope on the Mount Wilson Observatory. The larger craters are as much as sixty miles across, with sides many thousands of feet high. The white splotches distributed in a semicircle about the bottom of the picture are the summits of lunar peaks. This photograph was made when the moon was in its last quarter.

Photo by Mount Wilson Observatory

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Marvels Of The Moon

What science has discovered about our nearest neighbor, which could be reached in forty-six days by an airplane flying two hundred miles an hour—Evidences of animal and vegetable life, and a glance at the far distant day when the moon will always occupy the same place in our sky

By George W. Gray

SOUTHWARD, down the Gulf Stream, plowed the ship. By its side, like a shimmering silver scarf flung upon the sea, traveled a broad band of dancing moonlight. Passengers paused in their promenades, caught by the brilliance of the spectacle. Involuntarily their gaze traveled upward to the moon, floating serene, mysterious, and lustrous in the tropic sky.

"Is there any star, sun, or comet as beautiful?" exclaimed one beholder.

"A year ago I saw a giant meteor over the Azores," said a ship's officer. "It was a fireball—looked like a big yellow star. I talked of that sight for weeks, and people listened in open-eyed amazement. But"—and he threw out his hand in a deprecatory gesture—"that was tame to this. The trouble is that we see the moon too often.

"Suppose the lunar goddess should appear only once a year, what a fuss we'd make over the annual marvel!"

"And if the moon were visible from only one place on the earth," said another enthusiast, "what a popular place that would become. Hotels would be built, steamships and railroads would run excursions there, and people would travel long distances to see the moon."

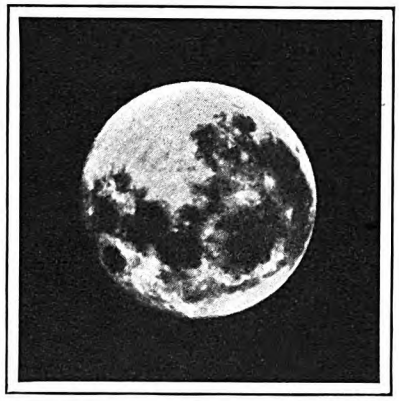
The earth-lit new moon ("the old moon in the new moon's arms"), showing the darker portions faintly illuminated by the sun's light reflected from the earth. The bright edge is lighted by direct rays from the sun

ONE of the interesting discoveries of modern astronomy is that the moon at present is gradually receding from the earth, and in so doing is slowing down the speed of the earth's rotation. Eventually, the earth will turn on its axis at exactly the same speed that the moon revolves around the earth. When that time comes, the moon will always occupy one fixed place in our sky, and will be visible only from one side of the earth.

When will that time come? How will these peculiar changes in position and motion affect our earth and its inhabitants? Has the moon any inhabitants, any form of life? What is the very latest news of this Queen of the Night?

Most astronomers have centered their attention on the sun, planets, stars, and nebulæ; and during the past half-century only a few solitary watchers here and there have turned their telescopes upon the more obvious moon. Perhaps the most persistent and successful of these lunar explorers is the American astronomer, Professor William H. Pickering. For more than thirty years he has been observing the moon, first at the Harvard College Observatory in Cambridge, Massachusetts; then in Arequipa, Peru; later from a station in southern California; and for the past fifteen years, from a height on the island of Jamaica, south of Cuba.

Thus it was that the silver trail of the moon led me to the tropics, where she rides resplendent. There, the night sky is almost always cloudless, and the atmosphere is of a clearness and steadiness that is scarcely ever realized in northern latitudes.



The full moon, illuminated by the direct rays of the sun. The images made upon the human eye and upon the eye of the camera differ considerably

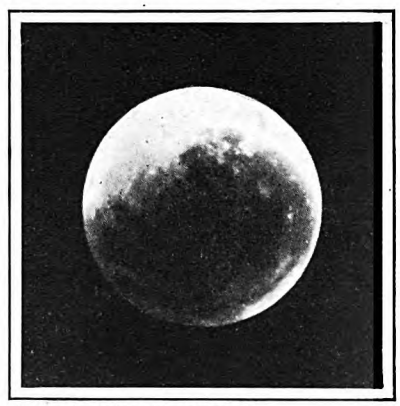
Indeed, it was the superior quality of the "seeing" that brought Professor Pickering to Jamaica. He established his home and observatory in the village of Mandeville, two thousand and sixty-five feet above the blue waters of the Caribbean Sea, which is only eighteen miles away. And there, on an ancient plantation, where he grows his own coffee, pineapples, bananas, plantains, yams, pawpaws, coconuts, and other tropical fruits and vegetables, he lives and studies two planets—the moon and Mars.

There is a charm in this tropic home, with its flower garden of riotous color both of blossom and of foliage, shaded by lofty palms and giant banyan trees—but that is another story. I can only suggest the picturesque setting in which Professor Pickering works and from which, through the silvered mirror of his telescope, he sallies forth into space to explore the lunar landscape.

"TO OUR earthly view it is the best-known landscape in the heavens," said Professor Pickering. "Its more prominent features have been known to scientists for hundreds of years. In fact, more than two thousand years ago the Greek philosopher Anaxagoras was accused of impiety and banished, because he declared that the moon was not a goddess, as was commonly believed, but a world, with mountains, valleys, plains, and perhaps rivers and living creatures.

"When the telescope was invented, in 1608, and Galileo turned his lens upon the moon, he was able to confirm much of Anaxagoras's guesswork. Galileo made a map of the moon, which later astronomers revised and improved. To-day we have the lunar surface mapped more accurately than are many remote regions of the earth.

"One side of the lunar globe we know intimately. The other side we know nothing of, for the moon rotates on its axis in exactly the same time that it travels around (*Continued on page 144*)



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The moon eclipsed by the earth, but partly illuminated by rays of sunlight refracted or bent around the earth as they pass through its atmosphere

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Many a night Emil slept there in her arms, when his tired little face said that, alone, in his bed in the upper hallway, he would not have slept for hours

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Helga

Her romance—the first of a group of stories about the Linds of Sweden Hollow

By Nelia Gardner White

ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR C. ANDERSON

IT WAS one of those antagonisms that grow up between parents and children more often than mothers and fathers are willing to admit. It had cut between them like a sword since Helga was six. The folks up Sweden Hollow saw Emanuel Lind as a stooped, mild, industrious little man; a good neighbor who minded his own business, toiled hard and had a good deal of bad luck.

Helga saw him otherwise. She had come up once to the little storeroom, off the bedroom she shared with her sisters, and had found her mother kneeling over an old chest, come with them from Nördland, weeping hard, bitter, unaccustomed tears. Helga fixed blame at once upon her father. Though no one ever heard her say so, Helga knew suddenly that her mother had not wanted to come to America.

There was plenty to make the antagonism grow. The Linds had a hard time of it on their stony forty-acre farm. For herself, Helga Lind did not really mind. It took more than responsibilities to crush the youth in her; but sometimes, when she saw her mother growing old under the endless labor of the farm, she would hate her father.

Once she heard a neighbor say, "Mis' Lind's got more'n her share with all that raft of youngsters to look out for!" And Helga laid that, too, at her father's door. There shouldn't have been so many of them!

One year there was the blight that spoiled the oats; another year there was a bad freeze in apple-blossom time, and their little orchard yielded nothing. Helga remembered the sacrifices the buying of that orchard had meant, and she would look at her father across the table with her gray eyes hard.

She could not know, of course, how, the night of the frost, Emanuel Lind had come out to the kitchen late and found his wife fixing the fire; how he had taken the coal scuttle from her hands and said, in a troubled voice, "Guess I did wrong to buy the trees, Anna."

"Oh—they'll bear another year!" she had answered.

"We'll be short of money—I wanted you should have a new coat."

"I can get along. I wish, though, that we could keep Helga in school regular. She'll have to stay out."

"Yes, I'd thought of that!" His voice had been heavy with the sense of his responsibility.

There were three different times when Helga had to stay out of school for a year. Once something got in among the sheep and killed six of them. Once Emil, the littlest one, was in bed for months, and there were heavy doctor's bills.

"It puts it too hard on Helga," her father said. But she, not minding the work, only thought of it as one more thing against him.

She was rather tall, and she gave you the impression of strength. Her hair was the lovely color of ripe oats and she never cut it. Her sober eyes had dark lashes. She did not know how like her father she was within: sensitive, but enduring; imaginative, but courageous and uncomplaining; willing to see trouble, but unwilling to let trouble ride her.

She would not have wanted to owe anything to her father. He had brought her mother over here away from home and friends, to a hard land. He barely made a living for them. They had to take their schooling when they could work it in between farm disasters. Her mother's hair was gray and her shoulders bent, her face tired and lined.

BUT Helga showed no one her heart. If her father, even, knew her feelings it was by intuition. She was what you would call a good daughter. She would hurry home from school—she walked the four miles from town—and gather up the ends of the day's tasks at home as if it were the fresh beginning of a day.

If little Emil was cross—he was never very strong—she would tell him a story as she got supper. She knew a thousand stories, Helga Lind—mostly myths from the Nördland. If her mother seemed more tired than usual, she would make her sit down with the farm paper while she sprinkled the clothes. If her father was busy with harvesting or planting and his hours of daylight were precious, she took his place at milking time.

She did her lessons at night, after the younger ones were in bed. She loved books, and it was always with a quick breath of anticipation that she settled to studying, no matter if her sturdy shoulders ached with weariness. But even in her studying, that feeling against her father would surge up. If he had only got ahead better, she could have had plenty of books—maybe have gone to college.

Sometimes Carl, the sullen, black-haired Lind boy, would come home from school with a bloody nose and swollen lip, and Helga would be the only one who could find out the trouble. She would tend to his face, laughing at him a little sorrily as she did so.

"Somebody knock a chip off your shoulder, Bud?" she would say, so no one else could hear.

"Ed Vickery called me a 'sour-faced Swede'!" he would mumble, his black brows knitting into a fierce frown.

"Well," she would say, with a soft laugh that was partly tender, partly reproachful, "if you looked as you do now, Bud, don't know as I blame him! And folks think that Swedes and Norwegians are all the same—that's nothing to be cross about. If you're a regular American, you'll just have to show 'em, Carl!"

And Carl would look ashamed and grin at her, the best he could for his swollen lips. He would try, too, for weeks, not to be so touchy and resentful about things. You see, she *was* an understanding person. But Helga would look away from Carl sometimes to the still, blue-eyed man who was her father, and resentment would be like a fire within her. Carl didn't belong here. He was like his mother, and he belonged in the Nördland he had never seen. He would never be an American—never.

It was the same with Anna. Anna was thirteen, and she was always wanting to go off to parties in the country. But Emanuel Lind was a firm man. Once a week, on Fridays or Saturdays, Anna could go, and that was all. Anna was not patient, like Helga. She would cry and plead and get stormily angry. And Helga, sensible about most things, would grow fiercely resentful because of Anna's wistful grief.

NO ONE disobeyed in that house; but Helga was always trying to make it up to Anna. She would go up in the attic and get down popcorn, send John down-cellar after apples, have Emil get out the big pan for the corn, tell Carl to open up the drafts in the kitchen stove and let the fire hum, call to Hilda to get some butter melted.

The kitchen would suddenly come alive with warmth and laughter and chatter, and Anna would be drawn into it, whether she would or no. It would be like a party, and Anna's pillow would not be wet with tears that night. Such nights were really battlegrounds on which Helga fought her father.

She fought with him too, in her heart, about Emil. Emil was five and had never seemed sturdy like the rest. There would be nights when Emil would droop and be sober, and Helga would take him into her arms and draw a rocker up by the kitchen stove and sing to him or tell him stories. Helga had a voice for lullabies, very deep

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and tender. Many a night Emil slept there in her arms when his tired little face said that, alone, in his bed in the upper hallway, he would not have slept for hours.

But as Helga looked down on him there would sometimes flame up, past the tenderness in her heart, anger. That year before he'd come had been such a hard year: she had stayed home from school, some of the hay had spoiled, everything had gone wrong. And her mother had had too heavy a load. No wonder Emil was thin and weak! And the winters were too fierce up Sweden Hollow. If they were in town now—

Perhaps the difference that came nearest to an open quarrel was about the pine trees. There was a field adjoining their farm in which about a hundred pine seedlings had sprung up. Some of the neighbors had had a chance to sell trees at Christmas time, and one day a dream came to Emanuel Lind's heart, a dream of a time when he could raise trees for a living. He talked to his wife about it. They would have to borrow money to buy that field. When Helga knew of it, she looked at her father with a kind of still, hopeless anger.

"Another debt?" she asked. And her voice was cruel.

They bought it, though, the field. They paid a high price for it too, because 'Dolph Bennett from town had made an offer for it.

Anna Lind tried to speak to Helga about it.

"I think your father's right, Helga. It'll bring in good money in a few years."

"It's always 'a few years'!" Helga said bitterly. "You can't stand so many more hard years, Mother!"

IF SHE had seen her father standing one day, down in the pine lot, his hard hands touching a little pine tree as if they loved it, she might have felt softer toward him. She would have seen that those trees meant more than money, that they meant the pines of his home country, meant a kind of release from the drudgery of the past years; she would have seen that they were alive to him, as the great hills bounding Sweden Hollow were alive to her. But she did not see him.

Perhaps it was unfair to both of them that it happened to be Emanuel Lind who told Helga the next and last time she had to stay out of school. It was soon after the purchase of the pine lot, and the sting of the knowledge of that new burden was still in her heart. Helga came home from school that day and went out to the barn to find her mother. Her father was there, instead. He was standing, quite idle, by the back door.

If it had been anyone else, she would have been touched by the discouraged droop of his shoulders, by the old bend of his head, by the queer longing of him as he stood staring down across the garden to the orchard. But she felt only a swift irritation that he should be standing there, doing nothing. He turned and saw her. His blue eyes beneath his bleached hair were dull, and his voice was harsh with feeling:

"Well—guess there's no school for you next year—Bess and Nil died this morning."

THEY were their two best milkers. Helga's heart began to pound. She, who understood Carl, who had a tenderness like a mother's for Emil, heard only the harshness in her father's voice. Years of little resentments stood between them. His hand tight on the door frame, gnarled with its years of farming, did not move her.

"Well, that won't be anything new!" she said evenly, and walked out of the barn.

Helga stayed out of school that year and took new burdens on her young shoulders. But the next year she was back again, swinging along in her home-knitted sweater and cap, head up, eyes straight ahead—still eager for learning. It was her last year. She was nineteen. She resented the fact sometimes that she was so old. In reality, she brought to her studying a maturity that made her see deeper, that made books have a real meaning for her.

It was during that last year in school that she came to know Rell Stannard. She had known him, of course, before. He had been for a year the principal of the little high school in town. But one night she had to stay to catch up on some laboratory work, and before she knew it the schoolhouse had grown still and the early winter dusk had fallen. She hurriedly put away the things she had been using in the laboratory and went to get her books.

It was then that Rell Stannard came up the stairs after some Latin papers he had forgotten.

"Oh—Miss Lind!" he said in surprise. "Still working?"

"Just through," said Helga.

He got his papers, and Helga her books. He walked down-stairs by her side.

"You have a long walk ahead, haven't you?" he asked, with polite interest.

"Yes; but I don't mind," she answered.

"Let me take you up," he said. "I have Wright's cutter here, and I was just going for a little ride before supper anyway."

Helga never made fusses.

"Why, that would be fine!" she said.

SO THEY drove off into the winter dusk, with the horse's bells making pleasant chiming in the frosty air and the lazy snowflakes brushing their cheeks.

Rell Stannard thought himself too sophisticated for that town. It was an interlude between his A. B. and his M. A. The girls liked his amused superiority, the older people not so well. He had never noticed Helga Lind before, any more than to be relieved when she recited in classes. She never made mistakes.

Helga knew he was not conscious of her, but she did not care. They made commonplace remarks about classes, the school play, the new room for gymnasium work. Then they fell silent. The road was good now, hard packed, and they hurried along with the pleasant sound of the bells taking the place of conversation. Neither knew why they could be silent, but both thought it pleasant. It was when they came to the little patch of woodland before the Vickery place that Helga put out a mittened hand suddenly to his arm.

"Stop!" she commanded.

He stopped, bewildered.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Hush!" she said, as if he didn't matter.

It was very lovely there in the woods—whiteness everywhere—the trees still and frosty—the rail fence edged with moonlit snow. Just themselves, alone, in the midst of the still, snow-bound woods.

"I always stop here, if it's night, for a minute," she said, letting him go on. "If it's winter, I mean!"

It was very lovely there in the woods—whiteness everywhere—the trees still and frosty. . . . Just themselves, alone, in the midst of the still, snow-bound woods

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He looked 'round at her face beneath her white knitted cap. There was something beautiful about it.

"It's like a Robert Frost poem," he said, knowing quite well she had never heard of Robert Frost.

But he had seen the real Helga Lind, and she was not a person to forget.

He took her home again one night the next week, and then he asked her to a church social in town. One night he came and talked to her as she worked alone in the laboratory, and she became confused. He brought her some test tubes, and as his fingers touched hers she could feel fire stinging up into her cool cheeks.

It was spring, though, when he walked up with her one afternoon and, when they came to the woods—all young leaf-green and adder-tongue-yellow, and arbutus fragrance now—took her suddenly into his arms and kissed her.

Her hands paused as she stared off across the fields with a terrible bitterness in her eyes

PERHAPS Rell Stannard did not quite realize what he had done. But he knew well enough, later, that he was letting Helga think he was planning to marry her. He had no such plans. There was a girl back home; there was his master's degree. But he found Helga strangely stirring and beautiful.

It was one night, after she had begun making new clothes, that the Linds had him to supper. When he had gone, Emanuel Lind, white-faced, said to his daughter, without preliminary, "You'll never marry that man!"

Years of antagonism made a flame leap into Helga's gray eyes.

"Won't I?" she asked, calmly enough.

"No." His own voice became even. "No, you won't. I won't let you! He doesn't look straight at you, Helga."

Helga proudly lifted her lovely head with its bright braids.

"I'm going to marry him," she said.

Then Commencement was over, and Rell Stannard came to see her for the last time. He had not planned to tell her it was the last time; but her honesty made him. Helga did not cry. She never knew it, but that was his greatest punishment—that she did not cry.

But Helga Lind, instead of hating Rell Stannard, hated her father for having divined the truth of him.

IN THE morning her blue-gray eyes were black, and when she came down to help with breakfast Anna said, with the cruelty of thirteen, "Been crying because Prof's going, haven't you?"

"Anna!" her father said sternly.

But Helga said numbly, "No; I haven't been crying." She wouldn't have his pity! He'd driven Rell off with his dislike!

She did not see him as he sat on the edge of the bed that night, his fair head bent in his hands.

"She's young, Emanuel," his wife said. "It seems awful to her now; but she's very young—it won't hurt her forever."

"She's never liked anyone else," he said. "She feels it terrible. I feel like I could kill him, Anna!"

She put out a hand to him, touched him comfortingly.

A few days later, he said, "Things are letting up a little now—why don't you go somewhere for a visit, Helga?"

"And leave Mother with all the canning?" Her deep voice was unwontedly sharp. "Where would I go, anyway?"

"I don't know," he said helplessly. Of course, all the relatives were in the Nördland, and all Helga's friends were in town or up the Hollow here.

But one day she sat in the kitchen doorway shelling peas, and her hands paused as she stared off across the fields with a terrible bitterness in her eyes. Her father came and found (*Continued on page 134*)

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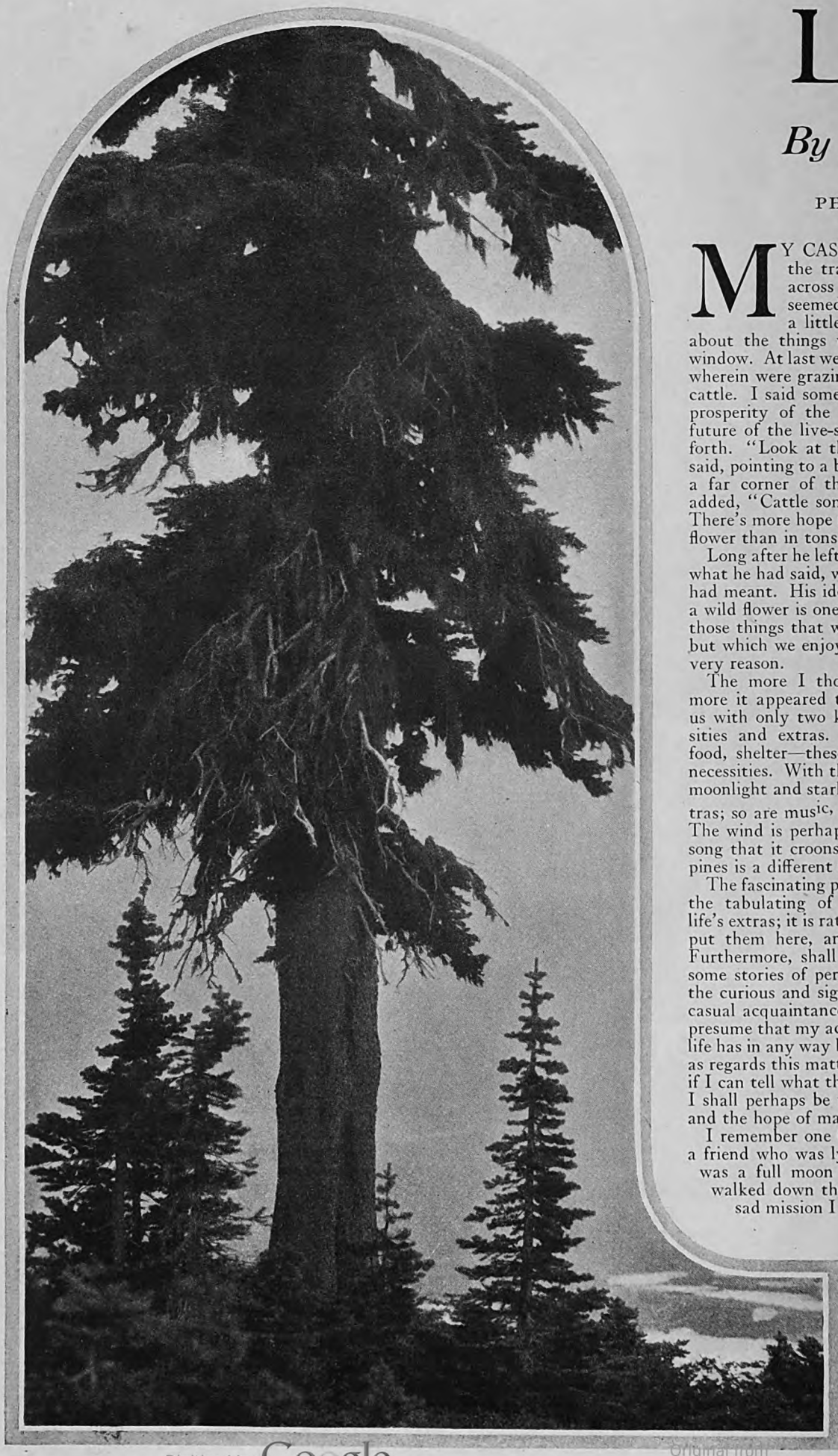

Life's

By Archibald

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

MY CASUAL acquaintance on the train that was speeding across the autumn landscape seemed thoughtful, reflective, a little wistful as we talked about the things we saw from the car window. At last we came to a big meadow wherein were grazing half a hundred beef cattle. I said something inane about the prosperity of the country, the glowing future of the live-stock industry, and so forth. "Look at those little daisies," he said, pointing to a bright patch of them in a far corner of the meadow. Then he added, "Cattle somehow can't thrill me. There's more hope for humanity in a wild flower than in tons of beef."

Long after he left me, I kept thinking of what he had said, wondering just what he had meant. His idea, of course, was that a wild flower is one of life's extras, one of those things that we do not *have* to have but which we enjoy all the more for that very reason.

The more I thought about this, the more it appeared that Creation supplies us with only two kinds of things: necessities and extras. Sunlight, air, water, food, shelter—these are among the bare necessities. With them we can exist. But moonlight and starlight are distinctly extras; so are music, the perfumes, flowers. The wind is perhaps a necessity; but the song that it croons through the morning pines is a different thing.

The fascinating part about all this is not the tabulating of life's necessities and life's extras; it is rather the question, Who put them here, and for what purpose? Furthermore, shall we not find, through some stories of personal experience, that the curious and significant remark of my casual acquaintance was right? I do not presume that my actual living this mortal life has in any way been unique, especially as regards this matter of life's extras; yet, if I can tell what they have meant to me, I shall perhaps be voicing the experience and the hope of many.

I remember one October night visiting a friend who was lying very sick. There was a full moon that night; and as I walked down the village street on my sad mission I felt the silvery beauty of it quiet my heart. The world lay lustrous. There was no scrawny bush nor ugly clod that was not transfigured in that glory. A little breeze over the brimming salt tide brought aromatic marshy odors. It seemed to me that

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Extras

Rutledge

JOHN KABEL

some power was trying to make beauty take away my sadness. I found my friend not less aware than I was of the beauty of the night. He could look from his window and see the argent glamour of it all: how it flooded the gleaming tide with celestial lights; how it ran long white lances through the swarthy cedars; how it tinged with soft radiance the locusts and the mimosas. He felt the breeze too, and delighted in the odors that it brought of the happy world beyond his window.

As I sat beside him, a mocking bird began to sing in the moonlight, chanting divinely. I know the song reached our spirits. On the table by the bed were all the necessities for a sick man; but he had small comfort from them. But the moonlight, and the hale fragrances, and the wild song of the bird—these brought peace to his heart.

Long afterward he said to me, "Do you remember that night? I thought it would be my last. But from the time the bird-song came through that window I felt that I would get well. I don't talk much about these things, but I felt that all that beauty and peace were really the love of God. I guess He does not love us with words: He loves us by giving us everything we need —in every way."

It must be as he said.

AT ANY rate, I know that a thoughtful consideration of life's extras has done more to give my faith in God actual conviction than all the sermons I ever heard. My knowledge of theology is hardly more ample than that of a bushman of Borneo; but I am absolutely unshaken in my faith that God created us, loves us, and wants us not only to be good but to be happy. He ministers to our bodies by the necessities that abound in the world; and to our spirits by the beauty that adorns creation. One has no difficulty in discovering, in the vast scheme of things, an extraordinary, an exciting, provision and prevision. As philosophy, I know not if this will stand; but I do know that a belief in it has brought me close to God.

I cannot regard the "fiery funeral of foliage old" as accidental, nor the gorgeous pageantry of sunset as anything but the manifestation of divine art. I stood recently on the shores of a mountain lake at sundown after a heavy rain, and watched for an hour the magnificence of the west; the huge clouds smoldering, the long lanes of

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emerald light between them, then isolated clouds like red roses climbing up some oriel window of the sky, the deep refulgence behind it all. Superb as it was, momently it changed, so that I saw in reality a score of sunsets. I looked across the lonely, limpid lake, past the dark forest, far into the heart of the flaming, fading skies. I was sure that God had done that; moreover, that He had done it for a purpose. When did He ever do anything idly? And what was the purpose? Surely to fill the hearts of his children with a sense of beauty and of awe, and to teach them of His loving care.

Neither a day-dawning nor a sunset (with all its attendant beauty) is really a necessity. It is one of life's extras. It is a visit to an incomparable art gallery; and no one has to pay any admission fee. The human mind, being somewhat proud and perverse, may be inclined to reject this kind of proof of God's love. But the human heart can hardly do so. And in things spiritual I do not know but that the heart is by far the better guide.

NOT long ago, I visited a lonely cabin in the North Carolina mountains, whence the owner had just been taken, charged with murder. He and a neighbor had had a fatal altercation about a line fence, and he had "drawn" more quickly than the other. The accused had borne a good reputation up to this time. Both men had seen service in France. I was rather well acquainted with both families.

As I went up the old gullied mountain road toward the home of the first, I noticed in the wild glen, down which a white stream gurgled and spurted, incessant, vehement, and joyous, that the rhododendrons were in blossom. There may be a more beautiful flower, but I have not seen it—taking it all in all, and considering the wildwood setting in which it invariably grows. To look at this wondrous flower and not to feel that God exquisitely designed it, and did it not merely as a vagrant artist but with precision and nobility of purpose is to me incredible. Ere long I reached the cabin, and one of the man's sisters greeted me and talked with me. Over the humble mantel I saw a crude little photograph of him in his uniform; and beside it, in a small bottle that functioned as a vase, I saw a sprig of rhododendron blossom. I looked at the picture; then I said something casual about the flower.

"I don't know why," my hostess said, "but to have it there helps me. It 'minds me of God."

I have always loved the eloquence of simple people. What they say, coming from the heart, often goes straight to the heart. "It 'minds me of God"! I never see a rhododendron without remembering that. And are not all of life's extras reminders of the love and the yearning compassion of God?

I mentioned sunsets and sunrises as extras. Almost the whole complex and wonderful matter of color in the world seems an extra. The color of the sky might have been a dingy gray, or a painful yellow, or a plum-colored purple. But it is sapphire; and my philosophy makes me believe that such a color for the sky is by no means the result of mere chance. Granted that it is the result of the operation of certain laws, forces, and conditions; yet behind it all, back of the realized dream, is the mighty intelligence of the Creator, the vast amplitude of the dreamer's comprehension. And let us not forget that the two colors at which we can gaze longest are blue and green. There is about them a coolness, a serenity, a spirit of fragrant peace. And as the blue prevails in the sky, the green does upon earth.

I HAVE often heard people say that they would like to remake the world. Well, I am glad that we don't have to live in a man-made world. If we consider merely the least of the marvelous provisions for our comfort and our happiness, we can realize how impossible would be an earth and a scheme of life that man had made. And we should feel, also, that David was right: "For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is His mercy toward them that fear Him." How high is the heaven? Illimitable. And so is God's love.

To a sophisticated person, this sort of belief may seem too childlike. Yet I have the gravest suspicions of sophistication. I have never discovered it in nature; and to me it seems that instead of being a proof of enlightenment (*Continued on page 96*)

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"Me And My Flapper Daughters"

I have found the key at last to the rebellious spirit of these amazing young girls of to-day

By W. O. Saunders

I AM the father of two flappers: trim-legged, scantily dressed, bobbed-haired, hipless, corsetless, amazing young female things, full of pep, full of joy, full of jazz. They have been the despair of me for two or three summers; but if they don't fly off and marry and quit me before I'm a century old, I'm going to know those girls.

I used to think I knew my girls. A lot of foolish parents make that same mistake; but it remained for Elizabeth, the elder of the two amazing young persons, to open my eyes and show me up in my ignorance.

For instance, I thought my girls were different from the average run of wild young things. My own childhood was spent in a righteous, church-going, psalm-singing little country town, where young folk were taught "to be seen and not heard," and where a game of croquet on Sunday afternoons was an abomination in the sight of the Lord.

I assume that I am just an average adult and parent. I was fetched up by a modest mother who wore three petticoats and a floor-sweeping skirt, and by a father who kept on his trousers to bathe his torso, and put on his shirt before bathing the rest of him. I never learned from either parent whether I was male or female, or that there was such a division in the human species.

I came up with some old-fashioned ideas about women and woman's place in the world. There was nothing frank about the age in which I was brought up. It was not even decent to concede that women were bipeds.

I have worked hard all my life, and while there was a brief period of romance in my life culminating in marriage to a beautiful and sensible girl, I set out rather matter-of-factly about the business of establishing a family. Like most American Babbitts, I have had my nose to the grindstone all my days, and thought I was doing pretty good when I put three square meals on the table, kept the furnace going, and paid my building and loan instalments.

I rustled for the food for the pantry, the coal for the cellar, the ice for the ice box; I worked for the tailor, the dressmaker, the butcher, the baker, the electric-light maker, the cinema man and the gas-filling stations. And I thought that was job enough for me. I threw over all the work of keeping house and raising the children to my uncomplaining wife.

I guess it is the way of us males to pay the freight and let our wives haul it. The wives have the harder job; but we don't think much about that. I didn't; and I didn't think much about the children. The girls were their mother's children, and a mother could understand girls better and train them better than a man, anyway. And so I lived on in the same house with two growing-up flapper daughters, and never began to know them until that elder one, Elizabeth, gave me a jolt that "flappergasted" me and almost paralyzed my wife.

As I said a moment ago, like most fond parents, I had kidded myself with the notion that my girls were different from other people's girls. I had seen other parents' girls smoking cigarettes, "necking" in automobiles on the highways, wearing rolled stockings, or shamelessly promenading on Main Street without stockings at all.

But I had never observed my girls on the street with their stockings rolled, although I had raised hob ofttimes about the careless way they disposed themselves in chairs at home with their short dresses that wouldn't stay down over their knees when they sat. I felt some relief whenever I came upon them in public with their knees hugged close together. I thought it must be an awful nuisance to a young girl to have to pose like a knock-kneed something every time she sat down; but I was glad my girls posed that way in public, and not in the way they postured themselves at home.

I WAS sure my girls had never experimented with a hip-pocket flask, flirted with other women's husbands, or smoked cigarettes. My wife entertained the same smug delusion, and was saying something like that out loud at the dinner table one day. And then she began to talk about other girls.

"They tell me that that Purvis girl has cigarette parties at her home," remarked my wife.

She was saying that for the benefit of Elizabeth, who runs somewhat with the Purvis girl. Elizabeth was regarding her mother with curious eyes. She made no reply to her mother, but turning to me, right there at the table, she said:

"Dad, let's see your cigarettes."

Without the slightest suspicion of what was forthcoming, I threw Elizabeth my cigarettes. She withdrew a fag from the package, tapped it on the back of her left hand, inserted it between her lips, reached over and took my lighted cigarette from my mouth, lit her own cigarette and blew airy rings toward the ceiling.

My wife nearly fell out of her chair, and I might have fallen out of mine if I hadn't been momentarily stunned.

"Smoking is no longer a novelty with girls, Mother," said Elizabeth. "I have been smoking for two years, myself. That's one thing I learned at college."

There was a (*Continued on page 121*)

Children Should be Seen, Heard, and Reasoned With

"MY DAUGHTERS are opening my eyes," says Mr. Saunders. "I am determined that the ancient rule that 'children shall be seen and not heard' shall not hold in my house. When I have what I consider cause to criticize my children, or give them a command, I frankly tell them that I may be wrong; but they must show me wherein I am wrong. I invite them to talk back, to be fearlessly candid with me, to state their case and defend it. Then we understand each other. Many times they force me to abandon an untenable position. They do not think less of me for that, and there is no sullen resentment, no secret bitterness, no veiled spirit of determination to thwart me behind my back when I win over them."

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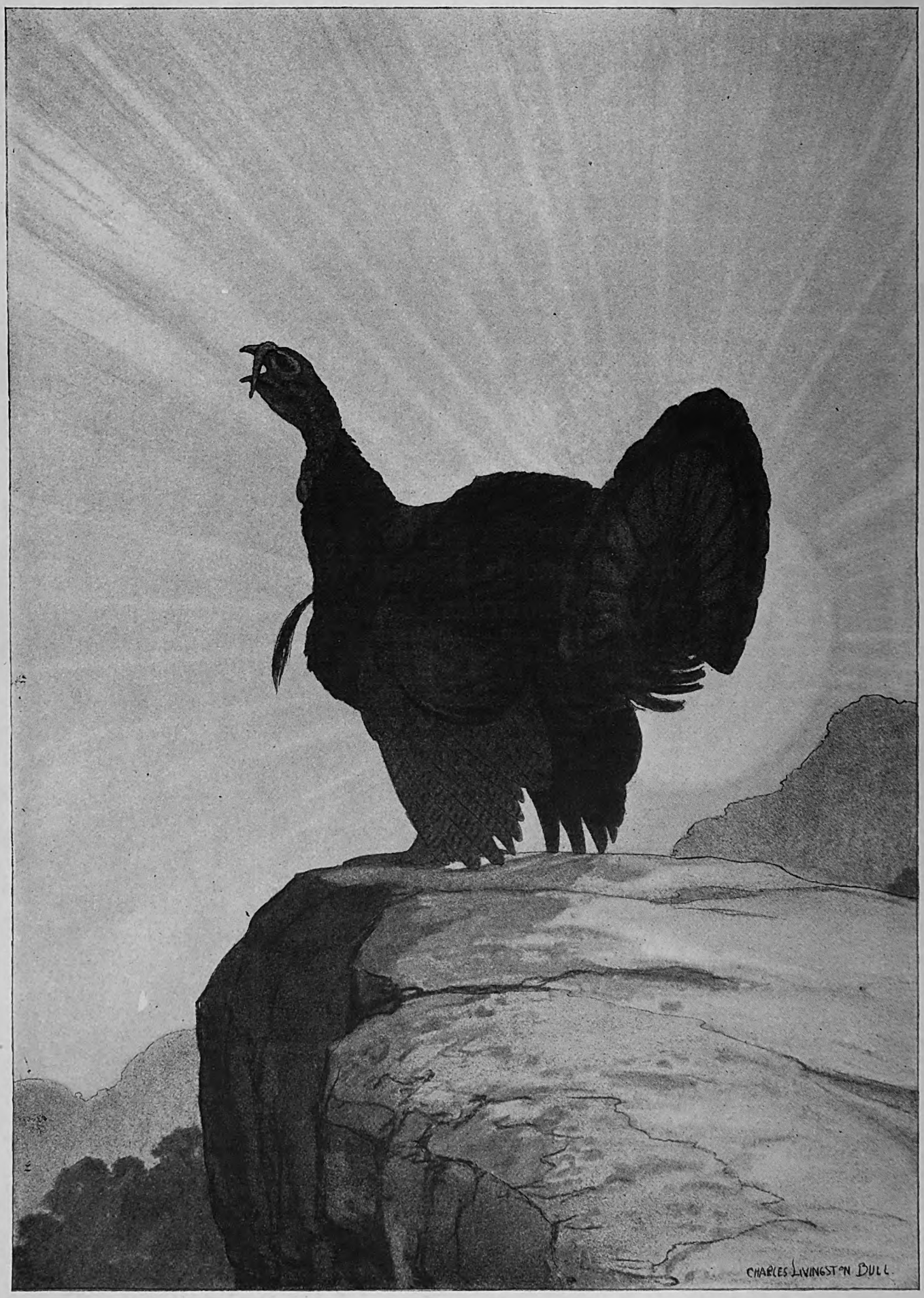

A moment the big bird stood perfectly still, listening. . . . Then, caution and all else forgotten, he sent his love-call ringing outward over the abyss of the deep valley

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The Gobbler Of Thunderhead

A Story

By Herbert Ravenel Sass

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

THE Old Man, they called him; and they devised many schemes for his undoing and spent considerable time plotting against his life. But for the better part of a year he was too clever for Joe Garey and Crowley Masterson. Crowley gave it up after a time. He was a little dark fellow with a strain of Romany blood in him, and when, upon three separate occasions, he nearly lost his life while following the Old Man's trail, his Romany blood whispered something about omens. Joe Garey, who had only the superstition native to the Overhills, laughed at his friend's fears and pursued the Old Man more relentlessly than ever.

The Old Man knew it. He knew that his two worst enemies were Joe Garey and Lantern Eye.

It was Joe Garey who named Lantern Eye, and it was Joe Garey who named the Old Man. He had a habit of bestowing names, and his names, though seldom poetic, were generally appropriate. Lantern Eye was a big bay lynx who lived in a deep valley of the Cowee Overhills under Thunderhead Mountain, and whose palely glaring eyes Joe had seen one night in the light of a pitch-pine torch. The Old Man was a wild turkey gobbler. As for Joe himself—lean, taciturn, a little under middle height, tough as hickory and wiry as jack-vine—for about twenty of his twenty-six years Joe had been a hunter. If he lived to be one hundred and twenty-six and was able to sight a rifle, Joe would be a hunter still. It was bred in his bone.

There was something else that was born in him. Around the slope of Thunderhead ridge, following a sinuous valley that led up from the foothills into the heart of the high Cowees, wound a narrow, deep-worn trail. It was more ancient than any other trail or road in all that mountain country, and time had obliterated most of it, so that only here and there could one trace its course through the woods. But Joe Garey knew it better than any other man, and he used to sit beside it sometimes, when Crowley Masterson was not with him, and see visions.

No human hands had cut that trail. It had been trodden out by the hoofs of thousands of buffalo, for time was when it was the main buffalo road across the mountains—the highway of the herds as they passed back and forth across the Cowees and the Blue Ridge on their journeys between the Western grasslands and the cane savannas of the Atlantic plain.

That was long, long ago. Even the great chestnut oaks and towering tulip poplars along the old buffalo path had forgotten the shaggy herds they had seen in their youth. But Joe Garey could sit beside that path in the dusk of a spring evening, his rifle across his knees, his gray eyes half-closed, and see shadowy armies of buffalo troop past under the ancient trees—beast after beast, bearded, high-humped, tremendous, strung out in a never-ending line behind the master-bull, and he could hear the noise of their hoof-beats as they tramped along the path, and could smell the hot smell of their bodies, and feel in his nostrils the dust of their passage.

THAT was the kind of hunter that Joe Garey was, a hunter who could look back two hundred years. But the Old Man did not know this, and if he had known it would have made no difference. He would still have feared Joe just as much as he feared Lantern Eye, who never saw visions. And he had good reason to fear Joe Garey, for Joe—in spite of Crowley Masterson's defection—had made a bargain with himself to kill this gobbler, the first wild turkey seen in the Cowee woods in a dozen years. He never doubted his ability to carry out that bargain. His only fear was that Lantern Eye would get the Old Man first.

When the faint pink of April dawn tinted the sky above the distant ranges to the east, the Old Man awoke. For many minutes he remained motionless on his perch in a tall pine on the wooded slope of Thunderhead ridge; then, just as the curved edge of the sun peeped over the horizon, he crouched low, spread his broad wings and launched outward. His long neck outstretched, his tail spread behind him like a half-opened fan, he planed on stiff pinions down to the flat top of a great buttress of rock—Hanging Rock, it was called—which jutted outward from the mountainside and overlooked the deep valley.

Pale eyes hidden in a clump of woody vines watched his descent; a long, tawny, furry body, faintly speckled and barred, quivered momentarily, then grew hard and tense. It happened that, after hunting all night, Lantern Eye had found himself, when the dawn came, within a hundred feet of Hanging Rock. Being tired from his hunting, and well fed to boot, the lynx had decided to spend the day where

Lantern Eye waited and watched. He knew that he could not stalk the big bird successfully on the bare platform of rock where he strutted in the sun

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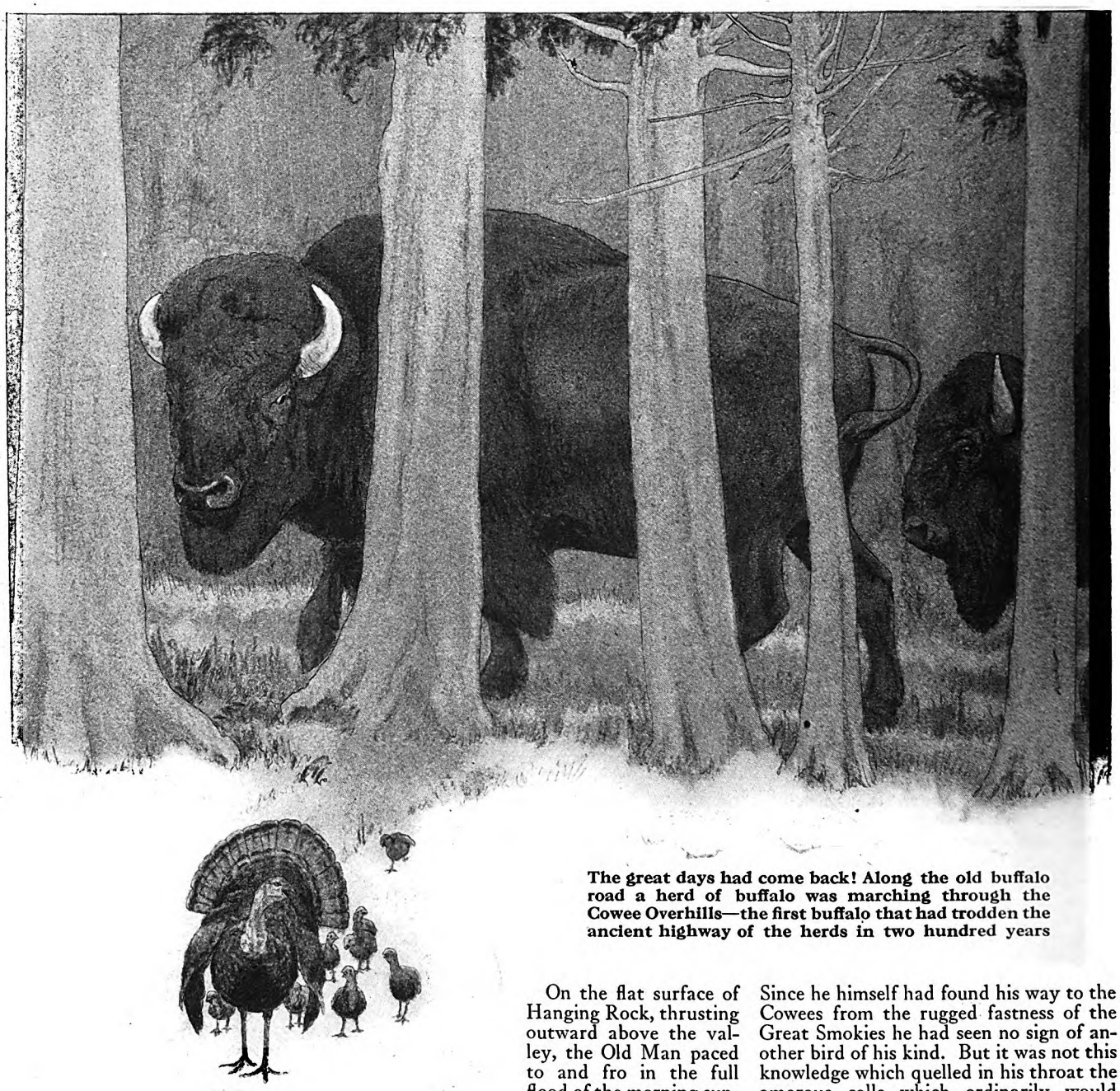

The great days had come back! Along the old buffalo road a herd of buffalo was marching through the Cowee Overhills—the first buffalo that had trodden the ancient highway of the herds in two hundred years

he was, instead of pushing on to the great rhododendron thicket beyond a shoulder of the ridge, where he usually passed the daylight hours. He had lain down, therefore, in a tangle of vines which seemed a safe hiding place, and he was just dozing off when his quick ears caught the swish of wings.

PEERING outward from his leafy shelter, he saw, planing down through the air, the wide-winged bulk of the great wild gobbler who had been living on Thunderhead ridge for the past ten or eleven months, and whose cunning and wariness had so far baffled the lynx's skill as a still-hunter.

Lantern Eye's drowsiness fell from him and, well fed though he was, on a sudden he was hungry again. He lay motionless in his ambush, waiting, watching; and the sight that he saw, although not sensible of its splendor, was the finest spectacle to be seen that April morning in all the wooded wilderness of the Cowee range.

On the flat surface of Hanging Rock, thrusting outward above the valley, the Old Man paced to and fro in the full flood of the morning sunlight—a superb twenty-five-pound wild gobbler in the pride and ecstasy of his nuptial dance. His wings were drooped until the ends of the stiff feathers scraped the rock; his tail was spread like a fan and erected at right angles to his body; his neck was thrown back until the head almost touched the shoulders; over his shoulders and back the feathers stood up straight and stiff until the big bird seemed almost twice his natural size. Back and forth he paced and strutted, while the sunlight, striking his plumage at different angles, turned it now bronze, now copper, now purple-green, now gold. As he strutted he gobbled; but even in the exultation of that spring-time ecstasy the Old Man was wise.

So low was his gobble that it could scarcely have been heard thirty feet away. He was calling to the turkey hens, the hens that had never come to him, because, years before, the mountain hunters had killed out the turkey flocks which once ranged the Cowee Overhills. The Old Man knew that they would not come. Since he himself had found his way to the Cowees from the rugged fastness of the Great Smokies he had seen no sign of another bird of his kind. But it was not this knowledge which quelled in his throat the amorous calls which ordinarily would have carried at least a mile in the still air. The Old Man had learned what not one wild turkey in a hundred ever learns; namely, that to send those love-calls rolling loudly through the woods was to court death.

LANTERN EYE waited and watched. He had hunted the Old Man again and again, and he knew that he could not stalk the big bird successfully on the bare platform of rock where he strutted in the sun. Perhaps five minutes passed; then suddenly the light in the lynx's fierce eyes grew more intense. A new sound had reached his tufted ears. The strutting gobbler, too, had heard it—a faint, far-off, plaintive cry several times repeated—the mating call of a wild turkey hen.

A moment the big bird stood perfectly still, listening—a bronze-gold statue gleaming in the brilliant light. Then, caution and all else forgotten, he sent his love-call ringing outward over the abyss of the deep valley and rolling and echoing along the steep, wooded mountainside. Again and again he gobbled with all the

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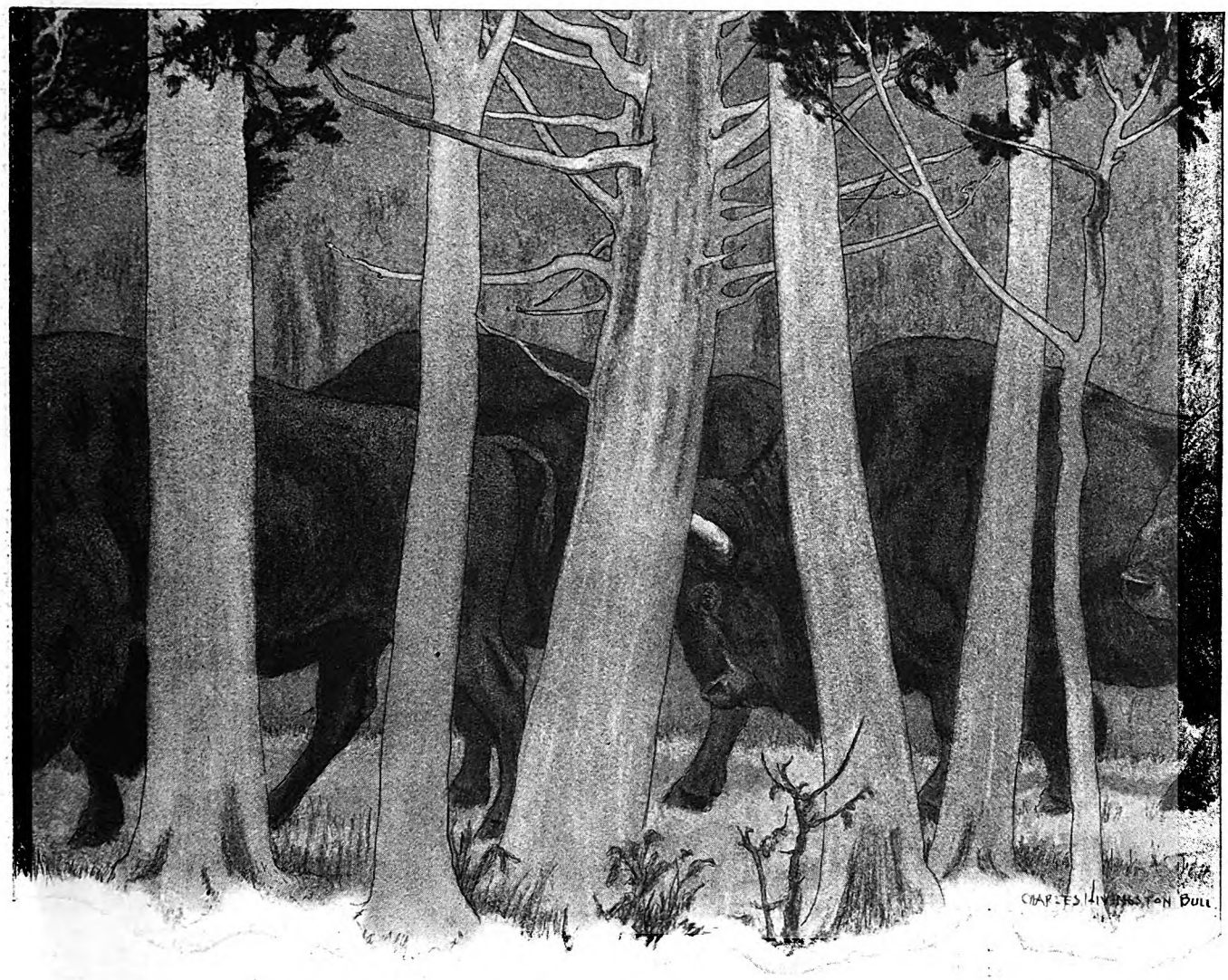

force of his lungs; and meanwhile, with redoubled energy, he strutted up and down and around and around on the flat surface of Hanging Rock, puffing and clucking and booming, the long pendent caruncle on his head jerking this way and that, his eyes ablaze with excitement, his whole body quivering and throbbing in a frenzy of fierce, passionate joy.

A SHAPE moved out of the vine tangle where Lantern Eye had been lying hidden—a long, brown, faintly barred and speckled body, flattened close to the ground. For a distance of fifteen feet it moved forward swiftly, soundlessly; then for a minute or so it lay utterly still. Lantern Eye's cunning was not the calculating wisdom of a fox, but he was wise enough to know that he must act now or not at all. Something, whether instinct or experience, told the lynx two things: that within a few minutes the great gobbler would take wing in search of the turkey hen whose mating call had come from across the valley, and that, meanwhile, in the increased frenzy which now gripped him, the gobbler was off guard and oblivious of danger.

There was no cover to hide Lantern Eye's advance. Under ordinary conditions the lynx would have had no chance of success; but fortune favored him and he played his game skillfully, darting swiftly forward when the strutting gobbler's back was turned, lying flat and motionless on the brown surface of the rock when the Old Man faced toward him. In less than two minutes he had reached a point within twelve feet of the gobbler, standing, with his back to the lynx, near the edge of the cliff.

Lantern Eye crouched, his strong legs bunched under him, his muscles taut for the spring. When, in another moment, the gobbler turned and strutted toward him, the lynx would strike his victim down.

Crowley Masterson grinned. Yes, he would take the chance. It was too good a chance to miss. He had been a fool ever to suppose that there was bad luck in hunting the Old Man. The things that had happened to him while he had followed the Old Man's trail with Joe Garey—the rattlesnake bite, the unaccountable discharge of his rifle, which had blown a hole in his hat brim, the dead poplar limb which had fallen on his shoulder and dislocated it—all these, as Joe had insisted, were just ordinary accidents. And, besides, on this morning Crowley had not been hunting the Old Man. He had gone out after squirrels in the woods on Thunderhead ridge, and hearing, to his amazement, a turkey gobbling furiously, he had walked toward the sound. There, on the summit of Hanging Rock, within fairly easy range, he saw the Old Man strutting and gobbling in the sun.

Yes, he would take the chance. If there was bad luck in trying to kill this wild gobbler, he would know it in about sixty seconds.

Crowley raised his rifle and, bracing the barrel against a hickory sapling, sighted carefully. His smile had vanished now, but his black eyes twinkled as he thought of how Joe Garey would look when he heard the news. The Old Man was standing motionless close to the edge of the cliff, his bulky body sharply outlined against the sky and about on a level with the spot on the wooded mountainside where Crowley stood. The gobbler was a perfect target. Crowley knew that he could not miss.

Crowley's muscles tightened. It came to him suddenly that the gobbler was about to take wing. His finger curved around the trigger.

WHAT happened happened so quickly that it left Crowley dumb. He saw a long brown shape spring upon the Old Man from behind, saw a mighty threshing of wings at the very verge of the precipice of Hanging Rock, saw a big black and brown object—turkey and lynx inextricably fastened together—fall over the edge of the cliff and crash into the tree tops two hundred feet below.

Hurrying down the mountainside, Crowley reached the spot within five minutes. Thirty feet up in a dead chestnut tree he saw a big lynx hanging lifeless from a broken stub, the sharp, hard point of which had (*Continued on page 151*)

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Another "Just Folks" article

The Poor He Has With Him Always

The world abounds in youth, prosperity, and independence, but Francis Bardwell prefers to work among the aged, the poor, and the dependent—"It so happens," he says, "that I get more out of life by making other folks comfortable than I could by paying more attention to my own comfort"

By Mary B. Mullett

DO YOU happen to know Francis Bardwell?" I inquired of a certain Boston gentleman.

"Indeed I do know him!" he replied with emphasis. "Do you?"

"No," I admitted; "not yet."

"Well," said the gentleman, "let me give you a bit of advice: Some of these days you may find yourself old, lonely, and without money. If you see that time coming, and if Francis Bardwell is still alive, move to Massachusetts! Then you can get into one of our poorhouses, and Bardwell will sometimes come to see you.

"I'd be almost willing to go to the poorhouse myself," he added, "if that were the only way to keep up my acquaintance with him."

A day or two after this conversation, I climbed Beacon Hill to the State House and hunted up Room 38, the office of the State Visitor of Almshouses, who is Francis Bardwell himself.

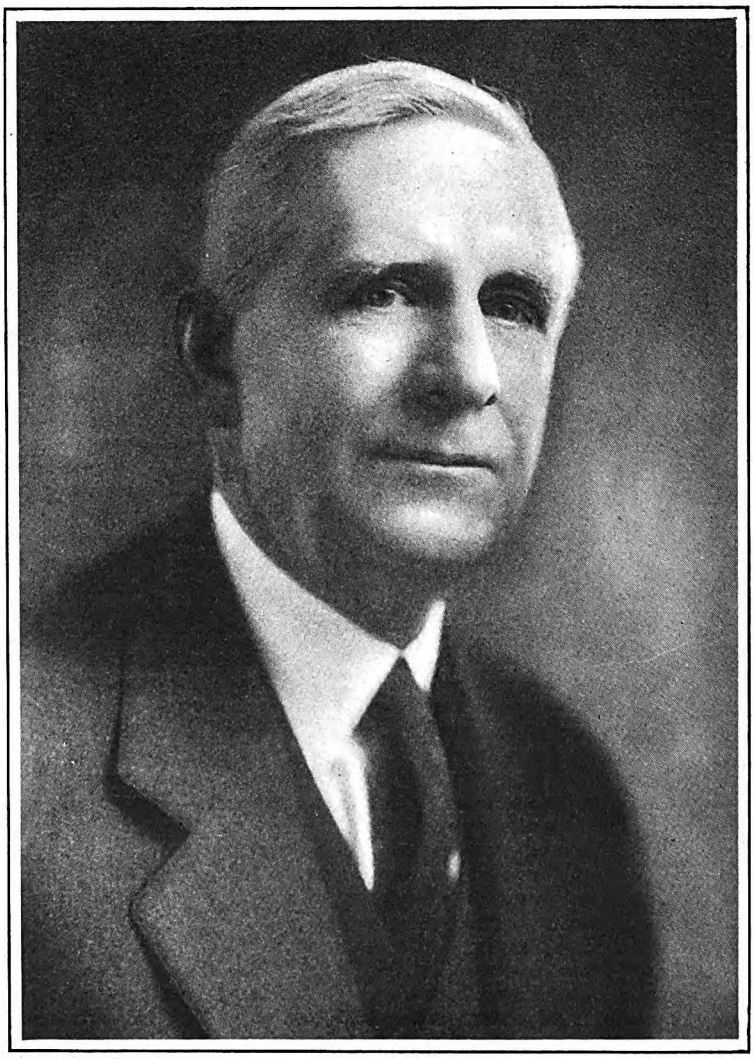
I never have been one of the officials who have to deal, in wholesale quantities, with the poor and unfortunate. But I can imagine how hard it is, under those circumstances, not to become a mere bureaucrat.

I can see how one's sympathy might be dulled by the constant demands on it. I can understand how one might get tired of hearing hard-luck stories, impatient with human frailty and human folly.

Yet for years Francis Bardwell has listened to these stories, borne with these frailties, and dealt with the results of these follies. But they have not dulled his sympathy nor calloused his kindly understanding of human nature. When necessary, he can talk as practically and as statistically as anyone about the Causes of Indigence, the Sociological Aspects of Poverty, and subjects of that sort. Deadly dull as these topics usually are, he somehow succeeds in making them interesting.

But you feel the real heart and soul of the man not when he talks about "The Poor" as a class but when he takes you right into the life of one human being after another, and shows you the pathos, the courage, the folly, the humor; in short, the whole drama of the human heart.

People are trying now, and wisely, to do away with the word "poorhouse," to substitute for it the simple word "home." But, with due apologies, I am going to stick to the old term in this article.



PHOTOGRAPH BY BACHRACH

Francis Bardwell has for the past eighteen years been Inspector of Almshouses in Massachusetts. One hundred and thirty-seven of these institutions, which annually care for about ten thousand persons, are under his supervision. Mr. Bardwell was born in Boston, and started out to have a mercantile career, but abandoned this to enter the work that appealed to him most

IF YOU would like to know how to grow old happily, how not to be friendless and lonely and unloved in the twilight of your years, let Francis Bardwell here and now take you by the hand, metaphorically speaking, and introduce you to people who have met old age more or less successfully in the poorhouse itself.

If you want to know how to get along with the old folks in your own family, let him help you to understand them. In fact, this Key of Understanding, which has opened to him the hearts of the old and the poor and has shown him their hidden hopes and fears and longings, will serve equally well to unlock *any* human heart.

I went to see Mr. Bardwell because I had been reading a book he recently published, called "The Adventure of Old Age." In it he tells of some of the men and women he has known in the course of his years as an almshouse visitor.

These little portraits in words are vivid pictures of human experience. For instance, he will tell the story of some man, or some woman, who would seem to most of us to be just plain "cantankerous." But his sympathetic understanding has unlocked

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their hearts, and they have shown him what we would not have discovered for ourselves—the hidden source of this surface "crankiness."

The poorhouse is not the only place where you will find these tired, lonely, defeated—but perhaps still struggling—spirits. They are all about us; even in our own homes. Even, for that matter, within ourselves! Francis Bardwell can help us to understand and to be understood.

I have often heard people speak of someone's "unreasonable whims." That is the way we, of the younger generations, dismiss most of the desires and notions of the old folks. But to Mr. Bardwell there is always some reason, even for the "unreasonable." And when you have found the reason, then the thing ceases to be unreasonable.

Just to show you what amazing and beautiful "reasonableness" we might discover beneath these "mere whims," if we would but use the warm light of sympathy to find it, I am going to tell you the story of Aunt Ann. Or, rather, I shall let Mr. Bardwell tell it; for, with his permission, I have taken it almost bodily out of his book:

"WHEN one's 'best dress' has been, and still is, one's *only* best dress, it is but natural that such a garment should be cherished with reverence. Not that it was a wonderful gown—black alpaca, cut full, as was the bountiful fashion of the seventies, severely plain; but it had served its purpose for over forty years.

"And now Aunt Ann had decided it was to be an everyday dress. So she sat in her rocking chair, very stiff and prim, but resolute; for Aunt Ann had developed the spirit of revolt. No longer would she be concerned about the cleanliness of the kitchen floor, or the dishes which, thrice daily, someone had to wash and wipe and put away. *Aunt Ann was through!*

"She had so announced; and, having delivered her ultimatum, she had retired to her room, opened the bureau drawer, taken out a bundle pinned up in a white sheet, and, presto! the best dress came forth.

"Never had she dared to wear this garment, save at funerals; but now she sat all day in her room, adorned in her best; sat and primly rocked. She went to her meals, but hurried back to the sanctuary of her room and to the rocking chair.

"And now, to-day, she knew there would be a caller; one who had been summoned to inquire into the reason of her revolt; and she waited for the expected knock.

"She bowed with serenity as the caller came in. Sitting in state, with the best dress as an armor for aged dignity, she received her visitor.

"'My! but you're dressed up, Aunt Ann!'

"'Yes; from now on I'm always going to be!'

"'No more help?'

"'No!' the monosyllable was snapped out.

"'Is that fair?' queried the caller.

"'Yes! Ain't it time? How long should a body work? If I'm to rest ever, it must be from now on.'

"This was delivered serenely and in measured tones. Although she had begun to wonder at her courage, she would not weaken; she would see it through.

"'You're too young to quit, Aunt Ann. Just a few years longer, a little help to the others here, and then the best dress and the folded hands!'

"'Go on!' she taunted; 'the best dress and the folded hands and people saying, "Ain't her smile natural!"'

"'Oh, I've heard it at many funerals where I've helped. Perhaps you don't know about me. If you did, you'd know I should have quit years ago. I don't look my age, but I'm eighty-four. If I'm ever going to sit and rock and rest, isn't it from now on? Fourteen years I'm living on borrowed time. So I'm through!'

"She paused and looked out of the window. The spirit of revolt was gone; and the tears rolled down her wrinkled cheeks.

"'I just want to be took care of; only that!' she said.

"THE caller laid a kindly hand on her shoulder. 'Tell me all about it, Aunt Ann,' he said.

"''Tain't as if I'd ever seen better days, like some that come to the poor farm,' she explained. 'I've *always* been poor and misfortunate. We was fishing folks; and you know what that means. It's different now; but in my childhood, fishing and poverty run hand in hand.

"'I was the oldest of ten and I never had no real childhood. I always had care and trouble and almost starvation.

"'What do you, or anybody, that ain't been through it, know about poverty? No money, no food, father at sea, mother sick, no doctor—and all coming on Ann! Ann couldn't be spared, even to go to school.

"'Do you wonder I ran off at seventeen and got married, to get away from it?

"'Get *away* from it! I was in worse! I became the mother of many children; and many of them died. My husband meant well, but he too was a fisherman. We were so poor that when one baby died we couldn't even pay for the buryin' of it.

"'My husband made the little coffin; I lined it with the only whole sheet I had; and at night we carried it to the buryin' ground ourselves.

"'We weren't church folks; so we just stood there and held hands; and I know I asked God to take the baby and do well by him, and I guess my husband asked the same.

"'Later, my man died. I worked to keep the children going. But them as was good all died; and the others married and multiplied!

"'My path has always been *up-hill.* Never any level stretches! Never any hand reached out to help me over the rough places! It was always *my* hand that was stretched out, a-pulling someone else up.

"'I was always takin' care of myself and of other folks. No one ever asked me if I was tired, if I was spent, if I wanted help. And always the path went up and up, till it seemed as if I *must* get to a place where there'd be rest for me.

"'Always, for seventy-five years, children's fingers have been tugging at my skirts. Babies' fingers that somehow you can't unfasten! And now—now—Oh, I want to be *took care of!* Only that! Can't you understand?'

"SHE rocked back and forth, back and forth, smoothing the white apron with her wrinkled hands.

"'Yes, Aunt Ann, I do understand,' the caller said. 'You see, you have wandered away from us all. You have gone up and up, until you have gained the mountain tops, which so few of us ever reach. It is because you are so far above us all that we have lost sight of you. But now we do want to take care of you, Aunt Ann.'

"'I *felt* you'd understand,' she went on. 'But I don't know nothin' about mountains. I never saw one.

"'What I want,' she said, 'is a long and lingerin' sickness at the last. I want to lay on a clean white bed, in a pleasant room, where I can look out at the low hills.

"'I want a nurse, in a blue uniform, with a big white apun and a teeny cap. She'll open the door quietly and say: "Good-mornin', Aunt Ann!" You've seen 'em, haven't you?

"'I want to have my victuals brought to me on a tray, with a white napkin. And I want a vase of flowers. *Real* flowers! Not the kind that folks have in gardens and settin'-room windows; but the kind that's bought for big funerals—roses and tuberoses and such, that smell so sweet you can sniff the odor in parlors for weeks after the buryin's over.

"'And I want to linger and linger; and have folks ask after me, ask if I had a good night and if I took nourishment and if I'm wastin' away.

"'Now you understand; *don't* you? . . . I want to be *took care of!*'

"Only a few months later, they wrote the caller that (*Continued on page 108*)

How to Escape Loneliness

"IF ANYONE should ask me," says Mr. Bardwell, "how to escape the loneliness which comes to so many people, young as well as old, I should say, 'Learn to fit in! Learn to change your point of view! Learn to give; and learn, also, to receive. Admit that you are not infallible. Give the other person's opinion the benefit of the doubt. Take life as it comes to you. And, no matter how it comes, don't despise it!'"

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"Wichita Bill," Cowboy Artist, Rode Into The Halls Of Fame

To his old-time friends he is "Bill," but in the world of art he is John Noble, famous for his marvelous paintings of the sea, of Breton ships, of Kansas scenes, of the New England coast, and of the "Magic City," New York

By M. K. Wisehart

NOON! April 22d, 1889! The Kansas plain! A brilliant sun—high and clear! Sand blowing across the waste in horizontal ribbons. . . .

For days the Federal troops have been holding back the eager homesteaders, gathered by thousands along the Kansas line. A signal is given. . . . The troops make way. . . . The frontier yell rings out, "Yip! Yip! Ki! Yi!" It leaps from throat to throat for miles. There follows the headlong sweep of a dun-colored multitude. The famous Oklahoma "run" is on!

A young man with a wildly flowing scarlet neckerchief, a cattleman's hat, and chaps—he has just turned twenty-one—rises in his stirrups above an iron-gray broncho. Almost obscured by the dust, the actors in this great drama press on. They surge at his right and at his left—in waves that reach as far as the eye can see. Bronchos and thoroughbreds, oxen and mules! Here a woman in a blue sunbonnet clings to the seat of a careening wagon! There, a white mule, its ears laid back, whipped to the fore by a man in a red sulky! Vehicles of every description—buckboards and canvas-covered Conestoga wagons! A dismantled gambling-house laden on wheels! All plunge forward in a wild, mad race for the best town lots and homestead lands!

For the first twenty-one miles the run lay across the Cherokee Reservation. There were creeks and rivers to cross. One of these creeks, with steep banks, was known to have but one ford. The hard-riding host converges in a wedge-shaped V! Thus, some who sought homes, found death! Cries and groans! The shrilling of terrified and injured horses. Smashed heads! Battered wagons! Dashed hopes!

All this you will find in your history; the essential facts, if not the spectacular details seen by an eyewitness. You have read how the unoccupied Territory of Oklahoma, staked out in claims and thrown open by President Harrison's proclamation, was settled almost within a day. Overnight, that no man's land acquired a population of nearly twenty thousand!

But what of the young man on the iron-gray broncho?

Having started from a point near Caldwell, Kansas, he was two hours and a half reaching the Oklahoma line. Many were ahead of him. Some were already plowing. They were the "sooners," who, by hook or crook, had got in ahead of the noon-time signal. It was eighteen miles farther on to the south and west, where he found an unoccupied claim.

That night he slept on the ground. It was as dry as a bone. There were stars . . . the Big Dipper and the Little Dipper and the Milky Way, sidereal phenomena of which the cowboy-adventurer had learned something during a few months in school. And he had his dreams. For him the "run" was a mere adventure, not a home-seeking quest; and his dreams were not of plowing the land. Of all the dreams that may have visited the sons of the new-born Oklahoma that night, his was perhaps the most strange. A dream of art! Of a career as a painter!

Lo and behold, when morning broke, a curious discovery: A covered wagon had arrived in the night and had camped on his claim! He unhobbled the broncho and galloped across to inspect the invader. At the sound of hoofs, a small girl stuck out her head from behind the canvas curtain; then a woman in calico. Gray hair streaked her face. "My husband couldn't find no claim!" she said. "We ain't had no luck!" Then appeared the husband. An old-timer, he!

"There ain't gonna be no dispute about no land!" said the cowboy-adventurer and would-be artist. "Take it! Gimme a drink of water, and you can have the claim!"

And he vanished!

Seventy or eighty miles he rode that day, arriving at night at Oklahoma City, where he saw more history in the making: The new-laid streets were alight with the flare of kerosene torches, gambling houses were already in full swing, water was ten cents a cup, and any other drink was a dollar.

I WAS talking the other day with that cowboy adventurer in his studio in East Fiftieth Street, in New York. A world-renowned artist now, around sixty years of age, tall, a little stooped, a pleasing, childlike simplicity in his blue eyes, his hair long after the fashion of the plains and touched with silver; he is known where art is known as John Noble. To some of his friends he is Bill—"Wichita Bill." And he is famous for marvelous paintings of the sea, of Breton ships and peasants, of Kansas moonlight, of the Oklahoma "run," of Provincetown, Massachusetts, and of the "Magic City," New York.

One picture on his easel the day I called on him was "The (*Continued on page 66*)

The Three Periods of an Active Life

"AND now I am around sixty," says John Noble. "I have seen much! I have lived much! The autumn years have come! In the art world they say that the life of every artist worth his salt falls into three periods. But I would say that these same three periods occur in the lives of all who try to do and be something worth-while.

"First, those early years of trouble, of youth, of searching, of groping uncertainty. Through this maze of doubt we grasp one or two essential facts, and what each grasps varies according to the law of his being. Second, comes the period of effort, of striving for that which we think is worth-while. And somewhere around forty this phase merges into the third. By now a man knows whether that which he seeks is worth seeking. He begins to see more clearly. He renews his effort; he gets a strong hold; his course is charted. As he matures and ripens and saddens, he has his hours of gayety. He works with faith in the pain that has gone before."

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Photograph by D. Jay Culver

John Noble

BORN among the buffalo wallows of the American Panhandle, John Noble, painter, has followed a winding trail that has led him from the West to Paris, to the coast of Brittany, to Picardy, to London, and back home to fame. He was recently elected a member of the National Academy. At fourteen, Noble was herding sheep on his father's ranch near Wichita, Kansas. When he was eighteen, or thereabouts, he had six months in a Cincinnati art school. The following ten years he spent in wandering from town to town in the Southwest, doing portraits in crayon and painting pictures on saloon walls. He was twenty-nine when he went to Paris to study, and he was nearly forty before anybody paid much attention to his work. His most famous studies are of the sea, of Breton ships and peasants, of Western pioneer life, and recently of Provincetown and New York.

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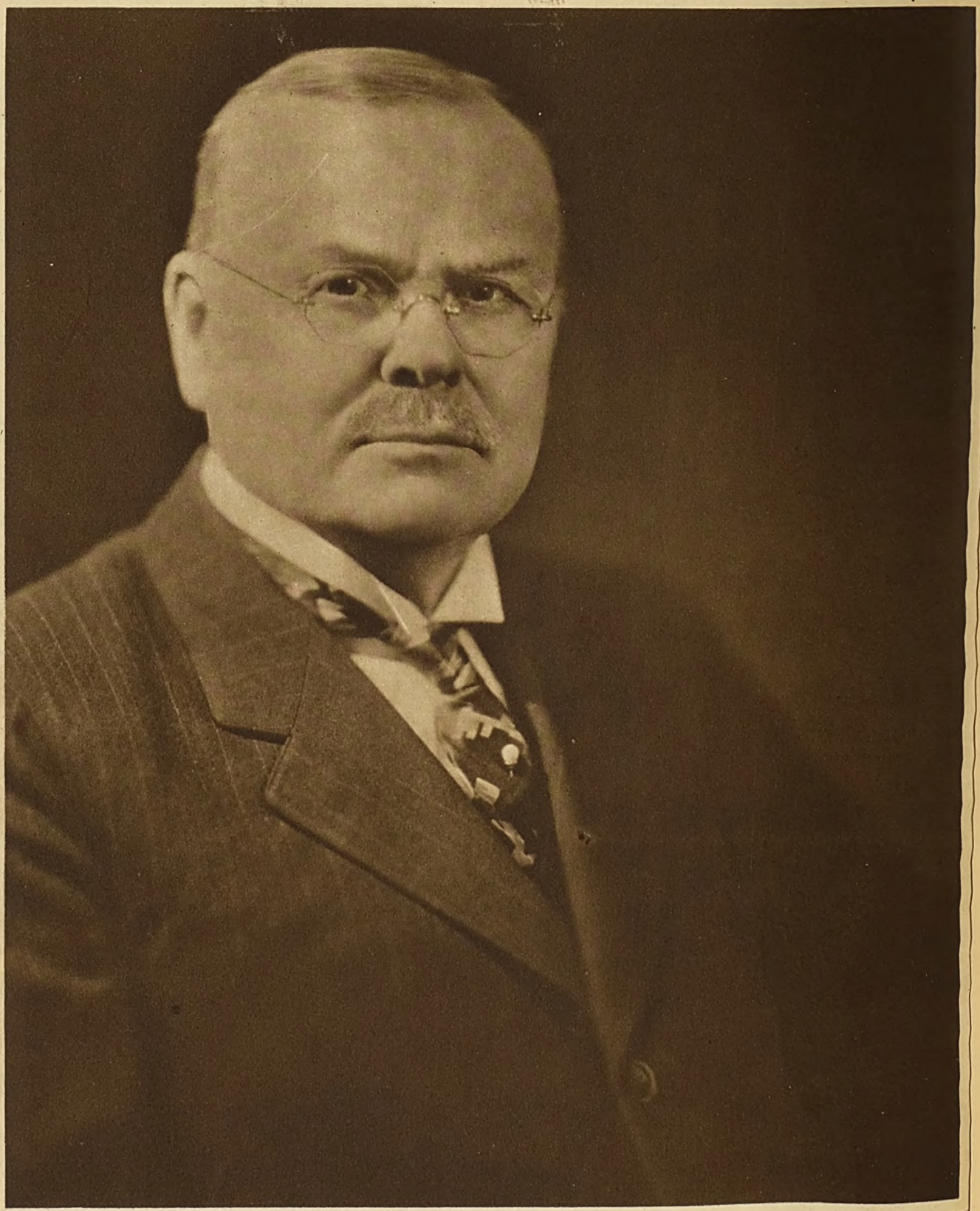

Photograph by Strauss Peyton

Theodore Gary

MR. GARY is head of the Kansas City company which bears his name. Since he entered the telephone field, thirty years ago, as the owner of a single small independent unit, he has been an outstanding figure in linking up local telephone units with those of the country at large. To-day, eighty per cent of the world's automatic telephone equipment is supplied by the companies controlled by Mr. Gary and his associates. The son of an Ohio house mover, Theodore Gary followed his father's trade until he was twenty-four years old. Then, thrilled by an intensive survey of the resources of his community, he went into the real estate business. He was forty-three when he bought his first telephone company. Mr. Gary is now seventy-three years old. His home is in Macon, Missouri.

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It Took Gary 43 Years To Beat The Family Luck

By William S. Dutton

BACK in the "old days" of American telephone development—when competition between the Bell and independent telephone interests was little short of actual warfare—a group of linemen employed by a Mid-West independent company spied a roll of Bell wire unguarded in the street.

One of the linemen was a newcomer to this particular company's pay roll, but he was not new to telephone work and the common practices of the time. Without a word, he hefted the roll of wire to his shoulder and tossed it into the company wagon.

"Good wire!" he grinned.

"Put it back!" roared the old Irish foreman. "What kind of a thavin' outfit trained ye? I say, put it back!"

The new lineman's jaw dropped in astonishment. "But, Boss, can't you see it's Bell wire?" he protested. "Bell wire, and brand-new?"

"That's the very r'ason," the old foreman thundered, "why ye've got to put it back!

"Ye're a Theodore Gary man now," he added grimly, "and if ye want to keep your job and a whole hide ye'll protect Theodore Gary's honor the same as he would himself. If Mr. Gary found ye had swiped that wire, or any wire, the whole gang o' us'd be fired!"

That anecdote, related to me by one of his associates, gave me my first glimpse of Theodore Gary, of Missouri, to-day an outstanding figure in his state and country.

My second glimpse affords another revelation of the policy and the character of the man: Mr. Gary wanted an executive to fill a very important, highly technical, position in his organization. Such an executive was not easily found.

"I've a man in mind," remarked an associate, "but it is hardly worth while mentioning him. He has little or no education and no technical training. In fact, he is not much more than a laborer."

"Then why is he in your mind?" Gary inquired.

On several occasions, the other explained, this man, little better than a laborer, had attracted his attention by the peculiar aptitude he exhibited for technical work.

Gary's keen eyes lighted. "Is he honest?" he asked. "Is he industrious? Is he bright, clean, courteous, alert, and sound in limb and in mind?"

"More than that," said the associate. "He is also ambitious."

"Then," decided Gary instantly, "I want that man. Training, the one thing he lacks, can be supplied; but what he already has no school in the world could give him. Hire him. Send him to school. Let the expense be his salary. When he comes back, the job will be awaiting him. Any man who has aptitude, character, health, and ambition is well worth waiting for."

That ex-laborer rose to one of the highest posts in the vast Gary organization, which, at its peak, employs upward of twenty-five thousand men and women.

But wait! I got still a third glimpse of Theodore Gary preliminary to meeting the man.

One day, Gary, in company with the general manager, visited one of his various telephone plants. It was morning, and a new superintendent had just taken charge. Quite casually, Mr. Gary pointed out some work he wished done, and departed. He had issued no out-and-out orders.

Later in the day, while revisiting the plant on another matter, he noticed that the superintendent had not yet started the work discussed that morning. A little sharply, he directed the new executive's attention to the fact. "Get that work *done!*" he finished.

Taken aback, the superintendent went to the general manager. Mr. Gary had told him about the work only a few hours before, he complained. "And I planned to get men at it the first thing to-morrow. How fast does Gary expect a man to move around here?"

The general manager, who had grown gray in the Gary service, smiled. "Gary doesn't believe in to-morrows," he said dryly. "He is the kind of a man who wants things done yesterday!"

TO-DAY, at seventy-three years of age, Gary's name is linked with a hundred-odd enterprises extending into every part of the world, and the Mid-West points to him as one of its ablest business men. Last year, he and his associates, operating as Theodore Gary and Company, with headquarters in Kansas City, Missouri, did a business in excess of one hundred and fifty million dollars, and through control of the International Telephone Sales and Engineering Corporation and of the Automatic Electric Company of Chicago, and affiliated companies, supplied eighty per cent of the world's automatic telephone equipment.

In addition, they controlled Kansas City's largest bank; the British Columbia Telephone Company of Vancouver, and other widely scattered properties. Behind them, over a quarter-century of Gary leadership, was an unbroken record of brilliant business strokes, including consolidation of the Kansas City Home and the Bell Telephone (*Continued on page 139*)

Tips for Young Men from One Who Knows the Ways of Business

"NEVER do business on a hunch," says Mr. Gary. "Investigate. Get the facts.

"Determine to be prosperous. Without this determination, you stand still. Stand still, and you go backward, for time and other men keep moving.

"Hold your temper and your tongue—even when it hurts.

"It is not enough to be truthful. Try to find out what the truth really is. Never cease to ask questions, and to listen to the answers. Keep your mind open.

"If you are earning one thousand dollars a year and spending one thousand dollars a year, don't waste time thinking how you can save one hundred dollars. Use your energy to figure out how you can make eleven hundred dollars.

"Don't depreciate your own importance and ability; but don't appreciate them too much. Honesty, like charity, should begin at home.

"Every man should be equipped with reverse gears, so that he can back up and start over again when he finds himself on the wrong road.

"Eighty-five per cent efficiency is great, but one hundred per cent integrity and loyalty is imperative."

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The Thing To Do

A story in which the son of a quitter loses—and finds—everything

By Drew Hill

ILLUSTRATED BY T. D. SKIDMORE

HE HAD been waiting twenty minutes: a well-dressed boy of nineteen, with sandy hair, a sensitive mouth, and clear blue eyes, now staring vacantly at the center of the Oriental rug that stretched across the anteroom of Trelfall's office. Trelfall, the attorney.

Niel Chetwood remembered that it wasn't so very many months ago when he had entered this same anteroom with his father—and been admitted to Trelfall's private office at once. It had always been that way wherever he went with his father. He had come to expect it, like so many other things that went with wealth.

But there was a startling difference, now that his father had lost everything, and disappeared. It had all happened so suddenly. Just nine days before, as Niel was racing across the snow-covered campus of St. Matthew's School to his last class of the day, someone handed him Trelfall's telegram. A terse, brief message stating that Chetwood and Company had failed—insolvent—dismissed from the Stock Exchange.

Niel Chetwood never attended his last class. He took the first train for New York and went home; only there wasn't anyone in the big, richly furnished apartment on Park Avenue when he got there—not even a servant. Twelve empty rooms. And an hour later, Trelfall, in that smooth, suave voice he affected, told the boy the rest of the story: John Chetwood had walked out of his Wall Street office the day before—and no one had seen him since. No trace had been found of him. He had left no word. He had left nothing.

And for nine days Niel Chetwood had wandered aimlessly through those twelve silent rooms—waiting—expecting every hour to hear from his father. But no word ever came.

So Niel had come down to see Trelfall for the third, and, he hoped, the last time. A girl emerged from the inner office.

"Mr. Trelfall will see you now," she told him.

Niel went inside and sat down facing Trelfall's narrow, hatchet-jawed countenance, from which the eyes regarded him impersonally.

"Ah, yes—Chetwood. I—ah—regret to say that we still have received no information concerning your father. Despite the redoubled efforts of my friend, the police commissioner, not the slightest trace of—ah—Mr. Chetwood can be found. It is, of course, very unfortunate."

The boy ran nervous fingers through his sandy hair.

"But isn't there something I can do, Mr. Trelfall? I hate just sitting around like this—doing nothing—not knowing where to turn. I'd so like to find him."

The attorney shrugged slightly.

"Naturally—naturally," he said. "But for you to search for him would cost—ah—" He paused and rubbed one hand along the edge of his mahogany desk. Then, "Exactly how much money have you, my boy?"

Niel Chetwood frowned at the term, "my boy." After a moment, he replied, "About two hundred dollars."

"Well—ah—I'm afraid you couldn't go very far on that amount. Furthermore, I would strongly urge you to make it last as long as possible, because there is no place that I know of where you—ah—can secure any more. Your father lost every dollar that he owned—every cent, to be precise."

"But the things at home—" Niel began.

"Ah—to be sure," interrupted the attorney. "I'm sorry to have to tell you that everything there will be taken over by the creditors, and sold at public auction very shortly."

THE boy's mouth opened a little in hurt surprise. He leaned back in his chair, and his chin sank slowly against the collar of his overcoat.

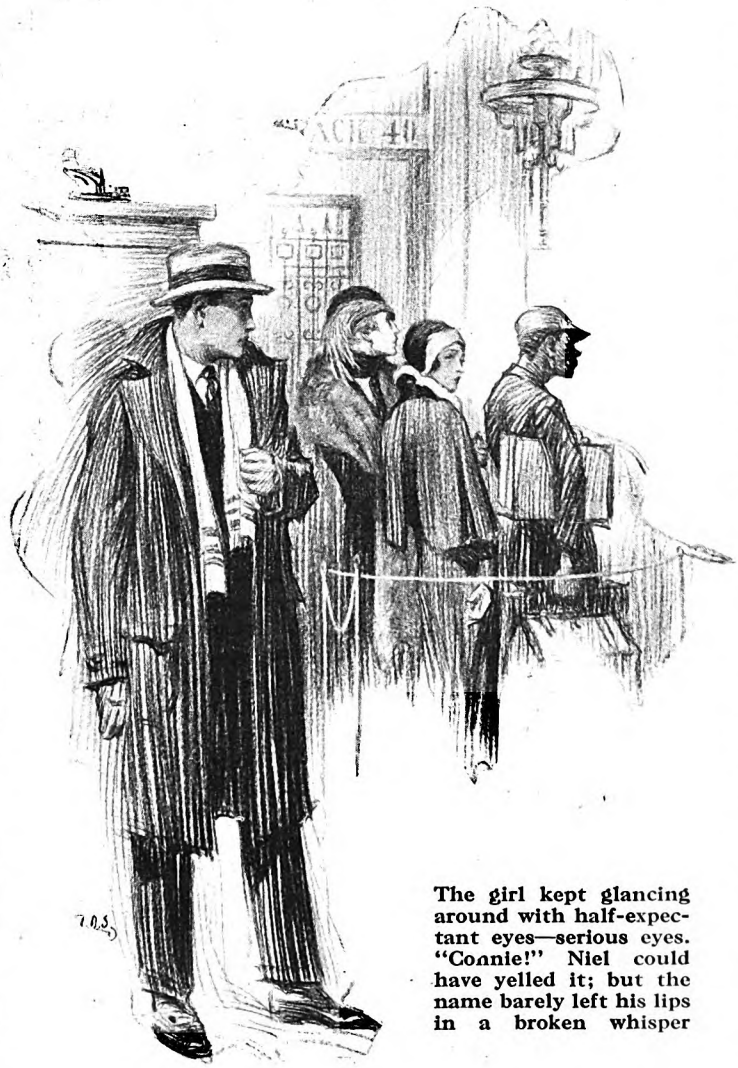
"Oh—I—I see," he presently murmured, fumbling with his hat. "Then you—then that means I'll have to get out right away, doesn't it?"

Trelfall coughed delicately. "Well—ah—I wouldn't say that exactly. Another day or two won't make a great deal of difference."

Niel Chetwood rose suddenly to his feet.

"Mr. Trelfall, I—I won't take up any more of your time," he faltered, glancing down. "And I'll send you my new address, in case—"

"Of course—certainly. Yes, do—and call on me any time for—ah—advice, my boy." He stopped and pulled open a drawer of the desk. "Oh, by the way"—he extended a sealed envelope to Chetwood—"here's a letter to my friend Wilkinson, president of the First National, you know. He'll be glad



The girl kept glancing around with half-expectant eyes—serious eyes. "Connie!" Niel could have yelled it; but the name barely left his lips in a broken whisper

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He was conscious of a pair of blue eyes meeting his own—of the pressure of a firm handclasp—of his apparent inability to speak a word

to—ah—employ you in some capacity, I'm sure." As the boy took the letter and mumbled his thanks, the lawyer added, "Let's see; you were going to enter Princeton next fall, were you not? That is, if this—"

Niel nodded dumbly.

"Too bad, too bad," Trelfall went on, busying himself with some papers. "College means so much to a man. Well—ah—good luck, my boy."

Niel Chetwood walked out of the office, down two flights of marble stairs, and out of the building. As he reached the corner of the street he halted, jerked the letter from his pocket, and tore it up—the pieces scattering over the dirty slush at his feet.

He found a place to live over on West Eighty-third Street the next morning—and moved in. A room with one window overlooking several dirty brownstone houses and a corner of Amsterdam Avenue. And all the rest of that day Niel sat there in front of the window, with his unopened suit case beside him, staring out at the sodden grayness of the January afternoon.

One fact which the boy could not seem to reconcile himself to was that in ten days' time everything that he had known had been swept away from him; everything had changed. That this should have happened to him—and that not one of all his father's "friends," only a few of whom he knew by sight, had come forward with a kindly word—did not seem possible. His own friends were a handful of wealthy, immature schoolboys whose homes were in the four corners of the country. All his possessions were in this cheaply furnished room, and in the trunk that was being sent here. His home—or, rather, the twelve rooms that he and his father had used as a place to go to whenever they wished—was gone. His father, whom he saw a few weeks out of every year, and whom he never really knew, had disappeared. He could not remember his mother.

And that which he had looked forward to with the greatest pleasure and anticipation—four years at Princeton—could never be.

But there was something else.

It came to the boy suddenly—and with such force as to overwhelm all those other poignant thoughts with which his mind

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had been filled for so long: A seventeen-year-old girl, Constance Dana, whose father had been head master of St. Matthew's ever since Niel had entered the school at the age of eleven. A black-haired, vivacious, laughing, teasing girl whose blue eyes had, in the last year particularly, upset the hearts of nearly every boy in the upper classes. Niel Chetwood worshiped her. And he suddenly realized that he had not heard from her.

Other letters had come—from Dave and Stony and Tommy De-Witt, well-meaning, though strained, carefully written letters. Yet, it had not struck him until just this instant that the forced tone of those letters might have been due to the statements published in some of the newspapers soon after his father's disappearance: "Over-speculation;" "questionable business methods;" "further investigation by the district attorney;" "strange disappearance."

NIEL stood up and pressed his hot forehead against the window-pane. That was it!—the fellows at school felt contempt for him. Because his father had failed—and quit. They were thinking him the son of a quitter. He could hear them saying it:

"Imagine Chet's governor doing a stunt like that. Pretty shady!"

Shady! Quitter! That's what they were . . . but not Connie Dana. Why, they'd played around together since they were kids. He'd taken her to the first school prom he'd been allowed to attend. She liked him better than any other chap that had ever come to St. Matthew's. She had told him that. No!—Connie wouldn't think . . . but wouldn't she? The Danas came from the best families in Massachusetts. They were well-to-do. Connie was proud—had a right to be . . . and she hadn't written.

Something snapped inside the boy. He gritted his teeth and pressed quivering lips to the cold window to fight it down. His clenched hands beat against the dust-covered ledge. But it came on—in quick, choking breaths and tear-clouded eyes. It had to come, all that welled-up disappointment, confusion, chagrin, pride, loneliness—broken loose, at last, by the thought of a winsome, blue-eyed girl who had once told him he was the finest boy she had ever known.

He tried to speak her name, but his voice caught, choked, and, turning swiftly away from the window, he dropped face downward on the narrow, creaking bed back of him, his whole body shaking with the gulping, broken sobs that came from his throat.

At what seemed, to Niel Chetwood, many hours later, he felt a hand touch his shoulder, and a gruff voice say:

"Listen, Buddy, I been a-hammerin' on yer door fer 'bout five minutes. Gotcha trunk outside—"

Niel slowly raised his head and looked up through swollen eyes. A middle-aged man with small, twinkling eyes and a ruddy complexion was regarding him with a quizzical expression.

"Well, now, it sorta looks to me as how yer a little mite homesick—that right?"

The boy sat up and dropped his arms listlessly against the side of the bed. He made no reply.

"Say, don't let it git yer, kid," the expressman went on with a kindly smile. "I know how 'tis meself, seein' as I come here thirty years ago right smack from home. Just 'bout yer age, too, I was. An', cripes! I sure did miss the folks. But say"—he leaned forward and placed a gnarled hand on Niel's shoulder—"know what I done? I says to meself, 'Joe Calder, the thing fer you to do is to take this here town by the seat o' the pants an' hold right on till they recognizes yer fer what yer worth, an' welcomes yer. Then,' I says, 'ye'll be too busy to be homesick.' An', by Judas, I did! Sure!"

Niel glanced up with a wan smile, and shook his head.

"Thanks, but I'm afraid you don't—"

The expressman straightened and grinned. "Sure I do! Here—wait'll I drag yer trunk in. Be a dollar-fifty, kid."

As Niel reached for his wallet and counted out the money for the trunk, he was again reminded of his dwindling finances. This wouldn't last very long . . . have to get some kind of a job pretty soon.

He was still gazing abstractedly at the contents of his open wallet when Calder entered with the trunk and set it down before him.

"There y'are, son," grunted the expressman, and walked over to take the money from Chetwood. "Thanks. Now, just sign"—he paused, glanced from the receipt book he held to the wallet in Niel's hands—and then squinted around at the trunk he had just carried in. "Sort of a swell place I brung this trunk from, weren't it?"

"Yes," said the boy quietly, "it was."

The expressman looked down at Chetwood again with slightly puzzled eyes. "It ain't none o' my business. But if yer asked me I'd say yer was a darn sight better off right here"

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"Musta been mighty high livin' there?"

"Yes," said Niel again, "it was."

The man looked down at Chetwood again with slightly puzzled eyes, and rubbed the back of his head with the stub of a pencil.

"Well, I'm kinda mixed up, an', anyways, it ain't none o' my business. But if yer asked me I'd say yer was a darn sight better off right here." Then, as Niel gave the receipt book back to him, Calder abruptly inquired, "Got a job?"

Niel was a little surprised at the question. Inquisitive old duck, he thought, and yet—

"Why, no," he replied pleasantly. "Guess I'll start hunting one to-morrow, though."

Joe Calder studied the boy for a moment in silence. He seemed to be running something over in his mind, and a little hesitant about saying it.

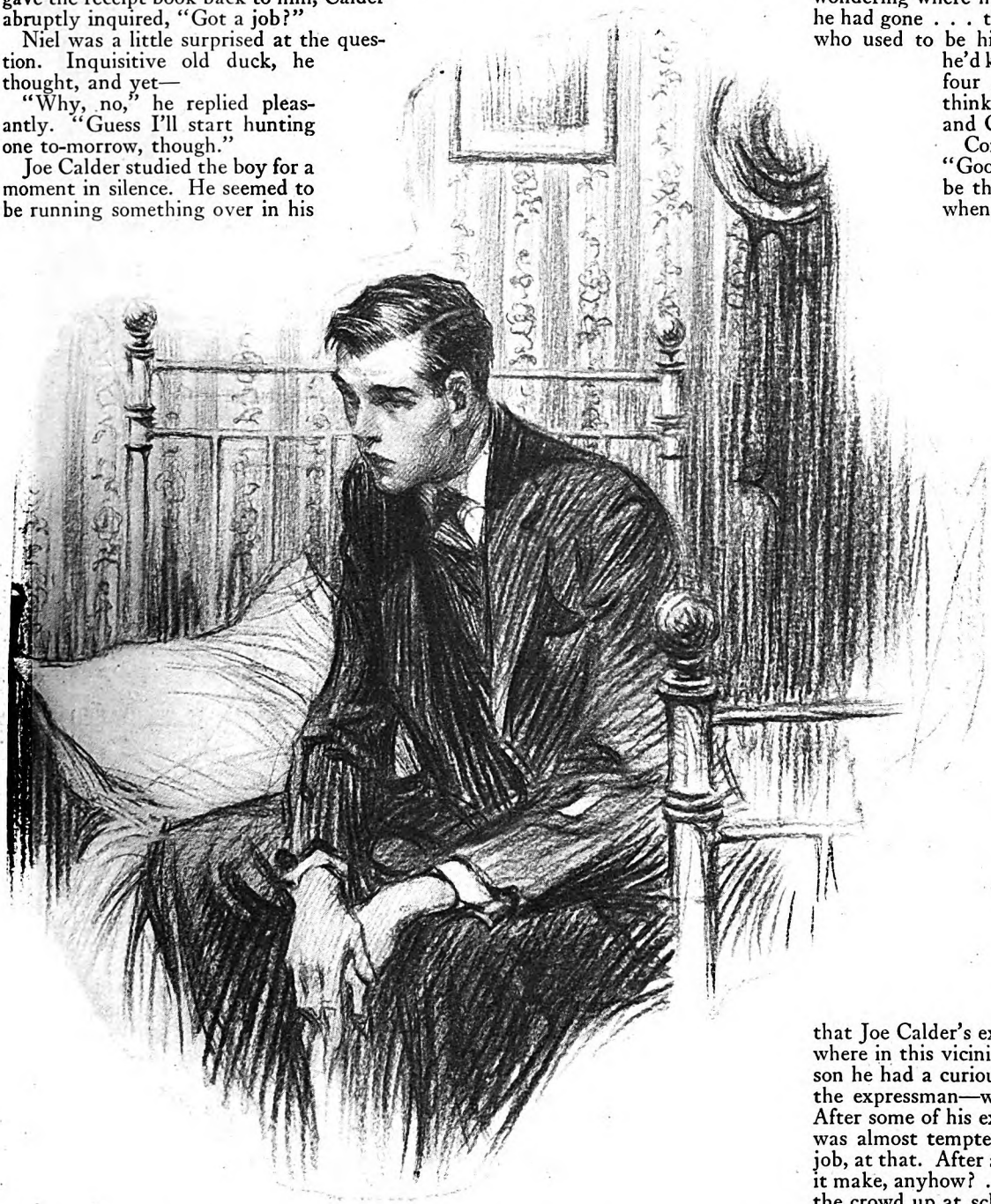
"Now, I ain't a-sayin' yer cut out fer my kind of work, specially," he finally remarked; "but I own a mighty good express business, only 'bout four blocks away. An' everybody on Amsterdam Avenue knows Joe Calder. Sure!" He paused again. "What I mean is that yer a husky lad, an' I sorta like yer looks. Now, if yer need a job real bad, I can fix yer up over at my—"

Chetwood rose to his feet and stepped over to the window.

"Why, that—that's very decent of you," he mumbled in an embarrassed manner; "only I— Well, you see, I thought I'd look around first—"

"Sure!" broke in the expressman heartily. "Tha's all right. Well, if yer ever over my way, an' nothin' else to do, just drop in. So long, son."

Niel smiled a response over his shoulder, and then gazed out at the darkening street again. Another night to go through, with nothing to do but think, think. . . .



Somehow, though, he felt a little better about things, and as he watched Calder climb into his wagon outside and drive off, Niel's eyes followed him until he turned the corner and disappeared. It was not until a half-hour afterward, while he was eating at a small restaurant down the street, that the thought came to Niel Chetwood that the only person who had spoken a decent word to him since he had left school was—an expressman. He could still feel the friendly pressure of the man's fingers on his shoulder.

Niel paid his check and walked out to the street again. He didn't care particularly where his footsteps led him, except that he knew he didn't want to go back to the dreary silence of his room—not yet. It wasn't so bad in the daytime—out where he could see people—and keep his mind on other things. But at night—wondering where his father was and why he had gone . . . the fellows up at school who used to be his friends . . . fellows he'd known two years, three, four . . . what were they thinking about him? . . . and Connie Dana. . . .

Connie used to say to him: "Goodness! But won't you be the important old thing when you get to Princeton—"

A bulky figure knocked against Niel suddenly, and broke in on his thoughts. "Hey! why'n thunder doncha look where yer goin'?"

Niel did not even glance around. He turned into Broadway and walked on—shivering slightly at being jarred out of his reverie, and conscious that he was feeling cold. But he turned up his overcoat collar and kept on. He wasn't going back—no, not yet.

IT WAS three days later that Niel, returning from an unsuccessful search for a job down-town, got off at the Seventy-ninth Street subway station, and walked over to Amsterdam Avenue. He had come that way before; but not until this afternoon did he recall that Joe Calder's express office was somewhere in this vicinity. And for some reason he had a curious desire to drop in on the expressman—well, just to say hello. After some of his experiences that day he was almost tempted to ask Calder for a job, at that. After all, what difference did it make, anyhow? . . . Lord, what a kick the crowd up at school would get out of it if he did! . . . Slinging trunks! Niel smiled bitterly at the thought.

A few steps farther on he saw a man climb out of the rear end of a wagon. It was almost dark, so that Niel wasn't sure it was Calder until he walked closer.

"Hello," said Niel, a little awkwardly.

The expressman turned around, squinted at him an instant, and then grinned.

"Hello, young feller! Didn't know yer at first. Well, how yer makin' it?"

The boy smiled slightly and shoved his hands into his pockets.

"Oh, all right." (*Continued on page 76*)

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You Can Keep A Youthful Figure If You Treat Your Muscles Right

An interview with Milton H. Berry

As reported by Magner White

DISTRIBUTED over your body in an amazing network are approximately six hundred and eighty-two little braces composed of the most remarkable active substance in the world—muscle-fiber. Remove a few of these braces from around your abdomen, your groins and thighs and, no matter how efficient the muscles in your leg might be, you could not walk.

Muscles give you your shape. They give you, in one sense of the word, your personality. There is no more striking thing in the world than the marvelous complexity of your muscular system. The muscles of your body come in all sorts of shapes and sizes, ranging from the sartorius—a long, flat ribbon-like muscle on the front of the thigh which flexes the leg or thigh, rotates the leg outward and makes it possible for you to cross your legs—down to the stapedius muscle in the ear, a tiny little fiber, so small that anatomists were a long time in recognizing its importance.

Muscles are of two main types: voluntary and involuntary. The voluntary muscles are those you can move at will; the involuntary are those not subject to your will or control. By far the greater number of muscles in your body are voluntary.

Few people, unfortunately, realize how many of their muscles are voluntary. When we do nothing to exercise a muscle, it begins to lose its power. Some of my patients, or students, as I prefer to call them, have laughed at me when I asked them to try to move the muscles of the abdomen. They thought such muscles involuntary. Many healthy persons who have lapsed into indolent habits, have the same erroneous idea.

As an example of what can be done by training the voluntary muscles, most of us have seen athletes on the stage who could move the muscles of the back as easily as you or I move the muscles of our hands. And who doesn't remember the little boy in school who could wiggle his ears, and make his scalp squirm?

To a great extent the difference in bodily appearance in people is due to the variations in the conditions under which their voluntary muscles have been developed. From the instant we are born we start developing these muscles. One child will show an aptitude in one direction, another in another direction, and although all of them have started with the same general equipment at birth, within five years a very great difference in contour and appearance is apparent.

No one knows exactly how many muscles there are in the human body, for the simple reason that the number varies with age. The approximate number, as I have said, is six hundred and eighty-two. But no human being of record has ever reached adult life with every one of his muscles developed to the fullest extent. A man with every one of his muscles fully developed would be a veritable superman. And he would also be a strange-looking creature: great, bulbous, cord-like knots all over his body—something like a gorilla!

But, as it works out in real life, there is a wide variation in muscular development. One group of people, engaged in a particular occupation or specific activities, will develop and bring out muscles that in another group, in different lines of work and activity, will be atrophied or underdeveloped almost to the point of nonexistence.

One of Nature's outstanding traits is her efficiency. If a muscle isn't being used, she gets busy diminishing its size, so it will not draw on the system for any more sustenance than its activity entitles it to. She plays no favorites, and she is particularly harsh in her treatment of the muscles of paralytics. Paralysis reduces a muscle to a state of complete inactivity, with the result that the muscle wastes away; then, when the cause of the trouble has finally disappeared, the muscle is in such a condition that it takes hours and hours of patient exercise and *thought*, to bring it back to normal.

THOUGHT, by the way, is very important in the development of your muscles, even if you are a perfectly healthy person and are exercising only to keep up the general tone of your muscular system. Let me describe a commonplace little experiment which will show you the power of thought when concentrated on your muscles:

Hold your hand out before you. Open and shut the fingers. Now that was a simple mechanical action, not fatiguing, and, through years of habit, requiring no vividly conscious effort on your part.

All right! Now close your fist. I take hold of your fingers and try to open them, but you *resist*—consciously and determinedly. You are not going to let me open those fingers. Now I have stopped trying to open your fingers, and you open them yourself. What do you feel? What has happened to your hand?

Did you see the muscles in your forearm tighten? Did you feel the quickening of your pulse, the rush of blood to your hand, the lashing of your nerves as your mind again and again sent the impulse to resist into your fingers—the general summoning of strength for the task of keeping your hand closed?

Your mind—your thought—did all that. Your mind will always do that if you "put it on your muscles" when you exercise. Of course I am not speaking now of the kind of exercise you might get in a football game; but even in that kind of exercise your mind goes through the same process of summoning strength for the series of crises, although it acts a bit subconsciously.

The kind of exercise I mean is the ordinary bending, twisting and turning exercises known as "setting-up" exercises, exercises taken deliberately for that specific purpose. Conscious thought, added to the process of going through the motions, will increase the value of this kind of exercises a hundred per cent.

OUR muscles are wonderfully coördinated. I don't know of any voluntary muscle that operates by itself. Give your wrist a twist, as far as possible: Twenty muscles participated in that movement, the twenty muscles of your forearm.

If a set of your muscles has become weak through inactivity, you can "approach" that set in your exercises and gradually bring them into line by starting first on the muscles that coördinate with them. Let me make that clearer:

Suppose a person is so paralyzed he cannot walk. It's an impossibility to get action into the paralyzed muscles of his legs; but he can first be taught to move the muscles of his abdomen, which coordinate, in the act of standing up, with the muscles of the hip, thigh, and groin. His thought is concentrated on moving the muscles of the abdomen. After a while, he can move a muscle a little farther down, and later, still another muscle, until finally he has extended the conscious control of his muscles to include the ones that have been paralyzed.

The point of interest in this, to a normal person, is that if you will start on any set of your voluntary muscles, you can keep exercising and training yourself through conscious effort until finally you have control of your entire body. You have power, and you know it, and, consequently, a vast improvement in your mental state takes place. You find yourself with a new confidence in your ability. You don't tire so easily, and you get more done in a day.

People ask, is there any difference be-

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tween the muscles of men and those of women. There is a common belief that men's muscles are coarser in texture than women's.

A half-century ago, when most men worked outdoors, there was a difference in texture—but it was only an occupational difference. Men worked at tasks that demanded and developed big, coarse muscular systems. In these days of women athletic stars, there are many women whose muscles are stronger and of a coarser texture than those of the average business man who spends most of his time in a store or an office and takes but little exercise.

The remarkable endurance that women sometimes show under great strain and fatigue is often commented upon. Women have this trait of endurance principally because of the development throughout their bodies of scores of obscure muscles through constant daily use. They have for example, a great hidden source of energy in the muscles developed in their daily household chores. They walk considerably, lift, and stoop, exercising constantly the muscles that count most in endurance—those of the back, the abdomen, and under the arms and downward across the ribs—in general, the muscles of the torso.

If men would take exercises to develop the same muscles they also would develop a similar reserve source of energy.

THE endurance of youth—we hear much about that too. People past thirty think endurance and strength are inherent in youth. To a certain extent they are, but the real reason young folks are universally stronger than older folks is that their interests keep them more active. Activity is the secret of the endurance of youth. Nature adores activity. She rewards it wherever she finds it. Young people hop, jump, and run, and engage in athletic sports continually. Their minds are constantly driving their muscles into play. The result is muscular reserve and that quality called "pep" which all of us admire so enviously.

But as the young folks grow older and larger there is more weight to be moved when the body is moved. The urge for exercise as a means of enjoyment has passed away; and new interests that do not demand constant, *thorough* exercise have come to replace the old ones. The instinctive something that will make a five-year-old child hop up and down ceaselessly, and apparently without cause, is gone. The muscles which that hopping and jumping developed begin to waste away, until they reach a stage consistent with the exertions incident to the adult's activities.

Children are usually straight and erect. Adolescents begin to get round shoulders and are a trifle stooped. By thirty an insidious warping process has begun. Through occupational habits, a set of muscles on one side of the body gets more exercise than the corresponding set on the other. The strong muscles pull the body in their direction.

Why do old persons generally stoop? It's because the muscles on the sides and front of their torsos are stronger than the muscles on their backs! The back muscles are tired, because they are weaker. It happens, also, that the abdominal muscles have had more exercise in life.

The first thing a baby tries to do, after he begins to get control of himself, is to rise up. He keeps tightening his abdominal muscles and the allied muscles under the arms and down the sides until he finally accomplishes it. Long before the back muscles come into play he has begun to develop those muscles that help him to sit up. The first four or five attempts to sit up usually result in a backward tumble. That's exercise for the back muscles. After a while they are stronger, and he sits up a few minutes longer before he finally falls back again.

He learns to walk, half stooping. His back muscles still aren't in full play. But they are coming rapidly. He uses them in keeping himself erect, in lifting objects and in moving his arms from the shoulders. As they get stronger, his figure—his carriage—is more erect.

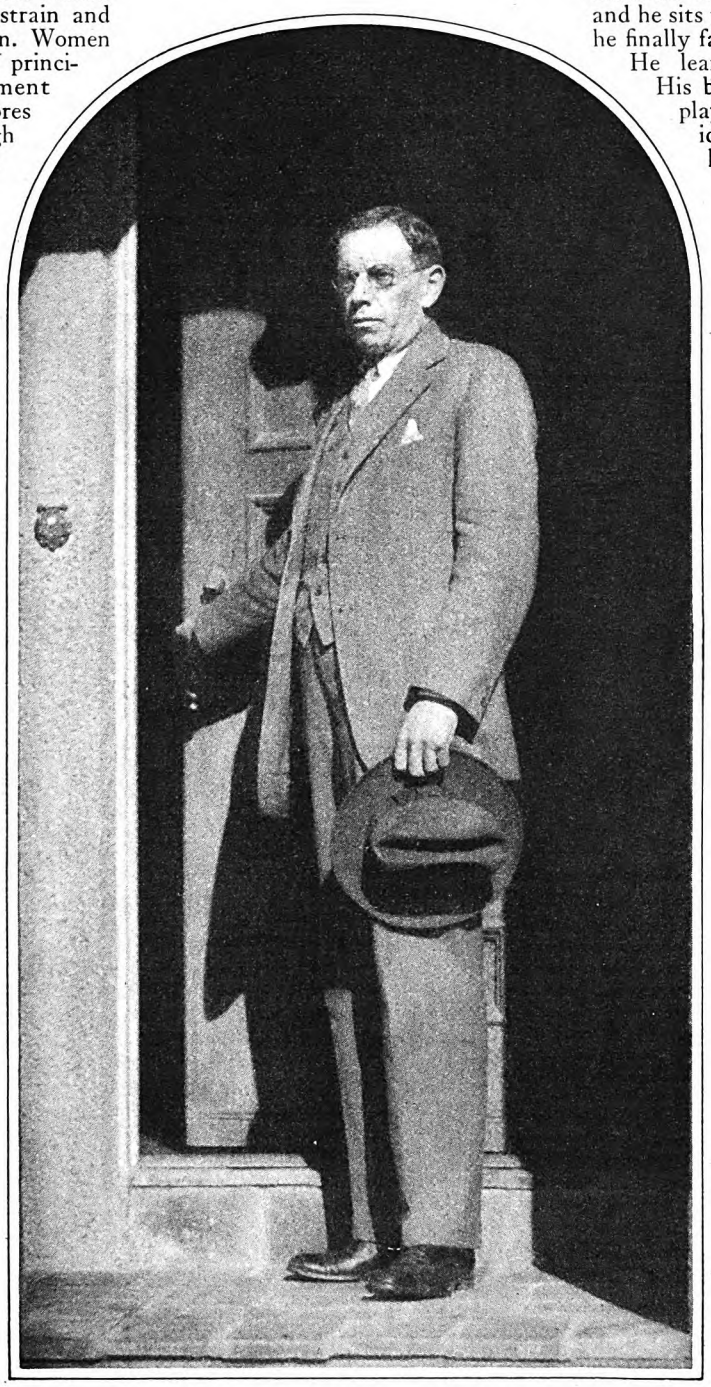
He becomes a strapping young fellow, plays football, swims, and goes through a period of several years of rather strenuous exercise. Then he gradually begins to slow down. He is approaching the prime of life, and is coasting on the reserve strength left over from his late teens and twenties.

He has passed his prime. The days of straining and activity, which have so much to do with development of the back muscles, are over. As they become less and less active, the mind withdraws its control and direction. The stronger abdominal muscles begin to pull. Standing erect is an effort. The body finally gives in to the constant strain in front, and the figure becomes bent.

Of course not all old people stoop forward. But trace back the history of those who do not, and often you will find that in youth they were active in pursuits that required constant use of the back muscles.

THE time to get ready for a spry old age is before you are thirty. Watch yourself around twenty-five, particularly. That's the age when many people begin to slow up in their physical activities. They work all day, and are "too tired to do another thing." Well, they may be too tired to exercise the same muscles they have been using all day; but there are other muscles that are aching, not from fatigue, but for want

(*Continued on page 112*)



For over twenty-five years Milton H. Berry, of Hollywood, California, has been studying the muscles of the body. He is not a physician nor a physical culturist. He terms himself a physical reëducator. Nearly seven hundred former cripples, victims of paralysis or withered muscles, have exercised their way back to health under his direction. People go to Mr. Berry for treatment from all over the world, and his waiting list is already filled up for two years ahead

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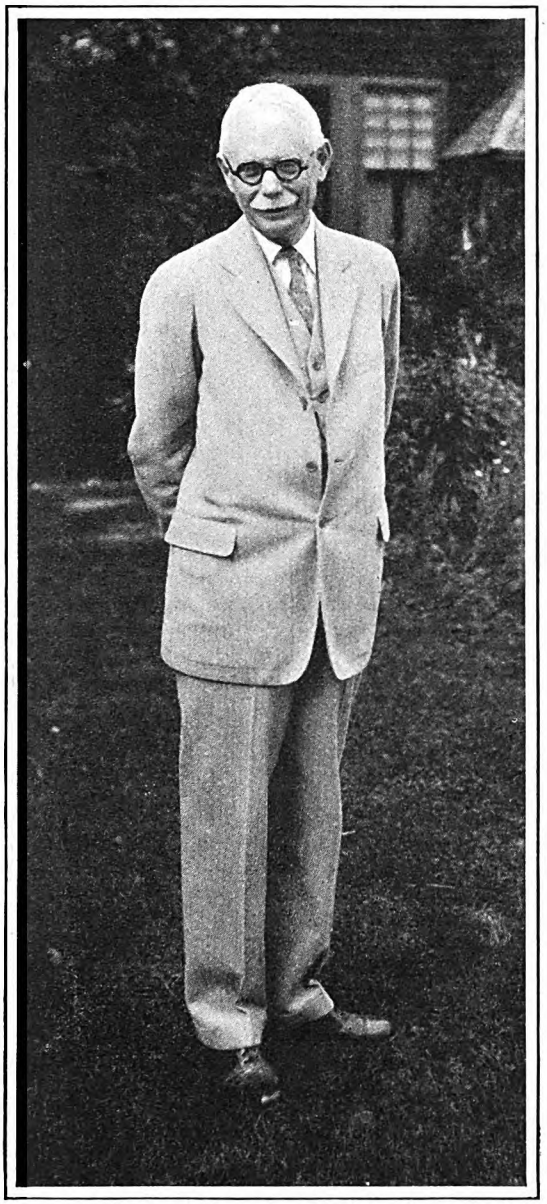
A Home Without Children May Still Be A Home

By Thomas Arkle Clark



Thomas Arkle Clark, Dean of Men at the University of Illinois, though childless himself, has had more intimate contact with children than many fathers. In thirty-five years of teaching, he has enjoyed the confidence of thousands of young people, and he can hardly go into any corner of the world without finding some of the boys and girls who have lived in the Clark home, and who seem as though they were his own. Writing of the relations of young people and their parents, Dean Clark says that if one must be childless there are certain compensations of which one can take advantage; and that only when childlessness is coupled with absolute loneliness is it really to be dreaded. Dean Clark is sixty-five years old. His home is in Urbana, Illinois

FROM the first year we were married, Nancy and I took a great interest in the children we should have. She was the youngest of nine and I the youngest of seven, so that we were both completely sold on the idea of having a good-sized family. In fact, we had them all named and their individual careers planned out and settled, as most parents do, without reference to their individual characteristics or preferences. These children were to accomplish the things in which we had failed. And here we are—youth gone, middle age fast passing, with only the children of our imagination to gather 'round us, like the dream children of Charles Lamb. But there are compensations. I do not say it is better to be without children; but I do say that childless couples need not lead dreary lives.

CIRCUMSTANCES have brought me into personal contact with a great many children of all classes and ages and, because of my particular position, I have, perhaps, met as many boys of high-school and college age as anyone in the world. However, in the eyes of most parents, this does not fit me particularly to understand young people or to appreciate how a parent feels about his child.

I was speaking to a mother not long ago concerning the activities of her son, which had been social rather than intellectual. He was a spoiled child who had been given too much money and too little work, and who had done little thinking for himself. She followed my suggestions with interest and attention. I was making an impression on her until she asked the fatal question:

"Do you have children of your own?"

I shook my head, rather sadly I suppose, for I had very much wanted a boy, though Nancy says I would have spoiled him hopelessly if I had had one. "We have never had any children," I had to confess. She looked at me with a good deal of pity and condescension.

"Then you don't know anything about how difficult it is to bring them up properly, and you can have no conception of how a parent feels."

Possibly. At any rate, I soon saw that, being without children of my own, nothing that I might say would have any impression upon this parent.

It is generally admitted to be little short of a tragedy to be without children. All my married friends with families tell me so, and there are times when I am willing to admit it.

We spent a few days with the Porters last winter. They are about our own age, and have three boys between the ages of ten and twenty-two and a girl of sixteen. The children are all alert, good-tempered, and courteous. There was complete unity and good feeling in the family. The children seemed quite devoid of the selfishness which we so often see in young people, and which very often makes family life so irritating. We came away from our visit feeling that in not having children we had missed something very beautiful and very precious.

I watched Mary Russell not long ago with her three babies about her—or so they seemed to me, though the oldest is five. I could imagine how it would feel to have their soft little arms about my neck, to have their bright curly heads snuggling down against my breast, and their sweet warm lips upon my cheek, and to realize that they were mine—bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh. I knew by the thrill that went through me how much it would add to life not to be childless.

"You have missed a great deal by not having children," a friend said to me recently; but as I realize what sort of household he has, I am more resigned to what I have missed than I might otherwise be, for he and his wife get really very little comfort or pleasure out of their children. Their boy is stupid and lazy. He quit school when he was sixteen, a burden and a worry to both his father and mother. The girl is extravagant, disrespectful, extreme in her dress and vulgar in her manners. If half the things that are said about her are true, we have missed nothing but responsibility and sorrow and trouble in not having children like these.

CHILDREN are not always a comfort; sometimes, when I look around and see what trouble and worry and sacrifice they entail upon their parents I am more resigned to my fate. They may act as a disciplinary agent to their parents; they may teach their elders economy and patience and unselfishness and self-control; but these virtues may be acquired by other and less strenuous means. One does not have to be a parent to learn discipline; the proper sort of wife is an ideal disciplinary agent.

The Gardiners have been more than ordinarily happy in their marriage relations; but they have had no children, and this fact has taken away from them

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much of the satisfaction of life. But there have been compensations in this loss which the Gardiners do not fully appreciate. He is a student who loves quiet and isolation; he has earned for himself a nation-wide reputation as a writer, which he would have found it difficult to attain if there had been a house full of children, as he and his wife had hoped. Children would have made the house a bedlam at times, and Gardiner would have been driven into a nervous headache when he was trying to write. Children would have made it almost impossible for his wife to minister to his comfort as, without them, she has been able to do. And I doubt that it would have been possible for him to have done the really great work which he has done, and from which he has derived great pleasure and honor, if he had been called upon to devote himself to a young family. Being childless, he has found happiness in another field of work.

"WHO is going to look after you when you are old and cannot look after yourself?" I am asked by anxious friends who see my hair turning gray and my complete dependence upon spectacles.

A neighbor of mine, eighty-three and childless, was building a considerable addition to his already roomy house.

"Why are you building now, Judge?" I asked him as together we were looking over the addition.

"Well," he replied, "Mrs. Cunningham and I have been talking things over, and we realized that when we get old we shall have to have someone take care of us; so I thought I might better begin early to make preparations."

Fortunately, the judge never grew old; he was still a boy when he died at eighty-seven, and he never needed anyone to look after him. Perhaps, like the judge, I shall never need anyone to look after me.

Youth is not always considerate of old age; it has its own serious problems to solve, and even when it gives its attention to old age it not infrequently does it grudgingly, and with little real kindness of heart. Even if one has children he cannot take it for granted that his old age will be a sheltered one.

An acquaintance of mine, at seventy-five, has just been brought back from California to the village of his birth, to be laid beside his wife. His last years were weak and sickly ones, but they were not spent with his children; no one of them, in fact, was with him when he died.

His daughter was married and had small children of her own. Her house was barely adequate for her own household; she could hardly, within reason, be expected to saddle herself with the additional burden of a sickly and irritable old man. The oldest son was engaged in an engineering project in the far Northwest. Besides, his wife wasn't strong, and would have had to go to a sanitarium herself if she had been called upon to minister to her ailing father-in-law. The youngest boy was a traveling salesman and had no settled home, so that let him out. There was obviously nothing for the old gentleman to do but to look after himself. As he had never been used to being waited upon, and as he had a comfortable income, which made it possible for him to pay for what he needed, I have no doubt he was fairly contented with his way of living. For the last few months of his life a cousin ministered to his wants, and finally closed his eyes when the end came. The children got what money he had left and sighed that "poor Father" had gone.

THERE is, of course, not infrequently, devotion in children so self-sacrificing and so unselfish as to make them forget that they have their own lives to live. If I had a child, I hope I should not be willing that he should give up his own home life in order that he should devote himself to me. I have seen a good many such cases. There is one before me now as I write this—an old woman, gray, bent, not so strong as she once was, eighty years old perhaps, and a younger woman, tall, strong, wholesome-looking, and infinitely tender to the older woman. They are staying at the same hotel where we are spending our vacation. They are mother and daughter, without a doubt, and there is something about them that suggests that they are quite alone in the world.

I have seldom seen such devotion as the daughter shows. During the sunny mornings she walks with the older woman, and points out to her all the varied beauties of the surrounding scenery. In the evening, when a pleasant coolness comes into the big lounging-room where we are all sitting, she tucks her into an easy chair and seats her near the blazing logs, and shows her the most constant and delicate attentions.

It is not altogether an easy task which the younger woman has set for herself. Old age is beautiful, but it is not always docile. The (*Continued on page 100*)

If You Ask Me:

The shortest distance between two points is not always the surest

FROM a hill above the sea, in northern Syria, I watched a native fisherman walking along the sands from his boat to his hut. He moved at a good pace; but he took what looked to me like an absurdly circuitous route, which made him cover twice as much space as seemed necessary.

"That fellow doesn't seem to realize that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points," I commented to my host, who also was a native of the region.

"Other people realized it, some years ago," dryly answered the Syrian, "and they did not live to repeat their experiments in applying geometry to real life. That strip of shore line is honeycombed with quicksand patches. He is skirting them."

Memory of the incident has come back to me fifty times in the past few years; and most keenly when I hear this modern talk of "self-expression" and of "the junking of silly old conventions," and the modernizing of morals and of behavior.

To an ignorant onlooker, some of the rules for morals and for conventions and the like must appear as ridiculous as that Syrian fisherman's circuitous walk appeared to me. But there is one thing to remember before sneering at the good and safe old ways:

Every rule for morals and for decent conduct and for courtesy was made in an effort to avoid a pitfall into which some preceding wanderer had stumbled. The wise man who came after him skirted the pitfall; and blazed thus a safe bit of path for those who were to follow.

In time, thanks to these wise folk and to the bad luck of pitfall-ignorers, the whole road lay safe and charted. True, it was not always the shortest distance between two points. But, invariably, the past had shown it to be the *surest*.

Yes, it is a smart-seeming thing to laugh at morals and conventions and to go your unguided way. But don't forget you aren't the first nor the millionth to do it. You don't see the others who tried it before you. The Syrian fisherman didn't see the folk who had been sucked into those quicksands. But they were there, none the less.

Albert Payson Terhune

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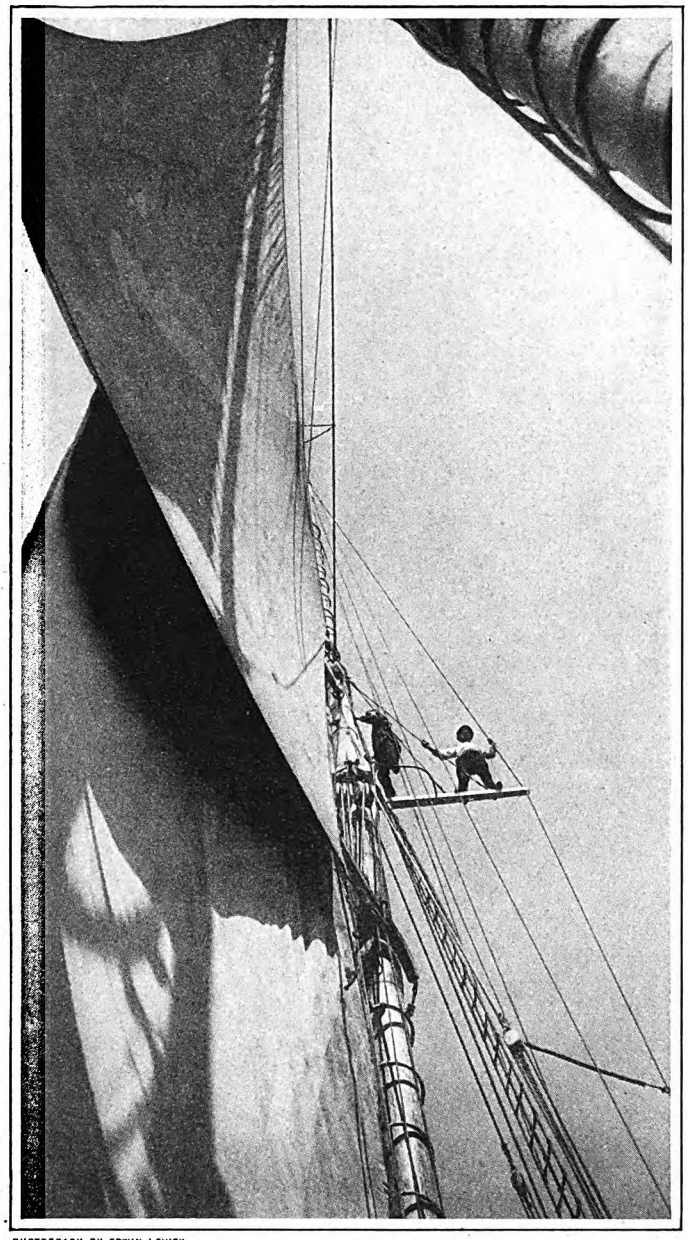
Tales Of The Wayward Sea

By J. E. Macrae



PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWIN LEVICK

Masthead men aloft on a fishing schooner

GALES off Hatteras, typhoons in the China Sea, West Indian hurricanes, pamperos off the River Platte, dull, deadening fogs among the ice floes off the Straits of Belle Isle—these things I have seen. And whether the sea be lashed by winds that shriek like ten thousand demons let loose to destroy, or croons like a happy mother as it laps on a coral beach, it has a charm, and a fascination, and a mystery which will be with me as long as I live.

The sea is a cruel and exacting mistress. Her hardships and deprivations are to all who follow her, and her rewards are only to the few.

I went to sea for the same reason that a duck takes to the water. My earliest recollections are of ships and sailormen, and hearing about how my father came home from the West Coast of Africa in a leaky ninety-ton schooner, the "Helen Macgregor," that had to be pumped all the way from Old Calabar, and just managed to remain afloat long enough to reach the Tail of the Bank. I don't remember the time when I didn't know the difference between a ship and a bark, and all the subtle variety of rigging that denoted a brigantine, a schooner, and a ketch. I could always find the clew lines and bunt lines, the braces, topping lifts, and halyards; and the first time I can remember being disciplined was for trying to build a boat on the Sabbath Day, in Scotland, where I lived as a boy.

Without doubt, I would have been apprenticed and become a brass bounder and found my way to the quarter deck or the bridge; but I was always near-sighted, and so that road was automatically barred to me.

However, when I left school, I went into a shipbuilding yard, where I soon worked my way into the personal office of Sir William Pearce.

Now, Sir William, in addition to being the leading shipbuilder of his time, was also a ship owner and a director of many shipping enterprises. He had a fleet of steamers on the China Coast, with strange names, and eyes painted on the bows, like junks. He put on steamers that opened up the transpacific trade for the Canadian Pacific Railway.

IT WAS to one of these I got my appointment as purser when I was twenty-one, and crossed the Atlantic and Canada to join her at Vancouver. After two years on the North Pacific, where I got my sea legs and weathered my first typhoon, I was sent back to England and came out in the "Empress of India," one of the most beautiful steamers ever built. Her first voyage was to Hongkong by way of the Suez Canal and Red Sea, and that completed my first trip 'round the world.

After four years between Vancouver, Japan, and Hongkong, I left her to help develop the Northern Pacific Railway Company's Pacific service, this time on shore—first at Hongkong and then at Tacoma. Here I took out my citizenship, and so began my service under the Stars and Stripes, which afterward carried me to many parts of the world.

The thousand miles between Tacoma and Skagway, Alaska, became as familiar to me as my own street, and at one time or another I got to the head of every sound and inlet in a yacht, a tug, or a cargo boat.

Later I was a purser again, in the steamers of the U. S. Steel Corporation, and made many voyages to South America and the Caribbean, including one which took me down through Magellan Straits (I've taken my hat off to Magellan ever since) and back by the Panama Canal.

I BELIEVE one is safer at sea in a good ship than on the streets of New York amidst the perils of motor traffic. I have traveled about three quarters of a million miles by sea, and never got my feet wet. Still, there is no absolute safety at sea any more than on land. Any ship can sink, no matter how large or well built. The "Titanic" is the classic example of that. On the other hand, there is the old "Victoria," still making her regular voyages between Seattle and Nome. Built in 1870 as the Cunard liner "Parthia," she ran across the Atlantic till 1885. Then she made a voyage to Egypt and one to Australia; and then for more than fifteen years, she was a transpacific liner and a troopship to the Philippines during the Spanish-American War. For more than twenty years she has been running to Nome.

She is now fifty-six years old—possibly the oldest steamer afloat. She has carried many thousands in safety during these years, and to the best of my knowledge has never lost a life. How many ships has she seen come and go!

Three years ago I suddenly became blind, and found myself alone, my former means of livelihood no longer possible. Then it seemed a providence to me, and to my friends, that I had had sufficient sea service under the American flag to qualify me for Sailors' Snug Harbor. There for a time I remained, until circumstances brought me back to the life of competition again. (The Sailors' Snug Harbor on Staten Island, New York, is a home for seamen.)

When one can get the men in Snug Harbor to talk, there is unfolded a wealth of stories of adventure and high enterprise, of hunts for lost treasure and fishing for pearls, of love, and life, and death.

I have heard stories of the winter fishing that make me wonder how it was possible to get men to undergo such terrible hardships; of heaving decks slippery with ice, rigging thick with snow and frozen hard, so it would not render through the blocks; of men taking fifteen-

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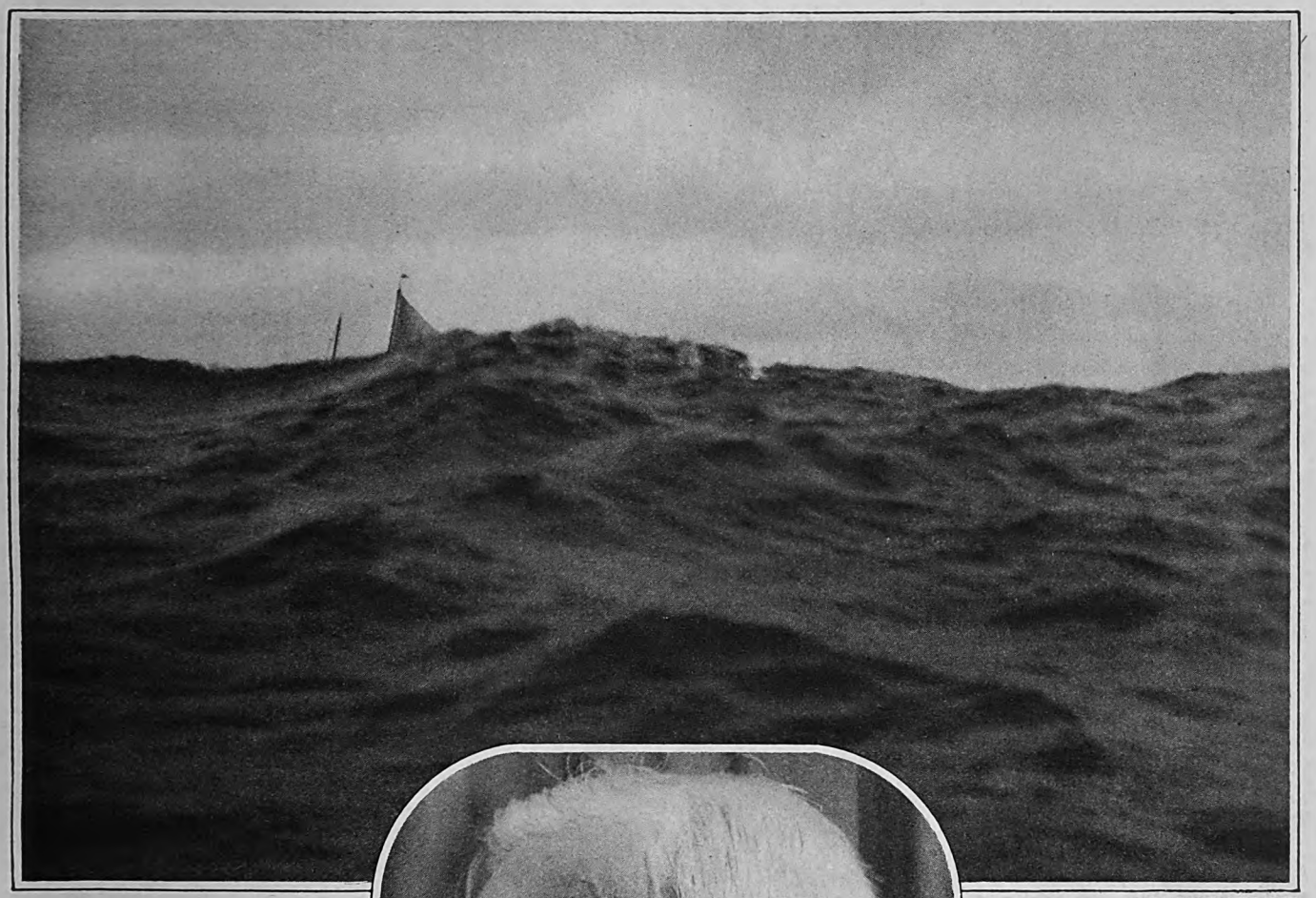


PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWIN LEVICK

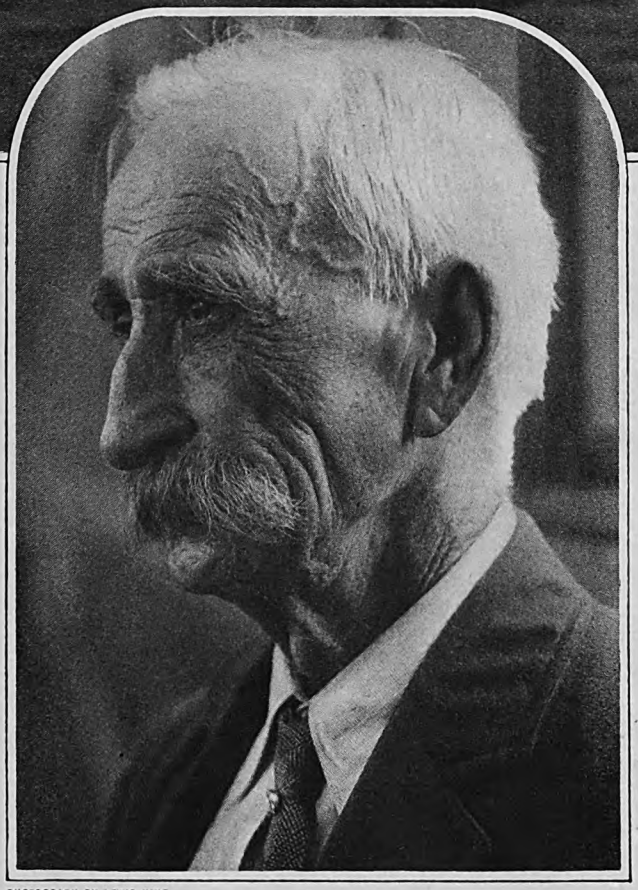
minute tricks at the wheel, with another man standing by in the shelter of the companionway to watch that the steersman's face did not freeze.

There seems to be no relation whatever between the hardships endured and the compensation received. Money would not tempt men to live a life so hard; so wanting in all the ordinary, everyday comforts of our times; so apart from all that we value most in wife or child or home; so barren in material prosperity.

WHY do men do it? Well, it's a man's life. It's a free life in its way, and it's a life lived in contact with the great forces of nature. It's a hard life, but it's a clean life; and the wide expanses of ocean, the untrammeled breezes, the sunrises and sunsets, the sense of adventure, the eternal vigilance, which is the price of life, and the constant struggle against great odds—all these attract a certain kind of adventurous soul to whom the life is the thing, the reward not to be considered.

The loneliest and most forlorn sight in the world is a ship's boat seen all by itself on an empty sea. It is not only that it looks so small and helpless, but that the nearest land may be hundreds of miles away.

Once when we were crossing the Pacific in the "Abyssinia" a boat was sighted by the officer on the bridge just before noon. In a few minutes everybody on board knew there was a boat ahead on the port bow, and the clatter of fire shovels coming up through the fiddley told that the engines were being opened out to reach her as soo as possible. It was a fine summer day and the steamer swung a bit to bring the boat dead ahead. We could feel the throbbing of the engines racing at full speed.



PHOTOGRAPH BY LEWIS HINE

Captain Smith, the veteran sailor who guides visitors over The Sailors' Snug Harbor on Staten Island, New York. Though seventy-seven years old, he puts in a full day and works a full year. The Sailors' Snug Harbor was founded in 1801 by Captain Robert Randall, who gave a farm for its maintenance. This farm is now one of the most valuable pieces of real estate in New York City. (At top of page) The mighty lift and heave of the open sea; an unusual photograph of a scene familiar to all sailormen

SOON she was clearly visible from the deck, a little dark speck with a mast from which the sail had been lowered. She seemed to be waiting for us; soon we could see there were men in the boat, and then we could see there were three of them.

As we drew nearer we could see them moving about, one in the middle standing up. It didn't look like a ship's boat, but what else could it be? We couldn't make out what it was at all.

Everybody was on deck; everybody was excited at the prospect of a rescue. The engine-room bells clanged, the engines stopped, and the ship slid up within a few yards of the boat. The men in it were dressed in jerseys and sea boots, the boat was a brown-painted dory.

Our captain leaned over the bridge rail, a little annoyed that they made no move to pull their boat alongside. "Do you want any help?" he hailed them.

"No! Can't you see we're sealin'?"

The engine-room bells clanged again;

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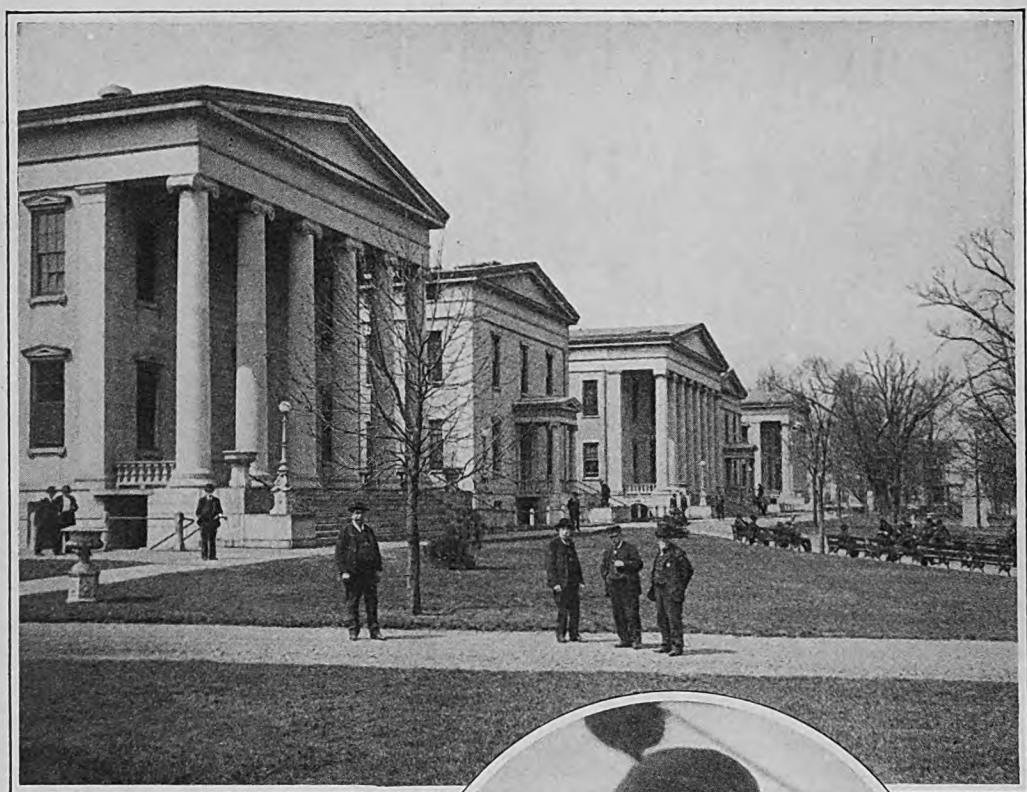

PHOTOGRAPH BY EWING GALLOWAY

(Above) Old sailors enjoying the beautiful grounds of Sailors' Snug Harbor

the crowd on deck laughed, and we swung away on our course for America. Half an hour later the topmasts of a schooner hove up over the rim of the horizon, and soon we saw her jogging under her four lower sails. She was at least fifteen miles from her boat, and out of sight; and it did seem to us steamship sailors that these men were taking a big chance. Everyone to his own trade, however. No doubt they knew what they were doing.

THERE is a man in Snug Harbor who once shipped on a whaler out of San Francisco. They wintered at Herschel Island after the first season, and that was not so bad, he said. But they got caught by the ice to the eastward of Point Barrow at the end of the second season, and had to put in another winter at Herschel Island.

The end of the third season found them back there again, and by this time he was getting desperate. He got a letter through the Mounted Police post at Herschel Island telling him his youngest child had died, and that his wife and other daughter had been very ill.

He left the ship, hauling a little sled with a scanty stock of food, and mushed to Fort Macpherson on the Mackenzie River. From there he marched with a Mounted Police Patrol to Dawson on the Yukon, and thence over the winter trail to Skagway—more than twelve hundred miles.

I never got a coherent story of that long tramp through the arctic cold and darkness, but it surely would have been worth hearing if he had been able to tell it. From Skagway to Seattle, and Seattle to San Francisco was easy. He arrived in San Francisco two days after the destruction of the city by earthquake and fire in 1906. He never found his wife and daughter. He shipped again on a whaler into the Arctic.

He is a gentle old man with little to say; but he goes down every night to make sure the lightship on the lake has its lights burning.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C. G. GAUL

A recent picture that carries much of the romance of the old sea; the steersman of a sailing vessel working through a fog

IT TOOK me a long time to get a story out of Cap'n Bill, a fellow sojourner of mine at the Harbor: His name was William Scott and he had a British master's certificate before he came to this country and worked up to his American master's license. Bill has passed away now, and so I'm glad he told me the story. He was an old man when I knew him, close to eighty—but hale and hearty.

I used to call him the stormy petrel, for, unlike most seamen, he seemed to like to go out and walk in the wind and rain. He had his sight, and used to take me walking, when he found I liked to feel the rain in my face. I think we began to be friends from the day I told him a story about "Daddy" Nash of the "Alcibiades," who was well known in China and Japan in my young days. He had been with Captain Nash and knew my story to be true, and from that day we were firm friends.

It was a wet and blustery afternoon when he found me in the smoking-room in the long corridor. The wind blew in with a taste of the North Atlantic on a December day. "Come on," he cried. "We'll go and visit the farm and see the cows and the pigs and the chickens." It was the kind of day that sets the blood tingling, and we were swinging along together when he suddenly stopped and hit the ground with the point of his stick and snuffed the air, as if sniffing for a familiar odor. "Strange," he cried. "Strange! Do you notice that smell?"

I had to confess that I did not—nothing but a whiff from the chemical works at Bayonne, and the nearer, warm, pleasant smell from the cow barns.

"Man, it's strange how a smell brings things back to your mind! I wasn't thinking about a thing but the Harbor here and the farm—when that smell blew across my nose, and I saw the Crozets again. Did you ever see the Crozets? No! Of course you didn't! You always went to sea in those steam-heated hotels of yours, sticking to a track like a railroad train."

I protested, and said I knew about the Crozets, down on the sailing-ship (*Continued on page 157*)

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You Can't Live Your Own Life!

By Edgar A. Guest

I DON'T care what people think," said a high-strung, temperamental young friend of mine the other day, "I've got my own life to live."

Foolish boy! He didn't realize that he was talking nonsense. We *can't* live our own lives in the selfish sense he meant, for the simple reason that they aren't ours to live. My life belongs to my wife, to Bud and Janet, to my friends. Yours belongs to another group of persons.

Our slightest act affects those who love us and believe in us. There isn't a life on earth so humble, or seemingly so insignificant, that it doesn't touch some other life. Indeed, there are few individuals who aren't the most important persons in the world to somebody.

Years ago, when I was a police reporter on the Detroit "Free Press," I was attracted early one morning by a crowd gathering near a street-corner patrol box. I stepped across the street to see what was happening. I found a very much intoxicated and belligerent young man in the custody of an officer.

"Just a common drunk," said one of the bystanders as I elbowed my way into the throng.

The boy was putting up a fight against arrest. His clothing was torn and his face was scratched and streaked with dirt. Suddenly the belligerency died out of him and he began to cry.

"Please let me go home, Officer," he pleaded like a child. "I don't want to disgrace my family. This will kill my mother."

"Yeah," growled the officer; "but the trouble with you guys is you don't think about your folks soon enough."

Somebody in the crowd laughed. At this point, a patrol wagon arrived and the boy was taken to the lock-up.

It was only a trivial incident in the life of a big city, but I have never forgotten it. Probably I never shall. I have heard that cry, "This will kill my mother," countless times since. It is often the first sentence to fall from the lips of young offenders who have been caught.

But young people are not the only ones who do their thinking too late.

"I could stand the punishment myself," said a once prominent citizen of a Mid-Western town who had defaulted and had been brought to justice, "if I didn't have to think of what my wife and children must suffer while I am in prison. I wish I had died before I stole that money."

He had remembered too tardily that his life belonged to others; but he was right when he suggested that his death would have been easier for his loved ones to bear than the disgrace he brought upon them. There are griefs more bitter, and hurts more cruel, than those inflicted by death. There are sore spots which never cease to be sensitive; wounds of the spirit which never heal.

Sometimes we get downhearted and allow ourselves to feel that we do not count for much. In this thought lies tragedy. The older I grow, the more firmly convinced I become of the tremendous importance of the individual.

Nature's interest is not in the individual but in the species, say the scientists. And in the natural world that may be true. Certainly, nature seems to kill off the weaklings that the sturdy may thrive.

Instinct prompts animals to fight for food and for their lives, but I do not believe that they know *why* they fight. Cats and lions have no desire to improve themselves or to give happiness to others. Bugs and birds and fishes have no high dreams and aspirations. They are not sensitive to shame and sorrow; memory does not perpetuate their heartaches. By a single selfish or ignoble act no beast of the field can bring disgrace and humiliation to his fellows.

With human beings it is different. Every baby comes into the world laden with a cargo far more precious than silver or gold. In its tiny, helpless fingers lie the hopes and dreams and happiness of many others. Its birth makes father and mother of husband and wife. The parents of husband and wife become grandfather and grandmother. Down the line are uncles and aunts and cousins and old-time friends and neighbors, whose lives are touched and changed by the arrival of this new life.

It is important to all these people that the baby shall grow into healthy, happy childhood, and later make of its life something in which they can all take pride. The infant does not know this, of course, nor does the child at first. Often the adult does not realize it until too late. But the truth remains that each of us is a tremendously high-powered instrument of joy or sorrow to others.

I TRIED to give this thought to a high-school graduating class last June. There were a hundred and thirty boys and girls on the platform and the auditorium was filled with admiring parents and friends. The scene is a familiar one, but it always takes hold of me. On this particular morning, my throat seemed to be somewhat lumpier than usual. I fancied that I knew what was passing through the minds of all those fathers and mothers out there. I could see myself sitting some day in such a throng, and my own boy a member of such a class. I wondered just what these boys and girls behind me were thinking of. By the time my name was called, all that I had *planned* to say had left me.

"Boys and girls," I began impetuously, "you are looking into the faces of your fathers, mothers, and friends. To-day their faces are bright and smiling, because they are proud of you and of your achievement. You can see for yourselves how happy you have made them. This is a great day for you; but it is a greater day for them, because it marks the fulfillment of one of their dreams for you. Presently, when you receive your diplomas, you will hear your dear ones cheer loudly, and you will see them exult.

"What a wonderful thing it is to have the power to make so many people happy! But, oh, what a tremendous responsibility such power carries with it! For if you break faith with them, if for one minute you forget that what you are and do is important to them, if for one careless, selfish moment you slip into shame and disgrace, the lives of all these happy people will be saddened. Remember this scene as long as you live. It will help to keep you faithful to the trust that rests in you."

The other day at my club, a friend who sat with me at luncheon called across the room to another friend, "Your son dropped in to see me this morning. What a fine boy he is!"

What a pity that youth could not see his father's face light up with pride and satisfaction. In that one glance, the boy would have realized how much hinges upon him. Pride in his son is the greatest happiness that can come to a man. And the lad who determines to give his father that joy will achieve much for himself.

DRUNK though he was, that boy at the patrol box realized that he was important to somebody. Up to the moment of his arrest, his conduct had seemed to him his own private affair. Whose business was it whether or not he got drunk? He had his own life to live, and he would live it to please himself. But when he was brought up short by the hand of the law on his shoulder, his imagination showed him his mother's face and the truth—too late.

I am going to try to help my boy and girl use their imagination early in the game of life. I shall teach them to ask themselves to-day and every day, "Is this a wise thing to do, or a foolish one? Do men prosper and grow in the esteem of their neighbors this way? Are women who conduct themselves thus and so respected and admired? Is this the road to a happy, comfortable, friendly life, or does it lead to scorn and degradation?"

I believe it is one of the chief duties of parents to help their children use their imaginations. The other day, I heard a fine story of a father who understands his job. This man is a house painter by trade, untutored in books, but very wise nevertheless. He had put his son through high school, and on the evening the lad came home with his diploma the father called him into his bedroom.

"My boy," he said, "the time has come for me to have a talk with you. To-morrow you are going out to look for work, and from then on you will be living by your own efforts. I have done everything I can for you. Now, this is what I want you to know: There are just two jobs in the world, and you must choose between them.

"At one of those jobs you will have to work eight hours a day, for six days a week. You will receive a man's pay, and you will be free (*Continued on page 166*)

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The Boy's feet felt heavy and clumsy; his face and mouth were relaxed with fatigue; his body seemed to be one great tired ache

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The Boy And The Wind

The story of a boy who set out to follow the long, long thoughts of youth

By Edmund Ware

ILLUSTRATED BY COURTNEY ALLEN

NOBODY knew the boy . . . nobody at all.

He sat on a pipe-rail fence in front of a store in a shadeless Nebraska town. Dust and sand whirled about him in the strong wind. The wind, he thought, did not fall from gust to friendly breeze the way it did around his own home. In Nebraska the wind just seemed to blow all the time and send the sand biting at you.

He looked out into the street. A man went riding by. That was one of the things he wanted to see and to do. He wanted to live in a town where people rode around on horseback just as if it were nothing unusual. That was one reason why he had run away from home. Other reasons were that he didn't like school. He couldn't stand being ordered around, couldn't stand moving and stopping at the command of bells which sounded arrogantly down long corridors. He wanted to see sights, to go places, and to be independent.

"I've got the wanderlust," he thought one day. "Wanderlust, wanderlust, wanderlust." He repeated the word to himself again and again, until it sent its pictures dancing through his mind. Sometimes when he was solemn and stern the picture was of Sir Galahad mounted, in full armor, looking far away toward some purple mountains. But generally the picture embraced a hazy land of cactus and sagebrush, and great wastes where men rode horses—where they rode and rode and rode.

One morning in October, without telling anyone and without making many plans, the Boy boarded a Chicago-bound train at his home town in Massachusetts. It was raining and the smoke of the trains hung low along the tracks. He heard the conductor shout, "'Bo-o-o-o-rd!"

From the car window he looked down and saw an old lady hunched under her umbrella. She was walking slowly and carefully, her eyes intent upon the ground. He didn't know who she was, but he had seen her frequently, so frequently that she seemed a distinct part of his life. He thought, "Well, p'raps I won't ever see the old lady any more now. I guess she's a pretty nice old lady, too."

Through the upper end of town the train gathered headway. The Boy noticed factories with tall, familiar stacks; a pond, gray and brooding under the damp sky. He saw streets where he had tramped with friends. Very, very vaguely he knew that "he had left too many fragments of his spirit in those streets . . . that he could not withdraw from them without a burden and an ache."

Five days, a hundred towns, a million people who did not speak. High land, low land, flat land. Trees, fields, and plains. Five days of mighty change.

And now, in a little Nebraska town, the Boy sat watching a smaller, more compact section of life. He moved slightly, frowning at the dust which came in thick puffs, making him squint his eyes. A team of horses was approaching, their hoofs kicking up a thin brown spray of sand. The horses were straining under a load of wheat. On the driver's seat of the long box wagon sat a man who whistled merrily. As he passed he looked down at the Boy and winked.

The Boy stared. "He prob'ly thinks I'm just a kid. Well, I'll bet I've traveled a lot more than he has."

The load of wheat groaned its way on toward a tall grain elevator down the street near the railroad tracks.

JUST across the street stood the post office. As the Boy looked a woman came out and behind her the door swung slowly to. In her hand was a letter. She tore a piece from the envelope and let it sail from her in the wind. Unfolding the letter, she walked slowly away, reading as she walked.

"I guess p'raps I ought to write a letter," thought the Boy. "It isn't quite fair for me not to let them know I'm all right. They might be worrying about me. They might even think I was dead or something." He looked again at the post-office door. "I guess I'll just write them a little note." He stood up, stretched his arms and legs, and went across the street, brushing at his wrinkled clothes.

He wrote:

DEAR MOTHER and FATHER: I couldn't stand school any longer. Of course you'll think I'm crazy and ungrateful to you, but I'm not. I don't know when I'll be home—probably in a few years. But don't worry, and don't chase me, or try to make me come home. I didn't pass my exam in algebra, and that's another reason for leaving. I'm all right here and you needn't worry about me. I'm really sorry I'm so unworthy of you. I'm in Black Springs, Nebraska. I went through a town named Broken Bow. I like the names of the towns out here. Love to you both.

Dropping the letter through a slit, he turned slowly and stepped into the street. He noticed the team of horses standing in front of the general store. "That man must be inside," he thought, and drifted toward the store. As he approached, the man came down the wooden steps, shouting some cheerful banter to the storekeeper. He dumped an armful of packages under the wagon seat, placed his foot on the hub of the near wheel, and gathered up the lines, which were looped over the brake lever. He was about to climb up when he saw the Boy looking at him.

"Hullo there, son," he said, smiling.

"Hullo," said the Boy. It was the first word he had spoken in days, and the sound of his own voice startled him.

"What's your name, son?" asked the man.

The Boy told him, then asked, "Where are you going now?"

"Why, home."

"Have you got a ranch around here—a cattle ranch?"

"Well, some cattle, some hogs, some wheat, some corn and sorghum. Why?"

"Do you need anyone to work for you? I want a job. I'm nearly out of money."

"How old are you?"

"I'm almost fifteen."

"Where do you live, son?"

"Oh, around. I've just come from Massachusetts, just now." The Boy moved his arm in a casual gesture.

"Massachusetts!" cried the man. "Great heavens, boy! You're a powerful long ways from home, ain't you?"

"Oh, not so awfully far, two thousand miles or so."

"Two thousand miles! You're an Easterner, then, ain't you?"

"Well, yes, I guess I am; but I like the West better. I'm going to live out here. What's your name?"

"Hatt; Bill Hatt."

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"Oh. What's your brand?"

"Lazy H. Cattle left ribs, horses left hip."

"Lazy H, huh? That means the H is lying down on its side, doesn't it?"

"Yuh."

"Well, Mr. Hatt, do you think you could use me? I'm a pretty good worker."

The rancher regarded him interestedly. "Well," he said, "s'pose you climb up, and we'll drive along out to the farm. Then we'll see."

Bill swung up onto the seat, which teetered under his weight, and the Boy climbed up beside him. "C'mon, fellers!" Bill cried to his team. "Git a wiggle on you!"

The empty wagon began to rumble.

"I'm on my way to a ranch," thought the Boy. "The Lazy H—and I'm going to ride and ride and ride. . . ."

NIGHT had come. Bill Hatt whistled once, and the wagon stopped, so that the Boy could no longer hear the tinkle of trace chains or the creak of harness. Everything was quiet except the wind. The Boy wondered if the wind would ever be still. He looked all about him in the gloom, trying to see things, then up at the stars. He seemed not to be anything or anybody when he looked at them—just two eyes feeling and staring. He wondered if other people felt that way—his mother and his father? He guessed they did. They prob'ly were looking up at the same stars.

"Come on, young feller, let's unhook." Bill Hatt had climbed down from the wagon. A clank and a rattle came from where he fumbled at the doubletree.

"Oh, sure!" said the Boy, and he too climbed down. He didn't know much about unharnessing a team, but he tried to see what Bill was doing, and to do the same on his side. Bill, watching, chuckled under his breath.

The Boy followed Bill toward the house, where shone a yellow, friendly light. As he crossed the threshold behind Bill he turned for just a moment to search the darkness. He saw a dim silhouette where the rim of the table-land stretched brokenly across the sky. He saw the pale stars, untroubled by the wind, or by anything that he could guess. He smelled the cold, clean air, and heard in the distance the sound of a coyote—a wail of great hunger and loneliness.

Bill called to him and he stepped quickly inside, shutting out the night and its thoughts. Everyone in the lighted kitchen was looking at him. A very old woman with thin gray hair and spectacles dropped some sewing to her lap as he entered. She peered at him with eyes so old and tired that he thought they had probably looked at a million scenes. A younger woman sat in a chair at the other side of the table. In her lap was a huge basket of washed socks. She had been fishing among them, but her hands were now motionless beneath them.

"That's my mother," said Bill, gesturing toward the old woman. "And yonder's my wife, Miz' Hatt."

"I'm glad to meet you," mumbled the Boy, his fingers twitching nervously. "It was pretty nice of Mr. Hatt to give me a job."

The old woman dumped her sewing onto the table and walked crookedly to the stove. She moved a big iron kettle over the fire. "You'll want tea," said the old woman, without turning toward them. "You'll want tea," she repeated, as if to make herself sure that she had said it, and that people knew what she was about.

"This boy's from the East," said Bill to his wife. She and Bill looked at him curiously. "He's going to stay here a spell with us," went on Bill. "He's going to work for us a spell."

"The up-stairs room's ready," said Mrs. Hatt, speaking to Bill.

"Well, thank you very much," said the Boy. "It's just like home to have—to have everything—"

"Oh," said Mrs. Hatt, "that room's always ready."

The old woman removed a stove lid and stuffed in some corncobs. The light from the fire shone on her face, making her look old and terribly wrinkled, like a witch.

The Boy sat down in a chair, looking from corner to corner of the room. He noticed the corncob fuel, a leather quirt hanging on the wall beneath an enormous calendar displaying some farm machinery; a long rifle hanging on pegs above the door; a wide felt hat, and a pair of goat-hair chaps thrown in a corner. He heard outside the sounds of cattle, a windmill creaking and whining, and the wind besieging the hills beyond.

That night the Boy slept for the first time on a corn-husk mattress. The husks rustled and creaked under his weight, even when he lay perfectly still. He tried to lie so still that they wouldn't creak; but he couldn't make them quiet. He was alone, all alone, in a room heavy with darkness. He was too tired to think, his mind exhausted with the march of new impressions. . . .

It seemed he had hardly been asleep when he felt someone shaking him. "Come on! Time for breakfast," he heard Bill's voice repeating.

HE JUMPED up, shivering in the chill of morning. He wondered if, after all, he really had a job on a ranch, if he was going to punch cattle, if he was going to ride those dusty trails that criss-crossed his imagination. As the heaviness of sleep left him, he grew happier and happier at the prospect. He wondered if Bill would let him wear those goat-hair chaps he had seen in a corner, and the broad hat. He went down to breakfast; but he was whirring with excitement, so that he ate little.

Bill finally licked his lips, piled his dishes in a neat stack, and pushed back his chair. "Come on," he said, and did not seem to see the women-folk at all as he strode toward the door.

Outside the Boy looked ravenously about him—at the windmill, the fences and sheds, at the color of land and sky. "What do you want me to do to-day?" he asked eagerly. "I can ride pretty well. I've done it a little before. I think I can catch on to it all right."

"Well, you needn't worry, anyways," said Bill. "You won't have to ride. The corn's cut and bundled up on the table-land, and we're going to shock corn, son."

"Oh."

They climbed the yellow hill back of the house, the Boy striding silently beside the man. When they came to the rim of the table-land the Boy looked down and saw the house, the windmill, and the enclosure. Beyond the outbuildings grazed three or four cows.

"Are those your cattle?" he asked, pointing.

"Sure are," answered Bill.

"Is that all? Haven't you got any more than that?"

"Yes, a few up here on the table. Five cows and a heifer."

"Oh—I don't suppose you need to hire a cow-puncher to look after them, do you?"

Bill laughed. "Cow-puncher! I should say not, son. Them cattle's all under fence, anyways."

At length they came to the edge of a great field, where bundles of cornstalks lay in rows as far as the Boy could see. To him the scene was like that of a battlefield, and all the bundles lay like the bodies of dead men.

"Well, here we are," said Bill. He took off his coat, laying it very carefully on the ground near a twisted fence post.

They worked down the field, taking three rows at a time, shocking the bundles, tying each completed shock with a thin stalk at the top.

The rows seemed dismal, regular, and endless. The Boy had never known of anything so endless and so regular. And all the rows were exactly alike, each shock, each bundle, and each stalk identical.

AT NOON they sat behind a corn shock and drank from a bottle of water, and ate some sandwiches and pie which Bill's wife had prepared. When they had finished the meal, Bill lay down on his back and put his hat over his face. The Boy sat and watched him, wondering if it were possible for Bill to know what he was thinking, or to know that he was looking at him. It angered the Boy a little to feel that Bill was so contented.

In the afternoon they continued up and down, up and down, up and down the rows. By sundown the Boy looked out over a wind-rustled regiment of corn shocks and saw behind them the orange sky.

"Let's call it a day," said Bill. "You tired?"

"No; I'm not very tired. I'm not tired at all."

Bill picked up his coat and they scuffed back over the way they had come, through the cold dusk. The Boy's feet felt heavy and clumsy; his face and mouth were relaxed with fatigue; his body seemed to be one great tired ache.

"Forenoon, afternoon, and night". . . a week passed. Each day they shocked corn in endless regular rows, or else they dug potatoes from rows as endless and as regular. Always the wind attacked, from daylight to daylight, to daylight. . . .

The boy thought that it was going to be forever and forever that he would work among the rows and shocks, among the battlefields of fallen corn. But one day Bill said, "We're going to town, come noon, to get some flour and some beans."

The rattle of trace chains; the plodding of heavy hoofs through sand; a small boy and a big man on a high seat; the long, long road to town; Bill, whistling through his teeth, interrupting himself to grunt at the horses, whistling on from where he had left off. Town at last.

At the post office the Boy found a letter waiting for him, and he knew by the

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writing it was from his father. He did not want Bill to know that a hurt was in his throat, or that his hands trembled. "I wonder who could be writing me," he said. The pounding of his heart sounded in his ears, and suddenly, as he began to open the long envelope, his thoughts flamed with fragments of favorite scenes and special places. There was a line in the letter. . . . "Anyway, I think Mother and I understand why you ran away, because there have been many times when we felt that way, too. . . ."

For the past few days home had seemed shadowy and remote; but the letter, the letter made it come terribly, wonderfully close, so that he could see it and feel it reaching out to him; but he could not touch it.

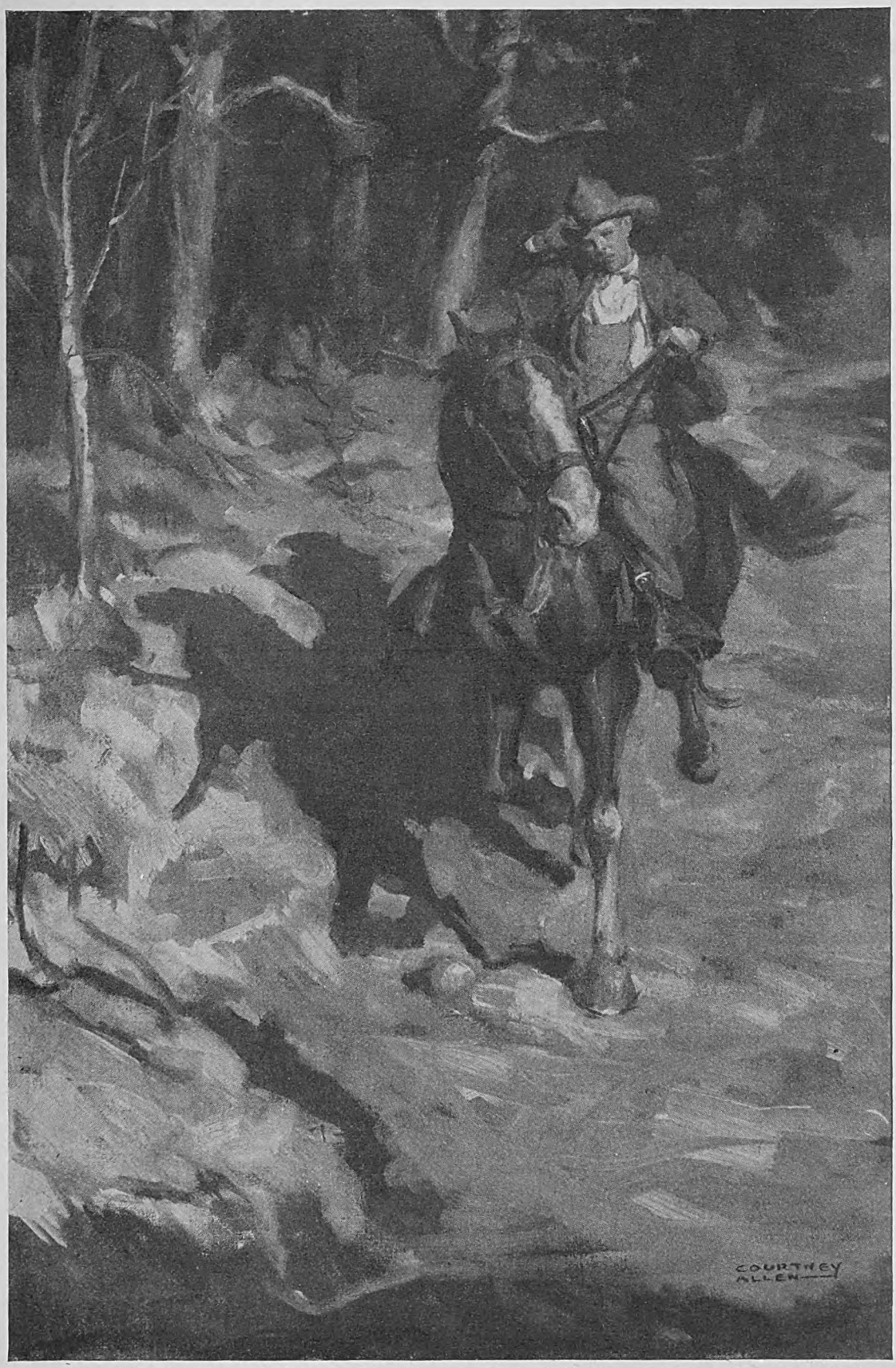
THE Boy was quiet as the wagon rumbled slowly and stolidly back to the ranch. Beside him on the seat sat Bill, droning a ragged tune. He wished Bill would stop humming. It seemed to tear his thoughts away from scenes he yearned to dwell upon. There was his special attic room at home where he kept all his things. It was just under the roof and smelled cleanly of cedar shingles. The big yard where now they would all be burning grass; the dying birch leaves on the uplands; his father coming up the street popping a newspaper against his leg, his Mother's voice asking them not to leave the supper table until after she had folded her napkin . . . that was the signal.

From every point in the past flocked the scattered fragments. They made him wonderfully happy. He was at home. He was talking about his adventures in the West. He was smiling and laughing with friends.

Then, without warning, it was all gone—everything. He heard the wagon's groaning, Bill's humming. And the wind! Oh, the wind! His fingers twisted down over the thin iron arm of the seat. He was hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of miles away, in a flat country without elm trees.

He had come here to ride, to ride to the swing of a galloping horse, to ride to the rhythm of furious feet, to smell the smoke of branding fires on a great ranch, to feel the dip and surge of adventure, and to sing songs at night with bronzed men around a fire.

Instead, he had shocked corn, drilled winter wheat, and walked in the dirt of harvest fields. (*Continued on page 103*)



It was hard, he thought, to be like a knight when your horse joggled up and down so much. A little panic flashed into his mind, panic at the night, the nervous horse, and at the voice of the wind

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"All Crumbs Thankfully Received"

Charles F. Noyes opened his first real estate office in a basement below two big operators—"Crumbs," said he, "might fall from the rich man's table." Recently the business he built from these "crumbs" was sold by him for $2,400,000, but he still remains its active head

By Keene Sumner

A SHORT time ago I had a brief but interesting experience. It lasted only a few minutes, but it was like looking through a peep-hole into the background of a man's life. The man was Charles F. Noyes, one of the most famous names in the real estate world.

His company occupies a building in the financial center of New York, and this building is owned by Mr. Noyes. The main floor is one big room, filled with rows of desks, and in the rear of this is Mr. Noyes's private office.

However, the door of this private office is seldom closed. The president of the company is not inaccessible, nor even invisible. The desks in the outer room face his open door. And whenever his men look up from their work, they see that their chief is working too.

The other morning I was sitting beside one of these desks, talking with Edward J. Crawford, who has been with the Noyes organization for many years.

It happens that Noyes and Crawford came from the same town. Both were born in Norwich, Connecticut. Both attended the Norwich Academy. And as I sat there, beside Crawford's desk, he talked of the days, more than thirty years ago, when he and his present chief were boys at school together.

"The first time I took any particular notice of 'Charlie' Noyes," he said, "was during my senior year at the academy. He was a freshman then, about fifteen years old. I was three years older.

"Among the athletic events at the school there was to be a bicycle race, this being in the early nineties, when bicycling was all the rage.

"It wasn't in my line, however, so I didn't compete. But I was rooting strong for another boy whom everybody expected to win. We didn't think any of the fellows had even a chance to beat him.

"Well, the race started, and gradually one boy pulled ahead of the rest. When it came to the finish, he was out in front, *away* out in front! And I'll never forget my amazement when I saw that this boy was Charlie Noyes!

"Up to that time, he had seemed to me nothing out of the ordinary. But from that day I began to watch him; and I found that he *put through* whatever he undertook! If he went into anything, he went into it tooth and nail.

"He ran the school paper, and made a success of it. He was on the football squad; and he played as if his life depended on winning the games. He was elected captain of one of the strongest teams ever put out by Norwich; and he also managed the baseball team. Before he took charge of it, there had been a deficit every year. He not only came through without a deficit but also made enough money to put up a building for the team. The building is still in use.

"He is the most loyal man I have ever known. Loyal to his town, to his school, and to his old friends.

"The big ambition of recent Norwich Academy athletic teams has been to beat Bulkeley High School, of New London. Recently, for several successive years, they were defeated in baseball. Mr. Noyes wanted to spur them on, so he offered them a prize of five thousand dollars if they would win. In spite of that, Bulkeley made him their guest of honor at a reunion not long ago! He's a fighter; but he's a *square* fighter. And even competitors and rivals respect and like a man who fights squarely.

"When he asked me to come into his organization, he did it because I was an old friend. He said he could give me an opportunity, but what I *did* with it would depend on me. Well, I'm one kind of human being, and he's another kind. He *likes* to carry the big load, to run the hard race, and to play the stiff game. I'm happier where I am; more or less on the side lines."

AS I sat listening to Crawford's reminiscences, I seemed to be looking, not down a desk-lined aisle to the president's private office, but down a long aisle of years to the time when both these men were boys.

Then, as now, each of them was where he wanted to be! One was on the side lines, rooting for somebody else. The other was in the race, fighting to win—and winning—for himself and others.

Before my talk with Crawford, I had spent an hour in that alleged private office. "Alleged" is right. I hadn't been there fifteen minutes before I wanted to start a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Telephones. Even a telephone ought to have an occasional rest. The one in that office is scandalously overworked. I was told that Noyes sometimes uses it continuously for five hours at a stretch, dealing in millions over the wire.

The morning of my visit, I thought one of these five-hour 'phone sessions was under way; but he finally told his secretary not to turn in any more calls. Then, just as I was drawing a breath of relief, a newspaper photographer turned up with a camera and flashlight. The result was a general veto of *all* interruptions. So, at last, our interview really got started.

Charles Floyd Noyes—just remember that middle name—was born in July, 1878; which makes him now just forty-nine years old. He is one of the big men in American business who started as a newsboy. But wait a minute! He was not a waif, nor a street gamin, nor even a poor boy. He had a good home and there wasn't any wolf sitting on the doorstep.

He could have had, merely by asking for it, all the money that a boy needs. And yet, from the time he was ten years old, he has earned his own money. Like many other small-town boys, he started by having a route for delivering papers. When I asked him why he did this, he hesitated before replying.

"Well," he finally said, "I went to work then for the same reason that I keep on working now. I *like* to work. More specifically, I like to work at what we call business. I like to build it up and make it achieve something. That happens to be what I most enjoy doing.

"It was mere chance that I started by delivering papers. Chance has played a great part in my life, as it does in most lives. But having taken this chance step into the newspaper field, I went still further and became an editor and publisher when I was twelve years old.

"This new venture was a little monthly paper which I called the 'Norwich News.' I was the whole staff: editor, reporter, advertising solicitor, business manager, typesetter, pressman—everything, including the office cat.

"Meanwhile, I kept on with my regular paper route; which meant that I had to get up every morning at four o'clock to be on the job at four-thirty. I also went to school; but the less said about my prowess as a student, the better the truth will be served.

"WHEN I was fourteen, I got the concession to sell newspapers, candy, and novelties on the steamer which ran from Norwich to Block Island in the summer. I built up a good business and soon controlled the concessions on two steamers, operated two stands on Block Island and got the privileges in two leading hotels of the island. I also published a copyrighted souvenir and guide to the island.

"But I worked hard for all this. In order to get the New York Sunday papers to the island ahead of my competitors on other steamers from Providence, Rhode Island, I had the trainmen drop the bundles at Stonington. Then I hired the

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owner of a lobster boat to take me and my stock of papers to the island every Sunday. In this way I reached there several hours ahead of the regular steamers. I had some pretty rough trips in that old lobster boat, but we always managed to make it.

"I got seventy-five cents a day when I started my first paper route. Five years later I was making twelve hundred dollars a year from my Block Island business, in which I employed twenty or more other boys; and I also earned something as Norwich correspondent for the New Haven 'Register.'

"IN THE meantime, I had spent two years at the academy, without doing myself or the school much credit, except in athletics. None of my teachers shed any tears when I left at the end of my sophomore year.

"My middle name is Floyd, after an uncle of mine who was living at that time in New York. He had charge of the dining and parlor cars on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad and also ran the fruit stand in front of the Grand Central station.

"As I happened to be his namesake, he took a special interest in me; and when he found that I was determined to leave school, he said I could have a job with him. So I came to New York when I was sixteen years old.

"Uncle Floyd believed that a boy should learn to work; and the fact that the boy was his own nephew didn't alter this belief. After a little training, I was given the job of buying provisions for the dining cars, the Grand Central restaurants, and the fruit stand. My pay was to be twelve dollars a week.

"The buying was done in the wholesale district, down around Washington Market. As I boarded in Harlem, seven or eight miles up-town, I had to get up at three A. M. in order to reach the market section by four. After doing the buying, I went to the station, where I superintended the unloading of the provisions. Then I worked at the fruit stand until twelve in the evening.

"On alternate days I worked from one-thirty P. M. until six o'clock at night. So you can see that I averaged a thirteen-hour day, six days a week; which was pretty fair for a boy of sixteen.

"At the academy, I had played on the football team, and I was still keen about athletics. So it occurred to me that on my day off I might play in semi-professional football games in New York.

"You remember what I said about chance? Well, by chance I answered an advertisement for a football player, and so met Irving P. Lovejoy. He was on the team which I joined, but I knew him only slightly, for I played but two games. With my daily schedule of work, I had almost no time for practice, so I gave it up. But that chance meeting was to affect my whole life.

"I stayed with my uncle almost a year. By that time I had changed my opinion about the value of a school education, and was willing to go back and finish my course at the academy.

"But Doctor Keep, the head of the school, was by no means overjoyed at the prospect. He was a stanch believer in Latin and Greek as essentials of an education. I had not shone in any studies, and least of all in Greek and Latin. So Doctor Keep advised me to go to some other school for a year, to bring myself up to grade. I took his advice and went to one in Philadelphia.

"The result was another of those important chance incidents which I mentioned. When I came back from Philadelphia, on my way to Norwich to take my exams for reëntering the academy, I passed through New York; and as I was crossing a street near the ferry a young man stopped me and called me by name. I didn't recognize him until he explained that he was the Irving P. Lovejoy of my brief football experience.

"We talked only a few minutes, for I was in a hurry. I never had had any intimate association with him, anyway. But, in view of our previous acquaintance, I made the remark which is usually made under similar circumstances.

"'If you are ever in Norwich,' I said, 'look me up.'

"With that, we separated and I promptly forgot about him.

"That fall, I reëntered the academy. This time, I tackled my studies in good earnest; but I kept up my outside interests too. I worked as a reporter for the Norwich 'Post' and still ran my Block Island newspaper business. When I was graduated, I remained on the 'Post' staff.

"THE summer that I was twenty years old, Lovejoy again turned up. Those chance meetings were beginning to bear fruit.

"I was too busy to see much of him; but every time we were together he insisted on talking about a new idea of his. He was working then for a New York man, Henry L. Goodwin, who owned a number of business buildings in the lower part of the city. Lovejoy kept the books and also collected the rents.

"In this way he had learned something about real estate; and he had come to Norwich, on his vacation, hoping to persuade me to go (*Continued on page 88*)

PHOTOGRAPH BY BLANK & STOLLER, N. Y.

Charles F. Noyes is president of one of the largest real estate companies in New York. Mr. Noyes is forty-nine years old, and has made his own way since he was ten, not because he had to, but because he wanted to work. He was born in Norwich, Connecticut

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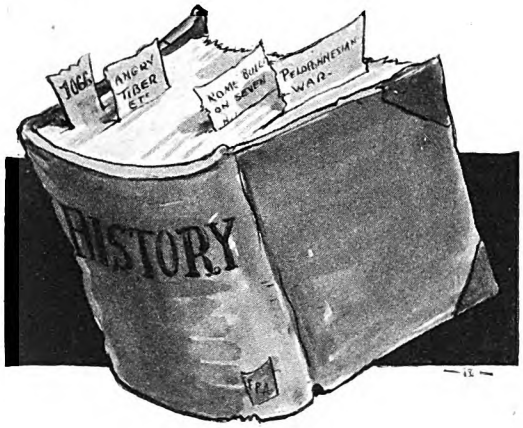

I Have The Most Useless Memory In The World

By F. P. A.

(Franklin P. Adams)

DRAWINGS BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

I HAVE the most useless memory in the world. And because of it, I have acquired, without wanting it, the reputation for having a marvelous memory.

The only thing marvelous about my memory is its uncanny faculty for retaining the trivial.

My mind lets go a thousand things,
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,—

but it holds onto a thousand others.

Whenever I see an unimportant mistake in a newspaper or a book, I correct it—usually in the column that I conduct in the New York "World." The writer may manhandle his theme as a whole, but the thing for which I pillory him is his misquotation of a line from a Gilbert and Sullivan ballad, or his ignorance of the fact that Frank Leroy Chance, often known as the Peerless Leader, played first base for the Chicago Cubs in 1908.

Years of this sort of checking-up have given me a reputation for more than a good memory. Sometimes, from the things people ask me, about the population of Saginaw or what Nebraska's average annual rainfall is, it would seem that they thought I had omniscience.

And my ability to remember the things I do remember does me no good. Recently I took Mr. Mark Sullivan to task for some errors in "Our Times," his book about the nineties. Mr. Sullivan wrote to me, telling me that I had a "fly-speck memory," and he wants me to help him read proof on his next book. I suppose I have a fly-speck memory. But elephants walk over that same memory and make no impression.

Of course, I make some use of the things I remember. Because I remember the German and the Latin I learned at school, I make translations of German and Latin poems, and these translations often have filled up space in my enormous daily column. I remember lots of things about the Chicago World's Fair, and they came in handy last summer whenever I wrote about the Sesquicentennial. I remember how to play pool—now called pocket billiards; and the silver cup I own—through having won it three times—is one of the best flower vases we have in the house, though my wife always sticks it so far away that visitors never say, "Oh, a championship cup!" It's just a flower receptacle to them.

Among the few important things I remember, however, is a recent visit to the offices of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. The talk ran to babies, baseball, the gay writings of the late George Fitch, the number of readers each copy of a magazine had—and my ability to remember certain things.

"You have," said the Editor, in his kindly way, "positively the most useless memory in the world. Why not write a piece about it?" . . . And that is what I finally have remembered to do.

MY MEMORY is spilling over with such irrelevant memories as a clear impression of the velvet suit I wore at my uncle Henry's wedding, March 5th, 1888. It was a Lord Fauntleroy suit, and there was a shirtwaist with a starched, frilled collar, and a red sash, and patent leather pumps. The soles were slippery, and so was the waxed floor; and I had great fun sliding along the floor, much to the annoyance of what I considered the silly old waltzers.

They waltzed to "The Skaters," by Waldteufel. I remember that, because ten years later I heard an orchestra play it, while a juggler—Frank Latona was his name—was doing his act. I was sitting in the front row of the Olympic Theatre, Chicago, in a thirty-cent seat, and I could see the cornetist's music sheet, and I knew that I had heard that waltz at Uncle Henry's wedding.

You who remember what happened at the Battle of Stonehenge will probably agree with the Editor that I have the most useless memory in the world. [You certainly have. There was no Battle of Stonehenge.—ED.] (Well, isn't it better to have a useless memory than one that remembers battles that never even occurred?—F. P. A.)

I do not remember what happened in the Fall-Doheny Case—whether the jury disagreed or voted unanimously for acquittal. I cannot recite a whole poem through, though I remember the beginnings of hundreds. A constant theatre-goer, I have to look up in the telephone directory the address of the theatre before I leave the house, although I may have seen half a dozen plays this season in that theatre. I never can remember the difference between "subjective" and "objective," though I have looked the words up a dozen times. I cannot remember where the semicolon on my typewriter is; I cannot remember the words of Irving Berlin's "Remember?"

BUT I can tell you the name of every teacher in Douglas School, southeast corner of Forest Avenue and Thirty-second Street, Chicago, from 1889 to 1895; from Miss Graham in Room 24 to Miss Ellen M. Stowe in Room 1; and that includes Miss Werkmeister,

I used to time my departure from home so that I might walk behind Corinne Zimmerman

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I had great fun sliding along the floor, much to the annoyance of what I considered the silly old waltzers

Miss Emily Freiberger, Miss Levy, Mrs. Kewley, Miss Fox, Miss Laura M. Hull, Miss Thiel, Miss Pierce, Mrs. Lester, Mrs. Swarthout, and Miss Shoemaker. I know all the others, but I thought a recital of their names might sound pedantic.

I can tell you—and I could sing them for you, too—the words of all the songs we sang in school, from "My Little Lamb" to "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers;" and that includes "Where Do All the Daisies Go?" "Night Winds," "Good-by to Summer," and "Old Jack Frost Has Come to Town, Boys." I can tell you that Appleton's Second, Third, and Fourth Readers had brown board covers; that the Fifth Reader had a maroon cover; and that Robinson's Elementary Arithmetic was maroon too.

But Barnes's "History of the United States" was light brown, with gold letters, and it was the only book you could carry that proved to anybody who was watching that you were no child any longer, but somebody in the eighth grade. The first day I carried it I felt certain that the windows of all the houses on Grand Boulevard, from Thirty-seventh Street to Thirty-fifth Street, and on Calumet Avenue from Thirty-fifth Street to Thirty-third Street, were crowded with eager watchers saying to themselves, "There is no possible doubt that that boy is in the eighth grade."

I REMEMBER the book too. But of all its contents, what I remember best is that Ethan Allen asked somebody at Ticonderoga to surrender "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" And that Charles C. Pinckney said, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute," and that the quotation was at the bottom of a left-hand page, in small type, as a footnote; and that somewhere in the book, though in connection with what I don't know, it said, "The effect of this brilliant event was electrical." And I remember particularly a picture, "John Smith Showing His Compass to the Indians."

I remember thinking that General Philip H. Sheridan was the greatest of generals, and that "Sheridan's Ride" was the greatest poem, and I know it was because my little sisters had a nurse whose name was Maggie Sheridan. It was Maggie Sheridan who taught me to read, and the first book I remember reading was "Davy and the Goblin," which I considered the greatest and most comical book ever written, or ever could be written. Another child who felt the same way about that book (another boy who, reading "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" later, thought it was stolen from "Davy") was Henry G. Rice of Nashville (before he dropped the Henry and called himself Grantland), and he also received his first desire to write verse from reading

The night was thick and hazy when the Piccadilly Daisy
Carried down the crew and captain to the sea.

Childish? I read it over and over again, and I know no better illustration of the bafflement of humanity than the Butterscotchmen, who couldn't run unless they were hot, and who couldn't get hot without running. I can quote the whole book (so can Grantland Rice), but if I did, it might disprove the Editor's point that mine was a useless memory. Certainly I have diverted many children and won their affection by telling them about Davy and the Goblin. And I submit that is far from useless.

I CAN remember the youngsters who sat near me in school, and what they all looked like; but I cannot remember what I read yesterday about Nicaragua and Mexico, and I cannot tell you precisely what the Baumes Law is, or how many Representatives there are in the House, or how many signers the Declaration of Independence had, or who is Premier of France, or President of the German Republic. I don't know the tune or the words of a single popular song written in the past ten years. But I know every note and word of "After the Ball" and "The Little Lost Child," and "My Mother Was a Lady." I cannot tell you the plot of the play I saw last night. Nor do I know, as a rule, who was in the cast. But I know who was in every vaudeville act—variety, we called it then—that played at the Olympic Theatre from 1895 to 1898.

I know the overture to "William Tell" note for note, because I heard the Three Avolos play it on xylophones. I know "Sweet Rosie O'Grady," words and music, because they were sung by Lottie Gilson, the Little Magnet, in a blue dress four shameful inches above her ankles.

I remember seeing "Robin Hood" one night in December, 1897. It was the night before an (*Continued on page 126*)

The other players would add laboriously on the backs of envelopes

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"Scotch Valley"

A story you will never forget

By Mildred Cram

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"You got it?" Pete asked. "No," Gladden said, avoiding the boy's eyes. "I didn't dare to ask for it"

"BUT why," Gladden demanded of Hansen, "but why, if Pelgram thought I couldn't meet the payment on the mortgage, did he offer five thousand dollars, cash, for the kids' ranch?"

"He was testing you out. He doesn't know how much you've got. Besides, if they foreclose day after to-morrow, the ranch goes to the highest bidder. He might not be able, then, to get it for five thousand. Pelgram's no fool."

"Do you think there's oil—"

Hansen raised both hands. "Oil! Oil! Oil! Everyone in this state is oil crazy; they overlook their greatest treasure, their surest source of income: the fruit of the soil! Forget the possibility of oil, and reclaim the trees!"

"That's good advice. But can it be done without water?"

"Let me see that deed!"

Hansen scrutinized the faded, blotched paper.

"Well," he said, after a moment, "it looks to me as if you had Pelgram on the hip. This is the original deed; it dates back twelve years. A man by the name of Sandow owned Pelgram's property when Smith bought his. While Sandow lived there, he respected Smith's water rights, and the water kept coming, winter and summer.

"Then Pelgram moved in and built a dam. In the beginning, Smith piped his supply across the canyon, through the orchard to the trough. You've seen the trestles. But then Smith went overseas. He left his wife sitting pretty, with Manuel to do the hard work, and while he was at Camp Kearny Pelgram lay low. Smith was too near home!

"As soon as they knew for certain that he was in France, Pelgram dynamited. He took the creek for himself. But the law states that he took what didn't belong to him. It remains for you to prove it."

"You mean I can prove that Pelgram was dishonest?"

"You can, in court. These things take time, and they cost money." Hansen leaned forward. "Don't misunderstand me, Mr. Gladden. My fee is of small consequence. No one need pay me who can't afford to. I have no wife to make a Shylock of me against my inclination. But you must consider the chances of losing, of counter-suits, litigations. You must be prepared to stand behind yourself, and to pay, if necessary, for defeat."

"If the right is on my side, I'm willing to take the risk. I'm foolish enough to believe in justice!"

Hansen laughed, shaking loosely within his mountainous flesh. "I was not referring to justice, but to the law. Many an honest man has lost himself in that maze! Have a cigar?"

"No, thanks."

Gladden got up. He was embarrassed, uneasy. He had intended to borrow a hundred dollars from Hansen, but now he found that he couldn't; he was too aware of the lawyer's shiny clothes, his well-worn shoes and frayed cuffs, the atmosphere of dusty, genial poverty in the office.

"Perhaps I'd better tell you, Hansen," he said, "that I've made an enemy of Pelgram's wife."

"How's that?"

"I don't trust her. I think I told her so. At any rate, I drove her off the ranch." This was not quite true, but Gladden felt better for having said it. "And I told her not to come back," he added darkly.

Hansen's jaw fell. "You want to get yourself shot?" He tossed his half-consumed cigar into the brass spittoon beneath the desk. "Say! I wouldn't be

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Synopsis of Three Preceding Instalments

CAPTAIN JAMES GLADDEN came home from the war pledged to find and care for the destitute wife and five children of Fred Smith, about whom he knew nothing except that Smith had died in his place in France. In New York, Gladden turned down his uncle's offer to establish him in an engineering office, and set out upon his pilgrimage to Scotch Valley, California. He had been reared in luxury, but his father's whole estate had gone to his stepmother, and he had only a few hundred dollars with which to discharge his trust.

He found Scotch Valley, and the families of two Fred Smiths who had died in France! But oil had made one family the richest in the valley, and the other family was starving, so that problem was easily settled. He found the five children, but no mother. She had died some months before. Bertha, almost seventeen, and Pete and Henry and Lily and Nancy had been left in the care of old Manuel, a Mexican; but he was dying now. There was no food. The well was polluted. And the town was ten miles away.

Gladden went doggedly to work to carry out his promise. He learned that Pelgram, a prosperous rancher and the nearest neighbor, had cut off the water from the place, and was trying to starve the children into giving up the ranch to him. Pelgram offered him five thousand dollars if he would turn over the Smith ranch, and have the children sent to the County Home.

Gladden refused. He had old Manuel buried in the orchard, spent all the rest of his money in supplies, and consulted Hansen, a lawyer in the town, who told him Pelgram's motive. It was a desperate situation, made more desperate to Gladden by his meeting Olive Smith, the lovely daughter of the *rich* Smith family. But he had no thought of giving up. He cleaned up the place, dug out the well, gathered and sold the English walnuts in order to get more supplies.

As soon as he could, he made Bertha go to town to buy new clothes—and to his consternation, she walked out of the store transformed from a rowdyish little girl into a young woman. This presented a new problem—the problem of gossip and vicious tongues. There wasn't a chance that Mrs. Pelgram would not notice the change in Bertha—and capitalize it. And that very night his fears were confirmed. He was strolling at bedtime along the edge of the Smith ranch—and Mrs. Pelgram came to him out of the darkness. He was sickened by her attempts at flirtation, and could not conceal his feelings—with the inevitable result. She flung in his face the taunt that he had no legal place in the Smith ménage.

However, he went on his way, used some of the walnut money to purchase an old horse, plowed up the fields—and waited. Then Hansen told him a complaint had been lodged and he would have to be appointed legal guardian. In his search for records, he found Mrs. Smith's will, leaving the property to the children, a deed putting it in her name—and a mortgage she had given Pelgram on the place and everything that it contained.

And then Gladden discovered that an interest payment on that mortgage was due in three days. One hundred dollars—"As well a million dollars as a hundred!" thought Gladden bitterly. Then he started up. "Pete," he said, "I'm going *gunning* for that hundred dollars!"

"Can I come, too?" Pete wanted to know.

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surprised if you'd get your head blown off! Pelgram's crazy about her. The queen can do no wrong . . . that sort of thing."

He followed Gladden to the door, grumbling and puffing. "You still want to fight him? Take him to court?"

"Certainly."

"All right. All right. I'll go ahead. And how about this interest? This hundred dollars? Want me to take care of it for you?"

Gladden hesitated. "I'll give you the money to-morrow," he said.

For the first time in his life, he tasted the peculiar humiliation of an acknowledged impotence. He couldn't reach into his pocket for a check book and scratch off a hundred dollars with the careless gesture of a man who has money in the bank. His balance amounted to twelve dollars and forty-eight cents, and an uneasy awareness of the fact was written already on his face.

Hansen wiped his face again, and said, "You spent all the walnut money?"

"Almost. But I'll get more. I'll be here, to-morrow, at four o'clock, sharp."

Pete was waiting on the corner.

"You got it?"

"No," Gladden said, avoiding the boy's eyes. "I didn't dare to ask for it. I've never borrowed money in my life, and I don't know how. We'll have to look somewhere else." Noticing Pete's quiver of disappointment, he added, "Hansen didn't have it, anyhow. He is as poor as we are!"

UNDER the circumstances, the bank decided, a loan was impossible. In the office of the president, a sharp-faced French-Canadian, Gladden heard the word collateral repeated with a trace of professional anxiety. Under the circumstances—well—no—not without some guarantee. . . .

Gladden rose suddenly. What in heaven's name was the good of collateral in a case like this? If he had collateral, he wouldn't be in need of a hundred dollars. Five children were in danger of starvation, or worse. Knowing them, Gladden knew also that starvation would be less irksome to them than imprisonment in a County Home.

"Surely, with your connection in the East—you can manage—"

But Gladden avoided the president's outstretched hand, and fled. The hot glare in the street was actually a relief: it made his own burning face seem cool in comparison.

"You got it?" Pete asked, shuffling at his side.

"No."

"Gosh!"

THEY walked up one side of the street and down the other, in silence. The world had suddenly become a place in which everyone except himself had plenty of money. If he wanted a hundred dollars he must either steal it, borrow it or earn it, provided, of course, that he couldn't inherit it. And there seemed little chance of that. He felt naked and ridiculous.

He couldn't steal, because he was honest. He couldn't beg, because he was proud. Whichever way he turned, he was blocked by his own superiority.

"I'll sell the car," he said with a sudden inspiration. "Come on, Pete!"

They climbed into the old vehicle with heavy hearts. Pete stroked the cracked leather cushions and sounded the horn.

"Later, of course," Gladden said largely, "we'll buy another"

"I like this one," Pete said.

The old machine slipped backward out of its right-angle parking at the curb, and with a smooth purr, miraculous in one of its years, rolled into the nearest garage, into a dark, echoing cavern full of blue gas fumes and grease.

Gladden explained to the proprietor that he wanted to sell his car for as much as he could get, cash. It must be cash, and it must be immediate. The proprietor reached forward over the door and touched the throttle; a great roar and complaint echoed against the steel rafters and the grimy skylight windows. The man cocked his head to listen; like the leader of an orchestra he could determine flaws in the rhythm, remote and unmistakable lapses.

He shook his head, and shouted, "She ain't much good!"

"She'll do Soledad in high," Gladden shouted back.

"Well, mebbe. For you. She may know her master's voice. But I ain't her master. I'll give you twenty-five dollars cash, and fifty on a new car. That's a generous offer. You can't do better than

Gibbs turned as Gladden came forward, and, giving his hat a backward thrust, said, "How d'you do? Looking for me?"

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that, in the city, nor anywhere else."

"Not enough," Gladden said. He drove out again into the glare of day.

Pete grinned. "Guess she acted up because she didn't want to be sold," he said. "Gosh, Jim, we've still got her!"

Gladden shared Pete's elation.

"I tell you what we'll do," he said, making a spectacular left-hand turn. "We'll go to the circus. I always say, Pete, that the time to spend money is when you're broke. Worry is like a tack driven into the mind. It paralyzes. I read that somewhere. It's impossible to worry while watching a four-ring circus. Maybe I'll think of something terrific, something to save us! All I need is a clown, a trapezist, and an elephant. Come on!"

They drove out of town toward the city. The highway skipped between the yellow hills, leaped dry rivers, coiled up and uncoiled down again. It was a blue-black asphalt road, and down its shining length motors sped like scuttling beetles. The world was on wheels pursuing forgetfulness, running like mad away from facts; everyone, young and old, dashing from place to place, as if one place were any better than another.

All the fretting, fussing humans whizzing up and down the blue thread of road, while the tawny topaz hills sprawled asleep in the sun, and just beyond the roar of wheels, the reek of gas, the laboring of engines, cattle grazed, and the figures of men mounted on lean ponies, dwarfed by the immense height of the sky, moved in a silence flawless and encompassing as a globe.

The highroad drew the city out across the land. Oil stations, shoddy sandwich stands, signboards, a litter of paper, like the slimy, defacing trail of a slug. Cars darted and labored, while men, secure in a chaos of their own making, ignored the significance of things, refusing to pause or to think until overtaken by the puzzling reality. All this seemed strange to Gladden; to Pete, it was usual. He accepted turmoil as one born to it.

Billowing canvas bubbled over half an acre of field on the outskirts of the town. The afternoon show was about to begin, and a great shouting of barkers drew the crowd to the entrance.

"Here you are! Two dollars in the boxes. A dollar and a ha-alf in the stands. Fifty cents in the benches! Babies free! The Midway to your left! Twenty cents! Babies free! Step up! Step up! Two dollars!"

THE freckled man in the derby caught sight of Gladden. "Two dollars each, sir. Best seats! Right down in front. Here you are!"

A five-dollar bill changed hands, and Gladden received two red tickets and a silver cartwheel.

Pete's eyes were large and black with excitement. It took a great deal to stir Pete, but now Gladden could see that he had forgotten everything except the glamour and strangeness of the scene.

The big tent shut out the glare of the sky. Within, the light was tempered by the spread of canvas; the ring and the crowded tiers might have been at the bottom of the sea, in a pale flicker of light falling through water. It was suffocatingly hot. A band blared, and a clown in a red suit gamboled languidly in the thick sawdust of the arena; he paused under Gladden's box and stuck out an enormous tongue at Pete.

Pete cackled. He was too excited to laugh. When the white horses appeared, he yelled, and then sat perfectly still, holding his breath. Gladden enjoyed watching Pete's shoulders tighten, his eyes dilate, his chin tremble. Emotions ran across his face like rain on a window.

But he said nothing, after that first primitive shout of gratification, and steadily his fingers dipped into a bag of pop corn, making blind but accurate journeys to his mouth.

Ten white horses, like figures in a slow-motion movie, benign, gracious, and mild, circled the arena. Equestriennes in violet spangles, with lovely muscular pink silk legs, balanced on broad dimpled backs and kissed palms at the crowd. The smiles of actresses! Painted on, not of this earth! Their curls and graces! One of them stood on her head and her tulle skirts unfolded like a blown umbrella. Another skipped rope. The horses shook their manes and rolled their eyes, solicit-

It was characteristic of the malicious stars then in ascendency that Olive Smith should come . . . and he could not run to meet her. The best he could do was to drag himself to his feet, hanging on to the railing with both hands like a paralytic

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ing applause. And a little ballerina with red hair turned a somersault through a hoop.

Then there were clowns. Raucous, ear-splitting fellows with obscene hoots and whistles. Little fat fellows with loose paunches. Great brooding white-faced fellows, leading toy poodles or driving teams of grinning dachshund on long ribbon streamers. And one was dressed like a woman: he minced through the sawdust on high heels, throwing kisses.

Then came the lions in gilded cages with scarlet wheels..

"They make the rest of us look like amateurs," thought Gladden. "Perhaps it's because they don't have to worry about mortgages! But I was going to forget about that hundred dollars."

The idea, however, had crept in, and now it persisted. Gladden watched the thrilling plunges of the trapezists with but half of his mind; the other half was struggling with the personal problem.

"Pete," he said, when the show was over, "I lost out. I couldn't think of a thing. We're just where we were."

But Pete had an idea—not to let the magical moment go, to prolong it.

"Here you are, sir! The Midway! See the Fat Lady, Princess Irene, the Tattooed Islander, the Leper, the Snake Charmer, the Strong Man, and Alonzo, the Intelligent Ape."

"Let's!" Pete said.

The silver dollar became a fifty-cent piece and a dime.

"I hope there's gas in the tank," Gladden thought.

He purchased a package of gum, and a box of molasses kisses. Ten cents. Half a gallon of gas. Eight miles to the good.

"A hundred dollars! A hundred dollars to the man, woman, or child who can lift the weight six inches off the floor! Challenge! The strong man's challenge! This way, sir. Admission ten cents!"

"You stay here, Pete," Gladden said. "I'm going to try this."

There may have been a flash of anxiety in Pete's eyes. Or else it was youth's instinctive dislike of being in the company of conspicuous or ridiculous elders. He drew back and let Gladden pass into the strong man's tent.

RED baize cast a sultry, an unearthly light; it was the lurid glare of an infernal cavern. And hot! A few perspiring spectators sat dumbly on crude wooden benches, waiting for the strong man. Gladden slipped into an empty place and tried to appear disinterested.

The weights, great bulging iron bars, were on a sort of platform. Presently, in a hush, the curtains behind the platform parted and the muscular prodigy appeared. He rippled as you looked. His legs were like trees; no, like pillars; hairless, white, hard as stone. His waist curved in beneath the casement of his ribs. He flexed his arms, and the muscles ran beneath the flesh like mice in a cage.

Golly, what a chest! It swelled out and out. He moved his small, water-licked head from side to side. Then he turned his back, and you saw a tattooed mermaid, her head on his shoulder, her tail coiled around his waist.

"Ladies and gents," he said, facing the audience again, "I challenge you. To the man, woman, or child who can lift this weight, I will give a hundred dollars. Fair and square!"

He rubbed his hands together, bent forward, planted his feet well apart, and with no indication of effort other than a tightening of his lips, swung the largest of the weights above his head.

"Six inches only, and I will pay a hundred dollars!"

With a grunt he let the great bar down, set it gently on the floor.

Gladden was on his feet, crowding forward through the benches to the platform. He felt himself suddenly caught into an intangible solitude, alone with the great bar.

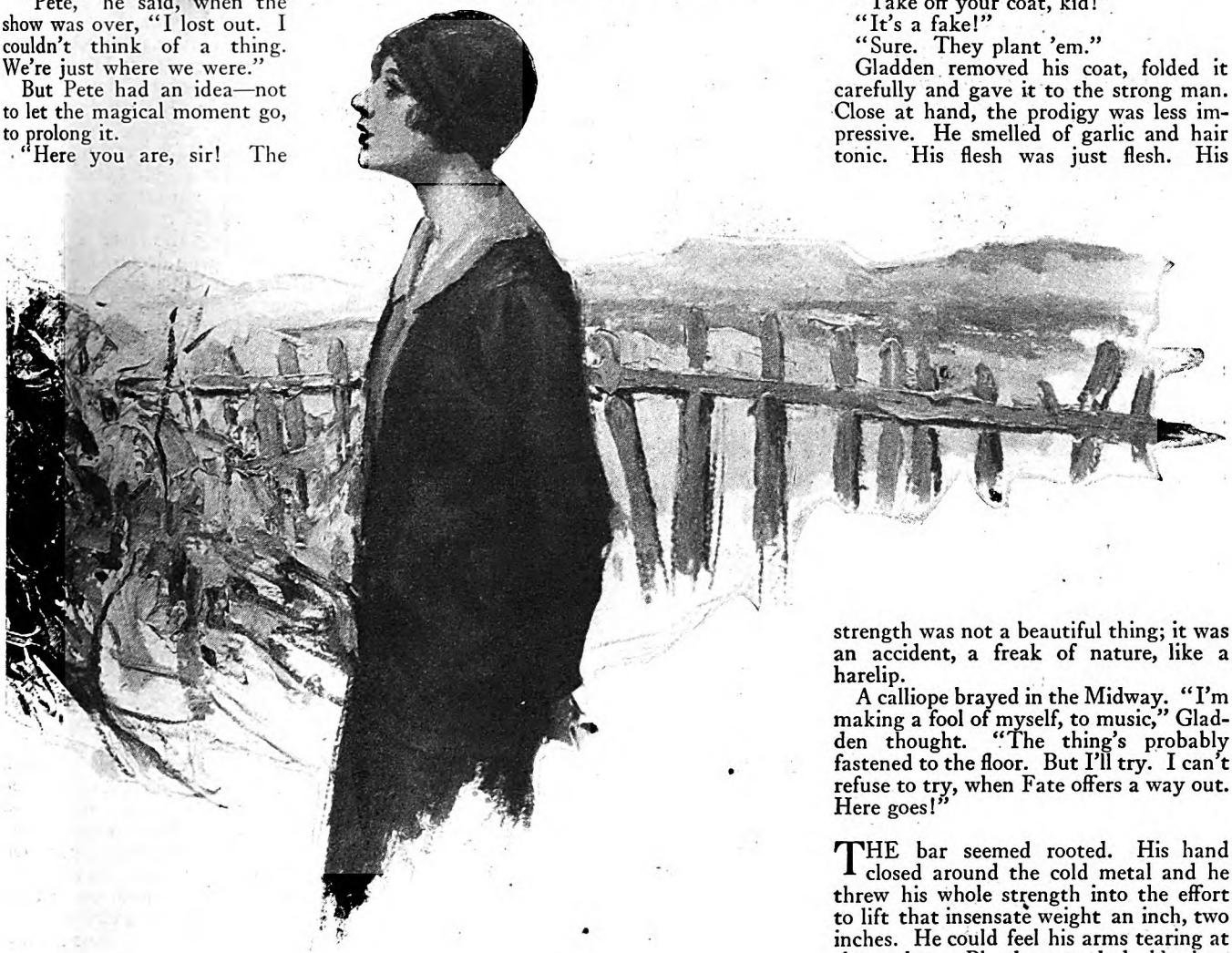
"Ladies and gents! This young man has accepted my challenge. . One hundred dollars."

"Take off your coat, kid!"

"It's a fake!"

"Sure. They plant 'em."

Gladden removed his coat, folded it carefully and gave it to the strong man. Close at hand, the prodigy was less impressive. He smelled of garlic and hair tonic. His flesh was just flesh. His strength was not a beautiful thing; it was an accident, a freak of nature, like a harelip.



A calliope brayed in the Midway. "I'm making a fool of myself, to music," Gladden thought. "The thing's probably fastened to the floor. But I'll try. I can't refuse to try, when Fate offers a way out. Here goes!"

THE bar seemed rooted. His hand closed around the cold metal and he threw his whole strength into the effort to lift that insensate weight an inch, two inches. He could feel his arms tearing at the sockets. Blood spurted darkly into his finger tips. Something split below his shoulders. Not his shirt. A tendon. A ligament. Hot pains stabbed and stabbed. He tried to straighten up, nauseated, dizzy, blind, and groped for his coat.

"You see, ladies and gents, it is impossible! Impossible! I remain the strongest man in the world! Anyone else? One hundred dollars if you can lift the weight six inches off the floor!"

Pete was waiting. He threw the taffy kisses away and took Gladden's arm.

Coffee, Gladden (*Continued on page 72*)

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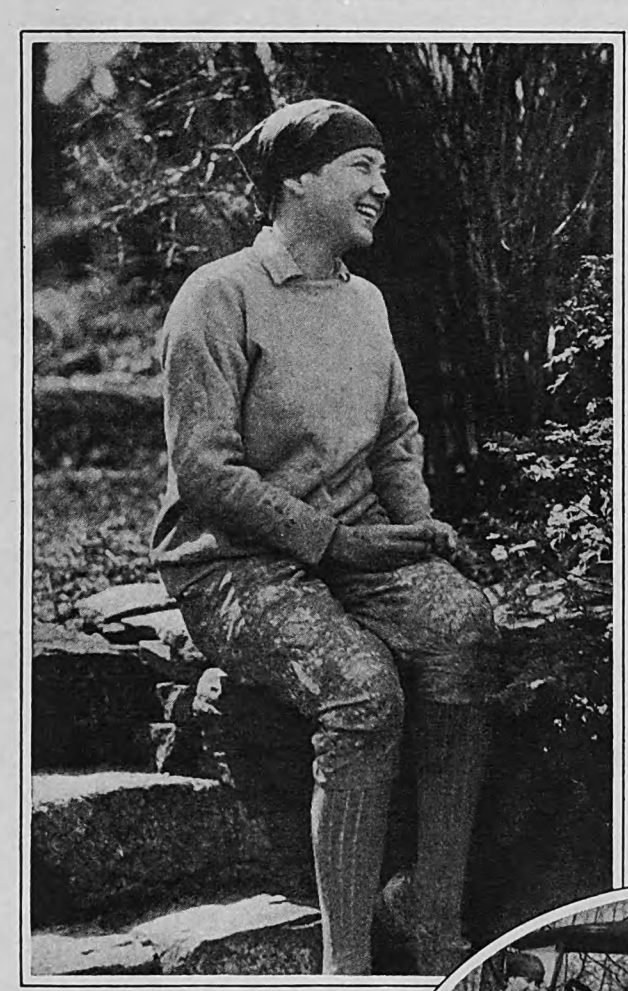
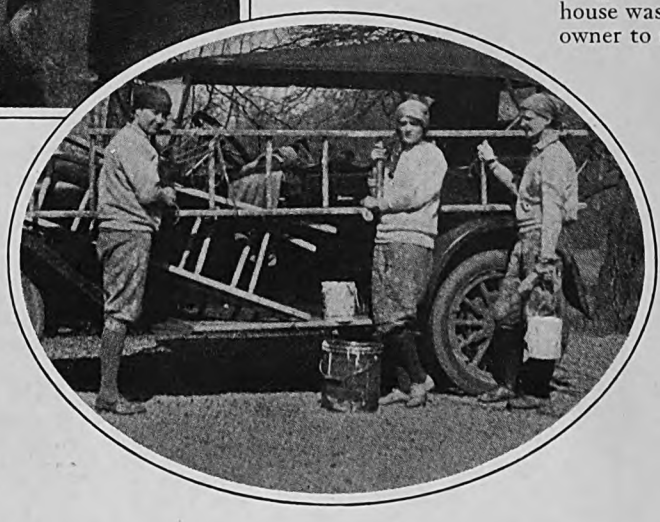
INTERESTING PEOPLE

Ann Left a Stuffy Office To Paint Houses in the Sun



PHOTOGRAPHS BY D. JAY CULVER



(Left) Ann Derickson, of Bedford, New York, tried working in an office when she left school. But she never got a chance to be out in the sunlight, so when a neighbor's house needed a coat of paint, she volunteered to do the job. Now she gets contracts for all kinds of painting jobs in New York and Connecticut. (In oval) Miss Derickson with two of her twelve girl helpers

EVERYBODY seems to know Ann Derickson as she goes riding down the street in her old touring car, curtains flying, ladders tottering, with a broad smile and a wave of her hand to every policeman she passes. Her girls are perched wherever they can find a foothold—front seat, back seat, on the floor, or on top of the ladders.

Miss Derickson is a painter of houses, barns, schools and factories, and a professional at that. She doesn't really look strong enough to carry a bucket of paint up a ladder. But she does a man's job every day, and she gets man-size wages for it.

Why shouldn't she? Her best girl helpers earn union wages, just as the men do. The work is expertly done. She specializes in jobs for women. She knows exactly what blend you will want for your bookshelves, in your linen closets, kitchen and workshop. She's just finished working out an entirely new shade—the color you see only on real old Sèvres china.

Although Ann Derickson was born in New York she is a small-town girl, because she chooses to live in the village of Bedford, forty miles from New York, where she and her mother keep house in a beautiful little home tucked away among the trees.

When Ann first came out of school at Carmel she tried office work. But she found it hard, nerve-racking and none too highly paid. Besides, when she started off in the morning the sun was scarcely up in the sky. And when she closed her desk at six o'clock, the loveliness of the day was almost gone. She wanted to live out of doors. So she and her mother moved to Bedford to run the "Jumble Inn."

Still, Ann was restless. She used to do all the painting around the place. She enjoyed it. And, furthermore, the longer she painted the more interested and proficient she became. One spring day five years ago, an architect bought a piece of property near the Inn and built himself a house. He came over and asked Ann, "Where can I find a good, all-'round man to paint my house?"

She looked straight at that architect, and said, "I can paint. I'll do it for you."

It was February and cold. All the painters he had inquired about were overfull with spring contracts. He would be taking a chance, hiring a woman. But he needed his house. "All right," he said; "go ahead. But, remember, I've got to have it in a very few weeks."

"It will be ready," Ann answered firmly.

And, strangely enough, it was ready, on schedule date. But what a time she had finishing the job! In her desire to do the painting well, she worked slowly and fearfully. But before it was half completed she decided she could never finish it on time without assistance. And she couldn't get a single good workman to help her. In despair she hired a "handy man about town" who declared he was a master of the art. But he wasn't. He couldn't paint on the ground, because the snow "froze his feet." He wouldn't work on the ladders, for fear of "straining his sides." So Ann had to fire him and finish the job alone. Beginning long before sunrise, and painting inside long after dark, she toiled on—numbed, cold, and weary. But when the first spring day peeped over the garden wall the architect's little white house was shining and dry, ready for the owner to move in.

After that Ann got more work. First, she bought herself an old touring car for sixty dollars. Every morning, long before seven o'clock, in the hot summer and through the next winter, a particularly cold one, she chugged up the road in her battered car. Before long she was in demand all over Westchester County, and clear up in Connecticut. Then New York heard of her. A most conservative children's school on Twelfth Street engaged her to keep the building in condition under a yearly contract. Soon Brooklyn desired her services. "I have painted New York red, white, and blue," Ann says, "by contract."

Naturally, she couldn't manage all the work herself. And for the first year she depended entirely on men to assist her. But early the next spring she drove her old car into New York and up to Barnard College. There she asked the Occupational Bureau for three undergraduates who could paint or were willing to learn to paint. Her request was unusual, and they didn't know if they could procure what she wanted, but they would try. Ann re-

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ceived sixty answers. Out of this number she selected three, and started off.

She still has her original trio, Barnard graduates now, and nine others besides—mostly college women. Not only do these girls actually enjoy their work but four have decided to make it their vocation. For twelve dollars a day, with Saturday and Sunday free is "not so bad" they say to their less fortunate sisters. "Sixty dollars every week. Try to earn that writing poems or secretarying in Wall Street, and see how you fare."

Clad in stout blouses and knickers, heavy shoes and stockings, one or four sweaters, according to the season, with their red silk bandannas bound 'round their bobbed heads, they stand on the scaffolding and work and sing, and sing and work, summer and winter, winter and summer.

"We are happy," says Ann, "to be earning our living under healthful conditions. One girl came to me weighing only ninety pounds. Now she weighs one hundred and ten. We brighten up a lot of corners with our brushes, and we get many an honest thrill looking over a home we've just painted, or an office we've redecorated."

In the winter, if the girls are working in New York, they live in modest but comfortable hotels. And for diversion, they prefer the opera and fencing lessons!

In the summer time, when they are so fortunate as to be working in the country, they live with Ann's mother. If there are too many girls to sleep in the house, the overflow goes into the barn across the road.

"There are hardships too," Ann says. "Last summer, in Bronxville, New York, we had a job to finish in double-quick time. It meant working for a whole week from six in the morning until one o'clock the next morning. And just this past winter we were painting in Connecticut a big old house which hadn't been occupied for over a year. We built huge fires, but even after our work was done, we couldn't get the place warm. That moldy house was so cold we went outside to change our clothes. Even in the snow, it was warmer than in the house."

Perhaps if you should happen up Bedford way one of these summer evenings, you'd hear a song drifting across to you from the distance. It would probably be Kipling's "Gypsy Trail," the gang's favorite. They shout it as they ride home in that old car—tired and hungry but lusty with the freedom of the open air.

ROSA REILLY

He Brings the Outside World to Lonely Districts

ON THE Southern Railroad there is a baggage man running from Atlanta, Georgia, to Salisbury, North Carolina, who has evolved an unusual scheme for helping those living along his route, especially the ones in remote and isolated mountain sections.

Robert M. Cobb goes through the train, gathers up the papers and magazines that the passengers have thrown aside, straightens them out into readable shape, ties them in bundles, and throws them out at the points where he thinks they will be most appreciated.

People soon learned of this free delivery, gathered at the outdoor offices, and waited for the train that put them in touch with the outside world. This splendid service, for which no one is paid, has been in active operation for twelve or thirteen years, and bids fair to continue as long as this man with a heart can manage to dodge the pension regulations.

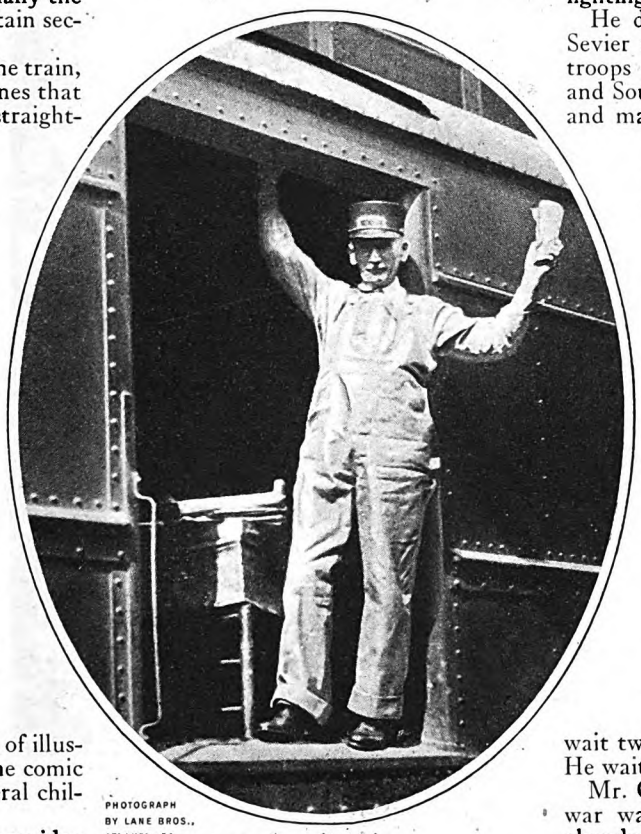
Most of those he serves are strangers. The only glimpse they ever have of him is when his train thunders past, and the bundle of reading matter comes sailing out and lands in a swirl of dust and cinders. But he has his regular customers too. There is an old couple who cannot read, for whom he prepares a collection of illustrated papers. A large share of the comic papers goes to a family with several children.

When I asked him how the happy idea occurred to him, he said it was at the time of the breaking out of the World War, when people hungered for news as they had never hungered before. When he saw the papers and magazines that were left on the seats being swept up and destroyed at the end of the run it looked to him like a sinful waste, when there were so many who would have been glad to have them.

So, right then and there, his free-delivery service was born, and Mr. Robert M. Cobb automatically became the head of the system.

Like many other innovations of moment, it began in a small way. At first he threw out papers only to the families of section foremen—people that he knew. But the service widened and spread until it included many families and small communities all along the route.

Later, when America entered the war, Mr. Cobb realized how much more news meant to the people, as everyone was personally interested in what was happening, and all were eager for the very latest from the front.



PHOTOGRAPH BY LANE BROS., ATLANTA, GA.

Robert M. Cobb is a baggage-master on the Southern Railway between Atlanta, Georgia, and Salisbury, North Carolina. He collects magazines and newspapers that passengers on his train discard, and throws them from his car to the isolated sections along the route

When construction work began on Camps Sevier, Wadsworth, and Gordon, all three directly on the main line of the Southern, it opened up wonderful opportunities for this baggage-man's labor of love. In each camp were some thirty thousand young soldiers in training, and every one of them wanted tidings from the fighting line.

He distributed more papers at Camp Sevier than at any other point. As the troops there were recruited from North and South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, and many of the newspapers found were published in those states, the soldiers often found copies of their home town papers in their bundles.

By this time, Mr. Cobb was well known along his route. Many people who received the papers wrote in to thank the unknown benefactor, and inquire his name.

Now he often gets letters telling him how helpful the reading matter has been, and how much the writers appreciate his kindness; and the children remember him with little gifts of candy and cake. Some of the boys on his route keep his table well supplied with rabbits.

One day he was presented with a basket of fruit and vegetables. An old man traveled forty miles in a buckboard with them. When he reached Spencer, North Carolina, he found he would have to wait two days before Mr. Cobb's arrival. He waited, and Mr. Cobb got the basket.

Mr. Cobb told me that when the great war was over, and the training camps abandoned, and there was less demand for news, he selected certain families in lonely districts, and kept up his free delivery to them.

No one will ever know the brightness he has put into lives that were gloomy and shut-in, the drab days that he has changed into sunshiny ones, the lonely hours he has cheered, and the hearts he has helped.

One would hardly look for many thrills in a day's work made up of pulling and pushing trunks through a baggage-car door, but Mr. Cobb gets more out of it than just his living—he gets the satisfaction of having done to others as he would be done by.

Mr. Cobb got his first job with the old

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Richmond and Danville Railroad, now the Southern, in 1887. For forty years he has been listening to the clicking of the rails, and watching the red hills slide by. So by now he knows every lone chimney, farmhouse, and cotton field.

He is a wiry, bronzed man, who looks you straight in the eye, and whose firm, quick step belies the fringe of gray that shows below his cap; in short, he is a typical railroad man—and I know no finer type.

He was left an orphan at an early age, his father, an officer in the Confederate army, having died of wounds received in battle, and his mother dying soon after. He was born at the old Cobb homestead, long a landmark in De Kalb County, Georgia. At the age of twelve he moved to Atlanta, and has been there ever since.

CHARLES A. DAVID

Melton Knows His Onions

ON HIS farm in Devine, Texas, Clyde H. Melton grows one hundred and twenty-five onion plants annually for every man, woman and child living in the United States.

It all started when he was a small boy. He left his home in Dallas, Texas, to visit an uncle in Cotulla. This uncle had six acres in onions, and the boy watched and helped from the time the seeds were planted until the crop was harvested and sold. The process was so interesting to the city boy that he decided he would some day have a farm of his own.

His family moved to San Antonio, and he went back home. He tried going to business college, but he didn't like it, and one day he left home for Cripple Creek, Colorado, where he got a job in the mines as a day laborer. After two years of this kind of work, he went to New Mexico as a contractor, to help open up some new mines.

When he was returning to Texas, he met a girl on the train whom he had known all his life. A few days later they were in a train wreck, and sat in a depot most of the night talking, and before the trip was over they were engaged.

After they were married, Mr. and Mrs. Melton went to New Mexico to a mining town.

"It was hard for Mrs. Melton," Mr. Melton told me. "It was lonely and dreary—but nothing to what was in store for us."

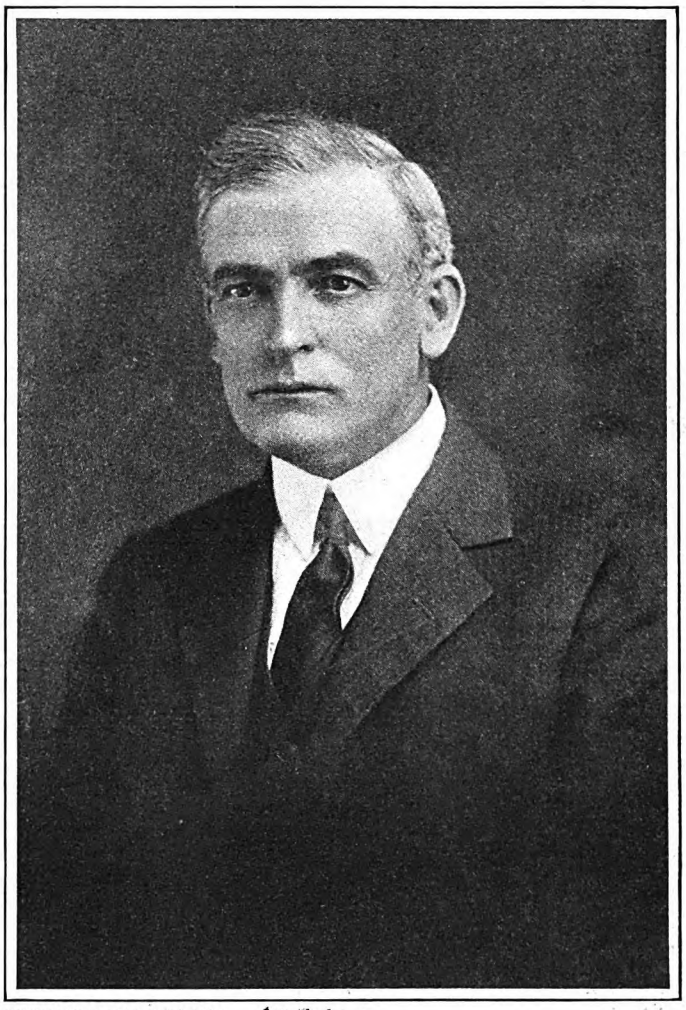
They sold out, and moved to Devine, Texas, where they raised their first onion crop. They made some money, and started another crop; but the seed was not good, and the second crop was a failure. Then they went to Old Mexico for four and a half years.

"We had been lonely in New Mexico," Mr. Melton said; "but Mexico was a thousand times worse. We made money, and had every convenience—gas, a comfortable home, a private yacht—but we didn't have anyone to talk to.

"I didn't speak Spanish, and the men I had on the job spoke nothing else. My wife knew Spanish, so when I could not show my men what I wanted done, I went into the house and told her what I wished to say. She translated it into Spanish, I wrote it down as it sounded to me, and read to the Mexicans what I had written."

The last two years had been turbulent ones. Because of the Mexican revolution, they were in constant danger. The company Mr. Melton worked for kept a yacht ready to take them away at a moment's notice, and they had been compelled to leave, temporarily, four times.

"I breathed a sigh of relief," Mr. Melton says, "when the work was finished and we started home. No ocean traveler ever felt gladder to be on the soil of the U. S. A. than we were."



LEWISON STUDIO, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

During the season, Clyde H. Melton markets millions of onion sets a day. He also raises sweet potatoes, roses, and pecan trees on his farm in Devine, Texas

This time they were in Texas to stay permanently.

"I wanted a farm; but I didn't have money enough to buy the one I wanted and run it until harvest time. Finally I got a job as manager of a store in Devine. I didn't know anything about running a store, but I needed the money."

With the money he saved, he bought a twenty-acre farm, and Mrs. Melton ran the farm while Mr. Melton managed the store. That first year, after the field was set with onions, some plants were left over. Mrs. Melton advertised them for sale in the San Antonio paper. The returns were so big that they decided to grow more plants for the market. From that small beginning, they started a plant industry that has grown beyond their wildest dreams.

As soon as he could, Mr. Melton gave up his store job, and they both gave all their time to plant growing and marketing.

For the next three years, Mr. Melton experimented with every known variety of onion. Finally, he selected what careful and scientific testing convinced him were the best varieties.

In 1920, Mr. Melton sent a case of his onion plants, free, to every agricultural station in the United States. He asked only that they be planted, and a record kept of their harvest, as compared with that of other varieties. Nearly all of these stations commended the quality of his plants, both as to keeping quality and tonnage per acre.

"As a method of advertising," Mr. Melton says, "nothing could have been more effective. Now, almost every agricultural school in America orders its plants from me.

"I have contracted for seventy-five per cent of all the onion seed produced in the Bermuda and the Teneriffe Islands. I have already spent three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars for seed alone for the coming season. We will be able to supply one hundred million plants daily during the shipping season next year."

In addition to his onions, Mr. Melton will sell twenty million sweet potato slips this year, nearly as many cabbage plants, and thousands of sweet peppers.

He has four hundred thousand pecan trees in the nursery. Within five years, he expects to have a million trees for sale.

Mrs. Melton has a rose garden, from which they sell field-grown rose bushes of numerous varieties.

The Meltons have their own printing plant, which occupies the entire second floor of the Devine bank building.

They employ three or four thousand Mexicans, and in the busy season six or seven thousand.

OLLIE COCHRAN DAVIS

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How often do you enjoy this delicious Vegetable Soup?

12 cents a can

SOUP

and the prettiest girl in the office

SAID a girl about her job at the office: "It isn't the work I mind—it's the competition!" Very well. Notice that "prettiest girl" at lunch sometime. You don't find her eating just anything she sees. She is little Miss Careful, and about as sleepy as a fox in taking care of her complexion and her figure. Trust her to follow every hint about eating the right things to keep her trim and attractive. Every famous beauty in history has watched her food as carefully as her mirror!

"Paint your cheeks from the inside" was the advice to the girls at a great college recently. Eating the proper food was shown to be one of the biggest helps to the charm that wins—the glow and beauty of sparkling health.

"EAT SOUP and keep well" means for many a girl, "Eat soup and keep pretty." For soup is not only delicious—it's a food you should eat regularly every day to help keep yourself alert and vigorous and healthy—the foundation of all good looks.

Remember this when you sit down to your meals. Enough food is essential, of course. But it is equally important for you to have *the right kinds of food.* The food experts, in their lectures and their books, emphasize the value of attracting the appetite with foods that appeal to your sense of taste, please it and satisfy it.

Soup provides real, nourishing food. Soup refreshes and revives you. The hot liquid is a wholesome "pick up" in the middle of the working day or at the end of it. Soup helps to keep your appetite normal and aids your digestion. And how it tempts and satisfies you, either at luncheon or dinner or supper. The important thing for you to keep in mind is that you should eat soup regularly every day, and not just occasionally. For if you are to get the full benefit of soup, you must allow it to invigorate you *daily.*

YOU KNOW some of the "health rules" are tiresome and hard to follow. But eating soup regularly is so very easy and convenient—and so enjoyable. Luncheonettes, cafeterias and restaurants everywhere serve these famous and delicious Campbell's Soups, which are the last word for splendid quality and appetizing flavor. They are sold in every food store. And it is so easy and convenient to serve these soups (which only require the addition of an equal quantity of water and a few minutes simmering) on the family table regularly.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

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"Wichita Bill," Cowboy Artist, Rode Into the Halls of Fame

(*Continued from page 34*)

Mystery Ship," inspired by the legend of Edgar Allan Poe. A full-rigged ship, sailing on and on against the wind! Sailing? Soaring! In an unearthly way, with something of the supernatural in the atmosphere and much of that indefinable quality—genius! Another in his studio was "The Wreck," a Provincetown picture, with the wizardry of rosy sunrise illuminating the stranded vessel's frozen rigging. Still another was a Kansas scene, a small picture with great depth of color, and with the vastness of the plains stretching away in a ghostly light.

At a one-man show of his work in a New York gallery thirty-seven other paintings were being exhibited—the work of years, including "Brooklyn Bridge," "On the Marne," "Fisher Folk," "The Old Boat House," "Frosty Night," "Cape Cod," "Berkshire Hills." There is not space to record here the honors and awards that have been won by the genius of this Westerner's brush. Enough to note what one celebrated English critic wrote:

> John Noble is one of the greatest of living artists; one of the very greatest America has produced, not excepting Whistler, Ryder, or Thayer. A man with a powerful feeling about nature, and an immense power in expressing it. He paints the sea as no one else has painted it. He has within him a surge like that of the ocean, and, like the ocean, he has his placid moments. America claims Noble; but the world claims him also.

His pictures are sought by collectors and leading museums. They are acknowledged as masterpieces. What worlds to span between those raw, crude, exciting frontier days and this acclaim!

It is a unique story of a man baffled, tormented, sad—the story of a long quest, of hope deferred, of toil, sweat, grime, and grind. Recognized abroad, his pictures hung, his art acclaimed, he worked on for twenty years almost unknown at home. Isolated! Exiled! At fifty came an offer that would have made his future financially secure, but he turned it aside and sailed to the West. These things, that homecoming, the ultimate triumph, make the story I want to tell. But the trail to follow is a winding way—from the old, old West, to Paris, to the Brittany coast, to Picardy, to London! Then home and the stars!

BACK in 1873, a boy of five was playing with his sister in the buffalo wallows of the northern Panhandle. They were the days of Empty-Sleeve Sal and Butcher-Knife Ann! (In Ann's cellar were found the bodies of five cowboys, slain and robbed.) Wichita, Kansas, was then known as Poker Bill's.

The boy's father was born of Scotch parents, in Ohio. The zest of the pioneer was in his blood. The son was brought up to think of himself not as an American citizen but as a Southwesterner. The days of free range! Of bloody antagonism between cattle men and Federal troops.

By the time the lad was fourteen, his father had a ranch west of Wichita and beyond the Cimarron. At this age he was leaving the ranch-house at four A. M. to ride six miles and let the sheep out of the corral. His days were spent in sketching. Sketching had begun at five years. At twelve, he was eager to catch the ponies in action and to get their legs right. Now he was trying to get people's heads, and the character in their faces. In the small library at the ranch-house was an illustrated set of Shakespeare. He copied the pictures. His mother thought they were wonderful. So did the boys of the ranch. His father felt that it wasn't a man's business at all. . . . And the boy grew older. Newspapers of Wichita and Kansas City printed his sketches.

"There was a cowboy around Wichita named David B. Leahy," said Mr. Noble. "We called him Dynamite Dave! He could spin a pretty good yarn of the half-truth, half-fiction variety. He would tell me what a picture ought to look like to illustrate his Indian stories, and I'd do it. These stories were printed in newspapers East and West.

"A cheap artist passed through Wichita, working in pastel, doing portraits for a few dollars. He had some tricks, and I picked up what he knew. He told me where to get crayons, and immediately I became fascinated with work in color. Eventually I got as much as twenty-five dollars for a portrait.

"I WAS engaged in this kind of thing when, in a spirit of adventure, I joined the rush into Oklahoma. I packed my stuff and went down to Caldwell, where I picked up a bronc. I had a dim notion that moving around was a good thing for a fellow who wanted to be an artist; that I ought to get a great deal of experience and store up memories. 'The Run,' which is the title of one of my later canvases, is a stored-up memory picture of that mad rush into Oklahoma. But what was it all for? I kept asking myself. So I went back home to Wichita. Father, as I have already told you, didn't think much of art as a man's business; but he finally consented to let me go to Cincinnati to attend the Eden Park Art School, and helped me."

Six or seven months, and the would-be artist gave up art school and returned to Kansas. Years went by. He referred to a tremendous experience he passed through during these years, and I asked him to tell me about it.

"They were years of futility, or so I thought then," he said. "Everything that was going on outside of me was entirely different from what was happening within. Understand! Nobody seemed to mind very much nor think it particularly queer because I wanted to be an artist. I got along all right. I was a gay young fellow, moving around, seeing the sights. I was known here, there, and everywhere. They called me 'Wichita Bill.'

"Wild Bill Hickok called me into his place one day and showed me a nifty device. 'Bill,' he says, 'talk about art! I got it!' He had a spring attached to his left shoulder to hold his six-shooter. A hunch of the shoulder—of the whole body—and the spring was released, and hand and gun came together. It was the ideal quick draw. Bill had been practicing with the thing in front of the mirror in the living-room at home. He'd turn around from the mirror like a flash and pepper the opposite wall with a pattern of bullets. The idea was to hit the same pattern each time.

"ANOTHER time, when I was restless and moving around on the lookout for something to sketch, I stepped into a bar at Kingfisher, Oklahoma. As I entered, a fellow who had been at the bar stepped back into a corner. He'd already pulled his six-shooter. The next minute he saw who it was. 'Hello, Professor!' he said. 'What'll you have?'

"That was Bob Dalton of bandit fame, the former United States marshal, noted for his raids on the Santa Fé. I'd met him in Wichita the year before.

"At this time I was working hard; but I was also reading—Plato! Aristotle! Dante! Diderot! Voltaire! Robert Burns! Wordsworth! Now and then I took a trip with my father. Once, with John Fory, I brought up a small drove of Texas steers six or seven hundred miles over the Chisholm Trail.

"What was I painting? Anything! The saloons wanted big pictures. For forty or fifty dollars I'd do a big canvas ten by three feet. They were bad, I suppose; but I tried to make them alive. One saloon wanted a copy of the nymphs and satyr picture that hung over the bar in the famous Hoffman House, in New York. Another I did was a copy from a print of Grützner's famous Three Monks. While at the Cincinnati Art School I had done a thing in the mode of the day—'Cleopatra at the Bath.' It was purchased by the Carey Hotel, in Wichita, and it eventually aroused the ire of Carrie Nation. One day she rushed out and gathered a bagful of rocks and hurled them at my picture. She put a hole in the center, and it made a big sensation throughout the country. Nobody took the trouble to find out who had painted it. Nobody cared.

"Yes, that upset me some. I was dazed. Slinging rocks at my picture! Well, the day might come, I hoped, when pictures of mine would compel respect.

"In the attic of a two-story house in Wichita I had a kind of studio. At night, when I worked by lamplight, I could look across the way into a room where two of my friends were working by a similar yellow light. Hour after hour, they pegged away, writing—Dynamite Dave and Victor Murdock. One detail of that scene I shall never forget. Always, as they wrote, their shoes were on the table.

"One day 'Vic,' as we called him, spoke of having read a book by Berkeley Smith,

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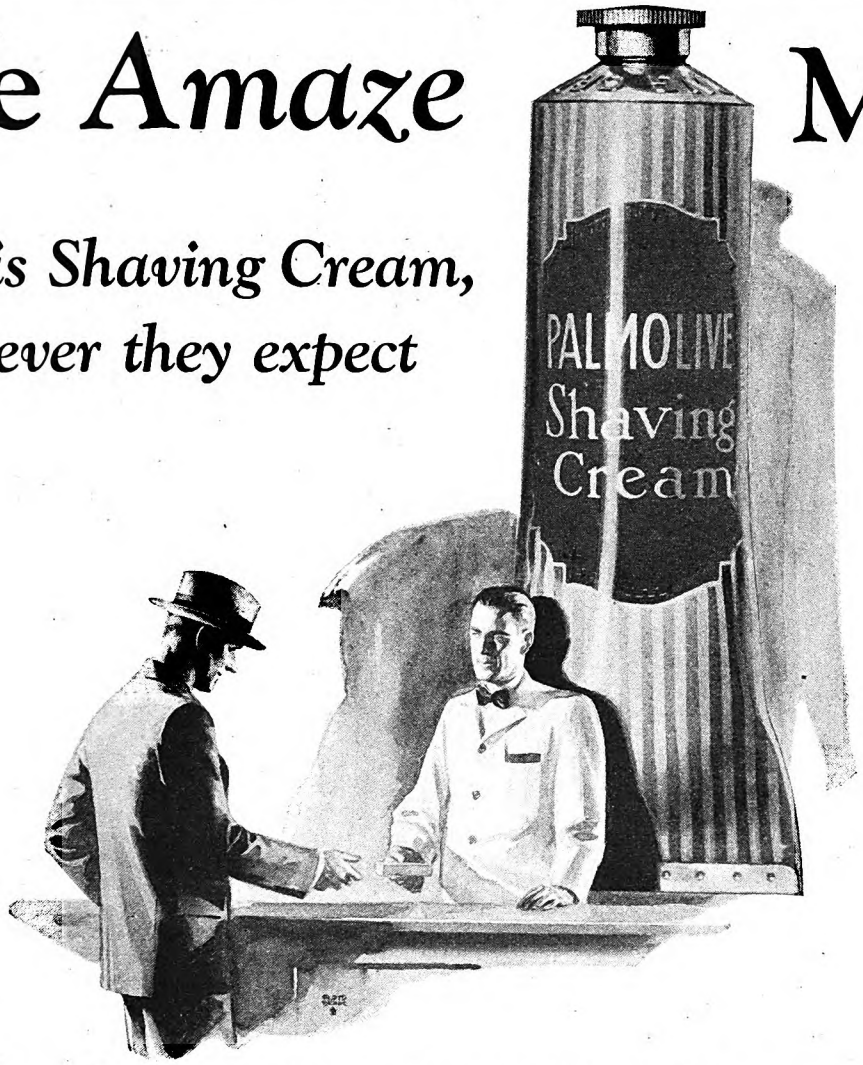

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the author-son of an author, F. Hopkinson Smith. It told of the life of the art students in the Latin Quarter of Paris. 'Bill,' he said, 'why don't you go over there and make something of yourself? You might turn out to be a *real* artist.'

"Paris! What would I learn over there? I knew that something was wrong. I didn't seem to be getting anywhere. I thought about it quite a while. But once I had made up my mind I didn't lose any time. I scraped some money together and landed in Paris in the spring of 1897, with ninety-eight dollars and sixty-four cents in my pocket.

"Like the other students at the famous academy, Julien's, I worked all week. The work was criticized on Saturday. The best I got for quite a long time was 'not so bad.' My teacher was Jean Paul Laurens. I took a fancy to him on sight: a heavy, bull-jawed fellow who looked more like a bricklayer than an artist. I thought if anybody could teach another how to paint it would be a man like him.

"How did I make a living? Once in a while I heard from home. Expenses were low. Moreover, it got around Kansas that 'Bill' was in Paris, and folks sent me photographs from which to make likenesses in oil. These brought in forty or fifty dollars apiece. Sometimes I hired out as guide to the tourists, and occasionally I sold a tourist a sketch.

"American art students who go to Paris when rather young are likely to lose themselves in the glamour of the atmosphere over there. But I was a grown man, nearly thirty. Goatees and velveteen pants couldn't knock me out.

"I hadn't lingered in the East long enough to lose any of the Western atmosphere which clung to me. I was John Noble, Southwesterner. I didn't quite realize it at first, but later I saw that my style didn't fit in with the prevailing mode. My hair was long, not in the style of the art students but in the fashion of the plains. I wore my broad-brimmed cattleman's hat—not the high-crowned affair you see in the movies, but a low crown, with a wind strap. My necktie was a rattlesnake skin and my vest was of similar skins, with elk teeth for buttons! I still toted my six-shooter!

"THERE were some big men in the Quarter at the time, and a lot of little ones. With the bigger men I got along all right. Some of the others joked about my hat, drew pictures of me as a wild Indian, and called me a Kansas Cyclone in a way that wasn't as happy as it might have been. So I thought I would stage a little come-back. I got a horse from the abattoir, removed the bullets from the cartridges of my six-shooter and packed them with finely-chopped bacon rind. That night I rode the horse into the Rendezvous de la Ruche, a café of the Quarter. When the old frontier yell rang out—'Yip! Yip!'—and the lights were shot out, one after another, they scattered! The next morning, the authorities fined me forty francs, and the Hole in the Wall coterie invited me in to sit in the chair Robert Louis Stevenson had occupied.

"Things went all right after that. But it had one result I didn't anticipate! For a period of six months it paid my board! The proprietor of the Boule Miche beckoned me over one day and said that if I would sit on the terrasse in front of his café, I could have all I wanted to eat. All I had to do was to wear that Western hat and look as though I had just dropped in! As the Kansas Cyclone that had blown in on the Café de la Ruche I was a trade attraction!

"But life wasn't all play. Work! Sketches, sketches, sketches! By scores, hundreds! Work all week on a sketch, then rip it up to start the fire with in the morning! You couldn't have asked for an exhibition of harder work than the serious-minded fellows gave.

"As for art, method, technique, there were times when I didn't know whether I was afoot or a-horseback. That riotous event in the history of art—impressionism—was in the air. We experimented with all the 'isms;' and painted in crazy ways. I grew restless. I left Paris for Brussels. Then I began going to Brittany, and in 1905 I settled there for an indefinite period in a town known as Pont Croix. Here I found myself.

"BRITTANY! Is there any place in the world more desolate in its way than this part of northwest France? But it has its spell; it is old; it is soaked in tradition. There the people are as they were in the fourteenth century. The Pont Croix chapel dates back to the Druid age! The house in which I lived was built in the fourteenth century—of stone, with walls four feet thick.

"In Brittany they wear wooden shoes. You soon learn why. No leather can withstand the climate. It rots. Inside the wooden shoes, over the socks, one wears chausettes of wool to protect the ankle joints from cold.

"Rain? In the winter season I have known it to rain for thirty-five days and nights. If not a downpour, a kind of drizzling mist, and during all that time the sun hid his face. The walls of the house where I lived were damp without and within. I whitewashed the walls of my studio when I first went there. One of the four walls is not dry yet; at least, it didn't dry during the nine years I stayed.

"There is a pervading sadness over everything. The fisher-folk are sad with the burden of years. The horses are apathetic and sad. Even the boats with their bright-colored sails have a melancholy droop. I would get up at four in the morning in the vain hope of seeing the sun rise, and it would rain, drizzle, and mist. I, too, became sad, and have never been so sad before nor since.

"To the Paris Salon of 1907 I sent two canvases, pictures of Pont Croix and Audienne. They were hung. This was encouraging. I fell to work on a picture called 'The Benediction of the Sea.' It shows the procession of Breton peasants taking part in their traditional ceremonial of blessing and thanksgiving to the sea, which is at once their life, their hope, their dismay, and their tragedy. There are white-surpliced priests; women in ancient headdress. They bless the sea to overcome its terrors. It is ironic, pitiable, sublime. . . .

"Before I had finished that picture I was at the end of my resources, and had run out of colors. Madame Glaguan, my landlady, had let my bill run six months. She lent me enough to get to Paris, and I consulted the color merchant. 'Make no trouble over it!' he said. 'Take what you want! Pay me when you can!' I told him I was up against it, and didn't know when that would be. He spoke of my pictures of Pont Croix and Audienne, then added, 'You can pay me when you die!'

"So 'The Benediction of the Sea' was finished and exhibited. The color merchant sent me a telegram of congratulation. 'A complete success,' said his message. There were people in Paris who said that with this picture I arrived. It became easier to sell."

Before those nine years were up the American correspondents in Paris began sending home cables about the artistic success of the boy from the Panhandle. But in the life of the artist such an event doesn't necessarily mean Easy Street. It's a way the gods have of saying, "Keep on working! It might happen yet!"

"I was continually hoping that something might happen to make it financially possible for me to return home," went on Mr. Noble. "This longing for home finally became an obsession. Did you ever hear of 'loneliness' as a fatal disease? Once, back in the days when Father and I were bringing up long-legged sheep from Mexico, we picked up a man near Las Vegas who had lost his way. He was in a terrible state. It wasn't the result of his being lost. He had 'loneliness!' Born on the plains, you get accustomed to them. But on people not born there the plains sometimes have an appalling effect.

"You look on, on, on, out into space, out almost beyond time itself. You see nothing but the rise and swell of land and grass, then more and more grass—the monotonous, endless prairie! A stranger traveling on the prairie would get his hopes up, expecting to see something different on making the next rise. To him the disappointment and monotony were terrible. 'He's got loneliness!' we would say of such a man. Sometimes, if he couldn't get away, the lonely man would shrivel up and die. And this fellow whom we picked up at Las Vegas had it. He died in the night.

"Loneliness of that kind got hold of me in Brittany. Only I *wanted* the plains again. The longing was terrific. I dreamed of standing in the tall prairie grass in the moonlight: I saw it stretching around me on all sides; I was hungry for it, sick with yearning!"

"WHY didn't you come back home?" I asked. "Somehow or other couldn't you have raised the money for the trip?"

"I wanted to come; but although I already had standing in France and England, I wasn't known back here. And I had to rely on the sale of my pictures for my living. There were a good many years when I never had cleared a lump sum large enough to pay for a trip home and back."

"What was the effect of this experience on your art?"

"I believe it taught me to understand the sea. I began to feel that the vastness, the bulk, the overwhelming power of the prairie is the same in its immensity as the sea—only the sea is changeless, and the plains, as I knew, were passing. Those lines of Lord Byron kept running through my head, pounding in my brain:

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"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain!
Man marks the earth with ruin, his control
Stops with the shore; . . .

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play;
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

"It was at this time that some of my fellow artists began to speak of the way I was painting the sea. It was said then, for the first time, I think, I was painting the sea as no one else had painted it."

A friend, a fellow artist, came from Paris to Brittany to see Mr. Noble. "Come on, Bill," said he. "You've been sticking too long in this damp hole! Let's get out and see the world!" It was winter, and the friend took Mr. Noble to the Riviera, where the sun was shining. There he met a young woman from Alsace.

"She knew a good deal about pictures," said Mr. Noble. "And I found she had a good deal more than a knowledge of art. She had courage too! Lots of it! I was fifty dollars ahead when we were married. Things had to be a little different after that. I became very economical. We stayed in Brittany one year more. It was no place for a woman. Then we went to Picardy, where there was sunshine, vineyards, and flowers."

Some time after this there was a brief trip home—in 1912. The ovation he got was from his mother. "I knew you'd do it, John!" she said. "I knew it when you were a boy!" She knew that he was already a big man, having read what was written of him in many magazines and journals abroad. There was an exhibition. Not a picture sold. He went back with a hopeless feeling of exile. Immediately he sold six pictures, two in London, two to a South African millionaire, two in Paris!

THE rest is soon told. More years in Picardy. A boy was born. In August, 1914, at Étaples, Mr. and Mrs. Noble and others were superintending the hanging of the exhibition of the Society of Artists of Picardy when news of war came. Not a soldier was left in the district. The British landed at Boulogne. The silver and other valuables belonging to the Nobles were buried in the garden of the rented house. With his wife and child, he joined the tide of refugees. Except for twenty-four canvases which he had stripped from their frames and rolled tight, he was wiped out.

"I'll tell you what to do, Bill," said one of the leading painters of England who got in touch with Mr. Noble shortly after their arrival in London. "Take my place at center in the International!" That meant that forty square feet were at the disposal of Mr. Noble for exhibiting his work in one of the most important annual art exhibitions in the world. It was just about to open. As a result of that generous act three of the American's canvases were sold. Once more he was on his feet.

He rented Sir Thomas Barclay's house in Earl's Court Square. Wealthy South Americans in London were spending a good deal on art at just that time. As the war drew to a close, there were other notable successes.

He had triumphed in a manner that few American artists have equaled abroad. He had fourteen thousand dollars clear! He could afford to come home! Moreover, he wanted his boy to grow up an American. And he, himself, wanted to be an American artist, doing American scenes.

Home! New York! Kansas! Provincetown! On Cape Cod he organized a group that built a museum for the exhibition of American paintings. His work became known and loved. His pictures fetched big prices.

"I had always known that I'd never be content until I had made good back here," he said. "It was a long time coming, but it proved worth waiting for when it came."

AS MY talk with Mr. Noble drew to a close, he was slowly pacing the room, his hands thrust deep into the side pockets of his coat. Again I was struck by the Westernness of the man—the openness, the cordial charm. My remark was to the effect that it was surprising a man who had lived so long abroad should be so American in feeling.

"Sure! I'm American! Future expatriates aren't born in Kansas! I sometimes say to young painters who ask me about going to Paris to study, 'You can go there and paint till you're blue in the face, but you can't bring back anything worth-while that you didn't take with you!' It's the young fellows who get swamped in the atmosphere of Paris and lose their identity.

"Why, I had to go to Europe to learn that Walt Whitman was our real American poet. Longfellow? Put him in a library of English poets, and you lose him. He fades into the English shelves because he was made by English molds.

"Do you know that wonderful thing of Whitman's, 'Bivouac on a Mountain Side?' What art! How skillfully he takes you up, up, up, over the mountain, firmly, strongly, as though by the hand. It's like magic. One night in London when I read those lines to John Runciman, the greatest music critic England ever had, the tears streamed down his face:

"I see before me now a traveling army halting,
Below a fertile valley spread, with barns and the orchards of summer,
Behind, the terraced sides of a mountain, abrupt, in places rising high,
Broken, with rocks, with clinging cedars, with tall shapes dingily seen,
The numerous camp fires scatter'd near and far, some away up on the mountain,
The shadowy forms of men and horses, looming, large-sized, flickering,
And over all the sky—the sky! Far, far out of reach, studded, breaking out, the eternal stars!

"And now I am around sixty. I have seen much! I have lived much! The autumn years have come! In the art world they say that the life of every artist worth his salt falls into three periods. But I would say that these same three periods occur in the lives of all who try to do and be something worth-while.

"First, those early years of trouble, of youth, of searching, of groping uncertainty. Through this maze of doubt we grasp one or two essential facts, and what each grasps varies according to the law of his being. Second, comes the period of effort, of striving for that which we think is worth-while. And somewhere around forty this phase merges into the third. By now a man knows whether that which he seeks is worth seeking. He begins to see more clearly. He renews his effort, he gets a strong hold, his course is charted. As he matures, and ripens and saddens, he has his hours of gayety. He works with faith in the pain that has gone before.

"So it is in any work that counts—in any life worth-while! The one rule—be yourself! Pick the goal which has a meaning all its own for *you!* Get your schooling! Make it hard! Hang on! Hew to an originality of purpose determined by the burning fires of your own troubles; shaped by the powers of your own gods; beaten out of your own brass! Be confident that in *you* there is a concrete, living individuality as distinctive as in the poetry of Walt Whitman.

"Nearly sixty! I am just beginning to understand what life means! And because that is the law of my being, I never wanted to be an artist so much as now! Every day the desire and vision grow stronger. I want to tell the story of the mood, the feeling, the thing that sings for me. . . . I've never worked so hard! There's something in the air here at home! And I want to do more. . . .

"TWO scenes come to mind. They're always hovering near. One comes like a radio flash from 'over there.' In Brittany, you know, for pulling their boats up on the shore or into the sea at low tide, the fisher-folk use white or gray-white horses. Always light-colored horses, because the army takes the dark ones. How many times I've painted the old boat horse! Patient, tired, weary, worn, and hard-worked horse! To me he's a symbol. And when the day comes that I have spread on canvas the last bit of color it will be my part to paint, they can carve on my tombstone a good gray horse! No use to look 'round for an epitaph! What I'd like to have said, I'll say here:

"'Here's John Noble! Bill! He had his faults! Enough of 'em! He loved the poetry of Walt Whitman, the sea, the West, his own home country! And when it came to hard work, he was steady! A plodder! He was a good gray horse for work!'

"And that other picture? A buffalo! Scion, symbol, and song of all that was, and will never be again! I never did see that famous herd of three hundred thousand buffaloes, which vanished just before my time. But Father saw it. Mother saw it. I knew many men who had seen it. The biggest herd I ever saw was three thousand. They were crossing a river at night! What a sight! You might paint the buffalo in several ways. You might put many in the picture, a great herd stretching away in a vast perspective. Or you might paint three. But as I feel it, I shall paint *one!* One buffalo standing there alone, knee-deep in the prairie grass under the moon! A mighty fellow, he! If I can, I'll make him stand for all those millions that are gone!"

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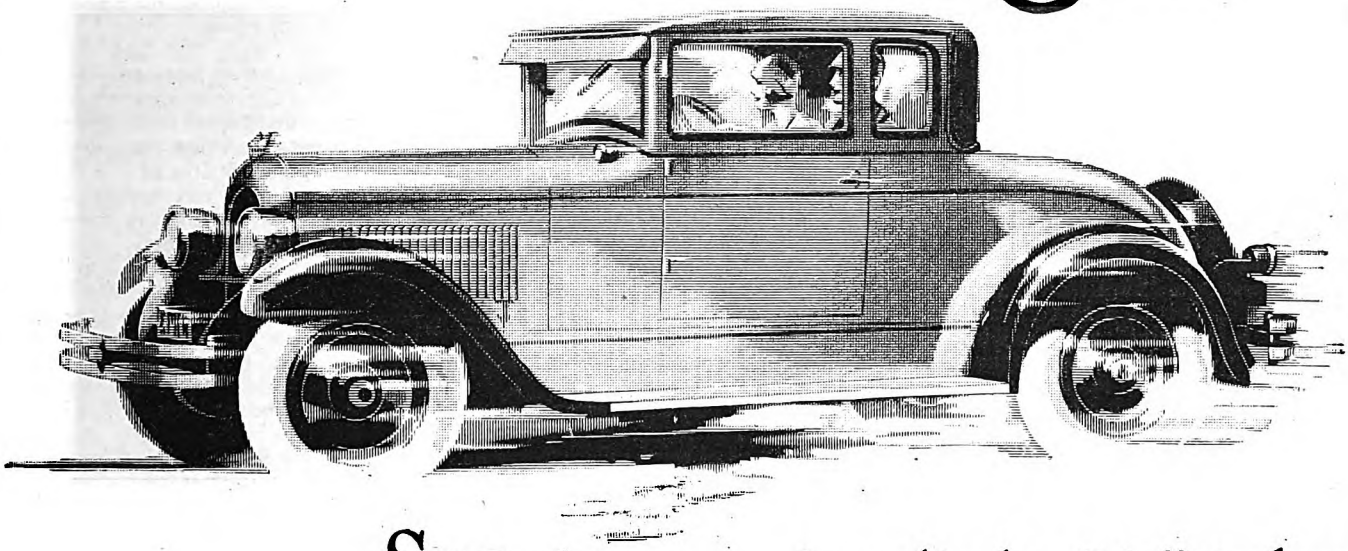

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"Scotch Valley"

(*Continued from page 61*)

thought, might discourage the pain, or at least give him resistance enough to bear it. He drove back to Vaccatown and stopped before Luis's Mexican Table d'Hote. Luis, a mulatto from New Orleans, would accept a check where the Italian proprietor of the gaudy cafeteria across the street would not.

"What's the matter, Mr. Gladden? Hurt your back?"

"I guess I twisted it a little. Coffee. And pop for Peter."

Luis leaned confidentially across the counter.

"I've got something a little stronger than coffee. . . ."

It proved to be rye with a hint of paregoric; it burned through Gladden's veins like hot vinegar. It occurred to him that, provided he lived through the first dose, he might achieve a complete detachment by finishing the bottle. He waited, staring into space, and listening for symptoms. Presently he developed a stomachache.

"No more," he said, and pushed the empty glass toward Luis with the tips of his fingers. However, a certain carelessness had been arrived at. He wrote a check and succeeded in getting to the door without walking on all fours.

Now he had two pains instead of one, but his head was clear; the pain, he realized, was in his body, not in his brain. He could think apart from his muscles and his stomach.

TWO men were entering Luis's as Gladden and Pete went out. There was a polite dispute as to the screen door, which swung both ways, and Gladden stepped aside. The first man was short and broad beneath an enormous gray hat; his tall companion Gladden recognized as typical of the country, with his celluloid eye shade and oil-stained overalls. They were continuing a conversation which had apparently begun outside.

The broad man said, "Evening, Luis. Fine weather. Two tamales and make 'em hot. . . . I tell you, I'd give a hundred dollars . . ."

"I thought you had Emerson over to look at it."

Gladden struck a match and lighted a cigarette.

"Emerson? Sure I had him over. Twice. Both times he had the pump up and put in new bearings. Both times he got her started, and both times she stopped as soon as he was out of sight."

The little man climbed on one of the revolving counter stools and pushed his hat back with a gesture of desperation.

"I'd give a hundred dollars— These hot, Luis?"

"Sure, Mr. Gibbs."

Gladden stepped outside. "You heard that, Pete?"

"Gosh!"

"When they come out, I'll offer my services. We must be on the right side, after all!"

The sun was setting in a milky haze, the smoke from small bush fires that crackled over the dry fields and in the yards and gutters of towns. There was a new sharpness in the air at sundown; the cool breath of fog rolling from the sea.

Gladden braced himself against the crumbling 'dobe wall. When the two men finally came out, the tall one was saying, "Of course I'm not an engineer, but I know a lot about electric pumps. I'll be around to-morrow to see what I can do."

Here was a delicate ethical problem.

"I can't speak to him now," Gladden said. "We'll follow and see what happens. If he shakes the other fellow, I'll introduce myself."

The two men walked up the main street side by side. They paused on a corner and the man in the gray hat engaged in a long monologue, to which the eye-shade man was patiently attentive. Gladden lingered before a jeweler's window, pretending to be fascinated by a display of alarm clocks.

Eventually, the short man finished his story and they moved on. Th s time they went into a frame office building and stayed an hour. Pete was sleepy. He had to whistle to keep awake. The devils were at Gladden's back again, and now that the stomachache had worn off the original pain was more personal, exquisite and insistent.

It occurred to him that perhaps he was sicker than he realized; for a moment the fear made him feel faint. He mustn't be sick, now, with a hundred dollars upstairs. . . .

"You go back to the car, Pete," he said, "and try to sleep."

When the man Luis had called Mr. Gibbs reappeared, he had shaken the fellow with the eye shade but had acquired a young woman. Gladden hesitated to offer himself, under the circumstances, as an electrical expert in need of a job. He had time to slip behind the door while the two passed.

They entered the motion-picture theatre, and Gladden followed, sinking with an audible groan into a seat beside them. It was a close, hot, dark cave of a place, smelling of humanity and cheap soap. Gladden tried to forget the pain in his back. He slid down; he sat up again; he turned sideways; he wriggled and twisted.

Nothing did any good. He was fit for nothing but bed and a porous plaster and a hot-water bottle. He reminded himself that defeat is always expensive. He hung on, gritting his teeth.

WHEN Gibbs and the young woman left the theatre, Gladden was just behind. It was nine o'clock. The little crowd, still husky and wet-eyed, scattered, returning to their orchards and pastures animated by contact with an art as universal as the need for laughter.

The young woman lived in a boarding-house on the skirts of the town. Rooms to let. A palm tree. A great flowering bougainvillea climbing over the fret-saw ugliness of a porch built during the Cleveland era. A patch of grass, blistered on the corners.

The two sat on the steps, close together. The murmur of the fat man's voice ran on and on like a shallow stream.

"I hate to spy on his private life," Gladden thought. "I wonder if Pete's asleep. I wonder if Bertha fed the children and the goat. I wonder if Tuerta got any water when she came in from pasture at sundown. I wonder what Gibbs would do if he knew I was squatting here in the dark watching him make love!"

Time was passing. Eleven o'clock. Twelve o'clock. The fat rancher made no move to leave. Presently Gladden sat down under a palm tree, and then he lay down, and then, in the middle of watching a flicker of stars in the brittle fronds above his head, he fell asleep.

IT WAS dawn when he woke. The hills at the end of the street were purple-black against a lemon sky. A milk cart rattled by, and a cat, returning from incredible adventures, passed on like a black shadow.

Gladden found Pete, crumpled and dazed, on the floor of the car. He opened his eyes to disappointment.

"You lost him! What time is it?"

"Five o'clock."

Gladden was ashamed to look at Pete. They drove to the ranch through the deepening gold of sunrise without exchanging a word. Pete was well acquainted with disappointment; but he had hoped, this time, for a miracle. Not even the astonishing feat performed by the car in carrying them the last quarter of a mile on a mere gas-fume could shake him out of his lassitude.

Bertha and the children were on the porch, huddled in blankets, sleepy-eyed and bewildered. When she saw Gladden limping across the yard, Bertha ran to him and caught his arm.

"Jim? You hurt?"

He reassured her: "I twisted my back, that's all."

"I'll rub it."

"Let me!"

"Let me!"

Gladden shook his head. "You all run away while I get breakfast. Pete will tell you about the circus."

Pete entered the circle of attention with a self-conscious grin, a transparent unwillingness to part with his knowledge of unattainable delights. He had been to the circus. He had seen a blood-sweating hippopotamus, a leopard, and a man-eating lion. He had had pop at Luis's Table d'Hôte. He had spent the night away from home. He was a being apart.

He moved away, and the children, silenced, followed him to the corral behind the barn. Presently Gladden heard the riotous and earnest beginnings of a home-made circus. He knew that breakfast would be an anti-climax.

He let himself down on the lowest step, carefully, carefully, enjoying to the utmost an unguarded groan. It was a relief to suffer out loud after twelve hours of heroic repression. He was both humiliated and chagrined, since he had not only lost Gibbs and Gibbs's hundred dollars, but he also had no idea where to find either the man or the reward.

And it was characteristic of the malicious stars then in ascendency that Olive

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Smith should come. The hoped-for, incredible reappearance, and he could not run to meet her. What a scurvy trick for fate to play. What a base betrayal.

Olive had come of her own accord, at six o'clock in the morning. She left the red-wheeled roadster at the ford and ran across, as light as a dryad, a creature part human, part element, part goddess, altogether brave, lovely and desirable.

And the best he could do was to drag himself to his feet, hanging on to the railing with both hands, like a paralytic!

Six o'clock in the morning is a very special hour, neither of the day nor of the dawn. No one comes casually to see you so early in the morning. Love or need brings them, never greed or curiosity. It is an hour purified by darkness. It is a fresh page, a clean slate, a beginning and a promise. It is, again, illusion.

Gladden thought: "I'd like to run away. She mustn't see me tied in bow-knots like a German Christmas cake!"

But she had already seen him. She came swiftly across the yard, waving. "Hello! You!"

He was amazed to discover how well he remembered her. The provocative little strut, the level brows, the thick, straight hair. And her voice, with the upward lilt: "Hello! *You!*"

"Hello!" he said, and tried to come forward, figuratively, with hat in hand. He couldn't. He could only hang on to the railing and grit his teeth. "I twisted my back," he said.

She stood before him, slim and straight, her hands clasped behind her. "I know. I saw you. Last night at the circus! I was waiting for some city slicker to come along. Country boobs know better!"

"I'm a guileless fool," he said.

"And so you broke your back for a hundred dollars. You needn't be ashamed. You needn't be proud. What's a hundred dollars to us? We have thousands of hundred-dollar bills, going to waste." She held out her hand: "Like this. It isn't for you. It's for those kids. Take it, please. And forgive me if I've embarrassed you."

"You haven't embarrassed me," Gladden said quickly. "Only I have the money already. I was going to fetch it. Do you know where a man by the name of Gibbs happens to live?"

"You mean Hawthorne Gibbs?"

"Why, yes, I think I do." He was actually walking; he was actually smiling.

HE HAD left the car on the highroad. To reach it, he must slide down the bank, cross the ford, climb the opposite bank, and haul himself into the car. Apparently nothing was too hard for fate to set up as an obstacle. This was a fantastic arrangement of hazards. Just as he was about to surrender comfortably, half a dozen reasons for not surrendering made surrender seem ridiculous.

He could not accept the money offered so generously by Olive Smith, because, later, he might fall all the way in love with her. There was nothing for it; he must find Gibbs.

"I was on my way. It's awfully good of you, but I don't need—"

This girl had the uncanny faculty of guessing what lay behind the silly artifices of polite pretense.

"You're going to fix Gibbs's pump!"

"Why, yes," he said. "I am."

He was crossing the ford. He thanked heaven that she made no move to help him. She pretended to be unaware of his crooked progress, and tempered her pace to his own.

"But I'm glad—" she began.

"You're glad?"

"Glad you're going to get the money yourself. It sort of—sort of makes the pattern—clean!"

He managed to get into the car by crawling on his hands and knees.

Any other woman would have voiced her sympathy. Olive Smith, who had a genius for friendship, said simply, "I'll drive you over to Gibbs's ranch, if you like. He lives about two miles beyond the State Highway, on Pepper Road. He calls his place El Encanto Ranch."

IT WAS then that Gladden realized that the tank was empty. It contained no more than a reminiscence of gasolene. The car would not move.

"Or you can take my car," she said carelessly. "I'll stay here with the kids."

"If you will—" Gladden said.

He found himself at the wheel of the roadster. The engine leaped into being at a touch. The tattoo and throb of that perfect machine had a vitality that gave Gladden courage. He forgot the pain in his back.

"You all right?" Olive asked.

She could smile without a trace of pity or amusement. At Gladden's gesture she gave her hand into his, and he felt the warm, heartening clasp of her fingers.

"Good luck, then," she said. "I'll hold the fort. You don't mind, do you, if I clean the house? I love to scrub. I wasn't meant to be rich and idle."

She gave him the look with which beautiful ladies must have heartened their knights for the long, long trek to the Holy Cities.

"If it were only a Crusade," Gladden thought, "instead of a broken pump! I don't deserve such a look for such a puerile undertaking."

The look went around him. He held her hand, drawing her closer, and his foot on the throttle called forth an angry shout from the engine; a glorious, passionate, and violent uproar. The car pranced and pawed like a restless horse. The moment of enslavement became the moment of escape.

"I am beginning to be lucky," Gladden thought. "I am wearing her guerdon!"

He stooped quickly, kissed the back of her hand, and leaped away. He could almost hear the striking of sparks beneath brazen hoofs.

Life seemed at that moment to be beginning all over again: this was a new world. He flashed beneath trees. Tore through a patch of gravel. Leaped a bridge. Crossed the highway traffic like a flung spear, and came, before he knew it, to a road called Pepper and a gate marked "El Encanto."

Ten or fifteen men were standing around the well, which was in a field behind the ranch-house. Among them, Gladden recognized the eye-shade man. Gibbs himself, chewing a cigar, turned as Gladden came forward, and giving his hat a characteristic backward thrust, said, "How d'you do? Looking for me?"

"Yes, I am. I'd like a chance at that pump. I think I can fix it."

Gibbs laughed. "Is that why you followed me last night? Say, young fellow, I sat you out! You fell asleep, didn't you?"

"I'll admit the joke was on me."

The eye-shade man was on his knees beside the bearings. Now he straightened up, brushing himself vigorously. All the men grinned and exchanged amused glances.

"You think you can fix the pump, eh? The best engineer in the country failed twice."

"I may be a better engineer than the best in this country," Gladden said pleasantly. "Will you let me have a look at it?"

"Look? Sure! Sure! Step right up! Get out of the way, fellows, for a genu-wine engineer!"

The man, in the eye shade, whose name turned out to be Erler, or Jake, rubbed his nose with the back of a greasy hand and said, "Can't make head nor tail of it myself."

The well was fifty feet deep; but a brief inspection convinced Gladden that there was more water to be had in Scotch Valley, at the foot of the mountains. Here, the land lifted toward the sea, then slid down again into a great waste of white sand, immaculate dunes, ribbed like the Sahara, lonely, beautiful, remote.

To conceal the state of his back, his need to groan with every shift of position, Gladden whistled. This gave him a wholly theatrical aloofness. He had heard of great surgeons who always whistled during an operation. It was steadying, and eliminated self-distrust. The circle of men closed in.

Gladden examined the shaft and the bearings.

"Yes," he said, presently, "I can fix your pump. To-day. For a hundred dollars."

"Go ahead. But, let me tell you, if you're a faker, our acquaintance is only just beginning. You damage the pump, over what it's damaged already, and you'll know me too well before we say good-by! That understood?"

"Quite. Do you know what the damage happens to be?"

Gibbs hesitated, and the men laughed.

"Well, no," he admitted. "I don't. That's your business, not mine."

GLADDEN turned his back. He took the measurement of the bearings and found that they were badly wiped. Sand had cut deeply into the metal. The journal of the shaft had frozen in the bearings.

He turned to Gibbs. "Can I have an old automobile tire, a portable vulcanizer, and some rubber cement?"

"I guess you can. But I'll be darned if I can see—"

"Give him his head, Gibbs! He's running away from you!"

Gibbs and Erler left the group, grumbling and arguing. They returned with the material Gladden had requested. There was a good deal of laughter among the others when Jake rolled the tire into Gladden's outstretched hands.

The sun had climbed above the trees. It was blistering hot in the field. Even the wind was hot and dry.

Gladden cut a strip of rubber out of the tire. He sliced it down to the required three-by-seven inches. One knife did not suffice; he used half a dozen. The men

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were silent. One of them, touching Gladden's shoulders, said, "The shaft's got to turn in that bearing, son."

Gladden whistled. Then he said, "Where's the grindstone?"

Gibbs led the way to the tool house behind the barn, the whole crowd following; there was an emery wheel in the shed. Gladden wrapped the rubber strip around a stick and pressed it against the wheel, grinding the rubber down to a uniform thickness equal to that of the old bearing. This was a lengthy and odoriferous process. Fumes of scorched rubber drove the crowd out of doors again.

Gladden then marked off the pattern of a spiral groove. This he cut by hand, using the sharpest blade he could find. The inner surface of the sleeve took form. He worked steadily, trying not to think of his back, of his audience, of anything save the job in hand.

When he emerged from the tool shed with the grooved sleeve, the men followed him again, trailing like a tournament grand-stand. "What you got, son?"

Gibbs puffed and fumed.

"I'll bet ten dollars he's pulling our leg!"

"Taken," Erler said promptly. He was smiling in the green light of the eye shade. He winked at Gladden, a fraternal and comprehending droop of the eyelid.

Noon. The sun high and stationary, like an electric hot-plate. Sweat rolled down Gladden's face; he tasted it, acrid bitter, on his lips.

He vulcanized the seam of the sleeve, before an audience that was beginning to understand. "He's making a rubber bearing!"

"Sure, didn't you know?"

"If it works," Gladden thought, "the water will circulate between the shaft and this bearing. The grooves will take care of the sand. There'll be no cutting or erosion. If it doesn't work—" The idea trailed off. The end of the job, the trial, the proof, was at hand. He had still to cement the circular sleeve into the housing. One o'clock. Two o'clock.

Several of the men drifted away, defeated by hunger, only to return, refreshed, to the well.

At four o'clock, the pump and shaft were in place, the motor was connected, and Gibbs threw the switch. Gladden had moved away from the well. His legs were unreliable; he was afraid that he might topple over like a sawdust man. He lighted a cigarette, trying to steady his hands.

WHEN he heard Gibbs's shout, he turned back again, into the circle of his personal triumph. Strangely enough, he did not think of Olive Smith, whose guerdon he wore, but of his uncle Steven, offering him a guaranteed, predestined success, a success not earned but purchased.

Here in this dusty field, anonymous and unheralded, he had won his spurs. The pump was running. A full stream of water came out of the discharge line. The rhythm of that perfect achievement beat against his heart. He had never been as happy. It was the happiness of selfhood realized.

Somehow, at that moment, he canceled the debt of the long, expensive years of preparation, and sensed a very particular, personal fruition. He knew why he had worked; to what end he had dreamed.

"If she's still running at six o'clock," Gibbs shouted, "the hundred dollars is yours. I'll keep my word!"

Gladden smiled. "Will someone tell me where there's a telephone?"

"Sure! This way! Come right down to the house! How'd you boys like some wine? Some real port bottled on this place thirty years ago? Eh? This way, gentlemen. The drinks are on me."

The roadster galloped back to the ranch.

"Now," Gladden thought, "I can go to bed!"

But nothing was to be simple, not even a backache. For when Gladden opened the door upon a transformed kitchen, a kitchen scrubbed and polished and set in order, with pans in rows and stove top black, and windows clear as clear water, he found Olive Smith, in an apron, presiding for two strangers.

She made a little, interrupted gesture of sympathy and warning.

"These gentlemen have been waiting for you," she said, "all afternoon."

The men rose (they had been taking their ease), and met Gladden's inquiring stare with the bland look of the professionally righteous.

The tall one, clearing his throat, said, "I'm the truant officer. I'm here to find out why these children aren't in school!"

"I didn't know the term had begun," Gladden said.

The other man laughed. "There's quite a lot of things you don't know, it seems to me. I'm from the district attorney's office. The district attorney wants to see you. I was told to bring you back. Come along now. My car's out front. It's late. And I'm fed up waiting for you. Move right along!"

(*To be continued*)

The Thing to Do

(*Continued from page 41*)

"No luck, eh? Well, it's a tough old town till yer get the hang of it." Calder pulled out a pipe and a can of tobacco. As he commenced to fill the bowl he looked over at Chetwood, and asked:

"Say—do yer know anythin' 'bout electricity, or this here—watcha call it—wireless?"

"Wireless?" Niel glanced up curiously, and hesitated. "Why, yes—that is, another chap and I built a set up at school. We used to fool with it a lot. But what—"

"Well, seein' you again kinda reminded me of George," the expressman went on, striking a match. "George is a brother o' mine, an' head shippin' clerk down at the Sanderson Electric Company." He paused to draw several puffs on his pipe. Then: "Anyways, George was up here the other night, an' got talkin' 'bout his place and this wireless stuff. Now, from what he said, I just happened to think as how they might be some openin' down there fer a young feller like you."

As Calder finished talking, Niel regarded him with a curious expression.

"I wish you'd tell me one thing," he laughed. "Why the deuce do you take so much interest in me?"

Joe Calder puffed at his pipe for a moment in silence.

"I dunno, son," he finally admitted, "unless it's how I said before—just like yer looks, tha's all. Never havin' no kids o' my own, I'm always buttin' in on other youngsters' business. Come on in an' I'll write George's address fer yer. Just tell him I sent yer. Won't do no harm to try, anyways."

And when, two days afterward, Niel Chetwood strolled into the Sanderson Electric Company's offices on Fortieth Street with no idea of gaining anything thereby . . . he walked out again an hour later, with the surprising realization that he had a job, a job that was going to pay him eighteen dollars a week.

The following morning he went to work—at the order desk. And the last thing he did at the end of that somewhat bewildering day was to thrash a pimpled, loud-mouthed clerk who had called him a "stiff-shirted la-de-da." It was probably the best thing that could have happened to young Chetwood. For in that fight he unloosed all his remaining pent-up emotions—all the fierce resentment of a keenly sensitive boy who had been suddenly plunged into a strange, hard world which he did not fully comprehend, and whose universal purpose, he felt, was to show him how little he knew.

And for the first time in a long while Niel fell asleep that night almost as soon as his head touched the pillow.

Coming out of the Sanderson Company's offices one evening, late in March, Niel started up Fortieth Street to the Broadway subway, as was his usual custom. But as he was passing a haberdasher's shop on the next block a casual glance at a sign in the window brought him to a halt. Part of the sign read, in big green letters: "To-day—March 26th, 1920." It was the first time that day that he had attached any particular significance to the date.

"Gosh! I'd almost forgotten," he said under his breath. "Why, to-day—to-day's the beginning of spring vacation up at school. I wonder—"

He pulled out his watch and noted the time. Quarter past five. Then he wheeled around and broke into an easy run toward Madison Avenue. . . . There'd be a bunch of the fellows coming in on that two-twenty train from New Sussex. Due about five-thirty, wasn't it? Yes, he remembered now—always took that train.

He reached the track-announcer's desk two minutes before the train was due. "Yes, it's on time," the announcer informed him. "Over there—track forty."

But Niel did not move toward the group of people standing back of the ropes some thirty yards distant. Instead, he pulled his hat down low over his eyes and remained where he was—partly hidden behind the high desk beside him—his eyes

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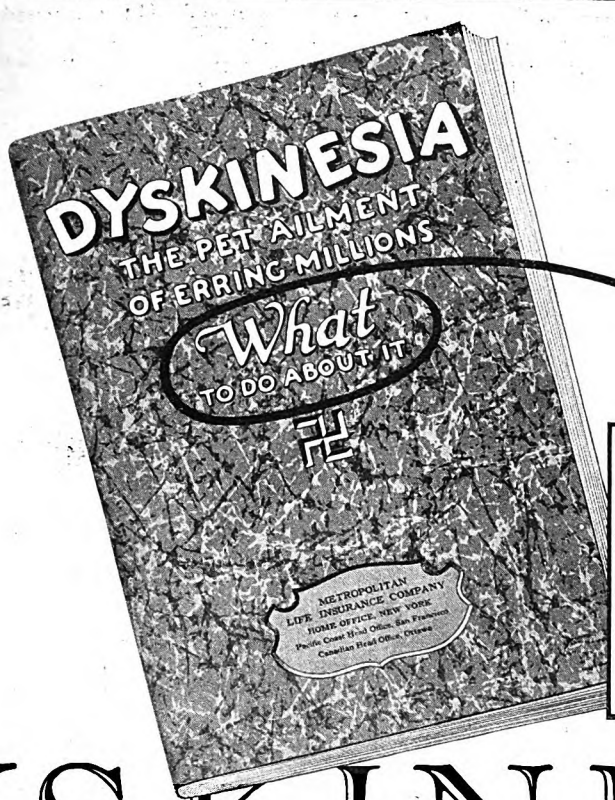

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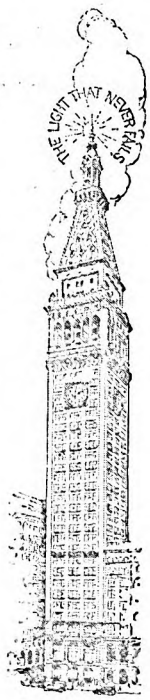

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fixed on the open gate, and his heart thumping strangely.

The first scattering passengers hurried past; then a steady stream of them. Niel Chetwood still watched the gate, his cheeks a little flushed, and his hands moving nervously in and out of his pockets. Nig Stuyvesant and Jack Biddle were the first St. Matthew's boys he saw. Then a whole crowd behind them—laughing, shouting to one another.

Niel closed his eyes and drew back. Way down inside him was a hollow, sinking sensation that suddenly made him feel a little dizzy. He'd have given anything to be able to rush out there—hear someone shout, "Well, hel-lo, old Chet!" —and friendly slaps on the back, warm handclasps, someone taking his arm, leading him off somewhere with a bunch for dinner. . . . But he hadn't the nerve. He could see the expressions on their faces change, hear a casual, "Why—er—hello, Chetwood. How are you?" No, it wouldn't be the same. They'd high-hat him, and go on their way.

He opened his eyes again and searched the faces of the thinning line of passengers. There didn't seem to be any more of the St. Matthew's crowd. Niel took a step forward, but immediately halted and caught his breath. Among the last group of people coming through the gate was a dark-haired, blue-eyed girl walking with an elderly woman, and followed by a porter with their bags. Although the woman was busily talking to her, the girl kept glancing around with half-expectant eyes—serious eyes.

"Connie!" Niel could have yelled it—but the name barely left his lips in a broken whisper. He stepped back quickly and faced the other way, his heart pounding so hard now that it seemed ready to burst. His knees trembled so that he had to lean against the desk to steady himself. The palms of his hands felt hot. He clenched them tighter—and waited—waited until he heard a voice call down to him:

"Say, mister, gate's closed on forty. Your friends didn't come, eh?"

"N-no," Niel mumbled huskily, turning to go. "No, they—they didn't come."

AS THE months passed, Niel clung to the hope that he would some day receive news of his father. Night after night he would hurry from the subway to the house on Eighty-third Street, and pause in the dimly-lighted hallway to sort over the letters on the table by the hat stand.

He knew, if he ever did receive a letter, that it could only come from Trelfall; for, except the Sanderson Company and the Calders, Trelfall was the only one who knew where he lived. Niel had never returned to the Park Avenue apartment from the day he walked out of it with his packed suit case. He had left no forwarding address, because he didn't care to have anybody know where he was going. Save for the natural desire to hear from his father, Niel had wanted only one letter—and it hadn't come. After that— Well, he made himself believe it didn't matter.

So two years went by. Two years, during which Niel Chetwood gradually learned to adjust himself to the new order of things: to his daily work, which he grew to like more and more, and to which he consequently applied himself with greater effort; to eating in cheap restaurants with junior clerks and others who were unlike anyone he had ever associated with in his life; to Joe Calder and his thin little wife, on whom he made a point of calling once in a while; and finally to take everything as he found it, and try to make the best of it. But if he was forced, or willing, to put aside other things—to give only an occasional thought to Princeton and all that went with it—he never once forgot Constance Dana.

On a Saturday afternoon in early April, when all New York seemed to be out for no other purpose than to feel the gentle warmth of the sunshine, Niel Chetwood left the Sanderson offices and strolled up Fortieth Street to join the throngs on Fifth Avenue.

As he paused at the corner of the Avenue to await the passing of traffic, he suddenly heard someone shout from the crowd back of him:

"Oh—Chet!" And then a shrill, familiar whistle, one that he hadn't heard for a long, long time.

A tingling thrill ran through Niel, and he spun around, his eyes searching eagerly through the crowd.

"TOMMY!" he exclaimed. "Tommy DeWitt! Great guns! But if I'm not glad to"—and that was all he could say before his voice choked back the rest of the words. The next minute Tommy had two broad hands on his shoulders—shaking him, laughing, and talking so fast that Niel hardly understood a word he was saying.

After a while DeWitt paused for breath and drew the other to one side.

"Now, where in thunder have you been, Chet?" he demanded.

"Right here, Tom," Chetwood smiled.

"What doing, boy?"

"Working. Thirty dollars a week."

DeWitt grunted. "Thirty more than I ever earned in all my life, Chet." He fixed a pair of brown eyes on Niel. "Did it ever occur to you, young fellow, that a few of us might have been interested in your general welfare? My good gosh! Why didn't you write?"

Chetwood hesitated, and lowered his glance.

"Oh, I don't know, Tommy," he answered quietly. "The bottom was rather knocked out of everything, and—and I had—"

"Pride!" broke in DeWitt. "Now, here"—he slipped a hand under Niel's arm and led him to the corner—"we'll go over to the Biltmore. I'm checking out for Boston in an hour. In the meantime, suppose you begin at the beginning and unload everything."

"But there's nothing much to—"

"Begin," Tommy repeated, as they crossed the street, "at the beginning!"

So, after a somewhat reluctant start, Niel finally recounted everything that had happened since the day he walked off the St. Matthew's campus for the last time. But, for all his new-found friendship for Tommy, he could not bring himself to say a word about Constance Dana. There his pride still held him back.

When he had finished talking, DeWitt hunched back in his chair and remained silent for some time. Occasionally he drew a puff of smoke from a pipe whose bowl bore the metal numerals '24.' Finally he straightened up and looked over at Chetwood.

"And you still haven't found out where your father is, Chet?"

"No. It kicked a lot of the stuffing out of me, Tom."

"Well, I may not be in a position to talk," DeWitt returned, "but my advice to you would be to forget it. After all, you have your own life to live. If he doesn't think enough of you to come back, or write you—you're an awful idiot to moon over it, Chet."

Niel was silent for a moment. Then he said:

"Oh, I suppose I will forget about it in time. Have to." His glance went to the window and out across the concourse above the Grand Central Terminal. He continued: "But the thing that rankles most is what I've lost as a result of the mess, Tom. I don't mean to say that I was afraid to dig down and go to work, or that there aren't a number of opportunities ahead of me, regardless. But"—he brought his eyes back to DeWitt—"it twisted my whole way of living in one swoop, and it took away the greatest opportunity I'll ever have—four years at college. Darn it, Tom!—every time I pass the University Club here, or the Princeton Club, I stop and say, 'There's one club I can never belong to, no matter who I am or how much I'm worth!'"

Tommy DeWitt slowly tapped the ashes from his pipe.

"Chet," he said presently, "tell me this: What did you really want to go to college for?"

Niel gazed at him in mild surprise.

"What for?" he repeated a little impatiently. "Why, I've just been telling you, Tom. Because all my friends were going; because of the associations; and—well, because it was the thing to do—"

"Exactly," DeWitt interrupted. "Exactly why Dave, Stony, and I, and half the others in our class went—because it was the thing to do."

"But—you aren't sorry, are you, Tom?"

DeWitt laughed. "Well, as far as enjoying myself goes, I can't say that I am. Fact is, my first two years have been one glorious party; and I'm looking forward to two gayer, wilder years ahead. I'll study just enough to get by. I'll take every cut they'll give me—sleep in every lecture possible—learn all I can about wine, women, and song—and call it an education!"

Chetwood got out of his chair and walked to the window.

"YOU can't tell me," he contended firmly, "that college doesn't mean more than that to a man. I know better."

"True enough—for those who *want* it to mean more, and who therefore take it seriously. But I don't, Chet; and I've got lots of company." Tom paused, stood up, and went over beside Niel. "Thunder, old boy, don't think I can't understand how you feel. On the other hand, I'll tell you one serious, honest fact: the last place in the world to send chaps with too much money, too little desire to learn anything, and no definite purpose in going there—is to college. Be a law against it some day, I'll bet."

Niel made a perfectly natural statement. He said: "But I'd have made it count for something!"

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As long as you wish, You can keep the *sweet inviting* MOUTH of YOUTH

While we are still young, soft foods gradually rob the little mouth glands of their youthful vigor. The numbers show them, three on each side. Pebeco's important ingredient restores their healthy action.

EVEN more important than brushing the teeth is caring for six little glands in your mouth.

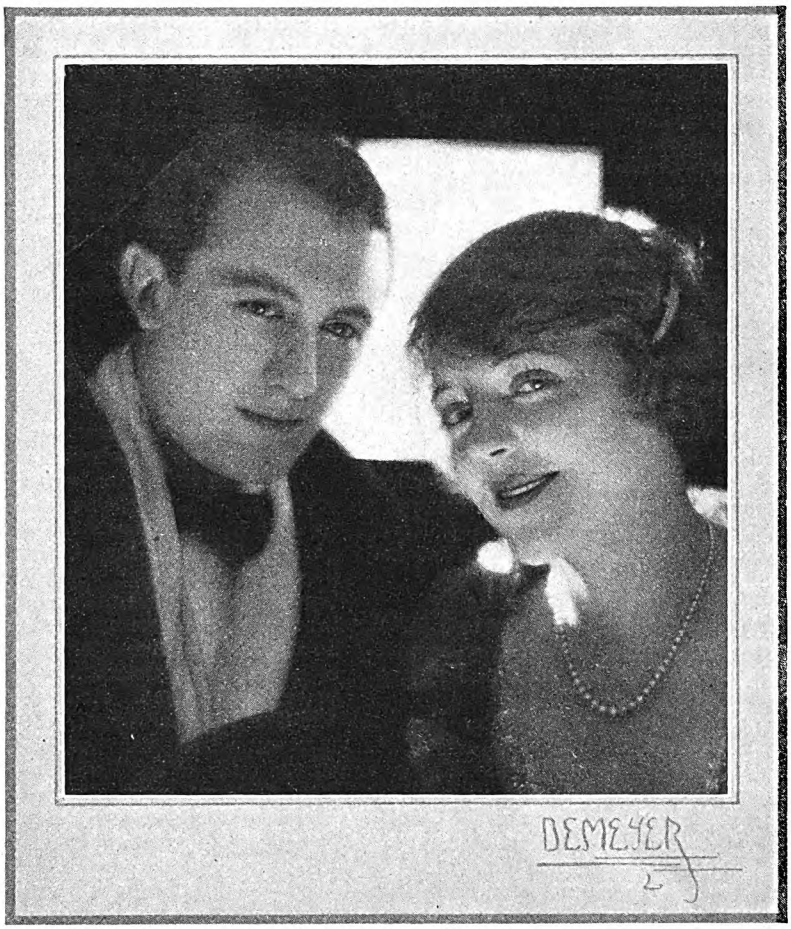
If you keep them active, they pour out the fluids that counteract dangerous acids of decay and keep the teeth and gums sound, gloriously young and healthy.

But few of us have kept the Mouth of Youth.

From childhood on, soft foods have slowed up the mouth glands, the real guardians that prevent decay. Too little chewing does not keep them exercised, vigorous. Then decay begins.

That is why Pebeco's formula was worked out, especially to correct faltering mouth glands. An important ingredient restores for you the gay and lovely Mouth of Youth. A tingling sensation after brushing tells you that your whole mouth is refreshed, kept vigorous, young.

Made by Pebeco, Inc., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors, Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. Distributed in Canada by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited.



Merry laughter and brilliant smiles

These are yours when you have used Pebeco. For you know your teeth are charming, your breath pure and sweet.

PEBECO

keeps the Mouth Glands young

Copyright, 1927, by Lehn & Fink Products Company

FREE OFFER: *Send coupon today for generous tube*

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. D-31, Bloomfield, N. J.
Send free your new large sample tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste.
PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

(THIS COUPON NOT GOOD AFTER AUGUST, 1928)

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"That's it," replied DeWitt. "You would *now*, and as a result of what you've had to buck up against since you left school. But otherwise you'd probably have wasted as much time as I shall have done." He glanced at his watch, and then put an arm across Niel's shoulders. "Guess I'll have to start if I'm going to catch my train. Come on!"

Ten minutes later, as they stood near the gate leading to the Boston train, DeWitt abruptly dropped the subject of their conversation, and said:

"By the way, Chet, do you ever see anything of Connie Dana?"

The question took Chetwood by surprise, and brought a dull red flush to his face.

"No—I—I don't, Tom," he faltered, turning his head away. "Have you?"

"Not since graduation." DeWitt was making a hopeless effort to jam two magazines into one pocket of his top coat.

Niel was silent.

"You know, I thought that some day you—" Tom began again, and then broke off as he observed the other's expression. He picked up his bag and held out his hand. "Well, I—well, so long, Chet—and keep in touch with me now. I'll let you know when I'm coming down again."

He stood there for some time; until long after Tom DeWitt's broad back had disappeared, and the train had gone. . . .

SITTING at his desk one morning, about two weeks later, Niel looked up to see a freckle-faced office boy motioning to him.

"Boss wants to see yer."

"Who?"

"Mr. Kerr, gen'ral manager," the boy elucidated, and sauntered off.

A summons from the general manager was unusual—and considered unhealthy.

His knees bending a trifle unsteadily, Niel mounted the stairs and walked through a wide corridor until he came to a door with the name "Melville J. Kerr" painted on the frosted glass. He knocked timorously.

"Come in!" boomed a voice.

Opening the door, Niel stepped in. A square-jawed man, with a bristling mustache, cocked up his head and glanced quickly at him.

"Hello, Chetwood. Sit down. Be with you in a second."

Niel perched himself on the edge of a chair, swallowed hard, and waited. At last Kerr leaned back from his desk and—as Niel imagined—glared at him.

"Chetwood, my connections with this company will end in about a week. I've resigned, because I'm going to form, with several other men, a radio manufacturing organization. To our way of thinking, there are signs of a sudden and phenomenal development in the radio industry. We may be wrong; but we're going to take that chance." He paused and smiled. Then, "What do *you* think about it?"

Niel blinked at the question. But he had to say something—so he stammered exactly what he thought:

"Why—I—I think you're right, sir, but"—he hesitated—"but isn't the company going to make a speciality of radio production? I thought—"

Kerr shook his head. "Mr. Sanderson has a much more conservative viewpoint of the situation. He doesn't see that it's a big enough factor—yet. But we're parting the best of friends, and he's even given me permission to take two or three young men here along with me." He tapped a pencil on his desk and abruptly added, "Want to come?"

Before Niel could make a reply, the older man went on:

"Been watching you, Chetwood. Deliberately shifted you around just to see how you'd take hold. Of course, you're only a youngster, but I like the way you go at things—and you've got brains. And they don't grow on trees or come with college diplomas. They're valuable. Now, I'll give you fifty dollars a week, and all the opportunity you want to climb. Up to you."

Niel Chetwood's heart gave one final leap to his throat, and then settled down to a normal, although rapid beating. It was a minute or two before he could recover his voice and say what he wanted.

Then, "I guess I'd like to accept it, Mr. Kerr."

"Good! Come in and see me again at two o'clock Saturday."

Niel walked back to his desk almost as unsteadily as he had left it. And the rest of that day was one long struggle to curb his exhilaration and keep his mind on his work.

But that was also the day that the letter came from Trelfall. It was there on the table by the hat stand when Niel got home. A short, brusque letter telling him that his father had died in a small Southern town some three weeks before.

JUNE.

And one morning, instead of going down to the new Kerr-Brixey offices on lower Broadway, Niel Chetwood boarded a train that left the Grand Central at nine o'clock—for New Sussex, Connecticut.

All during that three-hour ride he kept saying to himself that he was going back to visit St. Matthew's for several very natural reasons: Because it was commencement; because Tommy had wired him to meet him there; because Dave and Stony would also be up. Yet, long before he started, Niel knew that he was bound to see somebody else there whom Tommy hadn't mentioned. And he wondered what he'd do about that.

It seemed to Niel that everybody got off the train at the New Sussex station. The platform was crowded with St. Matthew's fellows—sifting through the passengers to greet parents and friends. The usual commencement crowd. George, it was good to get back again! He made his way past them—glancing around for a glimpse of a familiar face.

Then he stopped.

Stepping from the running-board of a car at the other end of the platform, a slender, dark-haired girl, wearing a white sports suit, walked slowly in Niel Chetwood's direction. And as he stood there watching her, she suddenly looked straight at him—half-raised her arm—paused. . . . Lord! that couldn't be Connie . . . waving to *him* . . . coming toward him?

A group of people passed in front of him going into the station; and when he looked again, there was Constance Dana smiling at him—holding out her hand—waiting.

"Niel," he heard her say a little hesitantly, "you—you've been an awfully long time coming back."

A long time coming back! He was conscious of a pair of blue eyes meeting his own, of the pressure of a firm little hand, of his apparent inability to speak a word. . . . A long time coming back!

"Why—Connie! I didn't know that you"—the words stumbled out—"I mean, I thought that Tommy and—"

She laughed softly, shook her head with quick little movements, and lowered her eyes. "I—I didn't wait for them, Niel."

NOT until they were in the Danas' car, and well out of the traffic jam at the rear of the station, did Niel find his voice again. Then he said:

"You—you knew I was coming, Connie?"

She flushed slightly and flashed a smile at him.

"Of course, I did—silly." Then, in a more serious tone, she added, "You see, Tommy came over to see me last evening. He told me—lots of things."

As they turned the corner of the next street, and started up the hill that led to St. Matthew's, Constance took one hand from the wheel of the car and reached back of her. When she drew it forth again there were two letters in it. She passed them to Niel.

"They're a—a little late, Niel." Her voice was very low. "But I thought perhaps you might want to read them—sometime."

Slowly he brought his eyes away from Constance Dana and looked down at the two letters. They were both addressed to him at his old address on Park Avenue—and dated February 8th and 14th, 1920. In the upper left-hand corner of each was written, "Constance Dana, New Sussex, Conn.," and below that a blurred post-office stamping, "Removed—left no address."

Niel's glance went back to the girl sitting beside him. She was looking straight in front of her now—cheeks a little pale, and lips pressed tightly together. He started to speak—but she quickly interrupted with:

"Tommy tells me you're doing quite splendidly, Niel."

Then: "It was the only thing to do, Connie. I had to dig in somewhere and—" but he stopped, because he couldn't keep his mind on what he was saying. Everything was jumbled. . . .

He was only dimly aware of the fact that they were driving through the main entrance of the school, that they were passing groups of boys and young men scattered along the edge of the campus, and that among them were fellows whom he knew and wanted to see. His fingers touched the edges of the two letters. . . . Connie's arm brushed against his sleeve as they made a wide turn, slowed down. Then he heard someone shouting to him:

"Oh-h—Chet! Can't you even say hello to a chap?"

And another, "Hi—there's old Chet!"

"Pull up over here, Connie—we'll take him off your hands."

The car stopped suddenly. Niel felt a small hand press against one of his own.

"You go with them now, Niel,"—Connie's voice—"and then come over to my house—later. I—I'll wait for you!"

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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P. A. says "Come again!" in every puff

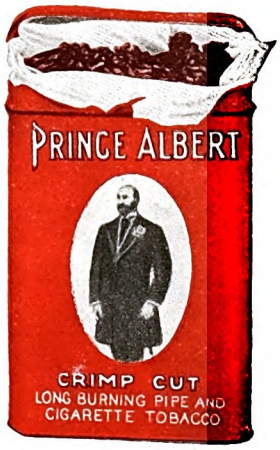
THERE'S a warm invitation in every cool puff on a pipe packed with P. A., if you get what I mean. You sort of look forward to each intake, the way you watch the mails for a letter from your best girl. Good old Prince Albert! Never wears out its welcome.

Why, the instant you open the tidy red tin and get a whiff of that wonderful P. A. fragrance, your mouth waters for a *taste* of such tobacco. Did I say "fragrant"? I hope to tell you! The flowers that bloom in the spring have nothing on Prince Albert.

And when you load-up the old jimmy-pipe and open the drafts—say, Mister! Cool as the blast of a traffic-cop's whistle. Sweet as his words: "I didn't mean *you*." Mild as the Gulf Stream, yet with that full, rich tobacco body that satisfies to the very limit. No bite or parch—ever.

I'm getting mine with a pipe and P. A. every day. I want you to get yours. All you have to do is step around the corner and tell the man-behind-the-counter you want a tin of Prince Albert. He hears *that* hundreds of times a day from men like yourself. Try P. A.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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Women who ask questions

Learn that the most and least a dentifrice can do is

CLEAN

INQUIRING women—women with eager, hungry, questing minds—who ask the doctor and the dentist "Why?"—they make good mothers, good wives, good shoppers.

Very soon they have the same ideas on care of the teeth that all dentists have. They use a dentifrice and see that their family does, for the same reason the dentist gives—to keep teeth *clean!*

For *treatment* of the teeth they go to the dentist and see that their children go—twice a year. They avoid self-medication. They use a dentifrice to clean, and they employ a dentist to cure.

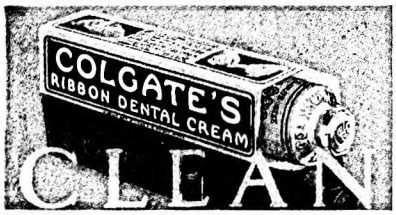
They know that modern dental authorities agree that the one and only function of a dentifrice should be to keep teeth clean. This is the reason Colgate & Co. made Ribbon Dental Cream with the sole object that it shall clean teeth and clean them better.

Colgate's cleans by the following method: As you brush, it breaks into a sparkling, bubbling foam; in this foam is calcium carbonate, a finely ground powder which loosens clinging food particles, and polishes all tooth surfaces.

Next, this foam in a detergent, washing wave, sweeps over teeth, tongue, gums — washing all surfaces, removing the very causes of tooth decay.

Colgate's attempts to do no more than clean, because dentists say that a dentifrice *should* do no more. Rely on your dentist to cure your teeth—rely on Colgate's to clean your teeth.

Colgate & Co.
Est. 1806



FREE to the readers of this publication—a sample of the dentifrice most Americans use.

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 200-H, 595 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Please send me a sample of this cleansing dentifrice.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

In Canada, Colgate & Co., Ltd., 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal

Hard-Boiled

(*Continued from page 15*)

yours whether I choose to have twelve suits or one; or if I prefer to run around in a horse blanket. Now, measure me for what I have ordered and for nothing more. Get busy."

If you said that, the tailor could not have you put in jail or even expelled from any of your clubs. He couldn't do a thing; and he wouldn't do a thing. He would not even refuse to measure you. In his heart would dawn a certain respect for you. But you dare not do it. (Neither do I.)

Instead, you shuffle about and mutter something about having been hit pretty hard lately; and that by and by you intend to get a number of suits.

It is the same along all lines of fashion. Miss Sapphira Somebody looks like a Misfortune when she wears skirts to the knees and a shingle bob. She is one of the women to whom a long dress and coils of soft hair are tremendously becoming. They give her her only claims to beauty and to distinction. Does she dare wear them? If so, I have not chanced to meet her; nor one woman in a thousand who has the hard-boiledness to defy the various commands of fashion for the sake of individual attractiveness.

A straw hat is a cool and usually a becoming head-covering for men. During certain arbitrarily-decreed months in summer a man may wear one. The last half of September may be, and often is, piping hot. But what man is so hard-boiled as to go forth into the streets on September fifteenth—or any time after mid-September—wearing straw head-gear?

BUT we were speaking of hard-boiledness as an armor. It is; and a highly needful one. Many years ago, for instance, I worked in an office whose boss was known through all other offices of the same profession as the Simon Legree of Journalism. Let's call him Smithers.

One of his workers—Brown will do for a name—died. Brown had had hard luck for some years. He left a wife and two small children; and he left nothing else. They were destitute.

Some of us got up a subscription for the widow and children. One of us took it to Smithers; sullenly unwilling to brave a rebuff from the boss, but still more unwilling to rob Mrs. Brown and her children of any off chance of getting an extra dollar or so. Smithers glanced at the subscription list, then thrust it from him.

"I won't give a penny to save the whole lot of them from the poorhouse!" he snarled. "It isn't my fault the fool hadn't sense enough to save his money. I'm no easy mark."

We collected what we could, and one of the men took the small offering to the widow. She thanked him. Then, bursting into tears, she exclaimed:

"And oh, may God bless Mr. Smithers for all his wonderful goodness!"

Our emissary blinked foolishly. This sounded like wild irony. He inferred that she thought the collection was a personal gift from her husband's Simon Legree

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STATE UNIVERSITY SYSTEM OF FLORIDA

Lost *thank goodness . . .* the old-fashioned appetite

NO doubt about it—America is losing its appetite. Formal dinners have shrunk from fifteen courses to five. Luncheon has dwindled from a heavy, substantial meal to a mere entree or salad. Breakfast—well, breakfast has almost disappeared!

This change in modern appetites is the result of changed living conditions. It is natural and healthful that we should eat a smaller quantity of food than our forefathers did. *But we still need, and will always need, every one of the essential food elements that Nature provided for the human race.* We must choose our smaller meals with particular care, to make sure that no vital elements are lacking.

Because of the varied nourishment it supplies, Grape-Nuts has found a daily place on millions of American breakfast tables. This delicious food gives to the body dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates, for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; proteins for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite. Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an admirably balanced ration.

Grape-Nuts is made from wheat and malted barley, prepared by a special baking process. This brings out the tempting, nut-like flavor, makes the food easy to digest, and makes it *crisp*. You'll really chew Grape-Nuts and enjoy chewing it. You will benefit teeth and gums by this exercise. This is particularly important, because so many of our modern foods are soft.

Your grocer sells Grape-Nuts. Perhaps you will wish to accept the free offer below.

Two servings of Grape-Nuts, free—and "A Book of Better Breakfasts"

Mail the coupon and we will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts, free. With them we will include "A Book of Better Breakfasts", written by a famous physical director.

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POSTUM COMPANY, INCORPORATED G.—A. M. 8-27
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts," by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

In Canada, Address: CANADIAN POSTUM CO. LTD., 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario

Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate.

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These outdoor days your face needs this

After-Shaving Care

TO *keep* the face comfortable all day long — to protect it against wind, sun and dust — means special care after shaving. To make this care quick, easy and comfortable, Williams scientists developed Aqua Velva, a crystal-clear liquid, made expressly for use after shaving.

1. It gives the face a stimulating "good morning" tingle.
2. It helps to heal little nicks and cuts.
3. It aids the skin in its daily fight against sun and wind, dust and germs.
4. It keeps the face feeling and looking "well groomed" all day long. (And remember, Aqua Velva leaves no trace.)

Any druggist will supply you with Aqua Velva. Big 5-ounce bottles—50c in the U. S. A. By mail postpaid if he's out of it.

A generous trial bottle FREE upon request. Address:—

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 18
Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.
(Canadian Address: 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal)

Williams Aqua Velva

Made by the makers of Williams Shaving Cream

FOR USE AFTER SHAVING

boss; and he began to seek words to undeceive her. But she continued breathlessly:

"Mr. Smithers came right up here, himself, the minute he heard of my loss. No father could have been more tender or more consoling to me than he was. He said such beautiful things about my poor husband! Then he made me give him the funeral bill; and he wrote out a check for it; and he gave me five hundred dollars more, to go on with."

That is all there is to the story. It is true. And it illustrates, more clearly than could a bookful of my own clumsy writing, the difference between the hard-boiled brain and the hard-boiled heart.

Smithers, as I learned afterward, did things of that kind again and again. But if the office had known of it he would have been assailed by myriad hard-luck stories. He would have been pestered for undeserved raises of salary, and he would have been begged to subscribe to every senseless object in all the eternal succession of a newspaper office's quasi-charities. Thus, he wore the only armor that could possibly have protected him.

More than once I have known men of enormous wealth coupling their several-figure subscriptions to some worthy cause by making the gift contingent on strict secrecy. This, not only through modesty but to shield themselves against the army of begging letters and hard-luck-story sentimentalists who would have rushed to the feast at first hint that a new victim had been discovered.

YET I believe every hard-boiled armor contains a wide chink through which shafts of appeal can be shot deep into the soft-boiled heart. I have found innumerable instances of it.

The late J. P. Morgan was notoriously hard-boiled. He was adamant to a swarm of money suckers who tackled him from every angle. But—

A group of reporters sat around a table at Lipton's café on Nassau Street. One of them was broke and out of work. He had the promise of a job the following week; but he had no cash to tide him over nor to get out of pawn the only decent suit he owned.

Calling for pen and paper he scribbled a jolly little tale of his woes—an audacious and non-whining request for fifty dollars—and sent it to J. P. Morgan's office by a messenger boy. He did it as a joke. He did not know Morgan. Morgan had never heard of him. But Morgan chanced to be the first rich man whose name he thought of. Expecting nothing, he wrote gayly and rather brilliantly.

Twenty minutes later, the messenger boy came back to Lipton's and handed the reporter the envelope in which he had sent his letter to the financier. It contained a fifty-dollar bill. No word of writing, but just the money. By some rare good luck, the reporter had chanced to strike a weak spot in the Morgan armor.

By the way, that story went all over newspaperdom. No fewer than a hundred more or less needy reporters sprained their intellects to write similar jocose appeals to Morgan. To the best of my knowledge, not one of them received a reply.

Bob Fitzsimmons, once champion heavyweight prize fighter of the world, was

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Through a great new companion invention to the famous Super-Six Principle

HUDSON excels HUDSON *itself*

A new high compression anti-knock motor that turns waste heat to power

With the Super-Six principle, the new invention combines the highest efficiency in power, smoothness and long motor life ever achieved within our knowledge.

The released Super-Six principle converts to useful power, energy that in other types is lost in vibration.

This new companion invention adds a further step in efficiency by actually converting hitherto wasted heat into useful power.

Saves Fuel—Increases Performance

In all previous types of automobile motors a high percentage of the power of the fuels is lost in heat thrown away in the exhaust and cooling waters.

The new Hudson motor gives the snap and performance of the high compression type without sacrifice of flexibility and smoothness.

Spark knock is positively prevented. Regular gasoline gives the performance sought, in other types, through the use of special and costly fuels. The cold motor starts with the same snap you get from other types in midsummer. You don't have to wait for your motor to sputter while it warms up.

Ends Spark Knock

Oil dilution is ended, greater power and speed and fuel economy are obtained.

Every phase of performance is brilliantly better. These two Hudson inventions give a performance and reliability supremacy that are immediately and continuously apparent whether you drive your Hudson a city block or a hundred thousand miles.

Application Has Been Made for Patents Covering the Principle by Which These Results are Accomplished

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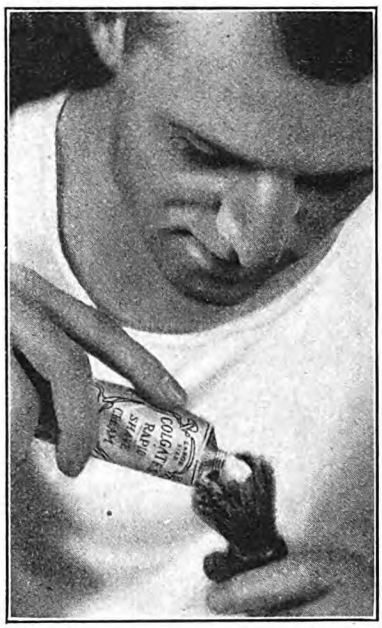
Small-bubble lather *attacks beard at base*

Softens every whisker close to skin, right where razor works



COLGATE "small-bubble" lather seeps between whiskers. Myriads of midget bubbles douse every hair at the base—soften it ready for shaving.

"Small bubbles" hold more water than large bubbles, and water is what softens whiskers, science says. Look at the lather pictures below.

How "small-bubble" lather works

The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

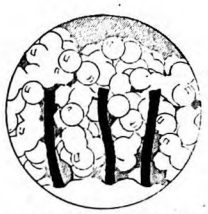
1. The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each hair.

2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

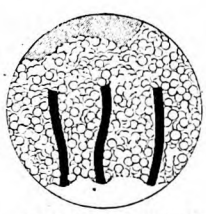
Because your beard is properly softened at its base, your razor works easily and quickly. Every hair is cut close and clean. And your face remains cool and comfortable throughout the day.

A WEEK'S SHAVES—FREE Try this unique "small-bubble" lather at our expense. The coupon below will bring a generous trial-size tube—free.

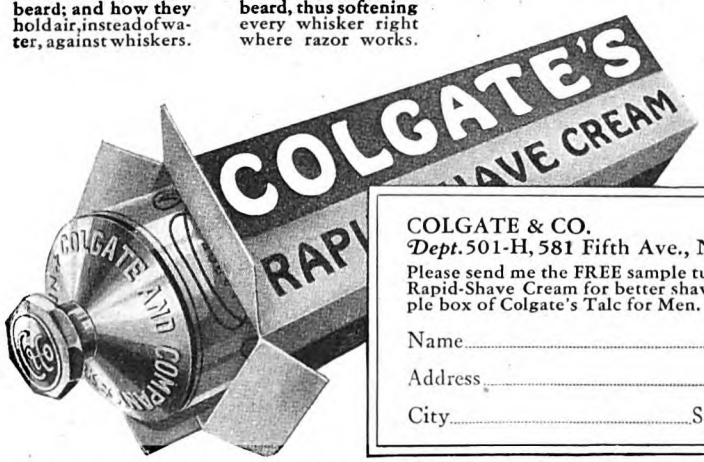
EXTRA DIVIDEND! We will also include a sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men—the new after-shave powder that *keeps* your face looking freshly shaved all day long.



ORDINARY LATHER
This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against whiskers.



COLGATE LATHER
This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where razor works.



Colgate & Co. Est. 1806

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 501-H, 581 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me the FREE sample tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. Also sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

equally hard-boiled. Here is a tale of him, told me by Fred Leighton, the collie breeder. Both men are dead now. Said Leighton:

"I landed in America, down and out. I had met Bob Fitzsimmons in the old country. I called on him, and asked him to lend me ten dollars and to let me work it out in some way. He answered that he was no Soft Spot; and that he wouldn't lend a penny to anyone. He was insulting in his manner, and he bawled me out as a dead beat, and then he told me to leave his house.

"I went away, smarting from his rotten treatment of me. My eyes stung; and I took out my handkerchief to wipe them. With the handkerchief, out rolled ten ten-dollar bills that Fitzsimmons had stuck there as he went to the front door with me.

"I ran back to thank him. He told me I was crazy; and that he hadn't done anything of the kind. He said he'd knock my block off if I tried to spread such a fool story about him. Six months later I had saved enough from a job to pay back his hundred dollars. I took the money over to him; and he wouldn't touch it. He still kept insisting he hadn't given me a penny."

Yet Bob Fitzsimmons had a reputation for "nearness," even in the heyday of his fortune and fame! To have been known as lending money to the needy would have swamped him with fake suppliants. Hard-boiled head, soft-boiled heart.

SPEAKING of the chinks in our hard-boiled armor, I think we all have them. I have at least two. I am slightly ashamed of them both. Moreover, they are nobody's business but my own; and I have no intention of letting myself in for a flood of begging letters—I get quite enough already—by confessing what they are.

Personally, if I want any favor, I would rather ask it of a hot-tempered man who begins the interview by being cranky. Loss of temper always lays open a man's armor chinks. The man who is calmly and smilingly sure of himself is a terrible foe to the seeker of such chinks. Smiling calmness seems to be the trade-mark of the thoroughly hard-boiled. I envy it—when it is genuine. It implies self-sureness, a glorious quality. Of an American general it was said by a member of his staff:

"He is the most even-tempered man in the army. He is mad, all the time."

Obviously, the general was one man who was anything but sure of himself.

I have heard more than once the query: "But why do we need to be hard-boiled?"

The answer is very simple: Because the world is organized largely on the principle of getting something from the other fellow. People are forever trying to sell you something you don't want or need. People are forever wanting you to do or to give something that you don't want to do or give.

The man with the soft-boiled brain or with a brain not hard-boiled enough to counterbalance his soft-boiled heart, is certain to be stung, fore and aft, and to be victimized. In order to carry a brain and judgment competent to fend off these pests (and to guard against one's unwise impulses) it is necessary to be hard-boiled.

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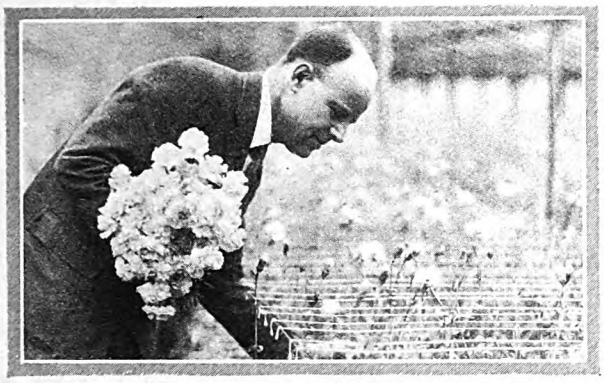


MR. G. HAYDEN DUNN, *whose hobby is raising flowers*

"I once thought I would always be ill"

"UP TO THE TIME *of the War my life had been uneventful, tranquil.*

"Then—the trenches. Cold. Forced marches. Hunger. Thirst. I was gassed—and wounded.

"When I returned I was a physical wreck. For four years I fought in vain to steady my frayed nerves and to rid myself of my chronic stomach trouble. I had almost abandoned hope of ever being well again.

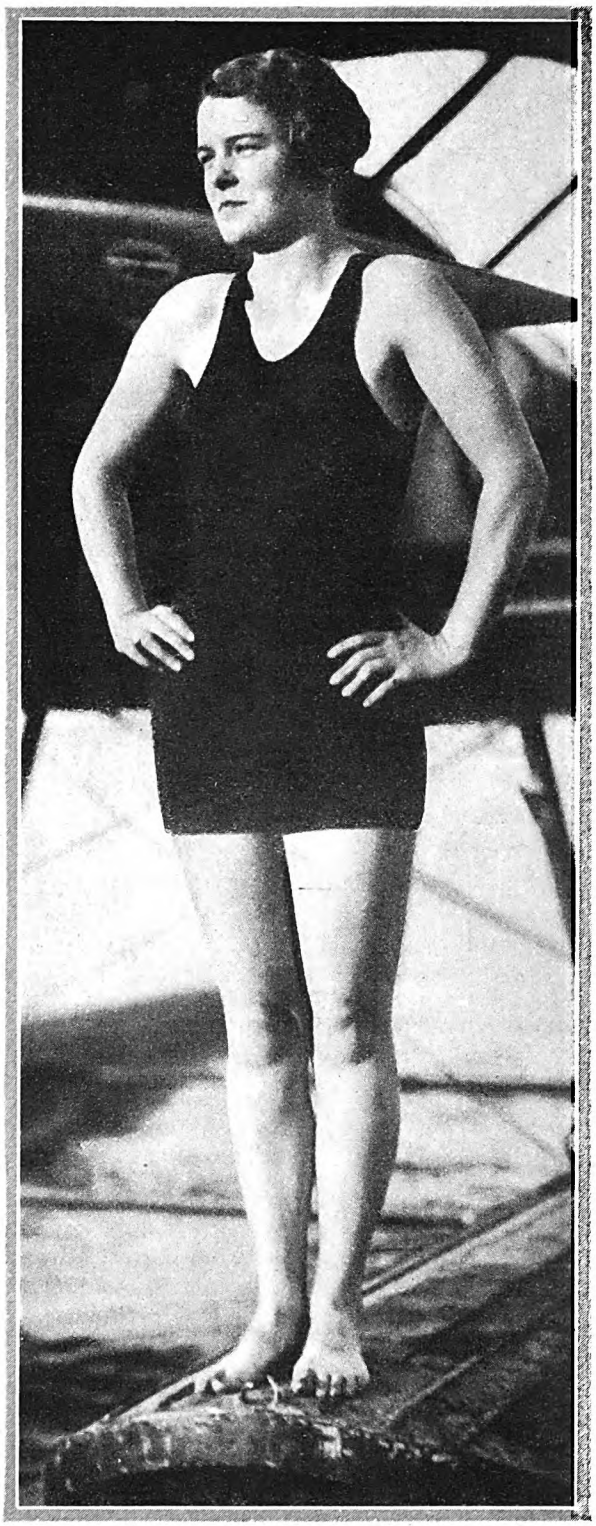
"Repeatedly a fellow worker had urged me to try Yeast. At last I began eating it—and in less than three months I had regained my old health and happiness.

"My favorite pastime is working with the flowers and vegetables around our home. Now, no matter how strenuous my day has been, I still have energy left to indulge this hobby in the evening."

G. HAYDEN DUNN, Medford, Mass.

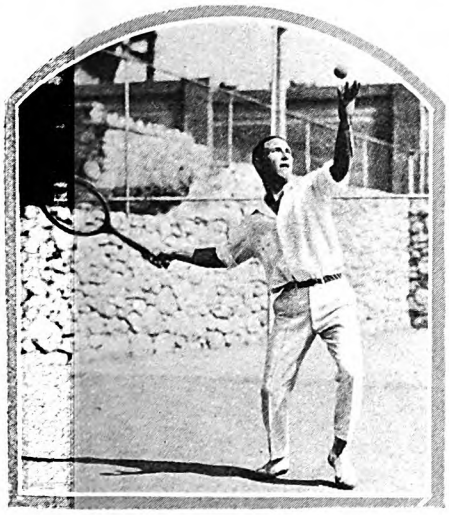
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST is composed of millions of tiny living plants, grown in a nutritious extract of malt and grain. They keep the whole intestinal tract clean, checking the absorption of poisons into the blood. They strengthen the muscles of elimination, banishing constipation and its evil results, an unhealthy skin and stomach disorders.

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast from any grocer. Buy several days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Write for the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. J-43, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.



"TRY AS I WOULD, I could find nothing that would clear my skin. I was very badly run down—probably this was the cause of my skin trouble. I ran along this way until about a year ago, when one of my friends said, 'Why don't you try eating Yeast?' I was skeptical, I must admit—but I began. To my surprise my skin began to clear, and ever since I have felt fine."

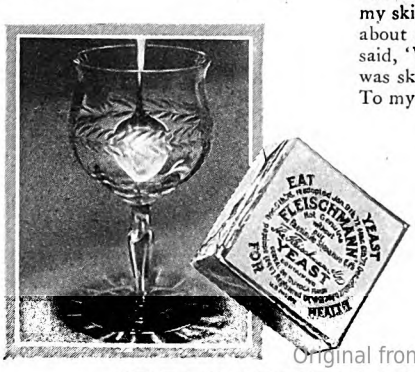
CHRISTINE INGLIS, Vancouver, B. C.



LEFT

MR. DE PASZTHORY is an all-round athlete. At the University of Southern California he won the middleweight wrestling championship. He writes: "Ever since high school days I have periodically eaten Fleischmann's Yeast. It has enabled me to restore my system quickly to order whenever my digestion was upset, to keep my blood clear and my skin free of embarrassing eruptions."

MELBOURNE DE PASZTHORY, Pasadena, Calif.



For the health that can be yours—do this:

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal. Eat it plain in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation physicians say it is best to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

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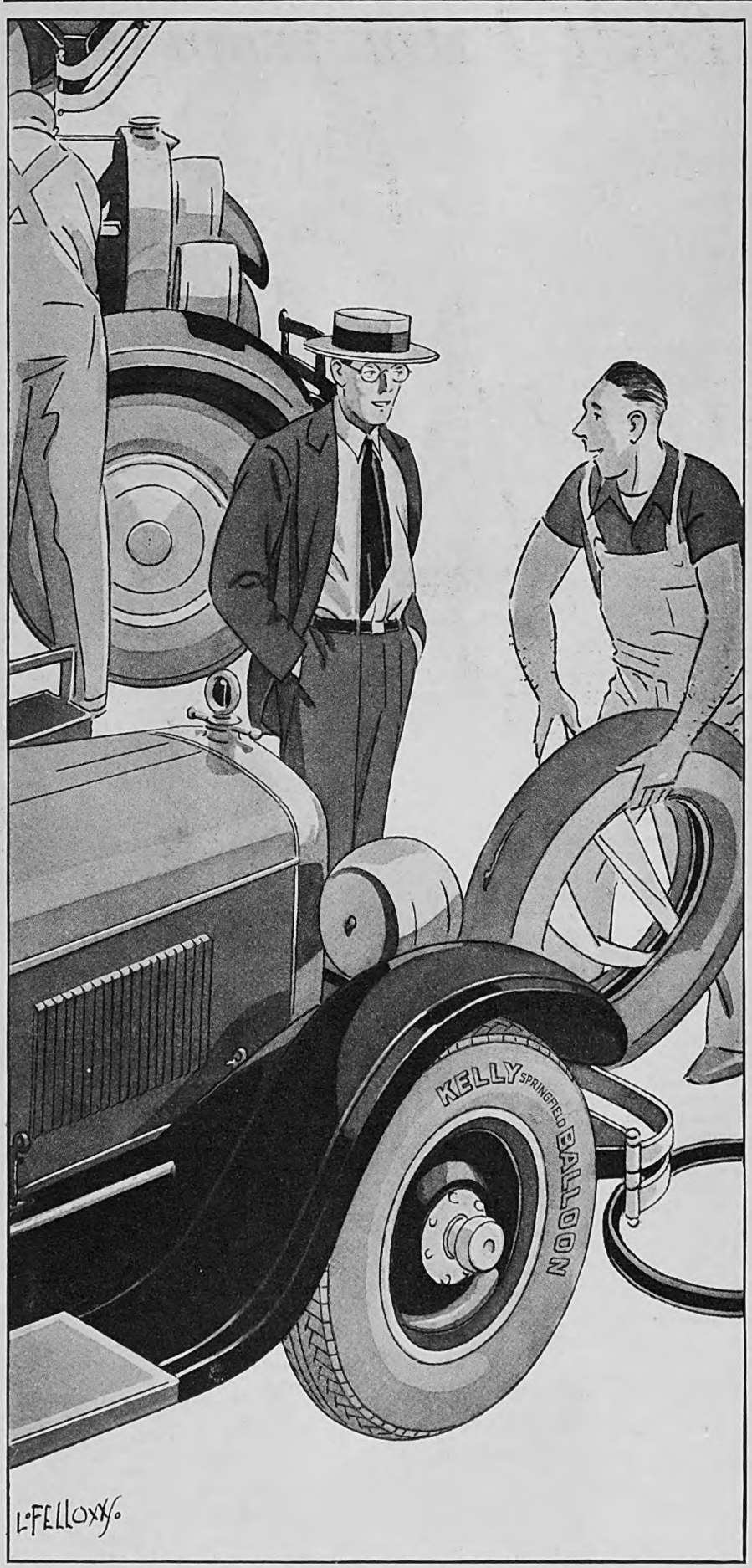

"Two punctures and a blowout in less than a thousand miles, and all on that left front, too! Funny that that one tire seems to get all the trouble."

"No, because your other three tires are Kelly-Springfields."

There are many definitions of hard-boiled, most of them signifying heartlessness. I do not think any one of them is correct. Perhaps I am not correct, myself, in my own idea of what is meant by the word. Here is my definition:

"To be hard-boiled means to be so certain of yourself that it makes no difference to you what other people may do or say or think."

I was a bit proud of this, until I repeated it to a woman who is wise. She thought a minute, then replied:

"Why, isn't that the definition of pig-headedness?"

Perhaps it is. But who ever heard of a pig that was fooled or imposed on or victimized (during his lifetime), or was coaxed into doing something his own wishes did not approve?

If your hard-boiledness makes you unfair to humanity at large or unkind to those who have a just claim on your tenderness, then it is a vice; and it is not the thing I have here been praising.

It should be the mosquito netting which you wear for protection when you change the location of bee hives. It should not be a club to shatter the hives to pieces and harm their occupants.

In other words, it should be used as a defensive, not an offensive, weapon; to guard its owner from a million troubles that beset him on every hand, not to make the world less happy and less comfortable for others.

Perhaps I have not made so great a success of my own efforts to do this that I can afford to preach it to others. But it is a grand idea, none the less.

"All Crumbs Thankfully Received"

(*Continued from page 55*)

into the real-estate business with him in New York.

"Well," laughed Noyes, "you can guess that he succeeded—for here I am! That was almost thirty years ago, and I have been in the real-estate business ever since. We started with one desk, which Mr. Goodwin let us have in his office. Now I have a staff of several hundred people, with branches in other cities and connections in other countries.

"Lovejoy and I arranged that he was to have the first eight dollars we took in, plus all his salary from Mr. Goodwin. I was to have the next eight dollars, and so on. This arrangement favored him, of course; but that was all right, because he had a wife and child to support.

"Even the first eight dollars for the new firm was so slow in materializing that Lovejoy couldn't have got along if he hadn't kept his job with Mr. Goodwin. As for me, I still had the income from my Block Island business. But, even so, it was hard sledding.

"As Lovejoy's job with Mr. Goodwin kept him in the office, we arranged that he should be 'the inside man' of our firm. I was to go out and try to dig up business.

"Of course, without experience or standing, we couldn't get property to sell. We had to depend on renting stores and offices. I used to walk through the

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Removing Dull Film from Teeth

Helps Smiles Grow Bright and Charming

Affords teeth and gums the most recent protection dental science knows

(*Above*) BUBBLE BOATING is the latest water sport at San Diego. Judging from smiles kept gleaming bright by Pepsodent, Dorothy Prather and Charles Lipton find it highly entertaining

(*Above*) KATHRYN KOHLER, whom you've seen as "Sondra" in "An American Tragedy," goes twice each year to the dentist in protection to her priceless smile. Daily she keeps it gleaming bright by use of Pepsodent.

(*Above*) VAL LESTER goes out walking with a winning entry. Her smile of victory is sparkling white by help of Pepsodent that brightens teeth by dingy film removal

THAT many of the commoner tooth and gum troubles, and most cases of so-called "off-color" teeth, are due to a film that forms on teeth which ordinary brushing does not successfully combat, is the consensus of today's dental opinion.

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel this film—a slippery sort of coating. Film absorbs discolorations and thus makes teeth look dull and dingy. It breeds germs and bacteria and invites tartar, decay and pyorrhea. It is a menace to tooth and gum health that must be combated.

Thus dental authorities now seriously urge that film be removed at least twice every day—in the morning and at bedtime. To do so, obtain Pepsodent—a special, film-removing dentifrice most dentists favor. It curdles the film, then removes it and polishes the teeth to high lustre in gentle safety to enamel. It combats the acids of decay. It acts, too, to firm and harden the gums; thus meeting, in many ways, the requirements of modern findings.

Old-time dentifrices did not adequately fight film. That is why this modern protective way, as a twice a day habit, and at least twice a year calls on your dentist, are being advised.

Accept this test

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. Then for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent to firm and harden them.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE

Mail coupon to
The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 1248, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,
191 George St., ... **Toronto 2, Can.**
42 Southwark Bridge Rd. **London, S. E. 1, Eng.**
(Australia) Ltd.,
137 Clarence St. . . **Sydney, N. S. W.**
Only one tube to a family 2563

PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

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"Daddy,

your face doesn't scratch any more!"

There's a secret in Mennen, a secret all its own which we call *dermutation*. Dermutation softens the beard and relaxes the tiny microscopic mounds surrounding each hair. Beneath this beard-softening action your razor glides easily and smoothly without resistance; without a drag; without a nick. Mennen makes shaving easy, quick and pleasant.

And you'll be amazed at the improvement in the tone and feel that Mennen brings to your face. Five pure emollients cleanse and tone up tired skins.

Invest 50c—four bits—in the big tube of Mennen. Your face will feel the difference and others will see it.

To know the real luxury of a *complete* Mennen shave, use Mennen Skin Balm after shaving. Gives a cool, fresh tingle to the face and is antiseptic. Large tube 50c. Use it every morning along with Mennen Talcum for Men.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

The Mennen Company, Newark, New Jersey
The Mennen Company, Limited, Toronto, Ontario

MENNEN
The Improved
SHAVING CREAM

streets of that section, and when I saw a 'For Rent' sign, I would go in myself, measure the space that was to let, and make a record of every fact concerning it.

"Then I would canvass the locality to find a possible occupant. I studied the needs of tenants; and sometimes I could show a man that it would be to his advantage to move. In that way I earned a few commissions—and I began to *learn real estate values*.

"But we didn't make much headway for the first two years. The turn came when we ourselves moved into a basement store at 62 Cedar Street. The rent was eighteen hundred dollars a year, which seemed bigger to me then than a small fortune would now.

"Our reason for making this change proved to be a shrewd one. Two important real estate firms had their offices on the floor above our basement; and we figured that if anybody came to these big dealers with business too small for them to bother with, they would say, 'We can't handle this; but why don't you go to the firm down-stairs?'

"This was exactly what did happen. We got the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table. But gradually these business crumbs grew larger. Our clients became our friends. They brought us other clients, and so we got on our feet.

"Finally, Lovejoy decided to follow a special line of his own, and we dissolved partnership. I opened larger offices, went on building up the business—and am still at that same job," he said, with a smile.

"About a year ago, a gentleman connected with the United Cigar Stores Company asked me if I would consider selling my business to that corporation.

"'There isn't anything to sell—except good will,' I told him. 'I guess that's worth more to me than to anyone else.'

"'Perhaps it isn't!' he declared. 'With thousands of stores, the United itself is a pretty big dealer in real estate. Anyway, think it over.'

"A few days later an official of the United corporation called me up on the 'phone. I had considered the subject of price and told him that I would sell for two million and four hundred thousand dollars; one half of that amount to be represented by the half-interest which I would retain in the business.

"'I guess that settles it!' I added.

"When he said that he would see what could be done, I explained that there were a few more strings attached to my offer. The chief one was that I should remain at the head of the business. Also, the bonus system which I had put into effect seventeen years ago for the benefit of my employees must remain in force."

THE would-be purchasers agreed to pay the price, and accepted all the conditions named by Noyes. This was a flattering tribute to the business he had built up. But the United corporation showed very plainly that Noyes *was* the business; for they immediately took steps to insure his life for two million and four hundred thousand dollars, the price they had paid to get him.

In connection with this insurance policy, which is one of the largest ever issued on an individual life, Noyes told me an interesting story.

"I had named the conditions on which

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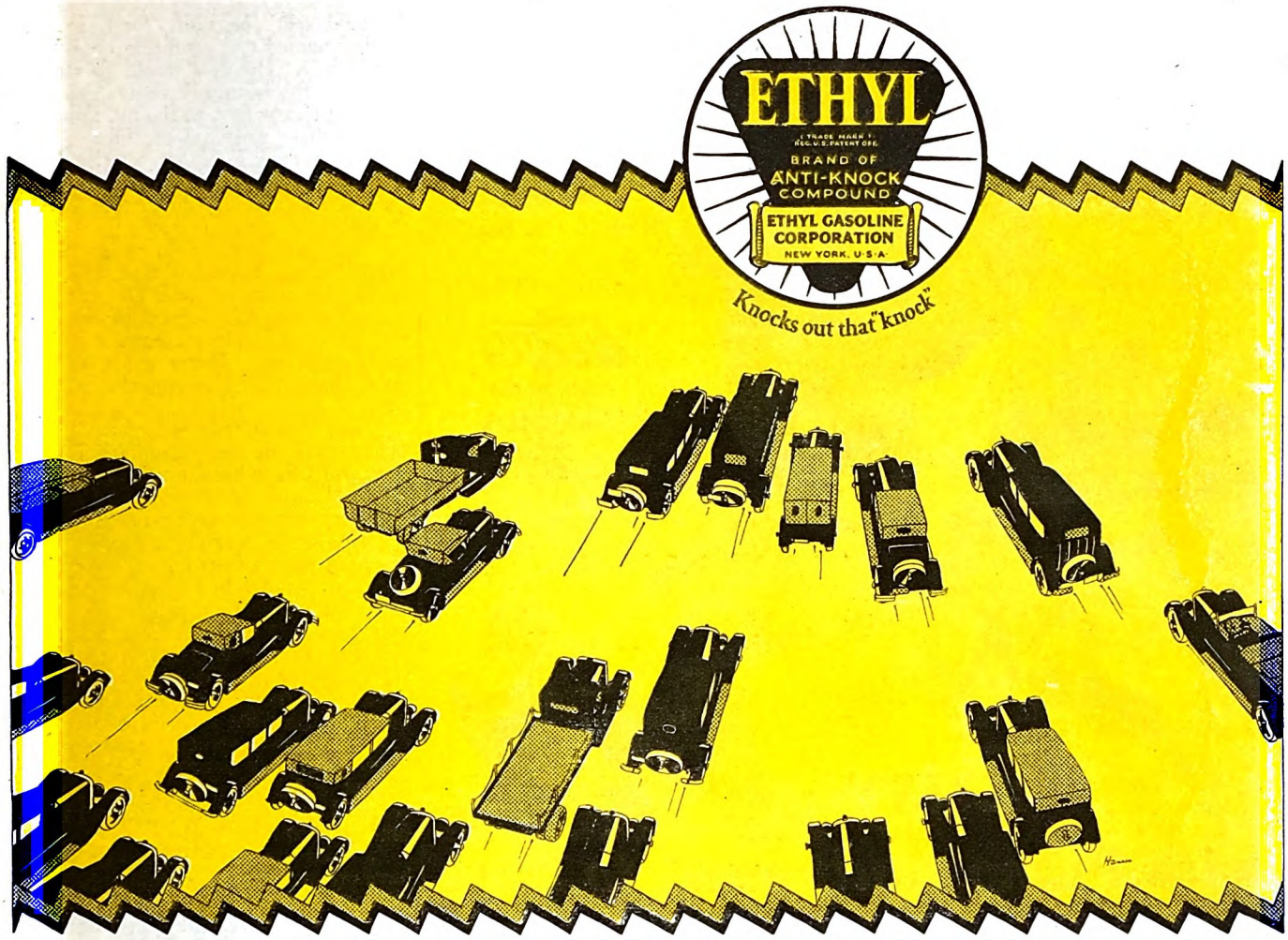

Get the benefits of *high compression*

AUTOMOTIVE engineers have long known that the efficiency of gasoline engines increases as their compression is raised.

The compression of the present day automobile is as high as the limitations of ordinary gasoline permit. Gasoline is not a perfect fuel. It explodes too soon (*i. e.*, "knocks" and loses power) when compressed beyond certain limits.

That is why automotive research devoted many years to the development of "ETHYL" fluid, which, when mixed in very small quantities with motor gasoline, eliminates its knocking tendencies and makes it a high compression fuel. The fuel so mixed is Ethyl Gasoline.

Ethyl Gasoline has brought the benefits of high compression — greater power and flexibility, faster pick-up, reduced gear-shifting — to hundreds of thousands of motorists. This is because carbon deposits raise the compression of your engine beyond the point at which it was designed to perform efficiently with ordinary gasoline.

Try Ethyl Gasoline to-day. Enjoy a driving satisfaction and engine performance that you have never before experienced with your car. The "ETHYL" trademark shown above identifies the Ethyl Gasoline pump.

ETHYL
GASOLINE CORPORATION
25 Broadway, New York City

What high compression means to you

THE principle of high compression is readily understood. The tighter you pack the powder charge in a muzzle loading gun, the greater the force given the bullet. Similarly, the tighter gasoline vapor and air are compressed in the combustion chamber (the space between the head of the cylinder and the top of the piston) before ignition, the greater the power derived from the explosion.

Increasing compression therefore simply means decreasing the size of the combustion space, which may be accomplished mechanically or through the formation of carbon.

Higher compression means a more powerful and flexible car, less gear-shifting, faster pick-up. In short, a performance impossible with lower compression and the use of ordinary gasoline.

ETHYL GASOLINE

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Easy

with Filmo equipment, to have

MOTION PICTURES

of Your Children

THOUSANDS have learned—as you will learn—that taking *motion pictures* with the Bell & Howell Filmo is easier than taking snapshots with an ordinary camera. Simply look through the spy-glass viewfinder and press the button. That is all there is to it. No cranking, no focusing, no shutter adjustment, no tripod required. Without previous photographic experience *of any kind* you can take first-class movies with Filmo *on the first try.*

Think what this simplicity means to *you*—who would treasure movies of your children almost as you treasure the children themselves! Every move, gesture, fleeting expression and characteristic mannerism faithfully recorded for the future!

Filmo Camera—and automatic Projector for showing your movies—are made with all the beauty and precision that enter the larger Bell & Howell Cameras, *with which nearly all motion pictures shown at best theatres are made.*

Eastman Safety Film (16 mm)—in the yellow box—used in Filmo camera is obtained at practically all stores handling cameras and supplies. First cost covers developing and postage to your door. Then comes the thrill of seeing your own movies at home, using Filmo automatic Projector.

Write for descriptive Filmo booklet, "What You See You Get," telling all the interesting details.

BELL & HOWELL CO.

1814 Larchmont Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

New York, Hollywood, London (B. & H. Co., Ltd.)

Established 1907

I would sell," he said; "and, in reply, United named one condition on which it would buy. The deal would go through, provided the insurance companies would underwrite a policy, to the full amount of the purchase price, on my life.

"A few days later, one of the United officials called me up and suggested that I see their company doctor before going to the insurance examiner.

"'You are forty-seven years old,' he said. 'When a man is that age, he is likely to be more or less below par physically. You may have something the matter with you that can be corrected if you have medical advice. Better get yourself in good shape before seeing the insurance people.'

"'But I've already seen them!' I said. 'They gave me the examination yesterday; and I have been notified to-day that my application is accepted and that the company agrees to underwrite the policy.'

"The whole matter had been settled inside of twenty-four hours," Mr. Noyes went on; "and I understand that this is the shortest time in which so large a policy as that has ever been arranged."

"How have you managed to keep in such good physical condition?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said, "unless it has been by the right mixture of work and rest. I guess everybody needs both. I know I do. For instance, I always have needed a lot of sleep. That was the reason I gave up playing football when I first came to New York.

"I often run short of sleep now; but I have my own way of catching up. In the summer I usually go abroad, taking a slow steamer over and a fast one back. On the trip over, I sleep from twelve to fourteen hours a day, until I am absolutely 'slept out.' I stay abroad about six weeks. I meet friends over there, play a little golf, and sleep all I want to. At the end of that time I am so keen to get back to work that I take the fastest steamer I can find.

"Work never seems to hurt me. Perhaps that's because I like it. There's a lot of satisfaction in *building* something; especially if you can be helping other people to do some building too.

"When I stipulated that I should receive a half-interest in the business, at the time it was sold to the United corporation, I had a definite plan in mind. Not a share of stock was to be offered to the public. If there is money to be made in this company, I want my own employees to make it, and I also wish to retain a one-half interest in the business. I immediately gave my employees a substantial block of my stock under condition that it shall always remain with the employees of the organization. I don't consider this in the light of a gift to these faithful employees. It is their right to share prosperity with me, as they have all contributed to it."

LATER, when I was sitting at Crawford's desk, I was reminded of this article in the Noyes business creed. A boy, coming down the aisle from the private office at the rear, laid a pink slip on the desk. Crawford read it, laid it aside, then picked it up again and looked at it thoughtfully.

"A whole story could be written about Mr. Noyes," he said, "just out of these pink slips. Sometimes they are requests

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for information; but more often they *give* information. He seems to know everything that is happening, or is going to happen, or *ought* to happen, in the real-estate field. If a piece of property is to come into the market, there will be a pink slip on one of these desks, stating the essential facts about the property and giving directions what to do about it.

"But that isn't the whole story. One of these pink slips may be about something that is a personal matter with the man who receives it. Perhaps it is a few words of appreciation of some work he has done. Or it may be an offer to advance him the money with which to build a home. In this office there is at least one thing that is never put off. We read our pink slips the minute we get them! They are only scraps of paper. But they are a constant reminder that the chief is keeping track of his men and looking out for them.

"The result is that he has the most loyal and enthusiastic staff you could find anywhere. Everybody is willing to put in hours of extra work if necessary. I believe they would do it, for him, even if it meant no gain to themselves. But they know that it does mean a personal gain, for he sees to it that they share in the prosperity of the business."

WHEN he was a boy, Noyes put in an average of thirteen hours of work daily for his uncle Floyd. Now, at an age when most men are beginning to slow up, he usually works from fourteen to sixteen hours a day! Often he reaches his office at eight o'clock in the morning. If he has arranged to have his secretary there, in spite of the early hour he immediately begins to dictate letters and other work.

Although he uses few notes, he dictates very rapidly. At the end of an hour, another secretary takes the place of the first one. Apparently, Noyes himself does not know the meaning of fatigue, for he often uses four secretaries in succession, dictating steadily to each one for an hour.

When the deal with the United Cigar Stores Company became public last spring, it created a sensation in the real estate world. In the autumn, Mr. Noyes aroused still greater interest when he announced the formation of the Charles F. Noyes National Realty Corporation.

The "Noyes National" will have offices and agencies in every city, of fifty thousand or more population, in this country. According to his announcement, it will do a national business of buying, selling, and leasing real estate; will manage business property; will finance new buildings and refinance older properties; and will take charge of locating chain stores "everywhere."

He is proud of these great companies which bear his name; proud that he has won out in his effort to *build* something worth struggling for. Proud, too, of the men who have helped in the achievement. Someone else showed me a lot of figures about the company. But *he* showed me a list of the *men* who work with him. He told me how they had come up through the ranks; and he was far more interested in relating *that* story than in telling his own.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

Why checking dandruff *prevents* baldness

Not a before-and-after picture—simply an artist's impression of a young man as he looks today, and as he would look without his hair.

A simple pine tar remedy

THERE is an age-worn superstition that baldness is a sign of wisdom.

But, instead, may not lack of hair indicate lack of foresight? Especially when scalp specialists tell us that baldness, in 9 cases out of 10, traces back to *dandruff!*

If you have dandruff, your scalp needs special care. Now—*before* baldness begins. A special soap is recommended—a soap such as Packer's Tar Soap made especially for the hair and scalp.

The value of pine tar

Practically every well-known authority recommends *pine tar* soap for shampooing, in the treatment of common hair and scalp ills—especially dandruff.

For over 50 years, leading physicians have been prescribing Packer's Tar Soap in the care of the hair, scalp and skin.

The dandruff treatment below lets your scalp enjoy all the benefits of Packer's tonic *pine tar* lather. It clears the gland openings; helps them perform their normal duties. It helps start the scalp toward renewed health.

The Packer Method

When you wash your hair, do this: Wet the hair with warm water, apply Packer's Tar Soap and pile up the rich, piney lather. With the finger-tips massage three minutes. Rinse. Lather again, repeat the massage, then rinse thoroughly.

In severe cases of dandruff, repeat this every other day for one or two weeks. (In milder cases, every third or fourth day may be sufficient.) Gradually decrease the frequency of the shampoos as your scalp clears. Then *keep up* the treatments regularly once a week to prevent the dandruff from coming back.

In most cases, this simple method will soon rid your scalp of dandruff and restore your hair's normal, healthy vitality.

Send 10c for Sample and Manual

For 10c (stamps or coin) we will send you a generous sample of Packer's Tar Soap and a copy of our new Manual, "The Care of the Hair." This profusely illustrated 28-page book has recently been re-edited to present the most scientific thought on the care of the hair. It contains dozens of authoritative suggestions for keeping your hair healthy and young-looking. Fill in the coupon, clip and mail today.

THE PACKER MFG. CO., INC., Dept. 6-H
Box 85, G. P. O., New York, N. Y.
I enclose 10c. Please send me sample half-cake of Packer's Tar Soap and your Manual, "The Care of the Hair."

*Name*_____

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*City*_____ *State*_____

(PRINT CLEARLY to avoid mismailing)

PACKER'S *Tar Soap*

"PURE AS THE PINES"

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All the world respects these

SPANNING the headwaters of the most important river in the world, the cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul form a unique economic unit. Backed by the industrial communities of the North Central States, and facing the tremendous sweep of the great Northwest with all its potentialities and raw wealth, these Twin Cities have attained a dominance in their quarter of the Nation that has no parallel.

For almost a century they have grown side by side, guiding the destiny of the Northwest. When timber was the greatest industry of Minnesota and Wisconsin, these were famous lumber towns. When wheat became king, these two were the greatest milling cities in the world. And now that diversification is making history in the Northwest, they have risen together to new heights as the industrial and commercial metropolis of one of the most remarkable agricultural regions in the world.

LOCATION: By St. Anthony's Falls, at the head of navigation. On the fringe of the great forest region of Minnesota and Wisconsin, where the open plains begin to sweep westward. Metropolis of a region embracing northwest Wisconsin, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Montana.

INDUSTRY: Not only do the Twin Cities absorb the varied products of all the Northwest as a primary market, but they in turn supply the tools of production and all the needs of higher standards of living. Here is the largest manufacturing and distributing center in America for tractors and agricultural implements. The leading industries include grain, flour and mill products; metal working; clothing and textiles; printing and publishing; wood working; railroad shop construction; bread and bakery products.

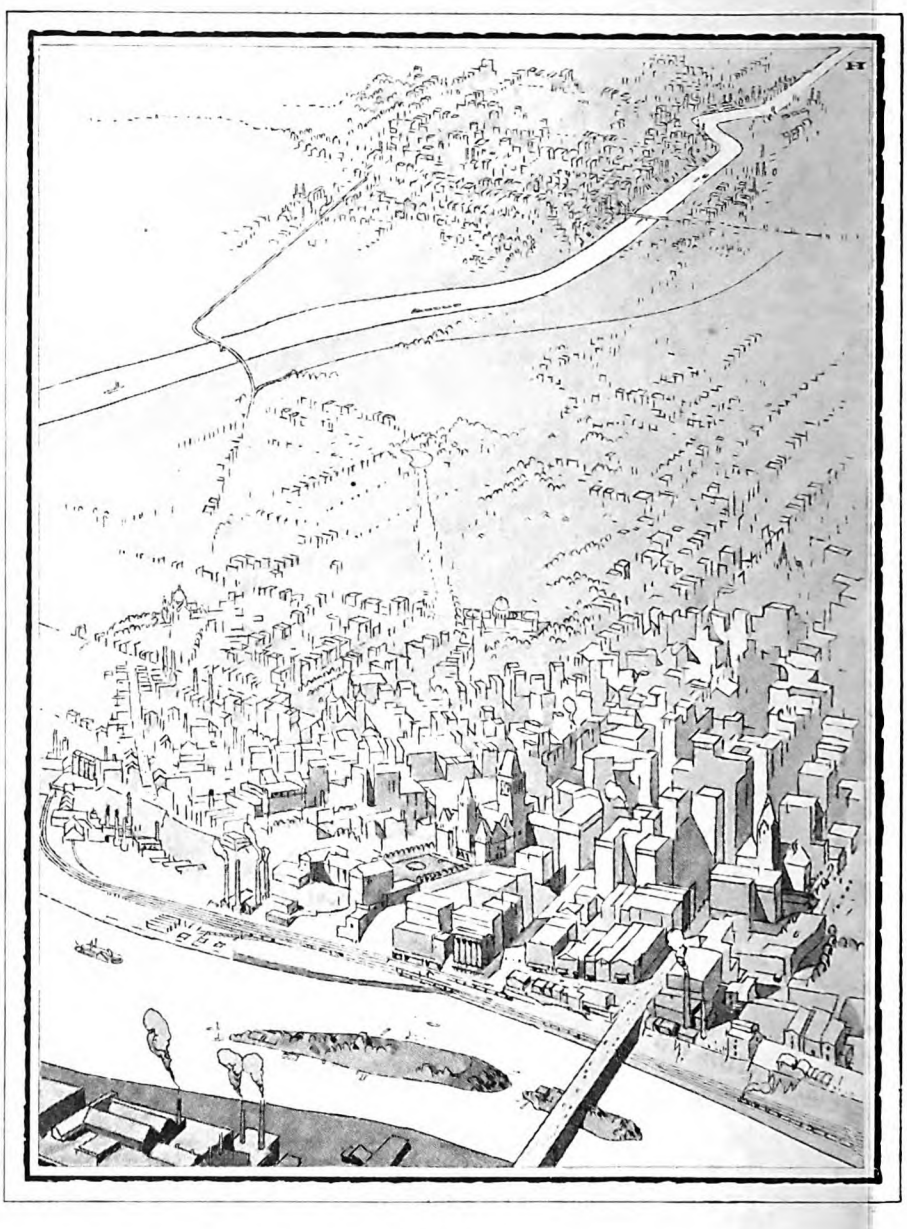
AGRICULTURE: Statistics on production run into tremendous figures. Grain yields a billion dollars, yet the total value of dairy, livestock, and other diversified farm products *has already swept beyond that figure.* Egg and poultry production has doubled in the last five years; alfalfa acreage has tripled. The farmers of Minnesota alone earn $200,000,000 on butter annually.

TRANSPORTATION: Twelve trunk lines radiate from the Twin Cities, making them both heart and head of the Ninth Federal Reserve District with a population of 5,341,897! The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul binds the Twin Cities to Milwaukee and Chicago with a double-track system over which run some of the most famous limited trains in America.

They grow in beauty

Beauty has governed the civic ideal of both cities, so that today there is no more delightful place of residence than here. Within corporate limits are the Falls of Minnehaha. The sandy shores of blue Minnetonka and Nokomis are circled by splendid boulevards and dotted with boat clubs.

Magnificent boulevards and parks, distinguished hotels and famous old clubs, excellent theatres and restaurants, libraries, art galleries and educational institutions, give these cities a charm and mellowed culture doubly emphasized by the vigorous youth of the region they serve.



SHORTEST AND MOST MODERN ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC AND FAR EAST

The

The recognized route between Chicago, Milwaukee and Twin Cities,

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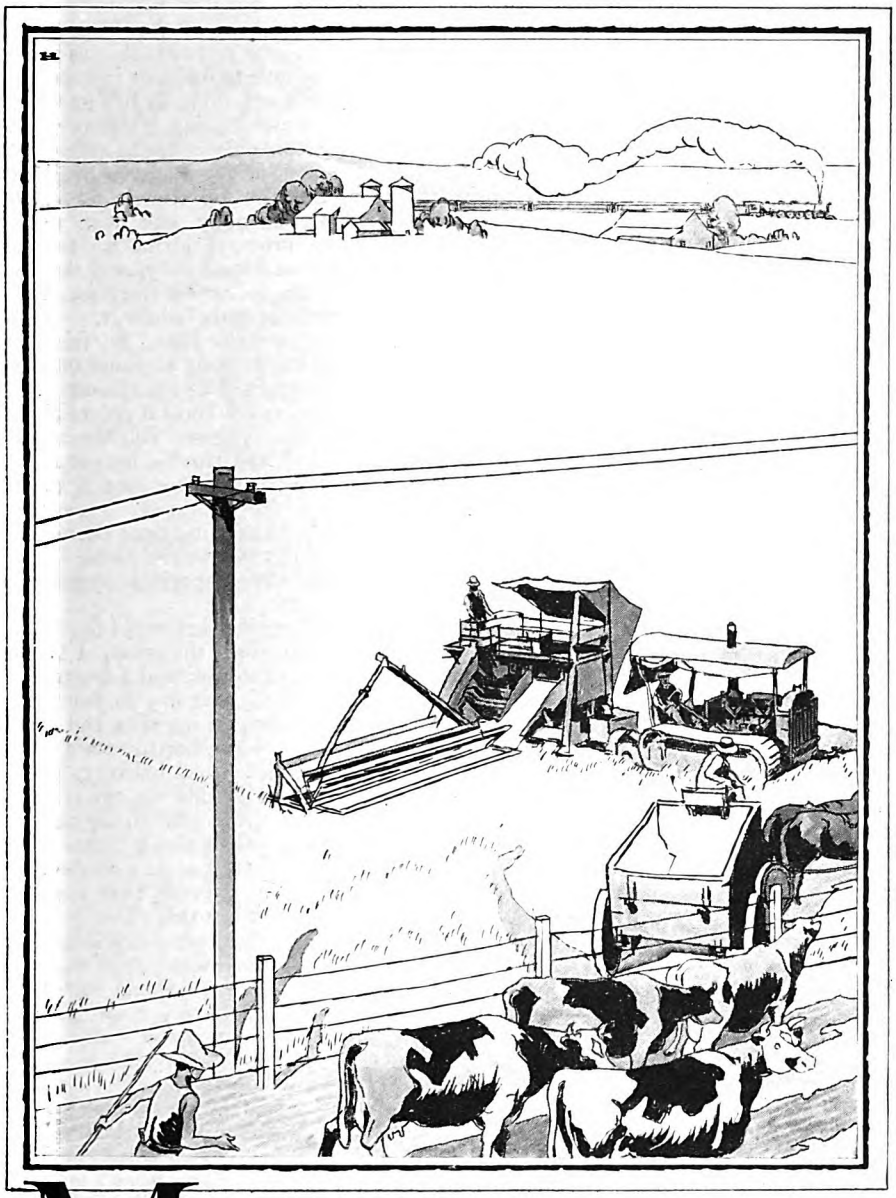
Twin Guardians of the Northwest



Where trails begin and end

THE importance of the Twin Cities both as a clearing-house for the products of the Northwest and as a distributing point cannot be overestimated. Only railroad service of the highest order can meet their requirements.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway operates 14 trains daily between Chicago and Minneapolis-St. Paul. This service includes some of the most famous trains in the world.

In 1851 the Milwaukee Road extended from Milwaukee to Waukesha. It grew steadily into a vast system 11,000 miles long employing 60,000 men. Its lines extend in all directions over the entire northwestern block of the United States: From Chicago to Kansas City, Omaha, Des Moines, Sioux City; to Milwaukee and the upper Michigan Peninsula; to the Twin Cities and Duluth; westward to Rapid City in the Black Hills; to Butte, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, the Olympic Peninsula and the Pacific.

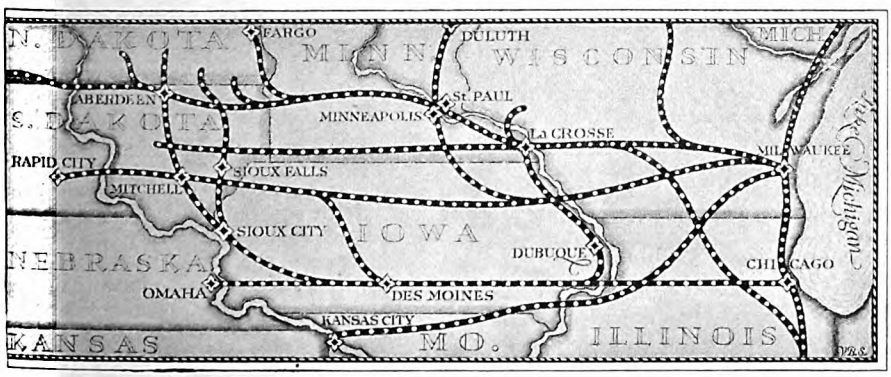
Six hundred and sixty miles from Montana to the sea *are electrified.* Hydroelectric power, generated in remote valleys, sends the great trains humming across the Belt, Bitter Root, Rocky and Cascade Mountains to Puget Sound. Milwaukee passenger cars are now being *equipped with roller bearings*—another revolutionary improvement first adopted by this road.

Through glorious country

The famous *Pioneer* is the favorite between Chicago and the Twin Cities; but if you are bound for the Coast, by all means go by the *Olympian,* the de luxe limited that ranks with the finest trains in the world. The *Olympian* and the *Columbian* travel to shipside at Seattle or Tacoma, after passing the most beautiful and diversified scenery in America, through a great industrial and agricultural empire in the making.

MILWAUKEE ROAD

TO PUGET SOUND
THE CHICAGO MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL RAILWAY
ELECTRIFIED



Kansas City, Omaha, Des Moines, Sioux City, Butte, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway
Room 884, Union Station, Chicago, Ill.

Make a check before the region that interests you. We have the closest co-operation with Chambers of Commerce and other business organizations who will supply you with detailed information.

- ☐ Puget Sound
- ☐ Inland Empire
- ☐ Industrial Montana
- ☐ Kansas City
- ☐ Agricultural Montana
- ☐ Eastern Dakotas
- ☐ Omaha—The Western Gate
- ☐ Minneapolis-St. Paul
- ☐ Wisconsin
- ☐ Iowa
- ☐ Upper Missouri R. Valley

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ 3-H

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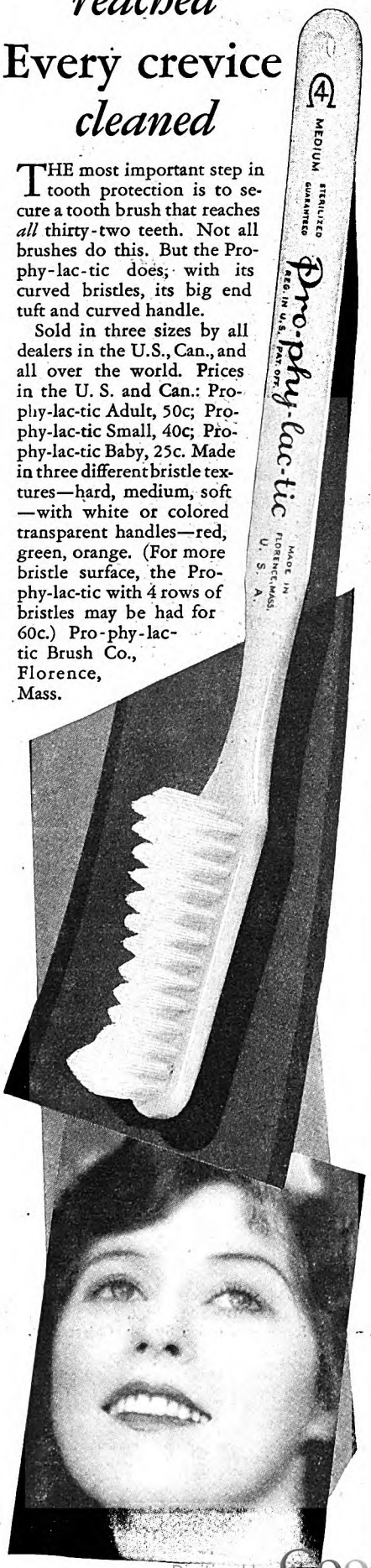
Every tooth *reached* Every crevice *cleaned*

THE most important step in tooth protection is to secure a tooth brush that reaches *all* thirty-two teeth. Not all brushes do this. But the Pro-phy-lac-tic does, with its curved bristles, its big end tuft and curved handle.

Sold in three sizes by all dealers in the U.S., Can., and all over the world. Prices in the U. S. and Can.: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium, soft—with white or colored transparent handles—red, green, orange. (For more bristle surface, the Pro-phy-lac-tic with 4 rows of bristles may be had for 60c.) Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Mass.



Life's Extras

(*Continued from page 26*)

and culture, it is the evidence rather of ignorance, and perhaps of folly. It is the triumph of shallowness and sterility. The real trouble with a sophisticated person is not that he knows too much, but that he knows too little.

Probably everyone has had some kind of experience with a star, or with the stars. I mean that, at some moment, a star has risen, or has been seen, or has set amid circumstances that made the memory of it a part of one's life. I remember that the morning star I used to see blazing above the plantation pines, when I was up early to feed the stock, or to be about some other work, used to thrill me with the beauty of its startling radiance. It seemed all dewy and throbbing—a thing alive, glorious and immortal. God set it there, I felt, as a reminder of His presence, so that we might begin our day with the thought of Him. So when the evening came, a great beacon of the twilight reminds us of Him again. Our days and nights are sentineled by the splendid warders of God.

I ONCE had a curious experience with a star. I was driving home to the plantation, in the old motorless days, when I was overtaken at dusk by a storm of hurricane violence. Inky darkness shrouded the world. I could not even see the road ahead or behind. The thunder and lightning were appalling. Finally, a bolt struck a pine not twenty feet from my buggy. My horse had stood a good deal from this storm; but now he made a sudden dash. He broke away through the forest, and I could not hold him. In a moment he had run between two pines standing close together, had smashed both shafts, and had torn loose from the buggy and from me. Into the howling darkness he vanished.

The rain came down as if it meant to make a joke of the Flood. The thunder blared. The lightning became most uncomfortably intimate and intrusive. I heard near me great trees go crashing down in the fury of the tempest. Alone I was, defenseless, in profound darkness. I knew in a way where I was, and to locate myself the better I looked toward what I believed to be the west.

Through the heavy arras of the rain, to my amazement, I saw a little rift in the storm-rack, hardly bigger than my hand, in the very heart of which the evening star gleamed in dewy-silver solitude. In all the stillness of felicity it shone serenely, saying to my heart, "This storm is an impostor. It is momentary. The sky is here, and the stars; all shall be well."

Amid all the desolation about me, and the seemingly hopeless chaos, here came a celestial message. Shining through the storm-rack, its light reminded me of something past our world. Taking heart, I waded out to the road, found my horse waiting for me half a mile down its gleaming length, rode homeward through the breaking storm, and reached the house in full, calm starlight. Stars fill me with a sense of God; and the heart cannot help being grateful when it remembers that the beauty and the wonder of them may be accounted things not to enable us to exist, but gifts of love to make us joyous.

If there is anything in life in which I take a pardonable pride, it is in my friendship for certain old woodsmen and hunters; obscure men, as far as the world is concerned, but faithful friends, loyal comrades. Occasionally one will tell me something intimate about himself; and when he does it is usually remarkable, as I believe the following story is. I shall give it without embellishment.

"It happened last June," my friend told me, as we were sitting together on a pine log in the depths of a virgin forest. "I tell it to you because I know if you tell it, you will never use my name. Bill Moore and I, you see, had had trouble between us for years. The last time we met in town, if friends hadn't separated us we would have finished the thing right there. A lot of things had made us feel as we did; and everything that happened appeared to make it worse.

"After that night in town, I figured that one of us would get the other. I knew he always carried a gun, and I began to do the same. Well, that day in June one of the field hands told me that Bill said he would get me. I made up my mind to meet him a little more than halfway, and late that afternoon I rode up toward Bill's house, about three miles from mine, intending to have the thing over. A man can't live in that kind of suspense.

"A mile from his house, I saw somebody coming down the road. The man was riding too, and he looked like Bill. I just turned off the road into one of these here bay-branches, where I would be hid well. There I sat still on my horse, with the bushes all around me, and with my hand on my gun and the devil in my heart. I put up my left hand to pull aside a little limb, when on it I saw a white flower, a sweet bay flower. And I smelt it, too. My mother used to love that flower; and when I was a boy she made me bring a bush from the swamp and plant it in the yard for her. She was buried with one of them same white flowers in her hand. And, you know, I forgot all about why I had come down that road.

"YOU'LL think I was a fool, but that flower set me to thinking about my mother, and about them old days, and about the kind of man she hoped I might be when she was gone. The first thing I knew the man on horseback was right opposite me in the road. And it was Bill, all right.

"But in the few minutes he had taken to come up, something had happened to me. I didn't want to harm him now. I didn't feel that I had to look out for myself. Perhaps I did a risky thing, but I rode out of the bushes, calling to him. Something in the way I came up made him know it was all right. And it was all right, 'cause we made it right there and then; and we are better friends than ever we were before anything happened. Now what do you think of that—and all because of a derned little flower? But it's all the truth, just as I'm telling you."

He "redeemeth thy life from destruc-

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Good News
for the man supporting a family

If you are supporting a large family, here's good news for you. Listerine Tooth Paste, the finest achievement of dental science, costs but 25c for a large tube.

Those who have paid up to 50c for other dentifrices can now have whiter teeth and save $3 per year per person by using Listerine Tooth Paste. Think how that mounts up in a large family with everybody using tooth paste every day. Worth considering, isn't it?

In Listerine Tooth Paste is a marvelous new polishing agent that gets teeth gleaming white in quicker time than ever before.

Also included are fifteen other ingredients to keep gums firm and healthy and the mouth sweet and refreshed. You will be delighted the minute you try it. Your druggist has it. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE

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Pipe Smoker Finds Price Does Not Determine Tobacco Satisfaction

Apparently, in selecting a certain tobacco, smokers suspend the rule: "The more you pay, the better you'll like it."

Read of this young man's experience:

Chicago, Ill.
February 17, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

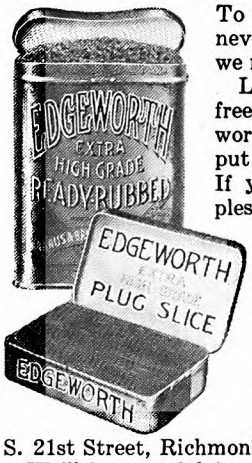
I'm just a young man—less than thirty. About five years ago I switched from cigarettes to a pipe. Why? Because I found that a pipe required the least attention and also interrupted me in my work the least.

At first I only smoked the more expensive brands of tobacco. Then I tried the less expensive blends. I guess I tried them all. Finally I tried Edgeworth. I liked it at the start—and repeated, and repeated.

For the last four years I have smoked nothing but Edgeworth—except when I was unable to obtain it. And, whenever I couldn't get it and had to substitute, I was glad to return to Edgeworth as soon as possible. Now I smoke about two cans of Edgeworth every four days.

No other tobacco can take the place of Edgeworth in my pipe.

Sincerely,
Paul A. Johnston



To those who have never tried Edgeworth we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 3 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 256 meters.

tion," says the Psalmist; but we do not often think of the deft and beautiful ways in which God works. Beauty is made to touch the heart, a right spirit is renewed, and the life is redeemed. I don't think this is preaching; I hope not, for of all men I am the least capable or worthy to undertake that. It just seems to me like a rehearsal of truth. Surely life's extras not only give us happiness in a positive way but also indirectly: by saving us from the tragic loss of our nobler instincts, they rescue us in times of peril.

There are very few sounds in the natural world that are harsh. Even the massive rolling of thunder has about it something of solemn beauty. In anthems the sea rolls on the beach; and in the sunny shallows there are water-harps forever making melodies. The wind is a chorister. Many a wild bird can warble like an aërial rivulet. The world is really a melodious place, full of soft sounds and harmony. Man makes it riotous and blatant.

I remember being especially impressed with this truth when I went one day into the forest to try to escape from a grief that had come to me—the loss of one dearly beloved.

A LITTLE way within the borders of that fragrant, dewy forest, where giant yellow pines, tall as the masts of brigantines and full of dim contralto music in their crowns, rejoiced in the sunshine—just here I heard a parula-warbler singing. He was in the crest of a bald cypress, high over the dreamy waters of a little woodland lake. The bird's song sounded like a delicate astral flute, sounded softly and sweetly, to lure me out of my trouble. High in the heavenly blue this chorister was, joyous in that halcyon repose that the heart enjoys when it is at peace. Like a voice of a spirit was this music; it came to me calmly yet thrillingly. Like a quiet hand was that beautiful song, to cool the fever of care, to still the pulse's leap.

All about me were the rejoicing looks of the flowers, and the shining hush and loveliness of dew-hung ferns and bushes, and the gentle, pure passion of the sunlight. And music there was from myriads of sources: gossamer lyrics from bees; the laughter of a little stream jesting with the roots of a mighty pine. The wind's soft wand touched the tall grasses and the sweet myrtles into a sibilant elfin choir. Everywhere I looked I saw wild, sequestered grace. The great pines chanted like the sea, their harps of the sky touched like things celestial. And what did the music and the beauty, those extras, bring me? Passing from a state of keenest grief I came to one of quiet reconcilement—to the profound conviction that, living or dying, God will take care of us.

God seemed very near to me in that wood; the beauty of it all trembled with His grace; the music held His voice. I saw there both life and death—in the green leaves and the brown, in the standing trees and the fallen. If one is honest with himself when he asks the question, What is it that perishes? he will be obliged to answer, Everything that the eye sees. In the forest, amid those things that God provided, I came to understand that if we are to hold anything—and in times of sorrow we *must* have something to which we can cling—it must be to the unseen.

For the strength that is permanent, we have to lean on visions; for immortal hope, we have to trust, not the things that we perceive but those invisible things that our spirits affirm.

I REMEMBER walking early one July morning down a thickety path. Trees completely overarched it; but far ahead light gleamed. The path was long and straight, and terminated in a wide meadow. As I glanced upward, my eye caught sight of what I supposed to be a knot on the end of a dead limb that hung directly over the pathway; it was clearly silhouetted against the sky line ahead. In a moment something had darted over my head and had alighted on the knot. It was a hummingbird on its nest, which hung like a fairy bassinet in the lonely woodland. I looked at the nest and at the bird, with its elfin grace, its delicate sheen of brilliance, its jeweled throat. And I thought: This whole matter of *grace*, of elegance, of delicacy and felicity of beauty is an extra. It is not necessary to have it so. But God has willed it so, because He loves us and knows our hungry hearts need this kind of beauty.

For many years, I had an idea that nature had for man an active sympathy; but now I have changed my opinion. There seems really a superb indifference about nature. It is what lies behind nature that really has sympathy. The rose does not of itself bloom for us; but God has made it to bloom for us. Surely this beauty is not a random affair; it is too authentically a sign and symbol of love. All we know about the highest form of affection we have learned directly from God's affection for us. We not only "love Him because He first loved us," but we love one another because He teaches us how. We originate with Him; and our sublimest art is nothing but attempts to imitate the things in nature that He has created.

Whatever my religion may be worth, I feel deeply that life's extras have given it to me; and time shall not take it from me. Meditating on what we have, not merely to sustain us but to make us joyous and serene in life, I have come to so clear a consciousness of God that of all men the atheist appears to me the most pitiable and foolish. Nor have I come to this faith by roseate paths alone. I know well the Valley of the Shadow; I know the aspect of that Veil which mortal sight cannot pierce. But I know, also, that the spiritual luxuries that we so freely enjoy vindicate the faith that behind the Veil is the God of mercy and of tenderest love.

DR. WILL DURANT, whose book, "The Story of Philosophy," made him famous almost overnight, writes next month on "Men and Women—How They Differ in Mind, Motives, and Character." No subject on earth is more provocative of discussion than this. You may agree with all Doctor Durant's points of difference, or only with some of them. Or you may find yourself in violent disagreement with everything he says, and ready to commit mayhem on him for his opinions. But, whatever your attitude of mind, you are going to be tremendously interested and stirred by what he has to say.

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Wanted—Your Services

As a Real Estate Specialist

Make big Money—I made $100,000 in less than 5 years. Learn how I did it. Use my successful system. Begin at home—in your spare time. Make money my way. Start now. Free book tells how.

Are you in the same hole I was in?

Are you stuck in the rut of *hard work* and *poor pay?*

Are you dissatisfied with you job, your *income* or your *prospects?*

Are you having a struggle to make both ends meet?

Are you putting up with the *crumbs* of life while others are getting all the *cake?*

Then you are the man I want to talk to.

Listen!

When I made up my mind to get started in the real estate business, in my spare time, I was receiving a salary of $100 a month.

I was doing work I was not fitted for and which I thoroughly disliked.

I was living in a gloomy boarding house, wearing cheap clothes, striving to keep out of debt, and getting mighty few of the good things of life.

In less than two years after I started to specialize in real estate, I was making nearly *one thousand dollars a month.* And in less than five years, I cleaned up a net profit of *over one hundred thousand dollars.*

To get the whole story of my success in real estate, and how you, too, can succeed, write at once for my free book "How To Become a Real Estate Specialist." It contains *my history* and *your opportunity.*

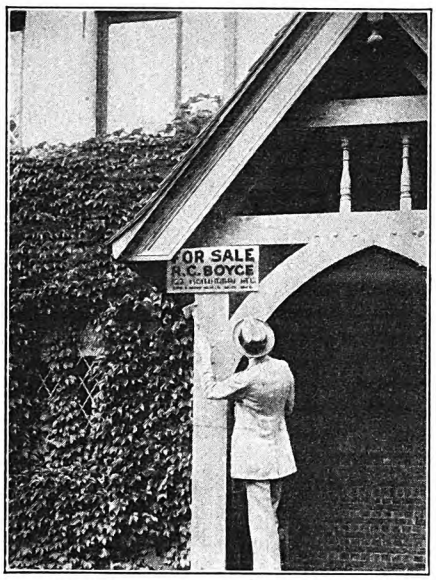
Follow in My Footsteps

If you want to learn the secret of my success—if you want to use my money-making methods—if you want to follow in my footsteps—this is your chance. And *now* is the time to get started.

I have studied real estate conditions in this country very carefully, and my investigations convince me that the next ten years are going to be banner years for real estate.

Furthermore, my experience satisfies me that there is no better business to get into. It is more healthful than most indoor jobs—you can start in spare time—you can begin with little or no capital—it does not require years of study like medicine, pharmacy, dentistry, law, engineering, electricity, architecture, etc.—the beginner is paid the same rate of commission as old-timers—the business is practically unlimited—it is estimated that there are thirty million properties in the country and that ten million of them are always on the market—it is a permanent business, not affected by fads or fashion—it is constantly growing as population increases—it puts you in touch with the best people—it is a dignified, pleasant and worthy occupation with great possibilities for big profits.

If you want to make big money as a Real Estate Specialist—if you want to use my amazingly efficient system—let me hear from you at once. I will send you—*without cost or obligation*—my free book, which fully explains how you can get started—in your spare time—just as I did—in a new kind of real estate business that is as far ahead of the old, moss-covered methods of the average real estate agent as the automobile is ahead of the ox cart of our forefathers.



Put Your Name Before the World

What Others Are Doing

As positive proof of the success of my modern methods, read the following brief extracts from some of the letters that come to me from those who are using my scientific system—following in my footsteps—making money my way:

"It may astound some to know that I have made between $8,000 and $10,000 over a three-month period, which may be directly attributed to your splendid Real Estate System."—A. W. Fosgreen, New York.

"I have been helped a great deal by your system. I have now a new car, two new typewriters, a stenographer and a dandy office, and money in the bank, all through my own efforts and without any capital to start with."—Alice Moore, Conn.

"I was a Ford salesman earning $300 a month. Your Real Estate System increased my earning power 200%. I now own a Chrysler Sedan, up-to-date office equipment and have increased my bank account."—Alfred J. Bennett, Mich.

"Your system is wonderful. Without giving up my job as stationary engineer I made $900 in three months in my spare time."—Matthew J. Stokes, Penna.

"Without your Real Estate System I would still be making $35 a week instead of around $200 as a starter."—E. K. McLendon, Ore.

"I have sold many thousand dollars' worth of Real Estate and have deals pending that will go beyond $300,000 mark. Owe all my success to your comprehensive System."—Carrie Marshall, Miss.

There isn't room here for any more such letters, but send for my free book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist." It is filled with stories of success. And it makes plain how you—too—can use my money-making methods to build a profitable independent business of your own—just as others are doing.

Act Promptly

Investigate this splendid business opportunity at once. Learn how easy it is to follow my methods and get big money for your services as a Real Estate Specialist.

The business needs you. It offers rich rewards for trained men.

So, mail the coupon *now*—before you lay this magazine aside—and receive, without cost or obligation, a copy of my new book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist." From it you will learn how you can use my successful system to make money my way—how you can get started right at home—in your spare time—without capital or experience—and establish yourself as a Real Estate Specialist, in a high grade, money-making business of your own.

Be prompt! Your opportunity is here and now. "Wise men act while sluggards sleep." Write your name and address on the coupon and mail it at once to American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. 4 HH, 18 East 18 Street, New York. You will then have the satisfaction of knowing that you have opened the way to a profitable business career for yourself as a Real Estate Specialist.

American Business Builders, Inc.,
Authorized Capital $500,000.00
Dept. 4 HH, 18 East 18 St., New York

Send me—without cost or obligation—your free illustrated book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist."

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

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"Off-Days"

too much food • •
too little exercise •
is often the cause

We all have our "off-days"—days when we pay the price of our sedentary lives, of our irregular habits of eating and exercising. Self-poisoning (Auto-Intoxication) is often to blame.

NEARLY every one of us has some pet physical trouble—indigestion, fatigue, "nerves", headaches—to mention just a few of the common ailments traceable to neglect of nature's health rules.

Our quick-step lives throw our digestions out of kilter—food remains too long within us—fermentation sets up and a condition of self-poisoning results. This is the real cause of many, many ills of modern life.

To neglect the effects of self-poisoning is dangerous, for all too often they are the warning signs of more serious ills to follow.

The first step in safeguarding your health and in keeping free of self-poisoning is to keep the intestines clean. And the best way to do this is by the saline method with Sal Hepatica.

The benefits which follow the use of Sal Hepatica, the standard effervescent saline, are the same benefits of the "cure" at the famous watering places throughout the world—Vichy, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden or Aix. To these Spas physicians from all over the world send their wealthy patients to regain health through drinking the natural waters. Sal Hepatica contains the same salines as these health-giving waters. It sweeps away wastes and intestinal poisons, promptly, safely and thoroughly and helps keep you physically fit.

There is in all probability, a bottle of Sal Hepatica on your bathroom shelf right now; it is the standby in millions of homes. Sal Hepatica may be taken on arising, or if you prefer, half an hour before any meal.

* * *

Send for our new booklet which tells how to safeguard your health and correct the ills which spring from self-poisoning.

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Dept. L-87, 71 West St., N. Y. C.

Sal Hepatica

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A Home Without Children May Still Be a Home

(*Continued from page 45*)

mother has a strong face, a determined look in her eye, and it is easy to see that she will want her own way even when her own way may not always be the best. The patience with which the younger woman humors her whims, yields to her desires, appears to let her direct her own affairs and yet really directs them herself, is beautiful to see.

Devotion always means sacrifice. Sometime, no doubt, romance knocked at the younger woman's door; love beckoned her, and dreams of a home and children of her own came into her mind. It must have been so, for she has a strong, graceful body, and a pleasant face and a charm of manner which men do not ignore. One day, I am sure, she was forced to make a choice between an unselfish devotion to her mother and the making of a home for herself, and she chose the unselfish part. Should she have done so?

Last week a friend of mine died. He was past middle age, yet through all his years since boyhood he had devoted himself to his mother and an aunt. His father had died when Miles was a boy, and for forty years these two women—grown old and gray by this time—had been his sole thought and care. He could not afford to have a home of his own and run a separate home for them, so he had died unmarried in order that they might be comfortable. If old age is to be cared for tenderly someone must make a sacrifice. There is a satisfaction and comfort in feeling that, childless as we are, no one will be called upon to make that sacrifice for us.

IT MUST not be thought for a moment that one who is childless will for that reason be deprived of the knowledge of children or of association with them. Nancy and I, as I have said, are both members of large families. We have been surrounded by children ever since we were ourselves babies. I have lugged a baby about ever since I was big enough to carry one. I can put a restless child to sleep as successfully as if he were my own. Getting a child into its clothes and out of them involves no mysteries to me and no embarrassments, no matter what the age of the child may be. It is very interesting to see how skillfully those who have children can unload them at times upon those who have none. We have perhaps had no more than our share of orphans and nephews and second cousins and neighbors' children left until called for, but very few months have passed during our married life without a child in our house.

A friend of Nancy's living in the Orient, knowing that we were alone, sent her two little boys over to us a few years ago to look after and to see that they were educated. It was a great experience for us and taught us poise and unselfishness, though it nearly wrecked our nervous systems and necessitated almost an entire refurnishing of the house when they were gone.

We have wrestled with measles and mumps and chicken pox and tonsillitis. We have got out of bed in the night to slake the thirst of parched little throats, and stumbled over rocking chairs and express wagons that had not been properly parked. We have tied up mashed fingers, and rubbed bruised heads, and stopped the aching of little teeth. One does not have to have children of his own to get a sympathetic insight into childish troubles.

Nor are the childless necessarily devoid of the love of children, which is one of the pleasures and the rewards of parenthood. Everywhere I go, even to the remotest corners of the earth, I come upon these boys and girls who were at one time or another a part of our household.

Children do not always strengthen the love between husband and wife. When the child comes, too often all the sentiment, all the tender love, all the little attentions which each formerly showered upon the other, goes to the child. Everything must give way, everything must be sacrificed for the sake of the child. If it begins crying or requires reproof or correction, even though in the midst of a confidence or a few minutes of pleasant communion between husband and wife, the confidence and the communion must be interrupted, and the child attended to.

"I had the most amusing experience this morning," Jones begins with his wife at dinner, eager to arouse in her the same emotions which he had himself experienced.

"Haven't I told you, darling, to use your fork?" Mrs. Jones says to her five-year-old, who is feeding himself potatoes with a spoon. And Jones must begin again. In fact, before he gets to the end of his funny experience all the humor is squeezed out of it by the numerous interruptions caused by Mrs. Jones's efforts to teach the little Joneses table manners.

IT MUST always be a regret to a man to think that when he goes his name and his family will disappear. Each man, consciously or otherwise, feels that he would like to perpetuate the best that is in him, and he likes to imagine that if he had a son the boy would embody in his character the strongest qualities of his parents. It is too often not so; but we like to feel that in our individual case it would be.

Childlessness seems to me to be dreaded only when it must be spent alone. The childless pair growing old together have many compensations for their failure to have children. Having only each other, if true love has brought them together, the lack of children draws them still closer. Since the responsibilities of home are not so exacting as if there were children in it, they have had more freedom; they have been able to give more to society, to the church, to the service of others. Having fewer responsibilities in the home, they have been able to assume more in the community. And out of these responsibilities and this service they have found happiness.

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The Boy and the Wind

(*Continued from page 53*)

He had grubbed for potatoes with a tined hook, and sometimes he had fed hogs. He had been cheated! But he could fool them yet! He could go home! He *would* go home!!

Unconsciously, he shrank away from Bill. He began to think hatingly, and his mind began to fasten upon countless reasons for going home. He had done a great wrong to run away. He could repair that wrong only by returning and showing them that he was sorry about everything. He wanted to be an educated man. He couldn't be one digging potatoes, could he? He didn't like Bill very much. He had a right to go away from people he didn't like, hadn't he? Besides, Bill never talked. A man ought to talk *once* in a while.

And the wind. The wind. Always the wind. A boy didn't have to be driven crazy by the wind, did he?—a wind that sounded like . . . like a . . . a dead regiment holloing in a cave. All right! He *would* go home. Away from Bill, from potatoes, from rows and rows and rows of corn, from hogs, and from the lonely, awful wind. . . .

BUT there were other thoughts, sterner thoughts. It would be like quitting to go home now. Perhaps no one would actually say he was a quitter, or maybe even think he was a quitter. But *he* would know it, wouldn't he? Besides, other men worked and worked. All their lives, some of them.

Writing home for money wouldn't be a very fair thing to do, after he had run away and everything. He was old enough —nearly fifteen—to earn his own money. He ought not to pity himself too much anyway, ought he? It was all his own fault. Nobody had told him to run away except himself.

He ought to stay where he was a while, and work and get strong, and earn some money of his own, the way men did. He shouldn't be a cry-baby over a little loneliness and homesickness, and wind blowing all the time. Sir Galahad or Whisperin' Smith wouldn't worry much about that. They'd stick! They'd stick to a finish, and ride back home and look steadily into people's eyes.

Toil. Toil. Toil. Bent back, hard hands and soil. Tired footsteps down from the table-land at night. Rustling of the corn-husk mattress. Sleep. The screeching of the windmill at daybreak, and the scuffling steps of Bill's old mother in the kitchen down-stairs. Bill's voice through the door. "Time to get up!" Sleep-lagged footsteps up the road onto the table-land. Frosty air, and sun that seemed to shine through ice. The huskers! The huskers, with bent backs and working hands, tearing down the shocks they had built, snatching off the dry husks, piling the yellow ears. Boots scraping along the hard ground. Days and days and days. . . . Wind advancing from nowhere, attacking all around him.

Sometimes the Boy longed to stretch out his arms toward the East, just to feel more keenly that he was reaching actually, physically, toward home. But he didn't, because he thought that a man wouldn't have done a thing like that.

Nine days more—eight—seven—the money was nearly earned.

One twilight late in November Bill said something which made the Boy's heart leap.

"There's them five cows and a heifer up in the north pasture. They all got to be brung down here to the home pen 'fore snow. How'd you like to go up an' fetch 'em down this evenin'? You can ride that Steve hoss, if you please to."

Dusk. The Boy rode out through the big gate mounted on Steve. He sat straight in the saddle and his chin was high because the steel springs that jumped in Steve's live body were under his power of hand. A faint odor of leather came from the saddle. Bill's big hat slanted down over his eyes, and the bit chains jingled gayly. The sky was fiercely beautiful and the wind sang a new, tremendous tune of power and fulfillment.

When he dismounted and opened the barbed-wire gate into the north pasture it was nearly dark. A few vague clouds gathered, moving proudly across the night, and one or two arctic stars blinked down at him.

He rode into the pasture, leaving the gate open behind him so that he could drive the cattle through. He didn't know just where they would be. Bill had said "in the north pasture." But the north pasture was six hundred and forty acres of small gray-guttered hills.

The Boy rode, hunting, for nearly an hour, and night swooped down like a black owl. Steve was beginning to shy and jump. Once he turned completely around and tried to break for home. The Boy held the reins firmly, too firmly for the curb-bitted bridle. It was hard, he thought, to be like a knight when your horse joggled up and down so much. A little panic flashed into his mind, panic at the night, the nervous horse, and at the voice of the wind. Where were those old cows, anyway?

He drew rein. P'raps he could hear them . . . but he heard nothing except the wind. Its old tune of cold and solitude had returned. He struck his heels against Steve's sides. Better the sound of those nervous hoofs than the voices of the night.

He rode down a steep bank, leaning forward in the saddle, peering wide-eyed into the dark. Abruptly, Steve broke into a run, and at the bottom of the bank swerved sharply. The Boy's right foot slipped out of the stirrup; he felt ridiculous and insecure. He bobbed crazily in the saddle, his hands clutching at the saddlehorn. Steve was running wild—up, down, twisting.

THE Boy yanked savagely at the reins, angered at himself and at the horse which defied his bridle hand. The wind of speed roared terribly in his ears, and tears streaked backward on his cheeks. Bill's big hat was snatched from his head by fingers from the air, and he felt the frosty wind tugging in his hair. His leg brushed

"Pink" Tooth Brush

A modern evil with a very simple treatment

A SLIGHT pink tint on your tooth brush, after you have brushed your teeth, may not be very important. Certainly it doesn't necessarily mean that you have pyorrhea, but it does indicate that you ought to pay a little serious attention to the condition of your gums.

For under our modern regime of soft food and hasty eating, gums have a decided tendency to grow soft, to become tender and weak, and to bleed easily at the touch of the brush.

This should be quickly corrected, for serious dangers to the teeth and the gum structure lie in the train of this condition if neglected.

THE counter measure is simple and effective —massage with Ipana Tooth Paste after the usual cleaning with Ipana and the brush. The massage itself is good, and the ziratol content of Ipana makes it doubly good.

The coupon will bring you a ten-day tube of Ipana, but a larger tube from your druggist will last you more than a month. Try it, use it faithfully! Your teeth will be whiter, your gums will be healthier, and every time you use it you will enjoy its delicious taste—its refreshing effects!

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Dept. J-87, 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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Address.....

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LAMBERT HOLLOW

and way stations

THE *great limited trains swing across the country with a flash. They are the famous leaders of the Pennsylvania forces.*

But what of the locals, the rank and file of the road?

Every day on the Pennsylvania 2500 of these little trains do their part in weaving the colorful pattern of the nation's life.

They puff along out of hot cities to the cool, green suburbs, up some mountain valley, or through pleasant farm land.

Informal trains they are. The crews are known by their first names. In the smokers men loll in shirt sleeves. In the coaches women chat of the doings at the grange, or compare purchases made at the county seat.

The locals do not make records for speed, but they make friendships. They are close to the people who are America. They link town and village with the city. They are as vital as the Broadway Limited itself.

And besides the passenger service to the local stations there is the equally important handling of freight from the villages. The roots of the nation are in the small towns. Virtually all food, clothing, fuel, lumber, iron and other ores, either in raw or finished state, are produced by village people. Raw materials of almost every sort start their journey to the consumer from a local railroad station.

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Detroit, Cleveland, Toledo and the East

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Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

against something and he closed his eyes in fear. Steve snorted and turned suddenly. The sound of his hoofs rang on the hard dirt of the road, and the Boy realized that he had come back through the gate and Steve was racing for home.

He had failed. He had not found the cattle. A horse and the night had beaten him! A horse and the night. . . .

A stubborn flood of resistance rose within him. He gripped fiercely with his knees, pulling back on the bridle reins with all his strength. Steve came to a plunging stop. "There!" said the Boy, trembling. "You're going back there now. Do you hear what I'm telling you? Do you hear?"

Back he rode the way he had come. Back he rode, handling Steve with the firmness of a victor. Near him by the roadside he saw some dark blots moving. He peered at them, drawing the bridle reins tight. Cattle! He could hear the low sounds that they made. They must have strayed out through the opened gate. They must be on their way down to the ranch.

The Boy swung in behind them, driving them toward the ranch. He counted—three, four, five, six! They were all together. Now! Now! He was a night-herder on the great ranges—he rode easily behind them, slouching sideways in the saddle. He sang the way he had heard that men sang to cattle at night on the open range. And as he rode, singing, down from the table-land behind his little herd, he felt full of great gladness. He had won! He was a conqueror! There were only six days more and ahead was the greatest adventure of home-coming!

HE HAD said "Good-by" to Bill, and to Bill's wife, and to Bill's old mother, whose face never changed. They seemed all to have vanished; swept up and whirled away, forgotten in the excitement of returning.

"Home-chuck-a-chuck. Home-chuck-a-chuck. Home-chuck-a-chuck," said the iron wheels of the train clicking over the rail joints. The wheels were rolling him home across flat land, across bridges, along the edges of mile-long corn fields. Towns. Towns by the hundred. Disinterested people walking about in them. Broken Bow, Lincoln, Omaha, Chicago. A shuffle and scuffle in a great crowd. Eastward bound! "Home-chuck-a-chuck," said the iron wheels. . . .

The train was slowing down. It was late, nearly midnight. The Boy saw only a few lights at the upper end of town. Some of the people in his car were asleep, sprawled on the cushions. Others sat like upright sphinxes, trying to keep their clothes from wrinkling. A few reached for bundles or bags on the racks above their seats. These stepped into the aisle and formed a line which moved out of step toward the forward door of the car. The Boy took down his suit case and stepped into line close against the man ahead.

There was a jolt. The train stopped and a trainman holloed something, his voice sounding clearly through the night. The Boy stepped down onto the platform.

He crossed the tracks and walked up Union Avenue past Rice's drug store and the bank. The street was deserted, silent save for the far-off rattling of pins in the bowling alley in the yellow-brick block.

He walked on past the church and

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under some leafless trees which were not strange to him.

He turned off Union Avenue into his own familiar street. He was trying to choke back his excitement. He didn't want them to see that he was excited—excited at all.

He wondered what he would say to them and how he would say it. He would just open the door—just sort of happen in unexpectedly—and say, "Hullo, everybody." That would surprise them. Then he would sit down calmly and tell them about how he had ridden after the cattle. He would tell them all about shocking corn, about what Bill said and did, about driving to town, about the funny scar-faced hills, about—about the—the wind! *The wind!*

He stopped, tilting back his head, and stared up, up, up through the still, naked branches of a great maple. He stood there looking, listening, feeling. *There was no wind!*

HE WALKED swiftly on, panting and eager. Beyond some big elms he saw his own, own house. It was dark and quiet. Everybody must be asleep, he thought. . . .

Suddenly, he was running. Closer, closer, closer— He bounded up the porch steps. They creaked under his weight. He rattled the door knob. The door was locked. Dropping the suit case to the porch he rang the doorbell. He wanted to cry out, but more than that he wanted them to see him calm and strong and controlled, incapable of the emotions which seemed to be suffocating him.

Up-stairs a light came on, and footsteps sounded faintly. There was an eternity of fumbling at the lock from inside and then the door opened. It was his mother.

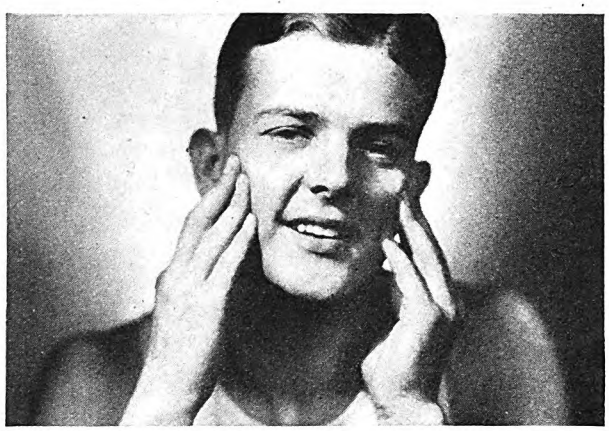
The Boy stood rigid, holding his breath, his lips parted and his eyes staring straight into hers. He tried to say some of the things he had wanted to say, but they had gone. "Mother!" he said.

She stepped back half a step, turning suddenly pale. Her hands moved in a queer, passionate, hungering gesture.

"Mother!" he said again, and rushed toward her, reaching out his arms. He pressed his head tightly against her, so that she could not look at him. A long, choking sob seemed to tear him apart. "Mother, Mother, *Mother*," he cried. She just held him.

NEXT MONTH, Helga Lind, the rural mail carrier of Sweden Hollow, features in another story, entitled "Love's a Lie," and incidentally she proves that it is not. And two old favorites in the shape of Dot and Will reappear in one of Fannie Kilbourne's characteristic domestic stories, "Rosie Merton Takes a Brace." Other short fiction includes "Old Jupe," the story of a wonderful old darky who tried to awaken the dead, and in a measure succeeded; "Heat," the tale of a small boy who tried to run away from his ancestors and found out that he had his share of pirates, prize fighters and 'undesirables' just the same as the rest of us; and a story of romance among the summer folks entitled "The Vagabond Comes Home," by Philip Curtiss.

Pore-Dirt
hides from surface washing



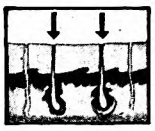
but this cream fetches it from a twice-washed face

IT seems queer to say that a twice-washed face is still dirty. But you can easily prove that this is true.

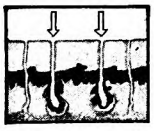
The skin of your face, for instance, seems a solid layer. It is really porous — like a sponge — filled with thousands of open pores. In them dirt lodges, gets ground in tight.

When you wash, the surface dirt is removed. The pore-dirt, however, is left in the pores, causing what cosmeticians term "grey skin." If pore-dirt is allowed to remain too long, blackheads result.

Washing *can't* dislodge pore-dirt. Pompeian Massage Cream *can.* This remarkable cream goes into pores and brings out hiding dirt. It lets your pores breathe freely; it helps them function normally.



Highly magnified cross-section of the skin showing how pore-dirt becomes imbedded in the pores. Surface washing cannot remove it.



The pores after Pompeian Massage Cream has cleansed them. The cream first loosens pore-dirt and then rolls the dirt out on the face.

Goes in PINK . . rolls out a DINGY GREY! Try it!!

Prove to yourself that Pompeian Massage Cream begins to clean where ordinary cleansing stops. First wash your face and hands as clean as you can.

Then scoop a little cream from the jar and massage it into your face. Keep on rubbing until the cream rolls out of your skin in tiny pellets.

Note this amazing thing—the cream that went into the skin a clean pink rolls out a dingy grey. The grimed-in dirt is now removed. Your pores can once more fully breathe. Your skin quickly responds to the invigorating massage.

Your face looks, feels, and *is* really clean!

FREE test convinces thousands. Test the benefits of Pompeian Massage Cream on your face—FREE. Fill in the coupon and mail it to us—right now while you are reading this magazine.

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Gentlemen:
Please send me a generous trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream—enough for three facial massages.

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Oh, for a bathroom

Even though reared in luxury, she was hardly prepared for this.

For in the remodeling of the lovely old manse where she had bloomed into womanhood, one thing had been overlooked.

And because she had always lived without it, she had never come to miss it... until now... and now she blushed at the very thought of how her own guests must have felt.

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like this in our home!

WHETHER your home is ever so modest or ever so pretentious, nothing writes into it such a note of discrimination as a well behaved bathroom.

And good behavior is very largely a matter of faucets, fittings and fixtures.

How about your house guest . . . would she exclaim, "Oh, for a bathroom like this in our home!" Or would she be annoyed . . . by faucets that refuse to be turned fully off or on, that habitually and audibly drip, that stick, that squeal, that groan? . . . by a lavatory slow to fill, slower still to empty? . . . by other inadequacies even more embarrassing?

With Mueller hardware installed in your new or remodeled bathroom, such abominations are things of the past. Your bathroom would maintain a discreet silence, would behave itself—would become one of the greatest sources of comfort and pride in your home.

And with a like installation of the new Mueller vitreous ware, your picture of bathroom beauty, utility and economy would be complete.

Don't be indifferent—look into this matter. If not entirely satisfied with the detail of your bathroom, call in your merchant plumber. Get Mueller figures. And by no means build without Mueller specifications.

Faucets, fittings, fixtures and vitreous ware of quality for all buildings, residential or otherwise.

To the plumbing merchant of every community Any plumber thinking in terms of a larger, better satisfied clientele welcomes Mueller equipment. Every faucet, fitting and fixture is tested through every stage of production as well as upon completion. Nothing can leave the Mueller factory until, down to the smallest detail, it is worthy of the Mueller quality reputation! The 200-lb. pressure test given each Mueller faucet is typical of the Mueller method of precaution. Every part of every fitting where extraordinary strain or wear may occur is reinforced.

Through 300 plumbing jobbers located in the main distributing centers of the United States and Canada, and with complete stocks on hand, plumbing merchants can get quick service in Mueller.

MUELLER CO. {*Established 1857*} Decatur, Ill. *Branches:* New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles
Canadian Factory: MUELLER, Limited, Sarnia

Seventy years ago when Hieronymus Mueller founded this institution, it was for the specializing in brass goods. Today Mueller faucets and fittings are accepted by the trade as the last word in quality. Mueller vitreous ware is a logical development. It measures right up to Mueller standards and because of modern production methods and established trade outlets, is priced most reasonably. Before committing yourself to any plumbing appurtenances, look into Mueller. It would be well worth your while to ask your architect, plumber, or water work executive about its underlying merits.

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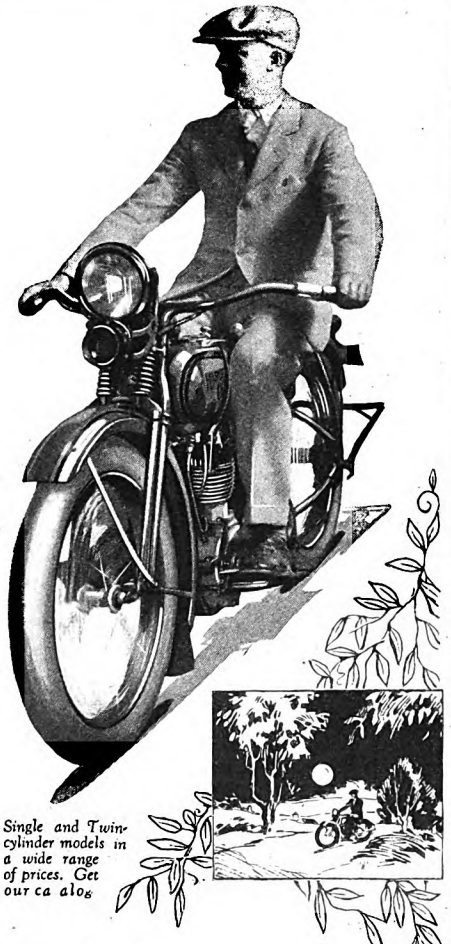

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Enjoy yourself in the outdoors as you never have before. Know the thrill that comes with ownership of a trim, handsome Harley-Davidson Single. This sturdy, streamline mount — dependable under any conditions — cost barely one cent per mile for gas, oil, tires and all!

Its price is only $235 f. o. b. factory. You can buy it on easy Pay-As-You-Ride terms.

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The Poor He Has With Him Always

(*Continued from page 33*)

Aunt Ann had passed on. To-day as well as usual; and in the night came the Reaper. She never had her 'lingerin' sickness.' She never had *anything* that most of us consider desirable. Perhaps Saint Peter has special haloes to match alpaca dresses of the style of the seventies. Who knows?"

THAT is Mr. Bardwell's story of Aunt Ann. Can't you imagine how different a tale most people would have told? A half-irritated, half-ridiculous tale of an old woman who suddenly developed an "unreasonable whim" of refusing to work, and of staying in her room at the poorhouse, all dressed up in her Sunday best? A tale to excite sympathy—but only for the people who had to deal with this cantankerousness.

What was it Aunt Ann said to her caller, who, of course, was Mr. Bardwell himself?

"I *felt* you'd understand!"

It was this assurance of *being understood* that opened the hidden chamber in her heart. Only to eyes that could truly see was she able to show her pitiful, but precious, secret desire—and the reason for that desire! With this reason brought out into the light, only those who are willfully blind can still find her sudden revolt "unreasonable."

"Why do you devote your life to this work?" I said to Mr. Bardwell.

He laughed, with frank appreciation of the question. "Well," he said, "looking at it from a financial viewpoint, the money reward isn't much more substantial than the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow. But it has brought me another kind of riches; and they happen to mean more to me than money does.

"There is nothing in the world so interesting as people! There is no satisfaction so great as that of helping to make life easier and happier for some human being! To me, personally, this satisfaction is keenest when the person helped is poor and old and dependent. There are plenty of people, outside the almshouse, who are like that. But I am not a rich man myself. Very far from it! So this is a way in which I can combine necessity and choice.

"The necessity is to earn my own living. The choice, as I said before, is to make life easier and happier for those who need sympathetic understanding. That's why I am a poorhouse visitor.

"Much of the unhappiness in the world," he went on, "would lose the worst of its sting if we would only try to give people this simple *human understanding*. In my experience it has almost never failed. But even in the rare cases when it did fail, I still could understand.

"I remember a woman in one of our almshouses. She was often referred to as 'bitter Betsy Baker.' She had seen better days; and when finally she had to go to the poorhouse it was with humiliation and rebellion in her heart.

"She could not walk; and she would lie in bed, never smiling, never speaking an unnecessary word. I wanted to provide her with a rolling chair, but she refused to have one.

"'It will be so nice for you to get out in the air and sunshine,' I urged.

"'I don't *want* to get out!' she would snap back.

"'But you could sit at your window and see the trees and the flowers,' I persisted.

"'Don't *want* to see them!'

"When she was dying—actually dying—someone tried to ease her by lifting her up a little.

"'*No!*' she muttered resentfully.

"It was her final protest against sympathy. She was 'bitter Betsy Baker' to her very last breath.

"Across the hall from her was another woman. Life had treated her harshly. She had been poor; she had never married; her family had 'died off'; she had been a mill worker until she became too old and sick to work any longer. Then she had been taken to the poorhouse.

"The doors of these two rooms faced each other across the hall. But those who lived in the home avoided Betsy Baker's room. She wanted nothing *from* them and would give nothing *to* them.

"But someone was always going in through the opposite door, which stood open all day long. The sun did not shine through these windows. It was on Betsy Baker's side of the house. But no one missed the sunshine in that other room, so long as Miss F lived there. It never seemed anything but warm and bright—a place of cheer and comfort.

"THOSE two rooms," Mr. Bardwell went on, "are exact symbols of human lives. People differ in all kinds of ways. But I believe that the most important difference, the one that controls our own happiness and the happiness of others, is our willingness to *adjust ourselves* to life as we have to live it.

Betsy Baker did not adjust herself. She despised those final years in the poorhouse. Instead of feeling that they were infinitely precious because they were her chance to finish bravely and beautifully the job of living, she filled her heart with bitterness—and closed the door.

"One day, during my periodical visit to a certain almshouse, I went out for a stroll with an old man who lived in the home. Like many of these old people, he had a good deal of shrewd native wisdom and I liked to get his ideas about things.

"While we were sitting on a stone wall to rest, we got to talking about life; and I said to him, 'What *is* life, anyway?'

"'Well,' he replied, 'life is just buffets—and the gasps between. But thank God for the gasps!'

"I think that's pretty good philosophy," laughed Mr. Bardwell. "It is the reverse of the pessimism which makes a good many people see only the hole in the doughnut.

"One thing which I have learned from my poorhouse friends is that it pays to have a sense of humor. A great many of them do have it; and it often turns the scale between content and discontent.

"In one house there was a man who was mentally defective. As the country folks say, 'He wasn't all there.' Because of this, he was sometimes a good deal of a nui-

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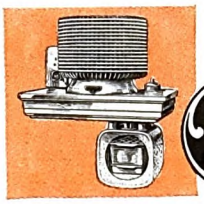

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sance. In more ways than one, he 'wasn't all there,' for his feet had been amputated because of an accident.

"In one of my visits to this particular home, I was talking with another man who lived there. You see," he said, smiling, "I try to practice what I just now preached. I want to get from these people *their* point of view. And it is in the companionship of sitting around and just visiting together that they tell me what they are really thinking and feeling.

"Well, while I was talking with this man, I happened to see the other one; the one that was crippled in both body and mind.

"'That was a pretty big operation—taking off Jim's feet,' I said to my companion. 'What do you think of it?'

"He looked at me with a twinkle in his eyes.

"'I think the job wasn't done right!' he said. 'They took off the wrong end of him!'

"My point is this," laughed Mr. Bardwell. "Some of the people in the home were irritated by the man who was as 'footless' mentally as he was physically. But this other man, with his twinkling sense of humor, accepted him philosophically, and was gently tolerant of his limitations.

"A GOOD many people in the almshouses are 'not all there' mentally," he went on; "but it is from these clouded minds that I have had some of the most revealing lights on the average normal instincts of human nature.

"In one home, for instance, there was a man named Hiram. At first he was a problem: a silent, sullen man, avoided by everyone. The matron was an intelligent and kindly woman; and it was she that wrought the much desired transformation in Hiram.

"One of the appurtenances of the home was a large chicken yard. As an experiment—a rather doubtful one—the matron put Hiram in charge of the poultry. At first he was reluctant and as sullen as ever. But almost immediately he began to change. He was like a mother with a brood of children.

"I don't suppose he ever before had been given anything to take care of; and so, in him, the profound human desire 'to have and to hold,' to fill some place in the scheme of life, had been unsatisfied. When it *was* satisfied, he became an entirely different sort of person.

"During the hatching season, he would rush to the kitchen a dozen times a day, and announce triumphantly: 'Got another chicken!'

"Then there is the story of Tommy. He was born deaf and dumb; and, as if that wasn't enough of an affliction, he had a club foot, and his mind never 'grew up.' So Tommy was about as badly handicapped as anyone could be. Until he was forty years old, however, life seemed sweet to him, in spite of all this—for he had his mother!

"His father had been dead many years; but Tommy and his mother loved each other with a deep and understanding affection. Each was all in all to the other.

"Then came the day when his mother folded her worn hands, closed her tired, loving eyes—and left him, a grown man, but with the mind and the heart of a child, to hobble alone through his silent world.

"It hurts me to think of the months that followed, when he crept aimlessly and desolately about the house, and over the little farm which his mother had worked, with his help. He became a mere shadow; half starved; the child-mind and the child-heart breaking under the loneliness of it all.

"Finally, the townspeople 'discovered' Tommy and he was sent to the poor farm. The matron, Eliza, was a fine woman. Many of these poorhouse matrons are marvels of kindliness and of sympathetic understanding.

"Eliza watched and studied this new member of her strangely assorted family. It seemed as if he would have to be sent to an asylum. But instead of welcoming this as a means of ridding herself of a burden, she tried to think of some way of avoiding it.

"She used to put her baby, in its perambulator, out on the piazza to sleep. Occasionally she would look out of the window to see that the child was all right; and as she did this one morning she saw Tommy bending over the little sleeper.

"Repressing her first terrified impulse to rush out and protect her child, she stood there and watched. Gently Tommy touched, with one careful finger, the baby's tiny hand. Then he sat down on the porch railing, where he could see the child's face.

"He stayed there, absolutely motionless, until Eliza went out, lifted the baby from its carriage, and with a smile held it in her arms for Tommy to look at. She almost thought *he* smiled. Perhaps he wanted to, but had forgotten how.

"The next morning, when the baby was left on the porch to sleep, Tommy came again and sat beside it. Day after day, he did this; while Eliza—wise and kind Eliza—watched from behind the window curtain. Once she saw Tommy take the baby's hand, hold it for a minute, then gently put it under the coverlet.

"Finally a day came when the baby opened her eyes, looked up at Tommy, and smiled at him. Then Tommy remembered how to smile! A sort of radiance came into his face; and Eliza knew that the problem of Tommy was solved.

"The child grew to adore him. She would hold out her arms, wanting to go to him. She would cry—and so would he—when they were separated. Before this, he had taken no share in the work at the poor farm. He had seemed incapable of it. But now, in order to be near the baby, who was often with her mother in the kitchen, he began to help with the routine duties. And so he became a useful member of the household, and a happy one.

"MY EXPERIENCE has taught me that the two great factors in human happiness and contentment are work and companionship. Tommy had found both. Something to do. And something to love. The first satisfies the need of the mind and the body. The other satisfies the need of the heart. Each helps; but neither, alone, can work the miracle of happiness.

"I have seen many people try one, but without the other. I remember a very unusual case. A woman who had lived not only in comfort but in actual luxury was suddenly transplanted to the poorhouse. Her father had been, apparently,

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At noon, make yourself a present of just ten minutes.

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a rich man. He had a beautiful home; and after her mother's death this grown daughter, the only child, presided graciously over the household; which, by the way, included six servants!

"The father died suddenly, leaving nothing but debts. The house and its contents were sold to help pay these debts. There wasn't a penny left. The daughter, at this time, was past middle age. She was not well; and even if she had known how to earn her living—which was not the case—she wouldn't have been able to do it. I don't know whether anyone was willing to help her; but if so, she was too proud to accept it. So she went to the poor farm.

"She never complained. She made no demands. She was always quietly courteous. But there was an insurmountable barrier which was never lowered. She kept to herself; staying in her room except when she was forced to leave it. But she was not idle. She worked constantly—too constantly—mending the linen and helping with the necessary sewing. Fortunately—I can't help saying that, for she must have been tragically unhappy—she did not live a great while.

"I admit that her problem of readjustment was a very difficult one; but she found only half the possible answer. She kept her hands busy; but she did not try to find something to warm and fill her empty heart.

"Hiram, with his jubilant 'Got another chicken!' and Tommy with his radiant love of a little child, were wiser than she, even though they weren't 'all there' mentally. That is why I say that from these clouded minds there sometimes comes a great light to show us the deep needs of human nature."

BEFORE I took my leave of Mr. Bardwell, I asked him what was the most extraordinary case in his poorhouse experience.

"I believe," he said after a moment's thought, "it was that of—well, I'll ask you to call him Mr. Blank. He is dead now, but I wouldn't want you to use his real name.

"He was the cousin of a very rich and well-known person. He had been rich himself; had traveled all over the world and had lived for years in Europe, where he knew people of the highest social standing.

"Suddenly his fortune was swept away, and he found himself a poor man. He came back to this country to try to earn a living. He had been abroad so many years that his relatives had lost touch with him, and he had no friends over here. At least, he made no attempt to communicate with his relatives, or with his friends, if he had any.

"Somehow, he got a position; a small clerkship in a Massachusetts town. But he had no business training or experience. His fortune had been an inherited one. He never had earned a dollar, until he tried it after the crash came. He couldn't do it then! He lost his position and couldn't get another. He was growing old and was incapable of supporting himself. The only way out of his trouble was into the almshouse.

"I often saw him there and enjoyed talking with him. And I wasn't the only one that enjoyed him! Everybody in the house liked him. He never assumed an air of superiority; never tried to be 'high-hat,' as we say nowadays. He was a courteous, friendly, interesting companion.

"The matron had a rather fussy baby, I remember. And Mr. Blank would go into the kitchen and, with as polished a manner as if he had been speaking to a grand duchess, would gravely request the pleasure of taking charge of the fretful infant. He did it too! And he *liked* doing it.

"NOW comes the strangest part of the story. A few years after he went to the almshouse, a distant relative died and left him about eight thousand dollars. I helped him to get possession of this legacy and also found him a boarding-place where he could live in a fair degree of comfort on his new income.

"A few months later, however, he sent for me. I went to see him; and, to my amazement, he asked me to arrange matters so that he could go *back to the poorhouse* and board *there* for the rest of his life!

"'I hope you will not think me ungrateful,' he said. 'I appreciate what you have done in finding this place for me to live. But I made *friends* at the poor farm. I meant more to them than I can mean to this busy outside world, and they mean more to me than these strangers do. If you don't mind, I'd like to go back!'

"He did go back, and lived happily and contentedly there until the end came. That, I believe, was the most extraordinary example, in all my experience, of willingness to *adjust one's self* to a harsh necessity—and of the compensation that comes when the adjustment is made."

You Can Keep a Youthful Figure if You Treat Your Muscles Right

(*Continued from page 43*)

of exercise! And just a *little* exercise is all that is necessary.

The peak of physical condition is supposed to be around twenty-nine years of age. Around that time in life the last of the youthful reserve is being used up, and it's time to begin developing energy to take its place.

A really surprising and pleasant thing is how little exercise is required to keep your body fit, once you get it in good condition. There is no need to build up an unnecessary surplus of strength. There's no sense in drawing on your system for a prize-fighter's physique, if your sole occupational duty consists of sitting at a desk or standing behind a counter or bench during your working day.

But, without building up a great mass of muscles on your body that would be more ornamental than useful, you should keep yourself as lean and fit as possible. It's more efficient to be that way.

Every important muscle should be active and available; but all the voluntary muscles should be used a little bit every

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FRIGIDAIRE preserves food at least four to five times longer than the old-fashioned type of refrigerator. So if you own a Frigidaire you can leave home for days at a time without misgivings as to the condition of your food supply. When you return you'll find the foods in Frigidaire as fresh and sweet and wholesome as they were the day you left.

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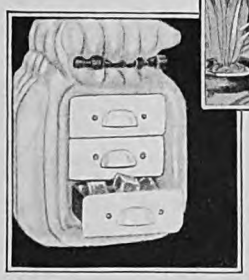

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"The Most Convincing Story I Ever Heard"

"The Fyr-Fyter Representative who called on me had me sold in three minutes but I let him go on for ten. That man had the most interesting story, the most powerful argument for fire protection I ever heard and the evidence he laid before me in favor of his Fyr-Fyter was a knockout. I offered him a job right then and there but couldn't name a figure big enough to interest him.

"He gave all credit to his proposition, the training and talk furnished by his company and all I can say is that I hope my own men don't get wind of that Fyr-Fyter proposition or I have the job of getting a new sales force."

It's YOUR Story— That's the kind of talk you hear about the visits of Fyr-Fyter Representatives, and the convincing story they have to tell. And it's *your* story, your opportunity if you have in you a grain of ability to succeed in what others are doing so profitably.

The Reason WHY Fyr-Fyter Representatives Make $20 to $60 a Day Look around you, see inflammable material everywhere, listen to the fire alarms and the fire engines dashing madly down the street, read the papers, get Uncle Sam's statistics of appalling fire losses of five hundred million dollars a year, and then realize what inadequate fire protection you find on every hand. *That's* why Fyr-Fyter men make so much money, $20 to $60 a day and often more.

There's not a logical reason under the sun why any home, factory, garage, institution or any of a hundred other places can get out of being your customer for Fyr-Fyter after you've told the story we tell you to tell.

Let 100 Men who are doing it Tell You Payne averaged $20.77 per day for 217 days and that shows you we're not talking about any one day luck. Mendenhall works half time and knocks out $100 a week. Frank Depries made over $500 in one week, following an 11-year city job at $85 a month, and averaged $150 a week. There are scores more, hundreds of sales records show how Fry-Fyter men make good. Any 100 of them will tell you "If you're a man of average ability, just one of the regular fellows and want to make good, hop on to the Fyr-Fyter proposition."

Write Today And we say, write today if you've got a spark of ambition. 100 good men are needed to round out our big national sales force.

This is the Fyr-Fyter, marvel of ingenuity and efficiency, low priced, approved by (Fire) Underwriters Laboratories, and used by U. S. Government, Standard Oil and other big businesses.

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Gentlemen: Just send me particulars.

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Address.....

City..... State.....

day. Nature will never withdraw a muscle from activity if it is given a few minutes' exercise daily.

What kinds of exercise? Well, that's pretty hard to answer. There are dozens of available exercises. Naturally, a great deal depends on what the individual wishes to accomplish. What I want to suggest to you in this article is that you take as your purpose the general toning up of your whole muscular system. Keep your body supple, elastic, and *responsive*.

Here is an exercise which will help you do this—and this exercise is the very minimum of the exercising you should do. With this exercise as a beginning you can take up further exercises to develop your legs, reduce your waist line, perfect your carriage—or whatever objective you may select. Anyone interested enough can find plenty of data and information on the subject.

Stand perfectly erect, feet close together. Beginning with the legs and working upward, *gradually* tense the whole body. Let your mind run over your muscular system, making sure you have flexed all the muscles you can consciously control—legs, thighs, abdomen, across the ribs, forearms and biceps, neck and jaw. When the tenseness is as complete as you can make it, hold it for six or seven seconds (later on you can hold it for ten seconds). Relax gradually, releasing control *consciously* of one muscle after the other. Repeat this exercise twice, resting a full minute after each effort.

WHILE this exercise will not add a great deal of strength to your muscles, it will, if done immediately on rising and just before retiring, distribute blood to them, and keep them in a healthy state.

However, if I were to limit myself to one set of muscles as being the most desirable to exercise, I'd tell you to take care of your abdominal muscles, even if you neglect all others. The abdominal muscles help to hold you erect. They also keep your vital organs in place. When they sag, serious trouble is on the way for you. I am going to suggest three exercises especially for them.

The first is the tensing exercise, already mentioned, but adapted especially to the abdominal muscles. Just as you tensed your whole body, try now to tense only the abdominal muscles. Start by drawing them inward, then holding them that way, try to move them further by drawing them upward. At first you will have some difficulty in drawing them upward, but with a little persistence you can do it.

By tensing them ten or fifteen times daily for a few seconds, you force blood into them, and keep them supple. But suppleness isn't enough. They must be strong. The stronger they are, the tighter they hold you together, and the better form they give you. This second exercise is to strengthen them:

Stand erect, feet together, arms extended level with the shoulders. Draw the abdomen in, and while holding tightly turn the body to the right, keeping the hips squarely to the front; in other words, rotate the upper half of your body on the pelvis. Turn as far to the right as you can, keeping the arms outstretched at shoulder level. And hold that abdomen in. Learn to do it without holding your breath.

Now turn back slowly to the front, relax a fraction of a second, then tense yourself again and turn to the left. Do it a dozen times, increasing to twenty as your muscles permit. Take it slowly at first. This is really a strenuous exercise. It will get unmistakable results; but don't let your enthusiasm cause you to overdo it at the start.

Besides strengthening your abdominal muscles, this exercise will have a beneficial result on your circulation, particularly around the vital organs.

For the third exercise, lie on the floor, face up, and lift your legs straight up, one at a time, then together. Then practice raising yourself from this position to a sitting position. Do each of these movements only a few times a day to start, gradually increasing the number of times as your muscles get used to the strain. Flex the abdominal muscles repeatedly.

If you are in good health, and are suffering only from lack of exercise, you can accomplish astonishing things through it. But you can't kid Nature with a few exercises to-day, none to-morrow, less than a few the next day—and a desperate spurt to catch up the fourth. Nature will just naturally hang back and wait to see whether your intentions are serious or not.

If it looks as if you are serious, she will help you, for she is a marvelous little coöperator. Not only will she see that your muscles get the materials they need, but she will brighten your eyes, put color into your flesh, and clear your mind.

Even if you should happen to be one of those people who just will *not* take exercises, and "just know it isn't any use to start," you can do one thing, and it will help: You can stretch yourself, from head to foot, several times a day. Concentrate, *think* what you are trying to do when you do it. Put your mind on a muscle, and flex that muscle. You don't need even to get up from your chair to flex the muscles that probably need it the most—the abdominal muscles.

By thoughtfully stretching several times a day, you will get circulation into your muscles and at least keep them elastic. A muscle that isn't used is something like a sponge from which the water has been squeezed. It becomes dry and hard. The cement-like substance that holds the fibers together in good health begins to "set," hardening like glue.

If you are a bit fat, and find it difficult to keep up your interest in exercising, bear in mind this thought:

"*Where there is a good, healthy muscle there can be no fat.*"

The best way to get slim is to exercise the fat off. You can reduce your weight very rapidly by dieting; but the safest way of all to reduce—unless your plumpness is due to some disease—is to eat carefully, and exercise.

A QUESTION that is often asked me is, At what age do a person's muscles begin to "set;" that is, to harden so it takes a long time to get them back into a supple condition?

This condition, long recognized as a characteristic of adult life, may take place at any age from thirty-five to seventy-five. As I have already indicated, it's all a matter of keeping the muscles in use.

It is true that in some families muscles harden and set quicker than in other

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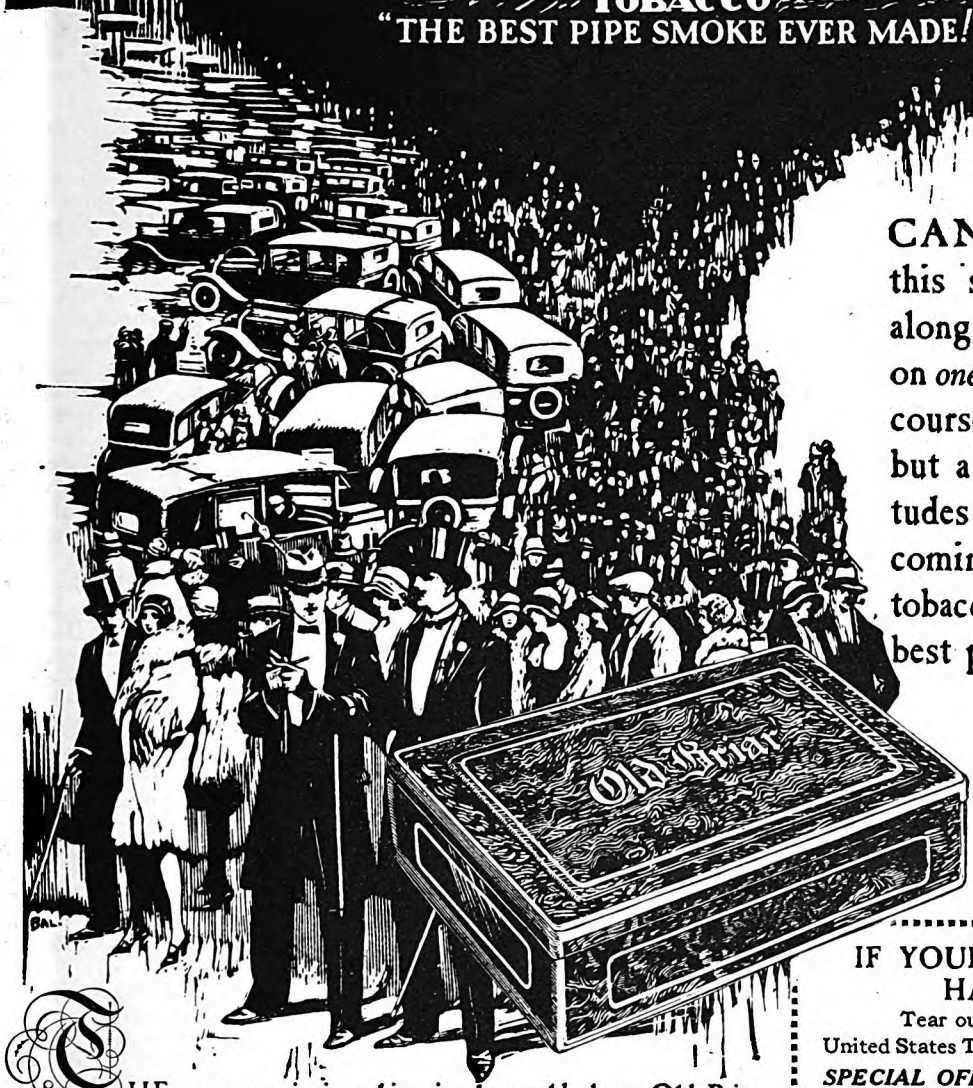
Old Briar

TOBACCO

"THE BEST PIPE SMOKE EVER MADE!"



CAN YOU IMAGINE this surging theatre throng along Broadway all agreeing on *one* star as the greatest? Of course not! Yet this throng is but a fraction of vast multitudes of smokers who are welcoming and praising *one* pipe tobacco—Old Briar—as "the best pipe smoke ever made."

THE most convincing thing in the world about Old Briar Tobacco is the whole-hearted praise of the smoker himself. It's just plain common sense that pipe smokers are turning to the best tobacco they can get. A pipeful of Old Briar costs so little, they are entitled to it!

Light up *your* pipe full of Old Briar. Draw in the ripe fragrance of this wonderful tobacco. Enjoy its full, pleasant aroma—its extra smoothness—its comfort. Smoke it awhile. Notice how mild and cool it is—how completely satisfying! Now, you know why a world of pipe smokers are welcoming Old Briar—the ladies, too, enjoy its fragrance.

It has taken years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending, and generations of tobacco culture, to produce Old Briar. Step by step Old Briar has been developed—step by step *perfected.*

And, every day, thousands of pipe smokers are proving for themselves that Old Briar is the best pipe smoke they ever had.

A-8-27

IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT HAVE OLD BRIAR

Tear out this coupon and mail to:
United States Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va., U.S.A.

SPECIAL OFFER: It costs so little to smoke a pipeful of the best Tobacco ever made, you are entitled to enjoy it. We will mail you the regular OLD BRIAR 50c Humidor Box on receipt of this coupon with your name and address. In addition, we will send you a 25c pocket package of OLD BRIAR—extra—if you send us your dealer's name. Send no money, but pay the Postman only 50c when he delivers the tobacco.

Print Name .....

Address .....

City and State .....

Your Dealer's Name .....

Address .....

If you prefer—send stamps, money order or check with coupon. Tear out the coupon now, while it's handy.

A world of pipe smokers have learned for themselves that a pipeful of OLD BRIAR costs only a fraction of a cent more than a pipeful of ordinary tobacco. Of all the pleasures man enjoys, pipe smoking costs about the least.

TO DEALERS: *Old Briar is sold in Pocket packages at 25c and Humidor boxes at 50c, $1.00 and $2.00. If your jobber has not supplied you, write us and we will send you a supply by prepaid Parcel Post at regular Dealers' prices. Every box and package of Old Briar has our unlimited guarantee.*

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, U. S. A.

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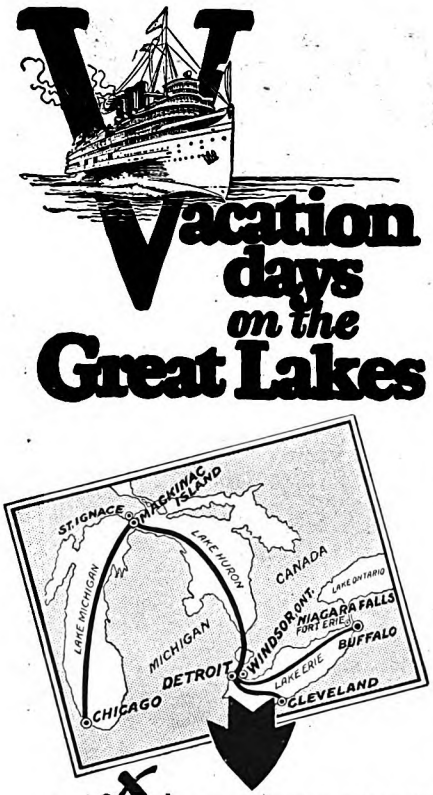

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between Cleveland and Detroit; between Buffalo and Niagara Falls and Detroit; and between Detroit or Chicago and Mackinac Island. Also daylight trips between Cleveland and Detroit during July and August.

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families. But this is because individuals of a family are likely to exhibit the same physical habits and traits even though they differ in mental characteristics, and, as a result, develop the family muscular peculiarities. If the family tendency is to be ease-loving and indolent, the individuals naturally will not develop muscles that will continue supple and elastic through old age.

You can tell when your muscles are beginning to set by the following signs:

First, a noticeable slowing down of your general tempo. You no longer feel the impulse to get outdoors and run. You find yourself avoiding exertion wherever possible. Rather than speed yourself up for a three- or four-minutes walk, you'll wait ten minutes for a street car to come along. You feel heavy and tired, and you don't want to exert yourself. The spark of muscular ambition is gone.

The second sign which indicates that your muscles are hardening is the appearance of aches and pains—minor cramps—in your limbs and body when you get up after sitting a while. Beware of this sign! If you get up aching after having sat down for ten or fifteen minutes something is wrong with your muscles. They are trying to go to sleep on you.

Of course there may be organic troubles at work, such as rheumatism or lumbago; but, remember, those ailments don't show up in healthy, active muscles.

The cure for muscles that are trying to "set" is—well, just what I've been talking about—exercise, beginning on a mild scale and increasing as the muscles become used to the exertion.

An important consideration in the care of your muscles is your posture. We all know it is wrong to stand or sit "lopsided." The effect is so obvious that most of us hardly need to have the danger pointed out. But many little things enter into the subject of posture.

Take the heels on your shoes. If they are run down, you'd better have them fixed. They are weakening the muscles on one side of each foot. Every time your shoes become "run-over," you injure the weakened muscles again. When you get older your feet become gnarled and twisted; the muscles on the strong, uninjured sides pull them out of shape.

THE eternal pull between strong muscles and weak ones is seen in the types of persons developed in various occupations. I recall seeing one morning a long procession of well-dressed men walking down the streets of Des Moines. There was nothing to indicate what order or what organization they represented; at least, from where I stood I couldn't read the badges on their coats; but their occupation was so plainly stamped in their walk and carriage I had to smile at the obviousness of it. They were traveling salesmen.

Their tread was steady and brisk enough; but every man jack came down on his right foot with a decisive thump and an emphatic list to starboard—the subconscious pull of the weight of all the grips he had ever carried in his life as reflected in the effect on his muscles.

It is important to keep the muscles on both sides of the body practically balanced in strength. Nature starts us out almost perfectly balanced. Observe your occupational posture; if you lean too much one way or another, exercise to correct it. Equalize the strain. Do you use your right arm a great deal? Give the left one five or ten minutes' attention a day. Are you getting round-shouldered? Stretch backward and take the strain off your back muscles. They are tired from being pulled forward all day long. By throwing your shoulders back, you give them a rest.

Make it a point to stop a minute or two every now and then during the day and give the strained muscles a rest. A little rest goes a long way with a fatigued muscle.

But—speaking again of how apparently minor habits affect the growth, development, and pull of your muscles on your frame—such a simple matter as the way you cross your legs has a bearing on the alignment of your body. The probability is that you invariably cross the same leg over the other. The result is that when you sit with your legs crossed your spine is always slightly twisted in the same direction, and consequently the muscles in the lower region of your back are subjected to the same wearing strain time and again. The muscles that are strained become weak. The ones that are rested in this position remain strong. They pull against each other, and your body develops an internal strain. Perhaps in old age you will hobble, dragging one foot behind the other.

Try crossing the other leg once in a while. It will not be comfortable at first; the muscles that have been weakened will rebel. But persist, and after a time you'll find it just as easy and comfortable to cross one leg as the other.

CHILDREN at play often injure their muscles, or get them out of line. One of the queerest accidents to muscles I ever ran across happened to a little girl brought to me for training. The toes of her right foot were pointing straight up, the ball of her foot was rounded and the ankle motion was interfered with. She had been that way about four months.

No one seemed to know what was the cause of the trouble. I questioned her at length, and found out that about a month before her toes began to turn up she had taken part in a "hop scotch" tournament at school. That's a game in which they hop around on the toes of one foot. Not only had she participated in the tournament, but she had practiced strenuously three weeks in advance.

This had weakened the muscles on the under side of her foot. The stronger muscles on top had just naturally pulled the toes out of shape. I got her foot straight again by special exercises to strengthen the under muscles. As they grew stronger, the foot was pulled back into shape.

Such games may be all right, but if a child must play them he or she should be taught to change feet once in a while—to hop on one foot as much as on the other.

Muscles, not otherwise injured, which have suffered from disuse for years *can* be brought back to normal efficiency. Even a person of fifty or sixty can regain the use of hundreds of muscles which have become "warped" or "dried up" only because they have not been used. Blood nourishment—that's the secret of muscular strength; and any muscle which the blood can reach can be restored to use.

* * * * *

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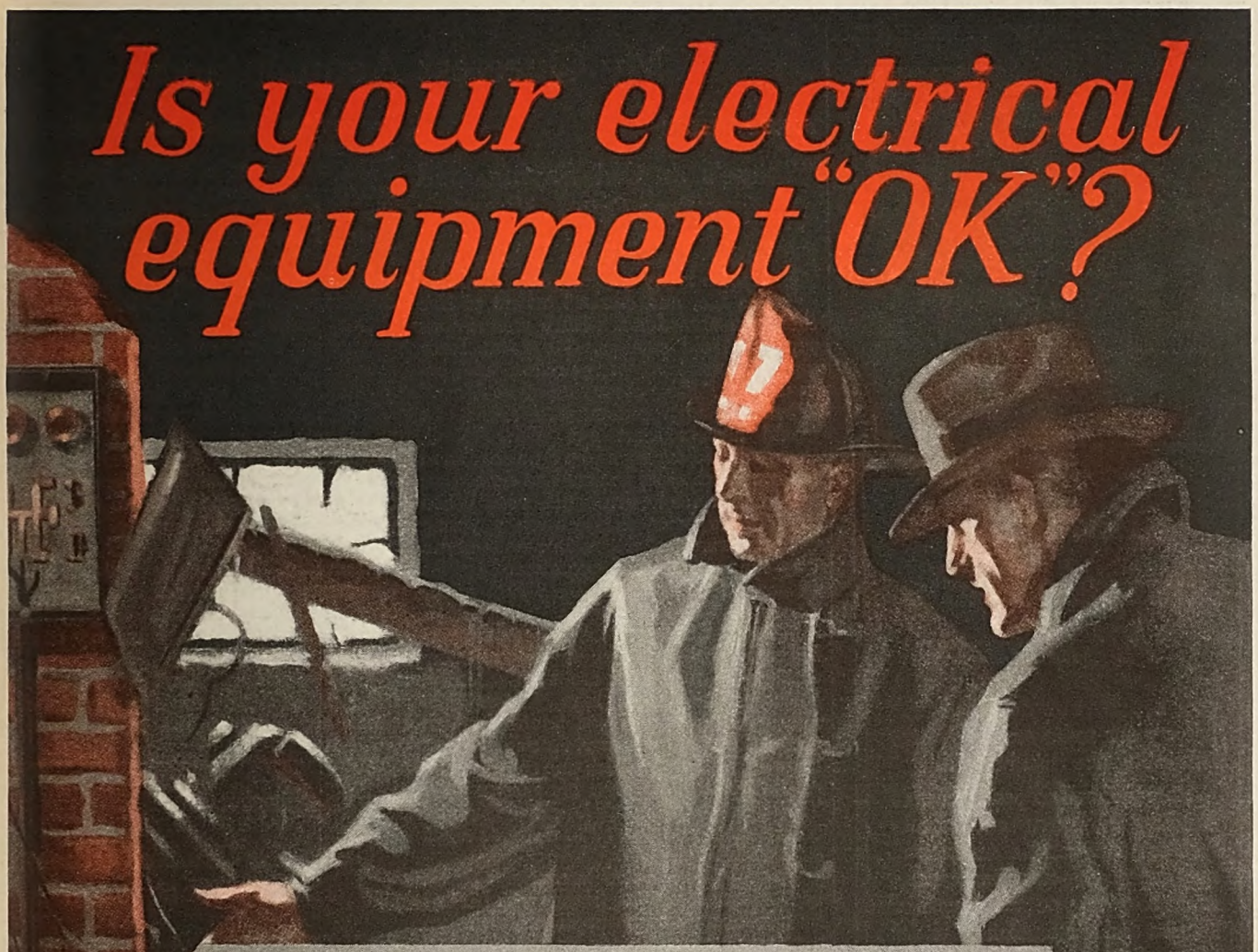
Is your electrical equipment "OK"?



Even while the household sleeps, secure in the knowledge that every routine safety precaution has been duly observed, there may be a hidden menace to safety—the menace of defective wiring which causes so many disastrous fires.

Is yours a false security? Every property that is wired for electricity should be inspected annually, by a competent electrician who can see any defects, any weak spots, any inadvertent misuse of equipment that may cause fire.

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My Queerest Acquaintance

FIRST PRIZE

"There's an Old Saying, and a True One . . ."

THE queerest fellow I have ever known is my grandfather. He lived his life, and advised others to live theirs, in accordance with a tremendous supply of old sayings. He spent forty years at hard labor in one rolling mill, because, "*A Rolling Stone Gathers no Moss.*" Whenever his opinion was asked, he would always start out with, "Well, there's an old saying and a true one," and followed with some ancient and time-worn maxim in which he firmly believed. When my sister's beau eloped with a young widow, Grandfather couldn't understand why she wasn't wholly comforted by the wisdom of "*There's as Good Fish in the Sea as Ever Came Out of It.*"

When but a young child, I can remember saying to Grandfather, "But so many of those old sayings are contradictory. There is one which says, '*Leave Well Enough Alone,*' and yet another which warns, '*Nothing Venture, Nothing Gain.*' How do you know which one to believe?" And do you know what his answer was? "My dear child, there's an old saying and a true one, '*You Can't Put a Man's Head on a Child's Shoulders.*'

To-day Grandfather is confined to his bed. Hosts of lifelong friends who heeded his advice, and some who didn't, visit him regularly. Not long ago, on the ninetieth anniversary of his birth, upon entering his room, I asked, "Well, Grandfather, I suppose you feel like a boy to-day?" He replied, "My good child, there's an old saying and a true one, '*A Man is as Old as He Feels, but a Woman is as Old as She Looks.*' I feel like a boy!" C. E. W.

SECOND PRIZE

Aunt Mittie Came to a Fitting End

AUNT MITTIE, our loved family oddity, had ailments enough to supply a clinic. And how she enjoyed them!

"The doctor says I'm anemic," she'd announce proudly. And next day she'd be suffering from high blood pressure, blissfully unaware that the two conditions aren't on speaking terms.

Whatever money she had, she spent on her health, her only hobby and recreation. Once she inherited a tidy sum. "Lay it away for old age," we counseled. But she hastened across the continent to consult a group of famous specialists.

Three months later she returned, indignant and penniless.

"Good doctors!" she snorted. "I wouldn't send them a sick cat! They said there was nothing the matter with me, though I'll probably not live a month!"

Once she started saving for a postmortem examination. "Just to prove I've been a sick woman for years." Then a new kind of "doctor" came to town, and her savings went for a series of painful pummelings.

On a visit to a farmer brother she secretly took some tablets she found in the cupboard. Later she confessed, and declared they'd helped her rheumatism. No one had the heart to tell her their original purpose was to further productiveness in the poultry yard.

But, although her health proved so interesting, there was always time for the ills of others. One stormy day she got out of bed, where she'd been "enjoying" lumbago for three days, to ride ten miles in an open wagon and nurse a pneumonia patient whom she scarcely knew. She always arranged her health-seeking journeys so they'd come when no stork visits were expected in the neighborhood.

And so she lived. She died, I believe, contentedly. For her last illness really was stranger and rarer than any she had ever imagined. Interested physicians came from afar to study and try to cure it.

How we miss her now! We laughed at her, but we loved her. No one has ever taken her place in our hearts. A. F.

THIRD PRIZE

Uncle Joe Can Tell Others Exactly What to Do

MY QUEEREST acquaintance is old Uncle Joe. He is no relation to me, but everyone who knows him calls him by that name. He must be about sixty. Though he has never been any further in school than high school, he is better informed than most college graduates. This is the way he managed it: When his sister went to college, he was too poor to go. So he studied her books, and he has been studying ever since!

Uncle Joe could have held a responsible position in his day. But he wanted plenty of leisure to read and study, so he took a position reading gas meters. He figured out the shortest distance between houses on his route. Now he can do his day's work in half a day, and have the remainder of the time for study.

The lighting company has discovered his remarkable skill with figures. Accountants always call him in when they have a difficult problem, and he can always solve it. Once my uncle's firm came across a complicated accounting problem. As a last resort, my uncle called up Uncle Joe and explained the problem. In eleven minutes he 'phoned back the answer!

Though Uncle Joe has never touched a drop of liquor, he is very much against prohibition. Though he is a confirmed bachelor, he believes in marriage. He wrote a series of articles on marriage and divorce for his local paper.

Just to show his versatility, he wrote another series of articles on broad financial problems and forecasts. This series won the praise of the best business men in the city. Yet Uncle Joe has never invested a cent of his own money. J. S. D.

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"Me and My Flapper Daughters"

(*Continued from page 27*)

long and tense pause until my wife broke the silence.

"Elizabeth!" she exclaimed. And that was all. For once my wife was inarticulate. She looked long and hard at me, as if she expected me to do the talking. I think she wanted me to bawl out our daughter good and proper right there. But I didn't do it. I looked sheepishly, instead, at the burning end of my own fag and remembered that I had been smoking the things for a matter of more than thirty years myself. I didn't scold our daughter or betray the emotional turmoil that I was undergoing.

For once in my life, I exercised good judgment, swallowed my hypocritical indignation, and simply said, "I am shocked and surprised; but I should be the last person in the world to lecture you on the evils of nicotine or the incongruity of a sweet and dainty little girl befouling her breath, staining her fingers, and distorting her features with a cigarette stuck in her face. I've been smoking cigarettes myself ever since I was six years old when I picked up the habit in the hinterland of a one-teacher rural school on the opening day."

Elizabeth arched her eyebrows, lifted her chin, and beamed a smile of approval upon me. I think it was the first spontaneous smile of approval I ever had from her. That was the beginning of an understanding between us, and an exchange of confidences that has emboldened me to assert that I expect some day to know my daughters.

WE LEFT the dinner table and I followed Elizabeth out on the front porch. I proposed taking a ride, and we climbed into my roadster and took a spin in the country. Out on a country road I offered her another cigarette, to see what she would do.

"Really, I don't care for it, Dad," she said. "I didn't smoke that one at dinner because I especially cared for it; but no self-respecting girl wants to be a hypocrite all of her life, even to spare the feelings of the best mother in the world, who clings to the old-fashioned ideas of things.

"I knew that you and Mother didn't believe that I had ever smoked, and it struck me all of a sudden that there was an opportunity to confess, even though it might shock you."

"I guess you smoke merely because you think it is smart, and you young folks get something of a kick out of defying the old conventions?" I asked.

"Maybe some of us *do* think it is smart," replied Elizabeth; "and I think most of us *do* get a kick in defying your conventions. I saw a book in your library the other day called 'The Warfare between Science and Christianity.' That gave me an idea; I think there is a greater warfare to-day between young folks and old folks. Old folks say they just can't understand us young folks; their trouble is, *we* young folks *do* understand old folks, and the old folks don't give us credit for the discernment we have."

That was the beginning of a series of friendly interviews with my daughter, in which I have learned much in the past few months. Out of the peculiar combination of sophistication and innocence of this typical young female I have acquired something of an understanding of what young folks think of old folks; I have discovered that modern youth is thinking for itself.

If I understand that daughter of mine, the young folks of this generation have very little faith in, or respect for their elders, because they think we elders are unsophisticated, unfair, and insincere. They charge us with unfairness and insincerity because we condemn in them frivolous practices and habits that were common to us when we were young.

"I can imagine Mother having been a very shy and perfectly proper little girl when she was a child," confides my daughter, "because Mother was brought up in those stay-at-home days of a quarter-century ago, when they didn't have telephones, radio, movies, automobiles or any place to go except Wednesday-night prayer meetings, Friday-night spelling bees, and Sunday church services. A fifteen-year-old girl of to-day has seen more of life and has a better understanding of life than her mother had at twenty-five years of age.

"BUT I think if I had lived in Mother's day I could have found as much about young folks to criticize as the old folks find to criticize about us. You and Mother didn't have an automobile to ride around in, and you couldn't get as far away from home in a ride as we can get to-day; but you did ride in a buggy with a narrow seat in which both of you could barely squeeze and in which your legs were all mixed up in a narrow boxlike space.

"A young man driving an automobile to-day has to keep at least one hand on the steering wheel; in those days, he threw the reins of the horse loosely over the dash board of the old buggy and had both arms free. And I have an idea he made the most of his freedom.

"We young folk are condemned for our night rides, when you older folks forget that there is no other way for most girls to do their courting. Houses used to be built with separate rooms down-stairs; there was a parlor where a girl could entertain her beau. But now we build houses with every room on the first floor looking into every other room through French doors, affording no more privacy than if the whole floor were one big room."

Thus speaks the daughter. I have not attempted to quote her verbatim; her language is not exactly my language. But I have persuaded her to be shamelessly frank with her dad in a number of interviews. I have led her on to discuss dancing, drinking, "necking," clothes, courtship, marriage, and almost everything else under the sun. In order to draw her out, I must confess that I have often feigned a sympathy which wasn't genuine. Old-fashioned inhibitions are deep-rooted. But I am learning a few things about

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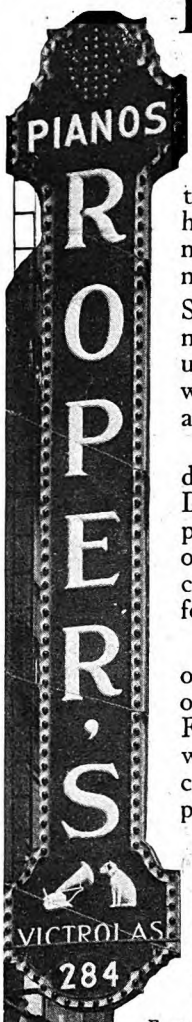

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DO you know the greatest primary cause of death among dogs? Do you know what it is that so frequently weakens their health from the time of birth, spoils their dispositions, paves the way for other serious diseases of many kinds? It is a parasitic disease afflicting the majority of dogs today. *It is worms.*

TRAGEDY

That Was Preventable!

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SPOT showed every symptom of worms—irregular appetite and bowels, dragging and biting at hindquarters, restless sleep, etc.—but none of the family knew what these signs so clearly indicated. His system became weakened... distemper... and...

Dog fanciers and kennel owners know a simple and sure way to combat this disease. They give Glover's Vermifuge or Glover's Worm Capsules. Puppies require this safe and simple treatment monthly—grown dogs four times a year. And it is as easy to get as it is to give—

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IMPERIAL
DOG MEDICINES

Here are some of Glover's medicines which should be in every home that has a dog.

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Glover's Worm Capsules	65c
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youth, and I set down here some of the things I have learned.

I have learned from both daughters. I have learned much from Billie, the younger. Bill is eighteen years old and not so articulate as Elizabeth is, nor so bold. Bill is slow to say outright just what she thinks; but she contrives at times to get her viewpoint over to me.

Bill's peculiar weakness is dress. If any new fad or trick of adornment comes along, she is first to seize upon it. She draws upon the wardrobe of her sister, her mother, and of other girls in the neighborhood, and I have even had my quarrels with her for borrowing my knickers, my neckties, and my one pair of suspenders. The mystery about this girl to me is how she can adapt to herself any size clothing, including my knickers, which should be big enough for two of her.

I discovered Billie the other day scantily dressed up in an afternoon frock and ready to leave.

"Do you think it looks nice to go out like that?" I asked her. "Do you think your mother would be seen on the street like that?"

"I GUESS you don't remember how Mother looked on the street before she married you!" said Bill, with a sly look. Of course I remembered, but I would make no admissions. "I'll show you," said Billie. She darted up-stairs and left me waiting for what seemed an interminable length of time. And then she reappeared. I burst into laughter, and I laughed until my sides ached.

That kid had dug up some of her mother's girlhood clothes from the attic and had arrayed herself in the style of the early eighteen-nineties. The figure she affected was, if I remember correctly, what the girls of that period called the Grecian bend. They wore wasp-waisted corsets, padded their busts, and wore bustles.

Bill had it all, including the bustle and the padded bust. The skirt trailed the floor, or would have trailed but for the fact that she held it up with one hand in a way that showed a tantalizing glimpse of a trim ankle—or it would have been tantalizing but for the high-top shoes she wore. The sleeves of her bodice were of the balloon kind that I had almost forgotten. The bodice buttoned up tight around her neck. A funny little hat with a lot of ludicrous feathers on it was perched on the top of her head. She lifted her skirt and revealed an old-fashioned white petticoat with about eighteen rows of lace on it. I had almost forgotten that a quarter-century ago no woman was well dressed who didn't wear forty yards of Hamburg edging on a petticoat.

"Don't you think now that a girl to-day looks a whole lot better and feels a whole lot better than Mother felt in the clothes she used to wear?" said Bill.

And Bill was right. Slowly it all came back to me, how I used to have to wait an hour for my wife to put on a trunkful of clothes and do up a peck of hair. Bill makes her coiffure with a few dabs of a pocket comb and a flirt of her pretty head, slips into her one-piece frock in a jiffy, and is dressed for any occasion in the time it would have taken her mother to have puzzled out which was the front and which was the back of her gown.

Bill doesn't smoke. "I would smoke if I liked it," she says frankly. "But I can't see any good it does. It makes your teeth bad, hurts your eyes, gives you a cough, and I don't think it makes anybody think any more of you. Sister sometimes smokes, because Sister thinks it's smart."

"I don't think any such thing," Elizabeth replied with indignation. "If smoking is bad for girls, it's bad for men, and when any man wants me to quit smoking I shall expect him to set the example."

ALL of which, I think, is our key to the rebellious spirit of modern youth. They are up in arms against the inconsistency of parents and seniors generally.

They have set us down as a lot of moral frauds and hypocrites who do not present the facts of life fairly and squarely to them, and they are determined to explore life for themselves. In their automobiles and in the open-air life that they lead, they see everything in the world and in nature that we have so foolishly tried to keep them from seeing.

Moving pictures bring to them every aspect of human society, at its worst as well as its best. The news-stands are loaded with cheap and trashy magazines in which these young people find frank discussions of phases of life in which they are by nature intensely interested, and about which we older folks maintain a prudish silence in their presence.

I recall now with pain and with a sense of deepest shame my sorry conduct on an occasion when Elizabeth was hardly six years old. She rushed into the house one day all breathless with eager curiosity.

"Where did you get me from, Mother?" she asked with sparkling eyes.

"God made you," replied her mother.

The answer did not satisfy Elizabeth. She looked long and hard at her mother as if she expected more enlightenment. Presently she turned her curious gaze upon me, as much as to say that surely there was something more to be said, and I would say it.

But I had no word for her. I appeared to be interested in something to read, and tried not to look at her. The little child tiptoed over to me and stood by my chair until I was compelled to notice her. My eyes met hers, her eyes so bright, so clean, so honest, so unafraid.

"Daddy," she said, "Daddy, who made God?"

I told her I did not know. A perturbed look came over her innocent face, and she went thoughtfully back to her play.

In the very beginning of the awakening of the wonderful mind of the child, she had come to her parents for enlightenment upon two of the greatest mysteries of life, and we had failed her.

Never again did she ask either of us any question touching upon the mystery of life. She knew or surmised that we either did not know or would not tell. In either case, we had put ourselves in a despicable light, and lost that first and surest opportunity to establish an intimacy that would have impressed her profoundly and made us her confidants for life.

These young people are thinking a lot about sex. I am astounded to find that my girls are familiar with the adventures of the leading female lights of history from Cleopatra, Hypatia, and Theodora down to Marie Antoinette, Mary Stuart,

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Senator Charles Curtis, Leader of U. S. Senate, ever careful of his throat,

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

writes:

"Lucky Strikes do not affect the voice. I notice that most of my colleagues in the Senate now use them.

They do so, not only because they know that they are kind to the throat, but also because they give the greatest enjoyment."

Charles Curtis

You, too, will find that Lucky Strikes are mild and mellow—the finest cigarettes you ever smoked, made of the finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos, properly aged and blended with great skill, *and* there is an extra process—"It's toasted"—no harshness, not a bit of bite.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection

When in New York you are cordially invited to see how Lucky Strikes are made at our exhibit, corner Broadway and 45th Street.

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haven't given thought yet to the fact that some day they, too, will be old fogies in the eyes of a newer and even wiser generation.

But Elizabeth, like all of her type, misses one of the biggest facts of all: the fact that, after all, children owe something to their parents. A parent may be an ignorant and deceitful old fogy, but, after all, he is a parent struggling under the great economic and social burden of rearing dependent offspring. He must provide clothes, food, shelter, education, and certain social, spiritual, and recreational opportunities for his young.

In the great economic struggle to provide these things, he may not have the time to mix with the world and to keep pace with everything new under the sun, as his children do. But in every normal parent's heart is a great love for and appreciation of his children. His dream is to see them grow up into clean, straight, healthy, happy, dependable men and women.

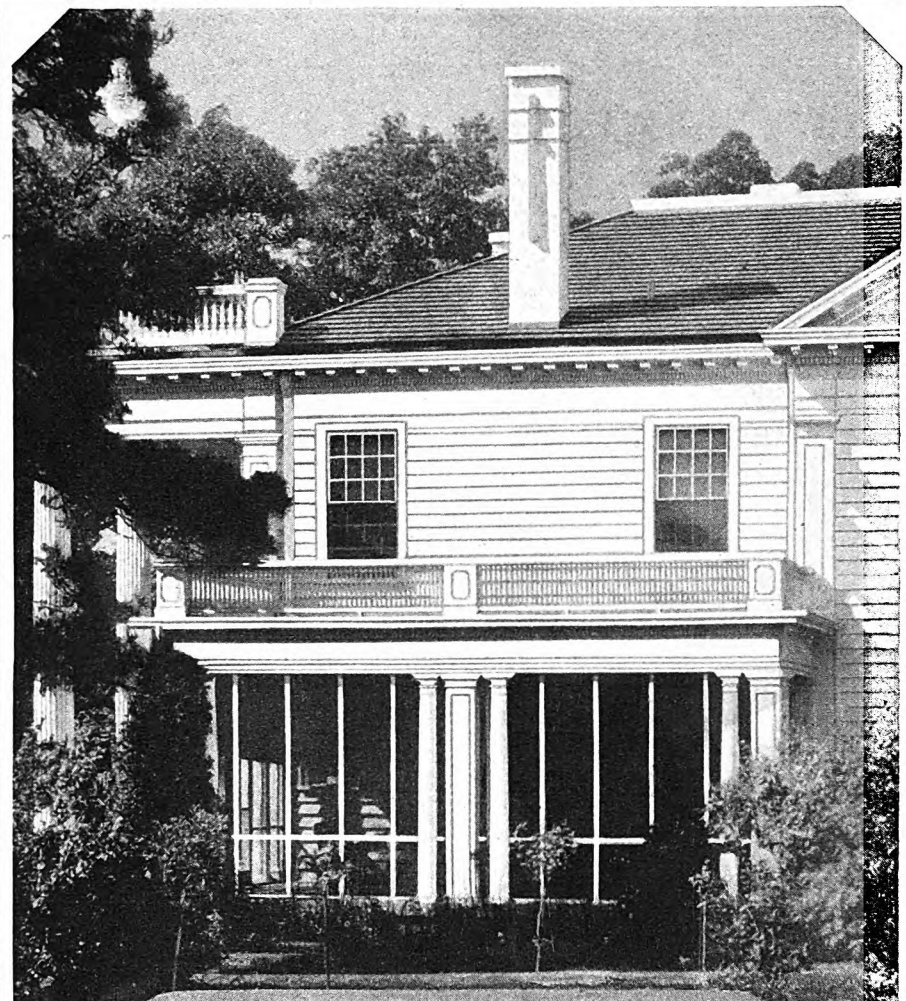
And if that parent doesn't know everything that his sophisticated young ones know, he does know one thing very well: he knows that the resources of this frail temple known as the human body must be conserved in youth if one is to be even moderately healthy, happy, and able to enjoy himself in middle life and old age. He grieves to see his children burning up their young lives in tumultuous recreations before they are old enough to recognize, appreciate, and enjoy life's greatest values.

I HOLD no brief for us parents. Everything the young folks say about us older folks is just about one hundred per cent true. But the big economic fact is that we pay the bills; we pay for the food, the clothing, the shelter, the finery of these young folks; the gas they burn and the good times they have. We pay for these things in cash earned by the sweat of our old-fogy brows, and we pay in tearful prayers and sleepless nights for their dissipations and their late hours, regardless of their harmlessness. And because we pay, we think we are entitled to a little more consideration than our children accord us. The only price they are demanded to pay for what they get out of life is parental obedience. I ask these youngsters to answer, in all fairness, if this is not, after all, a moderate price to pay?

The Ten Commandments recorded by Moses are very old and were made for a primitive people, but they represented at the time the sum total of the social wisdom of human kind after thousands of years of social experience. Human nature has not changed in ten thousand years; human nature is the same to-day as in Moses's time and the primary social needs and obligations are essentially not different.

In the Ten Commandments it was written: "Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." It is a commandment that we have come to ignore; maybe we have lost the best in the Bible by our eternal quibbling and quarreling over non-essential points of dogma and creed.

"Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." I



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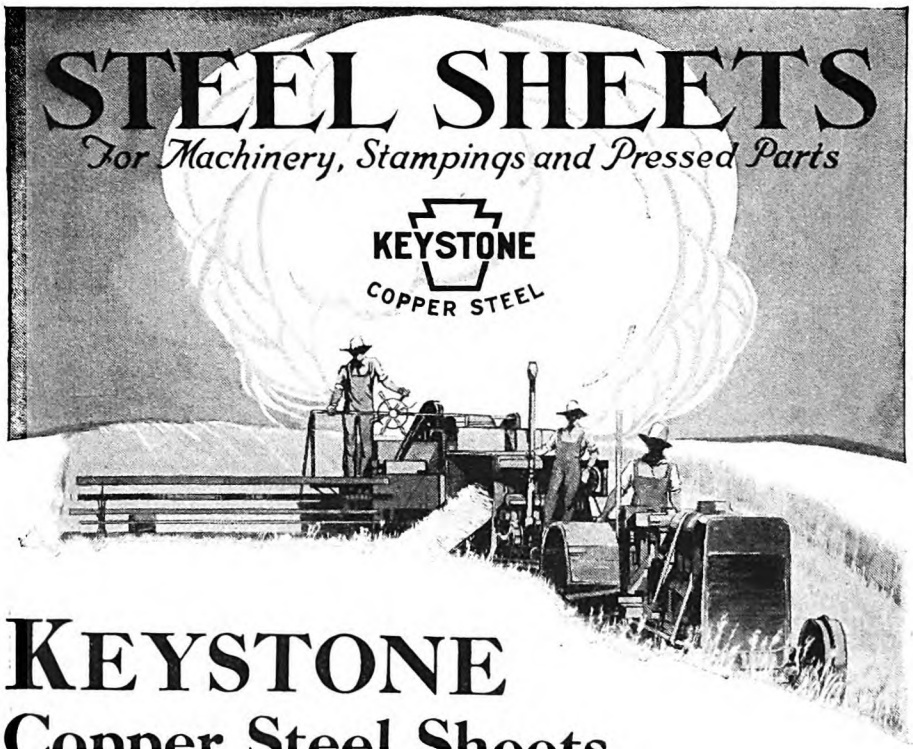

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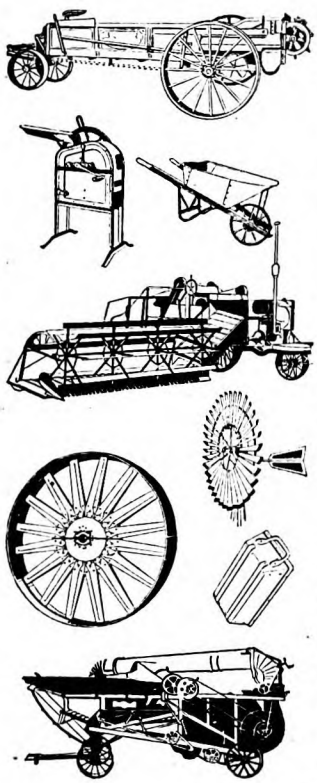

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ask the younger people, with all their vaunted worldly-wiseness, to study and analyze that precept by every rule of philosophy, scientific fact, and human experience at their command. Their days will be longer upon the earth if they will but honor their fathers and mothers more and pay more heed to parental admonition. We may not know so much as our children know, but we know a few things very well; we know because we, too, have lived.

But the child has rights which we parents must not ignore. First among these is the right to be heard and understood. When I was a kid, "talking back" to one's parents was an unpardonable offense. There was no argument; there was but one side to any question involving the child—the parent's side. The result was an inseparable barrier between parents and children which neither could overcome.

Our irrepressible younger generation is making this less possible to-day. We can't help guide our children's lives unless we really understand them—and real understanding comes only when barriers are gone.

NEXT month you will have the privilege of meeting the most interesting man in New Orleans—William Jennings Warrington. Living in the house dubbed "haunted" by old wives' tales, Warrington devotes all his time and money to one single purpose: He reaches out to salvage his fellow men—men who have stumbled by the wayside, young fellows temporarily down and out—and puts them on their feet. In fifty-three years over one hundred thousand men have passed through his home, and only two does he regret helping.

I Have the Most Useless Memory in the World

(*Continued from page 57*)

examination in Plane Geometry; and all I could think of was that those merry, carefree singers were having all that fun on the stage, oblivious of the angle A in the scalene triangle ABC. It didn't occur to me that night that perhaps Mr. Henry Clay Barnabee and Mr. Eugene Cowles and Mrs. Jessie Bartlett Davis probably didn't ever care much about triangles and rhomboids.

The simple melodies of to-day, as I have said, I cannot remember. But I can whistle every note of "The Washington Post," "The High School Cadets," "Liberty Bell," "King Cotton," and "The Directorate." And I can sing you the trombone part in "Manhattan Beach"—my favorite of the Sousa marches—that Arthur Pryor and two others used to step out in front of the band and play. I know "The Honeymoon March," and "Georgia Camp Meeting."

I know that coal and peat are of vegetable origin. Because when vertical writing came in—yes, I'm as young as that—a

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Yet that training enabled me to make certain suggestions to the firm I worked for which resulted in a trip to Washington with all expenses paid and a commission of $2,126. That alone paid for the training seventeen times over!

Since then I have followed thru with two other LaSalle courses; I am now on my fourth. And for two years past my earnings have been in excess of $11,000 a year.

I used to think you were too extravagant in your claims for LaSalle training. Now I honestly believe you are too conservative. Why don't you tell the full truth about what LaSalle can do and is doing to lift men out of the low-pay class and put them in command of the really important places in the business world?

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E. J. Dryden

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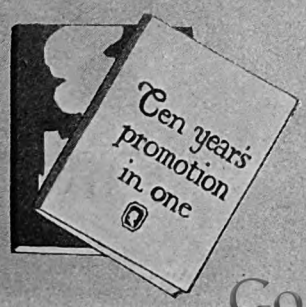

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statement to that effect was the first sentence in the copy book. I was a good penman, but so—in Room 15—were Bessie Knight and Hosmer Dorland and Paul Rutt and Eleanor Parker and George B. Carpenter—he wore a scarf pin in the form of an interrogation point—and Hester Ridlon and Elsie Neel, whose brothers were tennis champions, and Clarence Schofield, who didn't have to leave home until 8:58, because he lived right across the street from school. And I remember that Mr. Murray, the janitor, who chased us out of the basement when, every noon, we played Pom-Pom-Pete-away (we never called it Pullaway), had purple whiskers and I didn't know they were dyed. I remember how I used to time my departure from home so that I might walk behind Corinne Zimmerman, who at the age of eleven (hers and mine) seemed highly alluring, what with her red dress and her yellow hair; and how I walked behind her every day for three years, and never spoke to her.

I remember that I excelled at reading—that meant reading aloud. We read "The stag at eve had drunk his fill," and something about Lucy and little Ned, and something about Beth-Gelert or the Faithful Greyhound, and something about the overheated boy who drank ice-cold water and died therefrom; also a piece called "How to Render Impassioned Ideas." I read, as I say, excellently; and what is the result? I still read well, and so, no matter how tired I am, I have to read aloud to my wife until she is asleep. The only way I can tell whether she is asleep is to make up things not in the book. If she says, "That isn't there," I know she is still awake.

LAST year I took my first French lesson. Of what I learned last year I remember little. In 1895 I took my first German lesson, and I remember most of the German I learned thirty years ago, including that "remember" is a reflexive verb—*sich errineren*. If at that time I had learned French I might be adept now. But instead of French I took Vaudeville.

It was like this: German, in my first year at Armour Institute, came at 10 A. M., French at 2 P. M. You had to choose one of them, so I picked German. I wonder whether Miss Rosa C. Lang, my excellent German teacher, ever knew that I chose her course so that I might have the afternoon free to attend the Olympic Theatre's show of Continuous Variety, which began at 12:30 P. M., and that if we—Lee Frank, Horace Witt Stevenson and I—hurried down-town right after the Algebra class, we could arrive at the theatre in time for the opening. By staying until six we could see the whole show; and parts of it three times, for the so-called supper show acts would go on from 12:30 to 1:45, repeat, and then go on again, after the star show ended, at about 4:45. It was in the supper show that I used to see a brother team tear paper into fancy shapes, to the tune of "Alice, Where art Thou?" It was there I heard a brother Song and Dance Duo sing:

"You lie! I saw you turn that ace!
A smashing blow right in the face,
A pistol shot (*Bang!*) and death's disgrace—
Was in that pack of cards."

And it was there I heard a tenor sing "She's More to Be Pitied Than Censured," like this:

"Atta the yole consoit hall on the Bowery,
Round a tabil were-a seatid one-a night-a,
A crowd of young-a fellows ca-rousing,
With them life seemed cheerfill and-a bright-a."

Hundreds of other songs I heard, too. I can sing them when requested; and not infrequently I oblige when requested not to. The only persons I know who can beat me at this feat of useless memory—who can remember more songs of those days than I—are Irene Franklin and Mrs. Rex Beach, who is Fred Stone's sister-in-law.

I cannot truthfully say that what I remember of Mathematics has been of no use. I studied a lot of mathematics, and I was the best student in the class. Look, if you doubt it, at the records of Armour Institute, 1895-99. I went all through Algebra, all the Geometries, including Analytic, and the Trigonometries. And I never used any of it—that is, in a demonstrable way—until I found myself in a game of rotation pool twenty-five years after I learned Arithmetical Progression. In rotation pool, the balls are numbered "1" to "15" and the player amassing balls with the largest total wins. The other players would add laboriously on the backs of envelopes. But it took me only a second, remembering the formula

$$s=\frac{n}{2}(a+l)$$

s meaning the sum, *n* the number of balls, *a* the first number in the series, and *l* the last. Therefore:

$$S=\frac{15}{2}(1+15)=\frac{15}{2}\times 16=120$$

So, if there were only two players, one of them needed 61 points to win.

After I left college I embarked in the fire insurance business. What I remember of that—I was a supply clerk—is the name of the expressman who called for the packages I wrapped. It was Rueckheiser. He looked at the first package I wrapped, looked at me, unwrapped the package, and retied it. "Do it like this hereafter," he said. It was a kindly way of treating a cocky college boy. I hope he is now president of an express company.

I HAVE seen many confessions of writers, telling how it happened they were driven to their high calling, how they Saw Visions, or Dreamed Dreams, or Felt the Urge. I remember exactly what got me into writing—a job, by the way, I dislike less than any other way of making a living.

No longer a supply clerk, I had advanced to bill collector and insurance solicitor. My hero at that time (1901) was George Ade, and I may add that in that respect I haven't changed a bit. Why should I not ask him, I thought, whether he wanted a policy—a policy covering his personal belongings—apparel, books, and so forth?

So one morning—February 22d, 1901, in round numbers—I called at the Chicago Athletic Club and asked for Mr. Ade. Mr. Ade was in the dining-room having breakfast, and wouldn't I come right in? *Breakfast* at 11:30 A. M.! I had been accustomed to the immutable rule that if anybody wasn't at the table at eight o'clock, there wouldn't be any breakfast. But I went into the dining-room, and, sure enough, there was Mr.

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George Ade, well dressed and handsome, having what was undeniably breakfast. This was Washington's Birthday, 1901, remember, when Fruits Out of Season was just a phrase from a fairy tale; and there was Mr. George Ade, a *writer*, having strawberries for 11:30 breakfast in February!

"Would you like a policy on your belongings?" I asked. I thought to myself that the worst that could happen would be for him to say, "No, confound your impudence, you young whippersnapper!"

"Sure," he said. And he asked me how much it would cost for $500 insurance and I told him $3.75 a year, so he told me to send the policy to him in North Carolina, where he was taking John McCutcheon that very day, as John was ill. I walked out, and traveled on air to the office and had Policy No. 620720 of the Transatlantic Fire Insurance Company of Hamburg issued to him. That is the kind of thing I remember, and if you doubt it, look up the insurance records.

AS THE result of this experience, I resolved that I was wasting my time writing fire insurance policies. No February strawberries for me at that job. So I decided to become a writer, and if I haven't yet come to the affluence where I have strawberries for breakfast, even in June, it isn't Mr. Ade's fault. He didn't advise me to quit the insurance business to write pieces for a living.

I could add forever to the list of useless things I remember. I don't know, for example, how many people attended the Sesquicentennial altogether, or on its biggest day. But on October 9th, 1893, Chicago Day, the paid attendance at the World's Columbian Exposition was 716,881. I don't remember who was the Sesqui's president; but the president of the Chicago World's Fair was Harlow N. Higinbotham.

The number of my automobile or the license number to-day I don't know; but I remember every detail of the Barnes White Flyer I—and Eddie Bald, the racer—used to ride. I remember that its crank hanger and sprocket were made of one piece of steel, that it had a Garford saddle, that it was geared to 72 and had Morgan and Wright Tires (double tube, as opposed to Dunlop single). The Sterling Bicycle was Built Like a Watch, and you were asked to Ride a Monarch and Keep in Front.

I can remember thousands of unimportant things. The only important thing I can remember is that the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE asked me to write this piece. I'm going to send it to him, too.

That is, if I can remember his address!

A WHOLE industry was in danger of collapse when Edward E. Shumaker made a suggestion that put it on its feet. Next month, in "His Questions Were Hindside-'fore, But He Got His Answers Straight," you will read the story of this Pennsylvania-Dutch lad whose habit of asking twisted questions wrought a business miracle, and brought him to the head of the big organization in which he started as a combination stenographer-errand boy.

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Its special Resinol properties make it singularly refreshing and protective to the skin.

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The American Magazine's Directory of Schools

(Continued from pages 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9)

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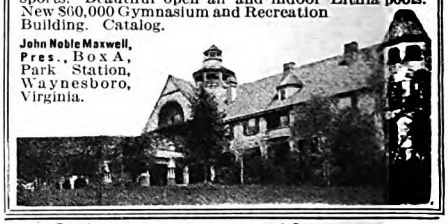

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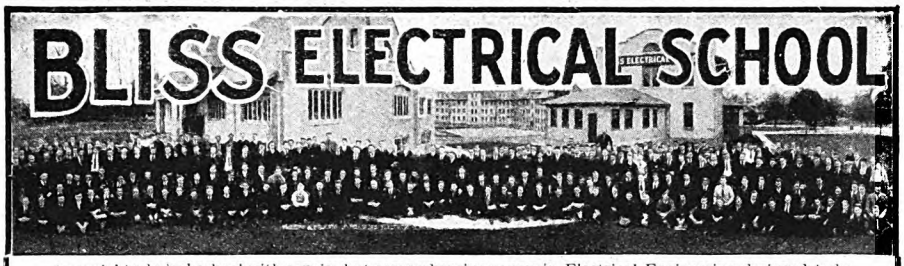

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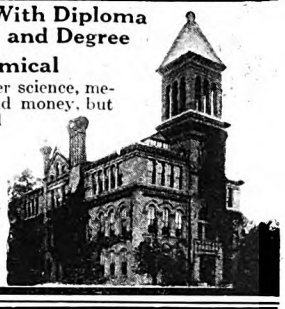

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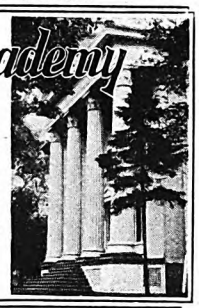

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Helga

(*Continued from page 23*)

her so. He began awkwardly to help her shell the peas, making small, commonplace remarks as he did so.

And, one other day, Anna and Hilda had boys there on a Sunday afternoon and there was a good deal of pleasant nonsense. Nonsense that ate into loneliness.

"Helga, I wish I had a drink from the spring," her father put in once, and she went, in grateful relief, on the quarter-mile walk to the spring. Grateful to be gone—but not admitting that her father had understood the necessity of her getting away.

Toward midsummer, when a sort of drawn, proud look had come about Helga's mouth, Emanuel Lind said to his wife, "Anna, we'll have to do something about Helga."

"She does look peaked," she admitted, troubled.

"It's more'n her body," Emanuel Lind said. "She's got to be made to think about something besides *him!*"

Helga *had* lost something that summer, some deep welling joy in life that had always been hers. Her eyes too nearly matched Emil's somber eyes, and Carl ran wild with no remonstrance from her. She went off sometimes to the woods, unable to meet folks' eyes. But she could never get away from herself. Not even the call of an ovenbird in flight could pierce her numbness. And the woods mocked her, talked to her constantly of him. "I can't go back there, to the house," she would say over and over. But of course she had to go back.

THERE came a day when her father found her alone in the woodshed. He was a man of few words, but something now forced difficult words out of him.

"Helga, I wish you wouldn't feel so bad. He wasn't worth it!"

Helga turned on him, her wet hands behind her on the edge of the tub, her calmness gone, her gray eyes blazing.

"He *was* worth it! He was! If it hadn't been for you—you always hated him! You've killed Mother, and now you want to kill me, too! You aren't satisfied to wear us out on these old stony fields; you took Mother away from the land and the folks she loved, and now you've hated *him* till he's gone! And *I* hate *you! I hate you!*"

Emanuel Lind seemed to grow old and shrunken as she spoke. It was the more terrible because she was always so even of speech and manner.

"Helga," he faltered, "you don't know what you're saying!"

"I know, I know well enough! You've begrudged us everything—always! School and good times and money! You've been bound to stay here on the farm, and you know Emil can't stand it—nor Mother, either! But you had to buy more cows—and the pine lot! You've had to stay here—no matter what happened or who suffered!"

"Helga!" he said. He was very old now. Very old. His hopeful Norwegian eyes were dreary. His hands on the barrel of chicken feed shook. But in his voice was a queer, commanding power. "Helga! Stop!" he said. Then he went into the house.

Helga had a strange feeling of having broken all the laws of her race, and as she bent again to the tub she felt shaken as she had not in months. But she was glad she had spoken—glad!

TWO days later—it was November now and the Hollow road was muddy and frozen—her father came in from shipping apples and said, as he hung his shabby mackinaw behind the door, "Old Mr. Niles is giving up the route. I saw a notice posted in the office that there was going to be an examination for a new carrier." His voice had significance, but he said no more till at the supper table. Even then it was not direct.

"Well, Carl, how'd you like to be the R. F. D. man on this route?" he asked, with, for him, unusual lightness.

"What'd you mean?"

"Well, old Niles is quitting, and there's an examination next month," he said.

Though he seemed not to see her, he did see the longing leap into Helga's eyes, a longing to get away from her folks' pity and understanding, from Anna's teasing, from the sight of those fine unfinished clothes. Carl grinned at her.

"You take it," he said, as if he had the giving. "You were wanting a job!"

"I guess it's just for men."

But, three days later, her father said, "I asked 'Dolph Bennett, and he says women can be mail carriers."

Helga looked 'round at him, startled. But she said nothing.

That night Mrs. Lind said to her husband: "Are you crazy, Emanuel? Helga couldn't stand that work!"

"Work won't hurt her," he answered slowly. "She looks awful peaked, Anna!"

"Yes; but that'd be too hard. I won't listen to it!"

"It would get her out," he said, a little stubbornly. "She's got to get out and see folks." It was as if he had been thinking about it in his slow way for a long time, and had made up his mind. "I know you need her here, Anna; but she's got to get away!"

Mrs. Lind made Helga think they needed the money. "The trees won't bring so much for a year or two," she said. Helga tried the examination late in December. 'Dolph Bennett, the postmaster, discouraged her.

"It's no job for a woman," he objected.

But she went ahead, and came out first on the list.

"'Dolph Bennett can appoint any out of the first three," she said at home. "I don't believe he wants me to have it."

It seemed he didn't. He appointed Ed Matthews. Emanuel Lind went to him about it, spoke of it in his slow, good-natured way, though he disliked 'Dolph Bennett and hated to seem to ask favors.

"Seems like you just pick favorites, eh?" he said.

'Dolph Bennett laughed. "Oh, it's no kind of a job for a woman," he said. "Helga's smart enough all right; but you

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need to be tough more'n you need to be educated in this job. She's not used to getting out every day—twenty-eight below or ninety-eight above—like the Route Three man has to! That's a hard route, with no paving in there yet."

Emanuel Lind said no more. But he remembered one time when he had been sick during a terrible blizzard that snowed them in, and Helga and Carl had dug a tunnel to the barn so that they could tend to the stock. And walking into town to school, year in, year out, four miles each way—oh, Helga was tough enough! He couldn't, of course, tell 'Dolph Bennett why it was so important for Helga to have the route. But sometimes, long after Sweden Hollow slept, he lay awake, his hands clenched till the nails cut, and thought of Rell Stannard and the broken look in Helga's eyes.

Along in March, Ed Matthews had a sudden notion to go to Florida to sell real estate. Emanuel Lind took occasion to go to the office one day.

"Well, going to give my girl Helga a chance now?" he asked.

'Dolph Bennett looked embarrassed; but his voice was a little sharp.

"Oh, she doesn't want that job!" he said. "She'd just get so she knew the business and then she'd up and get married. Going to recommend Judd Bates."

Lind began to know it was personal then. And he knew why. It was his field of pine trees. 'Dolph Bennett wanted that field. He wouldn't be in office much longer, like as not, and he'd want that little stretch of land for Christmas trees himself. It was near a little house he owned.

So bluff Judd Bates got Route Three. Folks didn't like him much, either. He never had a stamp handy, and he was never ready to do a favor. Old Mr. Niles had always been good that way.

When rumors went 'round that Judd's wife was sick and wanted to get back East to her folks, Lind went the third time to the postmaster.

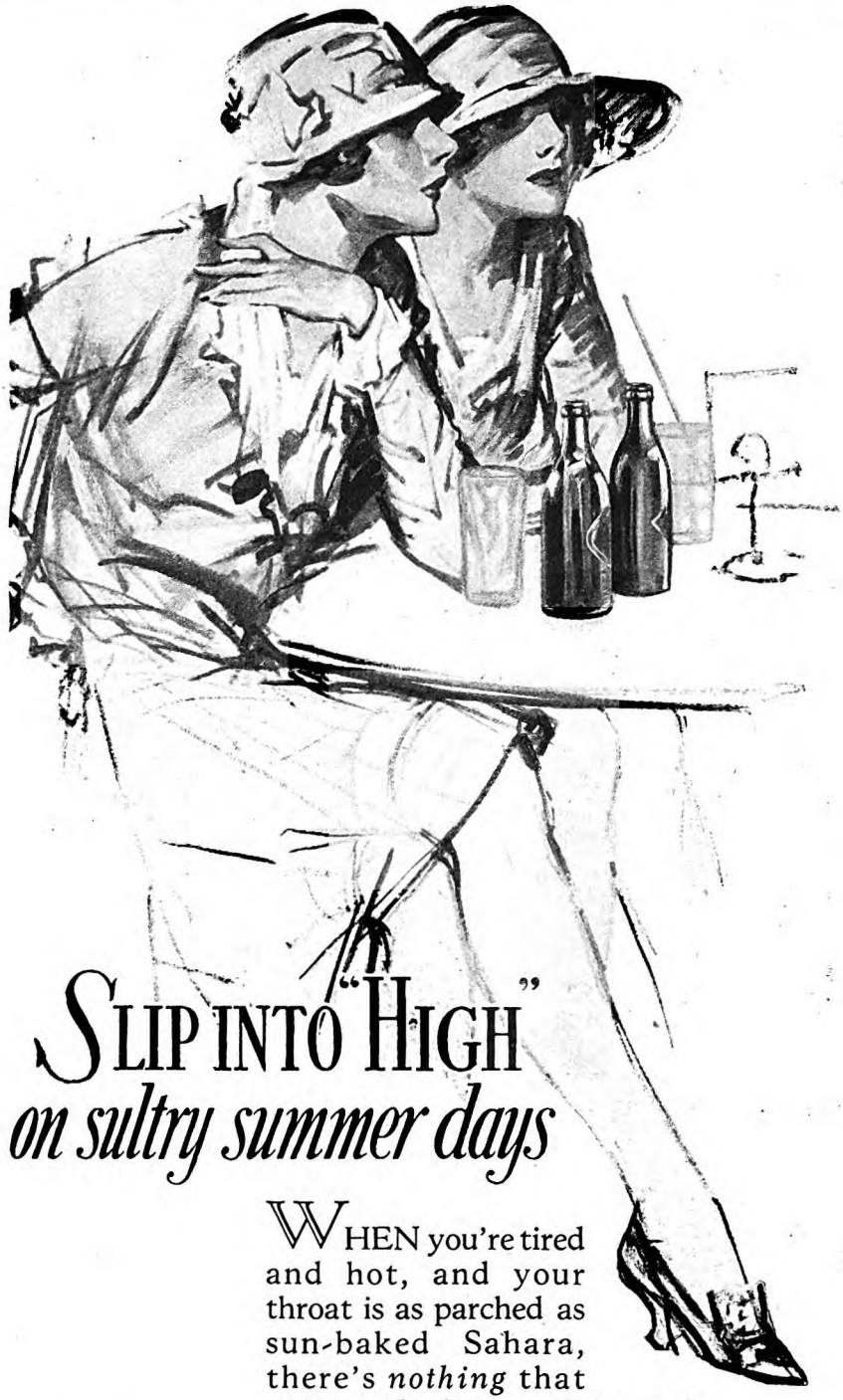
"Wish you'd see clear to give Helga a try," he said. "We find it pretty tough pulling, Mr. Bennett!"

'Dolph Bennett looked at him a little unfriendlily.

"Well—you didn't see fit to let me have that land!" he said.

EMANUEL LIND went home, sick at heart. He had been counting so long now on those pines. They meant a future comfort that he longed to give his family. Anna needed clothes so badly, and they all needed a let-up from the terrible grind of forcing their living from the rocks. But, whenever he stopped thinking of that side of it, he would remember anew Helga's eyes, accusing, sick with misery, and hurt, would run through him like fire. Helga couldn't wait for trees to grow up!

Still, on his way home, he drew up by the side of the road near his place, took a short-cut across a lot still white with March-swept snows, and came to his field of little pine trees. Their green-black boughs, edged with white against the slant of the snowy hill, seemed to reproach him, seemed to say something to him that brought a hard lump to his throat, a cutting feeling at his heart. He held his hat in his hands and his lined face twisted. Words of affection welled up in



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him but did not pass his lips, unused to easy expression. After a long time he turned, rubbed the sleeve of his jacket across his eyes, went down the hill.

"Anna," he said to his wife that night, "I know how I can get Helga the job."

"You do?"

"Yes. Sell the pine lot. Bennett still wants it."

"Emanuel!"

"I know—I know, Anna! Seem's like I can't; but Helga's got to get better—somehow!"

"But maybe that wouldn't do it."

"I know; I've thought of that. But I think it would. Feel as if I have to try, Anna! She's tried to be just like always. She's been a good girl, a real comfort to us. I can't stand this much more, Anna!"

He rode back to town after supper and said to 'Dolph Bennett, "Do you still want that pine lot?"

TWO weeks later Helga drove home from her first day on Route Three, under a soft April sky. There was a curious look in her eyes—something different. Her eyes would never be young, really young, again; but she was, nevertheless, more like a girl than she had been in months.

"Where's Father?" Helga asked at once. Mrs. Lind looked 'round, startled, at some new quality in Helga's voice.

"His cold got worse. He's on the couch, said he didn't want any supper. Carl! John! Supper!"

They came trooping. But when she saw her father under the old red comforter, Helga said nothing to him.

"Len get a letter from Sally Davis today?" Anna demanded. "She writes him every afternoon in school!"

"How's the mud up by the Wheelers'? Jib said old Deacon Pritchard got stuck there yesterday, up over the hubs," put in John. "He cussed like everything!"

"Did Ed Vickery give you that fish line he promised to send up to me?" That was Carl.

Helga laughed. It was so long since they had heard that mellow, pleasant sound, that for an instant everyone looked startled. Emanuel Lind's worn face took on a strange contentment in the shadows.

"Yes, Ed sent the fish line!" she answered Carl. "It's in my coat pocket. And I 'most got stuck up by Wheelers'." She gave an appreciative chuckle of remembrance. "Guess Grandma Wheeler'd be glad to have that mud stay there! She gets lots of chances for gossip now; she came down to tell me a lot about her daughter-in-law. Elsie washes sometimes on *Tuesdays*—imagine that! And she was going to let housecleaning go right by without washing her feather beds! Think of it! And she goes to town to parties, and doesn't get in till all hours—and she a married woman with a baby!"

From the couch Emanuel Lind's slow, hoarse laugh came.

"And Sary Overhiser's going to have a new printed crêpe! I made out the money order. Judd wouldn't—called it folderol."

THE content in the tired blue eyes of Emanuel Lind deepened.

Helga turned suddenly to Carl.

"Carl—I heard up at Pomeroy's you'd been fighting again!"

"Aw!" he began, and reddened. But she was smiling, her old, half-tender, half-reproachful smile.

"Don't know as I blame you this time," she said. "But what do you care if he did steal your arbutus patch? I know another; and it's where he'll never find it, either!"

When she got up from the table she lifted thin Emil quickly in her arms.

"Got a brand-new story for you!" she said, and bore him off to the kitchen.

Yes, she was different, like the old Helga of a year ago; but even more than that Helga—more understanding even, dearer.

It was later, at bedtime, that Emanuel Lind said he guessed he'd "stay down there by the fire for a while," and the rest all trooped up to bed. All but Helga.

"I'm going to make Father some hot ginger tea," she told her mother.

When she brought it, she was strangely embarrassed. But it was not her way, nor his, to beat about the bush.

"You were right about the Route," she said—her voice low. His tired eyes came to hers with a surprised, quiet glow. But he did not answer.

"Not—not about *him;* but this will make it all right—after a while. I needed it; I guess I needed it terribly!"

Still he did not answer.

"Drink this. I guess you can stand it. It'll warm you up." Then, abruptly, with red coming out in hot splashes on her cheek bones, "'Dolph Bennett told me about the pine lot!"

For an instant they were still—she standing there, with the empty cup, he, on the couch. And the stillness seemed to enter into them, seemed to melt away that wall of antagonism that had grown through the years. Then, with a strange, blind movement, Helga put the cup down clatteringly on a chair, and fell on her knees by the old couch.

"Father!" she sobbed. "Oh—*Father!*" Hard tears, held back for months, came scaldingly. Her strong youth seemed suddenly weak childhood clinging to its father's might. His gnarled hand touched her bright braids gently.

"There, Helga!" was all he said. "There, Helga!"

Presently she rose, pulled her arm across her eyes.

"You'd better stay down here. I'll get another quilt!" was all she said. But as she spread out the quilt, she bent with a swift passion of remorse and love and kissed his lined cheek.

AFTER studying more than one hundred geniuses from the cradle to the grave, Dr. Catherine M. Cox is well qualified to speak on the subject of genius—what it is, what it is not, and how to recognize it when you meet it. Next month, in "Have You a Budding Genius in Your Home?" Doctor Cox speaks of the basic traits and characteristics of the geniuses she has studied, shows you their mental workings, and explains the reasons for their greatness. This article will be of tremendous value to people who have dealings with children; it will also give all who read it a line on themselves.

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It Took Gary 43 Years to Beat the Family Luck

(*Continued from page 37*)

Companies, of Kansas City, Missouri, regarded as the largest physical consolidation of telephone properties up to 1922.

And the rise of Gary, I was to discover, a rise that had its beginning in a vision which did not take form until the man was past forty years old, is inseparably linked with his character, as revealed, in part, by those three anecdotes I have retold. A former farmhand and mover of buildings, Gary built on old-fashioned foundation rocks: Honor, confidence in his fellow men, and action of the kind that gets "things done yesterday!"

Furthermore, he built when many another would have folded his hands in passive, bitter resignation to a seemingly inevitable destiny to fail! It took Gary forty-three years to beat failure!

GARY'S forbears were Irish. Ireland's troubles and family misfortunes drove them in exile to Metz, and finally to America. George Gary, his father, grew to manhood in Ohio, a farmer and a house mover. Folks called him the "unluckiest man in thirteen counties."

Every epidemic that threatened live stock invariably visited the Gary farm first. George Gary's chickens and hogs died of the cholera, while glanders killed his horses. If he bought a cow, it went dry. Weather and pests ruined his crops. And when, after years of patient, uncomplaining struggle, George Gary had laid aside sufficient to build himself a home for his declining years, a flaw in the title caused him to lose everything.

It was regarded as "Gary luck" that Theodore, eldest child in a family that was to grow to ten, was born on a Friday, and that Friday the 13th of May.

He was an enormous boy. When five, he could carry a full pail of milk. When ten, he was doing a man's work. He learned to cradle and bind wheat by hand; to reset iron tires on wagon wheels; to hew a water trough from a raw log. And, from gentle, patient, unlucky George Gary, he learned to face life.

The family moved, in Theodore's thirteenth year, from Ohio to Cole County, Missouri. Later they moved into Morgan County, and then to Pettis County, in the same state, settling on the outskirts of Sedalia. These moves were forced—an effort to leave behind the specter of ill luck that haunted the Gary household. But the ghost went along.

In this atmosphere, then, of things constantly going wrong, of actual need always, of grubbing for a bare living, Theodore Gary was reared, tasting life in the raw and relishing it. Sons of better-off parents had time for school, some few for college. But not young Gary. He was needed in the fields and as the partner of his father in the building and moving business. Eighteen weeks in a country school were to make the sum-total of his educational equipment for life. Yet, to-day, Theodore Gary is an educated man, the president of a public library which he helped to found, and a student engaged in extensive prehistoric research.

But don't, by any means, picture Gary as a young man with a grouch, in those days. He was popular. He shone at the country dances. He was known as the "politest young fellow in town," and as a smart farmhand. Indeed, Gary's recollections of his youth are tinged with humor.

Listen to this story of what was probably his first big ambition: He loved music, and he secretly resolved to become a musician. To this end, he hunted up the master of the Sedalia brass band—a plump, serious little German—and confided in him.

"Ach, I've no blace for you," said the bandmaster, "except der pass drum. Any poy could peat dot."

Gary insisted he was willing to begin with the bass drum. To add weight to his appeal, he offered to pay five dollars in gold, in advance, for lessons on the drum. The gold piece won the decision.

Nightly for a week, far into the night, Gary practiced faithfully. Saturday night, when he took his place with the band for its weekly practice, he flattered himself that he was an expert drummer. As luck would have it too, the bandmaster opened with Gary's favorite piece.

"Boom-boomty-boom," thumped Gary.

A look of agony came into the bandmaster's face.

"Boom-boom-*boom!*" banged the recruit, louder than before, but three beats out of time.

The bandmaster threw up his hands. The band stopped, all but the big drum. Intent upon his music, Gary was still banging zestfully away.

"Stop!" shouted the bandmaster, above the resounding "booms." "I say, it's enough!"

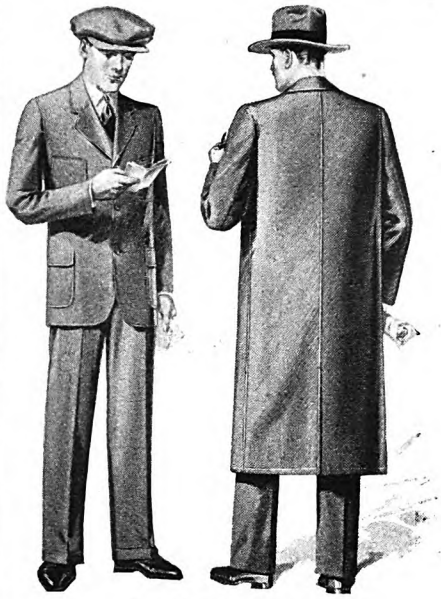
The thundering of the drum abruptly ceased. The bandmaster, looking desperate, fished hurriedly into his pocket and produced Gary's gold piece.

"Take it pack," he said miserably. "Much as I need it, take pack your money! You'll never learn to peat dot drum in fifty years."

Thereafter, relates Mr. Gary, he confined himself to farming and to the side-line business of house moving.

AT NINETEEN, he was in that position to which thousands at some time come—discontented with what he was doing, but seeing nothing better to do. He had no definite plan, no visible goal. Big, husky, able, and willing, he fretted to "get on," but didn't know how.

One night, on his way to collect a moving bill, he made a mental inventory as he walked along. He had saved one thousand dollars, but it was all tied up in house-moving equipment. He fretted because moving work was seasonal and occupied him only one hundred days of the year. The remainder of the year had to be put in doing odd jobs, to make ends meet. And, he reasoned, no odd-job man ever got beyond odd jobs.



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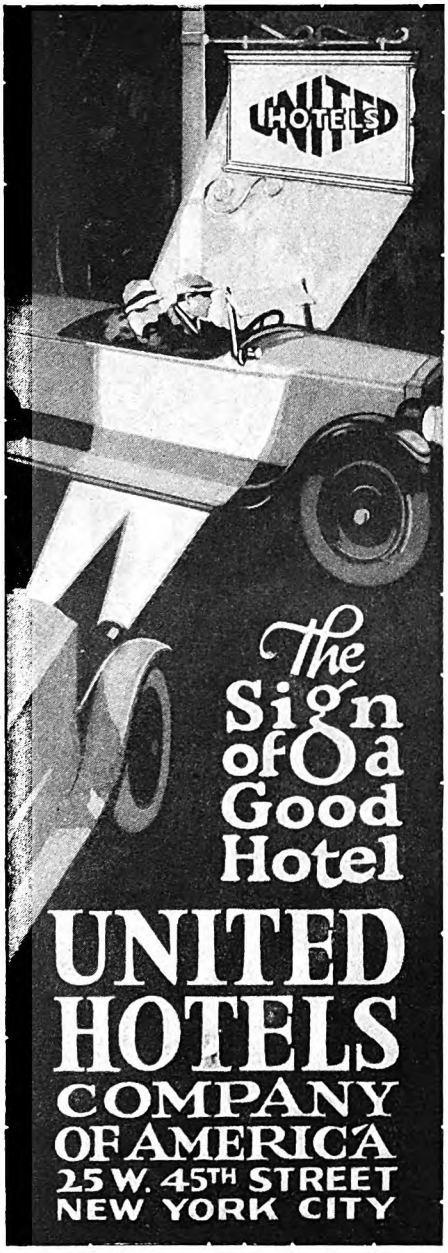

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"If only I could talk to somebody!" thought Gary.

And then he arrived at his destination, a brightly lighted hall where it happened that General Benjamin M. Prentiss was addressing Sedalia's young men on the time-worn but ever-new subject of how to get along in the world.

Gary drew the doorkeeper aside. The man whose bill he had to collect was in the hall.

"I don't want to hear the speech," Gary assured the doorman. "All I want is to get my money from this man. It won't take me more than two minutes."

"Sure," agreed the doorman. "I'll trust you. Go ahead."

Tiptoeing down the aisle toward his debtor, Gary heard General Prentiss thunder:

"The only way for a young man to get ahead in this world is to rub up against big men. He should meet them, talk to them, not be afraid to get right up against them. Big men are—"

Gary lost the next. He was leaning over and whispering about the bill. That settled, he started to tiptoe out.

"The average man," went on the general, "doesn't think thirty minutes in his whole lifetime. Take yourself. Every man here knows how to harness a horse, and I'll wager that each of you knows only one way, the way you first learned. For years you've been putting the harness onto the horse in the same old way. You've never bothered to think of a better, quicker way."

"That's right!" Gary muttered, and paused in the doorway. The talk struck home to him. He wanted to hear more of it. That stuff about big men, now; he had never thought of that. He had always been afraid of "big" men.

Again the general: "Most men don't use fifteen per cent of their brain capacity. Instead, they use other men's brains. They let the other chap do their thinking for them. Once more, take yourself—"

Young Gary hadn't fifty cents in his pocket and, mindful of his promise to the doorman, he slipped out into the night air—regretfully. A spark, ignited by chance, was smoldering in that unused eighty-five per cent of his brain!

Walking homeward he pondered, "I've been honest. I've worked hard. Yet I've got nowhere. Prentiss must be right. I need to rub up against big men."

THE question was, where and how was he to meet these big men? One didn't bump into them on every corner in Sedalia. However, to that problem he resolved to apply Prentiss's second admonition—to think. For the first time in his life he began seriously, intelligently, deliberately to exercise his brain beyond the needs of his immediate business.

A few weeks later, in the process of "looking around," Gary made the acquaintance of a newcomer in town. The stranger was prosperous looking and he was an excellent talker. His specialty was lightning rods. Every owner of a house and a barn in Missouri, the stranger pointed out, was a prospective lightning-rod buyer. Why not go into partnership with him, and clean up?

Ready to jump at anything that would bring him into contact with men bigger than himself, Gary took the partnership solely on the other's word. The two began to sell lightning rods, and without difficulty. Whatever a customer demanded, Gary's partner immediately promised would be done, until he had plastered Sedalia and all the country about with promises. Then on a convenient night, with the advance proceeds of their sales in his pocket, the glib lightning-rod agent vanished from Sedalia. Gary was left "holding the bag."

"The Gary luck," said friends, and shook their heads. Gary wondered, as he faced the storm. The lightning-rod customers descended on him, demanding their money, or their rods. He had but recently married, and a child was expected. All that he had been able to save was laid aside to provide for that event. Additional to that small sum, all that he possessed was his moving outfit.

In this crisis I don't think that the man hesitated so much as a moment. Promises had been made; contracts entered. There was only one road ahead, in Gary's eyes—to satisfy those injured customers. That character George Gary had passed along to his son. Young Gary *knew* no other road.

He drew the savings from the bank. He sold the moving outfit. Every cent that he had went to cancel the claims. Deprived of the means of pursuing his trade, he went back to odd jobs, to work by the day on farms, to earn something upon which he and his wife could live. But he had learned a second lesson that henceforth was to guide his every move—to investigate prior to action.

"FULLY half of the business failures," says Mr. Gary to-day, "are due to men not having confidence in other men. Lack of confidence far outweighs misplaced confidence.

"But the main fault goes beyond that: The time to doubt a man, whether he be an employee or a partner, is *before* you tie up with him. If you doubt at all, don't tie up. Settle the matter of confidence first. Be *sure* it is settled. Then, satisfied about the man, go ahead with him.

"In my business, my associates are as much a part of it as I am. They have the same interest in it. How can I expect them to rely on me in my work if I don't rely on them in their work? And I do rely on them. When I know a thing is to be done by them, I immediately dismiss it from my mind. But each of my men had won my confidence *before* he became associated with me."

From his experience with the lightning-rod agent, Gary evolved a working principle from which he has never deviated: Investigation, complete assurance in advance; and thereafter—but only thereafter—the giving of that complete trust which was his nature; this rule became his shibboleth. Mark it as we go on. The rule, a product of misfortune, was to help make the man.

He was twenty-four now. Still "looking around," he had made some study of the state of Missouri. The town of Macon and the country about attracted him. There were coal fields and railroads, as well as good farms. Big industry in this section would mean the presence of big men. His child had died. His wife was ailing. With her and a stick or two of household goods, he moved to Macon.

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First he did odd jobs, whatever he could get, saving every spare penny; and studying every spare minute. He studied the men of Macon. He studied the mines, the railroads, the outlying farms; the history of the town itself, its values and its growth. He wanted to know Macon as no other of his years knew it. He taught himself to like what he had no apparent taste for—books. He saw the need of education, which he lacked.

His wife died. His mother died. The "Gary luck" perhaps. Unbeaten, he bought his father's moving outfit, transplanted it to Macon, and once more had a trade. This trade took him afield, and he found farms awaiting buyers, and buyers awaiting farms. He rented a little office and hung out a sign, "Theodore Gary, Real Estate."

Then, to aid his real estate business, he took the information he had gathered about Macon County—from farmers, from tradesmen, from men in the mines and on the railroads—and put it in "The Handbook of Macon County." Substantial citizens read the book and learned facts of their community they had not known. They began to rub elbows with Gary.

"YES, we have all the book says; but there's one thing we haven't," said Gary. "We need a building and loan association that will help folks to own their homes. It's too hard for a poor man to borrow money."

The citizens expressed interest. "That isn't enough," said Gary. "Such an association needs financial backers."

Shortly the backers were assembled. To Gary's surprise, and despite his protest that he was uneducated and without means, they made him secretary of the new association. Unable to make his own bond, business men of Macon signed it for him. They had heard the story of the lightning rods. They were ready to trust such a man with their money. They had him draw up rules for the association.

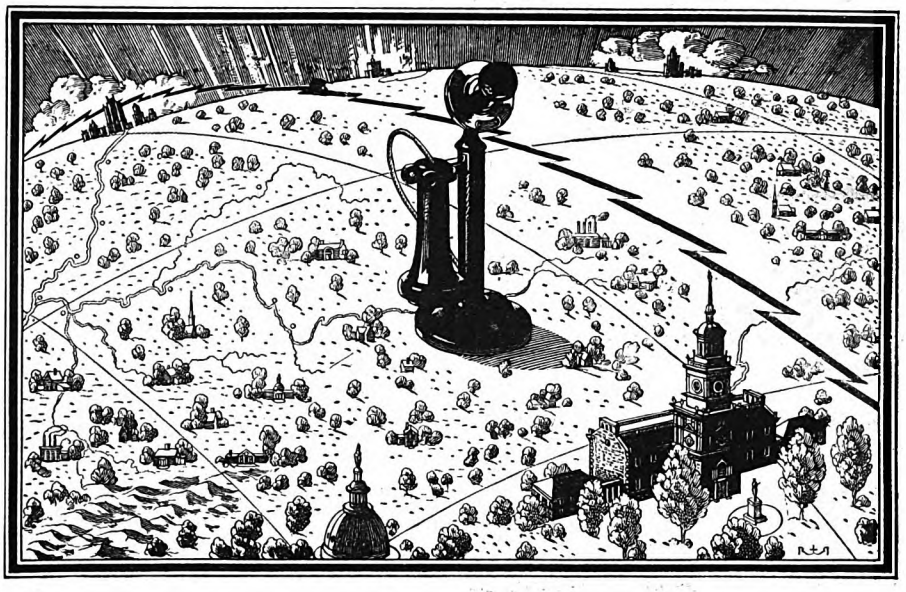
The rules completed, the directors met to adopt them. One scratched his head over a clause. "Don't you think," he asked, "that you are making it too easy here for folks to get out of this venture? Are you tying them up tight enough?"

"I purposely made it easy to get out," said Gary. "That's so nobody will *want* to get out."

They adopted his rules. That was in 1885. Twenty years later, when the State of Missouri enacted its building and loan association law, its plan varied only slightly from Gary's.

Three years went by. To real estate, Gary had added investments. He was beginning to meet the heads of industries and of banks. His office was handling some fairly important transactions in the industrial field, and he was beginning to be known for his intimate knowledge of the state. The larger town of Chillicothe had summoned him to organize a building and loan association there.

That year, 1888, while talking to a meeting of strikers, Thomas Wardell, one of the largest coal mine operators in Missouri, was shot and killed. Wardell's death necessitated the liquidation and sale of his extensive holdings, including mining properties in Macon County. It was no surprise to Macon when Theodore



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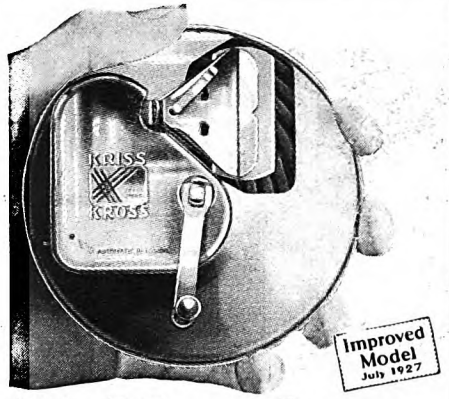

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Gary was named for the Macon end of the task. To Gary, this job came as his first big chance.

Gary took those properties, for which Wardell had paid sixty thousand dollars and sold them for a cool four hundred thousand dollars. How he did it is typical of the methods that years later were to bring fame to Theodore Gary and Company. First, let me picture for you the man as he was in those days—six feet or more in height and weighing over two hundred. He was frankly spoken, noted for his courtesy, dignified. With his size, his fiery red mustache, and his natural dignity, he had a native air of importance.

IN ACCORDANCE with what was now his fixed policy, he made a painstaking investigation of the Wardell properties. He was not content to do this from reports. He went to the mines, asked questions, used his eyes. Then, with the facts before him, he formed conclusions that embraced not only the present but the future.

Next, satisfied with his preparations, he sat down and made out a list of names. "What men in Missouri," he asked himself, "have sufficient means to buy these mines?" And down on his list went the names of the state's wealthiest men. The list was sifted and analyzed, not in a hurry but methodically. Any one of these men had means to buy; but which of them was most likely to be interested in mining?

Nor did he stop with that. From various sources he gathered data concerning each of these men as an individual. He wanted to know their habits, views, idiosyncrasies, hobbies, and even the names of some of the books they read. He bought those books and digested them. He took the expressed opinions of the men on important matters of the day, and against them formed his own opinions, which were not always in agreement. In short, when he met these men who were able to buy the mines, he wanted to meet them on their own ground, prepared to talk their language and to deal in their terms. In this, he had more in view than the mere sale of the properties: he wanted, also, *to learn* from these men, who were big men.

The work that this investigation and preparation involved was prodigious, but Gary possessed a physique and mental equipment that never tired.

However, with all this knowledge of his prospects at his finger ends, he was not yet satisfied to go ahead. Gary asked himself still another question: "What men and what interests outside of those immediately concerned are most eager to see these mines sold to advantage? Who can and who will be eager to help me reach my prospective buyers?"

The answer was obvious. The lines of the Wabash Railroad traversed Macon County. Much of their freight was Macon County coal. Also, there were the Burlington lines, and the Santa Fé. These roads had a direct business interest involved in the welfare of the mines. And, what was straight to the point, the high officials of these railroads *knew* the men who could buy. They could pave the way.

After a study of these men who were to open the door for him, Gary was ready. He set out, every step foreseen. He met Harriman, Hill, and Huntington, railroad and financial giants who were nation builders; David R. Francis, the governor of the state, and O. D. Ashley, president of the Wabash. He met the younger men of genius who were just coming up to fame; the heads of banks and the captains of business. One notable passed him along to another.

This was not accomplished in a few months. It took two entire years. And during that time, Gary talked more than mines for sale. He listened to these men recount their triumphs, discuss matters as far removed from coal mines as Bagdad is from Peoria. He voiced his opinions, and got theirs. He "rubbed up against them."

I've said that he sold the mines, and for what figure. But beyond this achievement the friendships and the connections he made were to continue through life. Some of the men whom he met were later to become his associates in business. Not so many years later, at a time when he had to place bonds and stocks and borrow much money, he was to do business with thirty banks. He had established himself in the confidence of many of these banks while he was selling the Wardell mines.

THE mines sold, President Ashley of the Wabash made Gary the road's industrial agent. Meeting big men was now his work. He was on the up-grade, and going fast.

The panic of 1893 was still further to demonstrate Gary's integrity and loyalty. The Wabash sent Gary into Indiana to establish the new town of Ashley. The town site was to be sold in lots, residences built, banks and business established. Gary himself established a bank, and raised considerable sums among Macon friends for investment in the new town. The community had seventeen hundred inhabitants when the panic broke.

Gary had moved to Ashley, and all of his own money was invested there. The panic soon threatened everything: new investors were frightened off, and with the exception of the bank the venture collapsed. Gary managed to sell the bank's collateral at its face value, and he could have retired from the enterprise with a small fortune. He was under no legal obligation to do otherwise.

In his eyes, however, there was a moral obligation that he refused to overlook. Friends in Macon had invested in the Ashley Company, because they believed in him. That belief was worth more than his money. He was forty, tasting his first few years of success. He had married again and had a son thirteen years old. Once more, he did not hesitate. Out of his own pocket he made good every cent his friends had lost, though it stripped him clean to do so. The "Gary luck" still clung to his heels. The Wabash management changed about that time, and he was out of a job.

James J. Hill, then president of the Great Northern, offered him the road's industrial agency in Montana. Gary declined it for two reasons: he didn't want to lose, as an asset, the information which he had accumulated on the state of Missouri, and he wasn't willing to risk a second upset, such as had come to him with the change in the Wabash management. Thenceforth, he determined, he would work for himself.

Back to Macon he went, and once more

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set up in the real estate and investment business, this time in partnership with an old friend, James A. Hudson.

TWO years passed. One day the owner of the local independent telephone company walked into the office and listed his company for sale.

"What's the matter with it?" asked Gary.

"Nothing at all. It's a good business," replied the other. "But there are some cranks in this town with whom I can't get along. I'm going to move out."

As he did with everything before he attempted to sell it, Gary investigated the company. It was sound. Also, to Gary's notion, it was capitalizing only about one tenth of its possibilities. Up he went to Chicago to get a wider view of this new telephone industry. He discovered that the patents of Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, had expired. All over the country independent companies were springing up. Factories selling independent 'phone equipment were doing peak business. And thus far scarcely the surface of telephone development had been scratched.

"Some day," thought Gary, "every home and business in this land will have a telephone. Every town will be linked by wires with every other."

Hurrying home, he found that there were telephone plants for sale in Missouri—one in Macon and another in Columbia. Both were small plants, to be had for about seven thousand dollars apiece.

Gary bought the former and persuaded his partner to buy the latter. The men dissolved their real estate partnership to enter the new field. Each put every cent he had into the telephone business. Each realized that there would be red-hot competition from the Bell interests.

Gary began by examining complaints. "What's wrong with this service?" he asked the town. Everything was wrong, according to what subscribers told him. He took the commonest complaint, and righted it; then the second commonest, and righted that. And so on down the list. "After all," he thought, "the way to learn how this business should be run is to learn how the people *want* it to be run."

I AM not going to weary you with details of what Gary did to make the Macon company pay. In general, he installed accurate account books, established standard charges, insisted that his employees be as rigidly honorable and polite as he was himself; and, instead of selling stock as a means of growth, he sold more 'phone installations. Every cent that the company earned he put back into it in extensions and improvements to service.

As the Macon company prospered, Gary branched out by buying adjoining plants. In a few years he owned or controlled ten companies. The vision he had gained on his original visit to Chicago had crystallized by now into a definite conviction of the form American telephone development was going to take.

Here was the situation as he saw it: The Bell company had adopted a policy of intrenching itself in the great cities and specializing in long-distance communication. In rural communities and in the smaller towns and cities, the independents specializing in local service were generally supreme.

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However, the independents had no intercommunication. Each was a unit in itself. Also, there was no intercommunication between independent and Bell lines.

"This is uneconomic," reasoned Gary. "What the country wants is service, not competition."

The solution, as he envisaged it, was coöperation and consolidation. Where the two services duplicated, let them consolidate. Where one was supreme, let it remain so, but connect it up by agreement with surrounding towns and the country as a whole. Gary felt the time would come when the owner of *any* telephone could pick up his instrument and call the owner of any other telephone anywhere. This ideal situation was to become the independents' dream, a dream in which Gary was to play a major rôle in bringing to realization.

By 1906, independent coöperation had reached the point where the International Independent Telephone Association was formed. Gary was made first vice president, and next year its president, in which capacity he served a year. Setting up headquarters in Chicago, he began to weld the independents together. He preached coöperation, nationalism, united effort.

Almost simultaneously, Theodore N. Vail was recalled to the presidency of the Bell system. He broadened the Bell policy, extended Bell lines into small communities, just as Gary had foreseen, and the country began to be dotted with competing telephone plants. Then, in Kansas, at Gary's suggestion, the independents resolved that the telephones should be declared a common carrier, the same as the railroads. Other states endorsed the sentiment, and Congress responded by enacting such a law.

THIS law ended the telephone war. The independents appointed a Committee of Seven to negotiate with the Bell interests to the end that development might proceed on an equitable basis. Gary was one of this committee, and its secretary.

Gary was most active in the resulting consolidations. With his associates, he insisted that no investor lose by them, that nobody be thrown out of work, or no independent factory forced from business. The one independent factory hardest hit by the plan was that of the Automatic Electric Company, in Chicago, making automatic or dial telephone exchanges and equipment.

The independents everywhere were installing automatic service, whereas the Bell would have nothing to do with it. In consequence, every time a Bell company took over an independent the automatic manufacturers lost business. Time and again Gary urged President Vail to adopt the automatic. Vail was obdurate.

It was now the time of the war. Suddenly, in New York, its greatest center, the Bell System was crippled by an employees' strike. This meant one of two things: a big financial loss to the Bell company, or higher rates to subscribers in New York. Either result would set a precedent.

GARY, out in Missouri, saw his opportunity. Jumping to Chicago, he got an option on a majority of the automatic company's stock. Next day he was in New York and in Vail's office.

"I've come," he said, smiling, "to talk automatic telephone. This time I think you're going to listen."

The years had effected a big change in Gary's status since he had first met Vail. He had handled consolidations mounting upward to one hundred million dollars. His interests, through kindred activities of Theodore Gary and Company, had grown to represent millions. He and Vail were now on excellent terms.

"Whom do you represent?" asked the latter.

"Myself," said Gary, smiling even more broadly.

"Bought that company, did you?" growled Vail. "Haven't I told you that Bell wouldn't use machine switching?"

"You have," Gary retorted; "but conditions have changed—and it's my guess that your mind has changed too."

"You've heard of this strike!" Vail accused, and then he, also, smiled. "All right. What's your proposition?"

Gary's proposition was a five-year contract with Bell for automatic equipment at the same price paid by independent companies. Vail signed, a contract that was shortly to be increased by one hundred and fifty per cent.

With Vail's order in his pocket, Gary returned to Chicago, reorganized the company there, formed syndicates and in a remarkably brief period had Gary sales agents spotted all over the globe. In addition, Gary and his associates own, or control, to-day the independent telephone systems of several entire states.

Marvels of the Moon

(*Continued from page 19*)

the earth, so that always the same lunar hemisphere is turned to our view. There is a slight wobbling, called the moon's libration, which permits us to see a bit of the forbidden territory as the moon rolls along its path, but forty-one per cent of the lunar surface is invisible to watchers on the earth.

"Very probably the same character of landscape marks the whole surface, but astronomers would give a great deal to get a good look at the hidden side."

Edgar Allan Poe, in his harrowing story "The Unparalleled Adventures of One Hans Pfaall," hints darkly of the supposed horrors to be encountered on the unknown side of the moon. H. G. Wells, in his "The First Men in the Moon," gives an imaginative account of cave life on the moon, and his hero ventures into that mysterious hemisphere which the eye of man has never seen. Many other writers, including Jules Verne, have dealt imaginatively with the problem of voyaging to the moon, and an American physicist has planned a rocket to be shot to the moon. But Professor Pickering is of the opinion that the only feasible method of getting to the moon is visually, through the eyepiece of a good telescope.

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"A twelve-inch telescope brings you to within approximately a thousand miles of the moon," he explained, "and it is possible to distinguish objects as small as two hundred feet wide on the lunar surface. With the most favorably-placed telescopes it is possible to bring the moon to within five hundred miles; but we do not see it any better than we would with the naked eye at one thousand miles. The higher magnification not only magnifies the moon detail, but also magnifies the atmospheric disturbances which distort the seeing."

WHEN the telescope is turned upon the moon, what a world is revealed! I spent an evening watching through Professor Pickering's reflecting telescope. First he showed me the full orb floating like a translucent sphere in the ether. It was no longer a disk, as it appears to the unaided eye, but clearly a globe. The well-known face of "the lady in the moon" resolved itself into a weird landscape of mountains, dry seas, craters enclosing plains and jagged peaks, cracks and streaks and ridges, points of brightness and great splotches of darkness. From pole to pole I saw the whole lunar hemisphere.

The moon seemed to hang motionless in the sky; but Professor Pickering assured me that it is not only revolving on its axis, but it also is coursing through space at the rate of twenty-one hundred miles an hour.

After the moon had been viewed as a whole, a higher magnifying power was turned on. By this means, particular areas of the moon were isolated, and I was able to see the fine detail of many of the craters, peaks, plains, and seas, and to understand why the moon has been called "a world of volcanoes."

"Its seas are really great dry lava beds, hundreds of miles across," said Professor Pickering. "Early observers thought they were seas, and the name has stuck. We have similar lava beds on the earth. The so-called bad lands of Idaho and Montana are fields that were overflowed by lava in prehistoric times.

"The lunar mountains are not mountains in our sense, but are towering cliffs which edge the 'seas.' The craters are the mouths of immense vents in the lunar crusts through which, in ages past, hot lava bubbled up, melted away the walls of the crater in ever-widening circles, built up inner cones, and finally cooled and hardened into the characteristic surface features that you now see."

Though the moon is only about one quarter the diameter of the earth, these surface features are on a scale so grand as to dwarf much of our earth scenery.

Near the lunar south pole, for example, Professor Pickering pointed out the Liebnitz range of mountains. "By measuring the shadows cast by these peaks, we find that some of them rise from 25,000 to 30,000 feet above the plain," he said.

The earth has Mount Everest as its highest peak, 29,141 feet altitude; and the earth is several sizes larger than the moon. If our terrestrial mountains were proportioned to the same scale as the lunar heights, we would have peaks rising from ten to fifteen miles above the sea.

On an even vaster scale are some of the volcanic craters which pit the moon.

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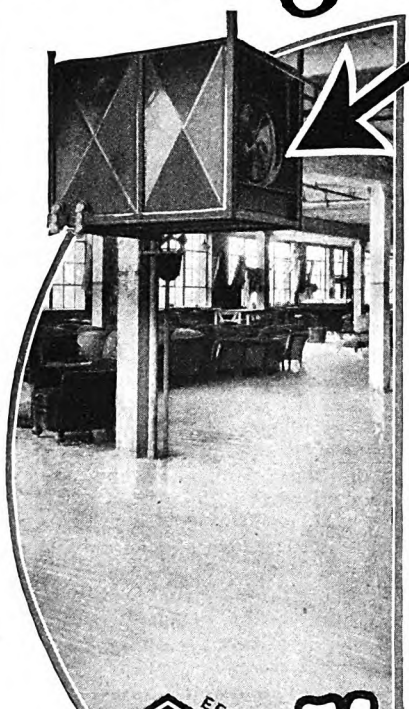

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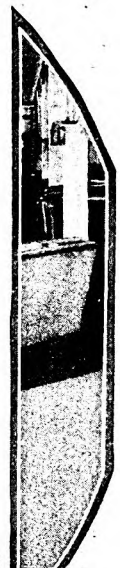

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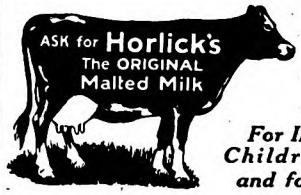

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"The crater Newton measures 143 miles in length by 69 miles in width," said Professor Pickering, "and is 24,000 feet deep. There are many lunar craters of more than fifty miles diameter. The largest crater known on the earth, the Volcano Bay, in northern Japan, measures only thirty-five miles in diameter; but it is very exceptional, for the next largest terrestrial crater is but fifteen miles across."

"And life? Is there life on the moon?"

"I am confident that there are fields of vegetation," answered Professor Pickering, "I have watched them spring up, grow, and die through the lunar season. Whether or not there is animal life is still a matter of speculation; but there is some evidence in favor of it."

So the moon is more than an opalescent lantern hung in the starry heavens to serve as an inspiration to lovers, poets, and writers of popular songs. It is a world of scenic grandeur, perhaps an example of what our earth might have been, or may some day be. And it is our nearest neighbor in space.

"It is so near," explained Professor Pickering, "that if an airplane, flying at the rate of two hundred miles an hour, could take you from the earth to the moon when it is at its nearest point, it would require forty-six days only to make the trip. But to reach the nearest planet that same airplane would have to travel fourteen years, ten months, and six days.

"You can look at the moon with your unaided eye and see more surface detail than the greatest astronomer, with the aid of the most powerful telescope, can usually see of Mars or any other planet or star.

"The moon is commonly spoken of as our satellite; but if we could watch it from some convenient point in space it would appear as the earth's twin. Indeed, from Venus, the earth and the moon must appear as the most brilliant objects in the night sky—two dazzling planets floating close together, separated by about the distance of the moon's apparent diameter to our naked eye.

"NOT only is the moon our closest companion in space," continued Professor Pickering, "but it is literally our kin, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, for once it was part of our earth."

"How can you be sure of that?"

"I'm not, but I'm reasonably certain," answered the astronomer. "Various theories have been proposed to explain the origin of the moon. One holds that the moon is a captured planet. Another, that scattered meteorites massed and fused to form the moon. But the theory which accounts for the observed facts, and which is now almost universally accepted by astronomers, was first propounded by Sir George Darwin, and explains the moon as a torn-off part of the earth.

"According to this explanation, there was a stage in the earth's history, not less than fifty-five million years ago, and perhaps much longer, when our planet was a hot globe of liquid and near-liquid material. Its crust was a thin layer of slag-like substance floating on the heavy liquefied metals below.

"It has been computed that at this stage the earth was rotating so rapidly that its entire day, from sunrise to sunrise, was a matter of about three and one-half hours. Given a plastic globe, rotating at such speed, and you can imagine the result: the earth flattened at its poles and bulged at its equator. Gradually the bulge elongated at one side and the earth assumed the shape of an egg."

"Then occurred the great earth-moon catastrophe. Perhaps it was the gravitational pull of the sun that caused the greater part of this bulging crust to break loose. More likely it was a planetoid or star that passed close enough to set up a vast outlapping tide of the already protruding surface, and wrenched it from the earth, at the same time splitting and tearing apart the remaining continental mass into two portions, eastern and western. Just what outside body exerted the force we cannot know, but we are reasonably certain that the force was exerted. The elongated tip of the egg was torn loose, stripping off great sections of the entire crust, and five thousand million cubic miles of material left the earth's surface.

"OUR precious globe was simply peeled of three quarters of its crust—and the result of the peeling you may see in the ocean beds of the earth, which cover three quarters of its surface.

"If the earth-moon catastrophe had never occurred, there would probably not be these depressions in our earth's surface which furnish beds for the oceans. As our planet cooled, and the heavy clouds of vapor condensed into water, this water would have distributed over the whole surface of the earth, and very likely there would be no continents or islands—only water, water everywhere."

"So we owe our land life to the moon?"

"Seemingly so. Of course it is impossible to say what the underlying crust of a world entirely covered with water might have done in the æons of time that have passed since the earth cooled. But certainly the loss of that great section of its original surface profoundly affected the future of the earth. If we give rein to our imagination, we might even suppose," added Professor Pickering, smiling, "that were it not for the earth-moon catastrophe, we might all be fishes or whales or other marine creatures."

"But how did this great ragged strip of material consolidate into the symmetrical globe that is now the moon?" I asked. "And what determined its position in space? Why did not the body which wrenched it loose, carry the moon off?"

"The wrench was a momentary affair," replied Professor Pickering, "and simultaneously the force of gravitation exerted itself to pull the moon material back to the earth. The moon material was rotating with the earth originally, and its momentum kept it rotating as it left, with the result that it now began to revolve around the earth.

"At this stage the moon assumed the form of a ring of material encircling the earth, and rotating at equal speed with the earth. It was like an immense halo. If you look at the planet Saturn, which is at present encircled by a similar rotating belt, you can get some idea of what the earth must have looked like at this time.

"Gradually, the substance composing our lunar ring coalesced and cooled. Obeying the natural law which causes rain drops and hail stones to take on a

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globular form, the moon assumed the shape of a globe.

"Many forces were at work at the same time, the strongest being the force of gravitation—the earth pulling the moon back, the moon tugging at the earth, and the moon's momentum of motion tending to carry it away from the earth. These reciprocal forces caused tides to rise in each body.

"The tides acted as a brake, and eventually both earth and moon were slowed down in their rotational speeds. But the heavier earth was able to "brake" the moon more rapidly than the lighter moon was able to brake the earth. The result may be seen in the present rates of rotation, for, while the speed of the earth has been slowed from three and a half hours to twenty-four hours, that of the moon has been slowed to twenty-nine days.

"ANOTHER effect of the tidal drag is the lengthening of the distance separating earth and moon. As the moon's period of rotation on its axis increased, its period of revolution around the earth correspondingly lengthened, with the result that the moon gradually traveled a farther and more distant path around the earth. The path is not a perfect circle, but an oval or ellipse, which brings the moon at its nearest within 221,600 miles of the earth, and at its farthest 253,000 miles.

"Nor is the moon's path yet fixed. Computation shows that it is still lengthening a few feet each year, and will continue to lengthen until the moon is approximately a million miles from the earth."

"But why is it lengthening?" I asked.

"Because of the tidal drag. The earth has already effectively braked the moon, so that it always presents one bulging side to us. Now, the moon is doing exactly the same thing to us; in fact it has been doing it through the ages; but, because of the larger mass of the earth, gravitation gets its results more slowly with us. Daily the tides of our oceans rise, in obedience to this gravitational pull, and every time the tide rises it is as though a clamp were tightened upon the revolving earth. It has been computed that the braking action of the tides amounts, on the average, to twenty thousand million horsepower.

"It is no wonder, then, that this enormous power can brake the earth. As our rotational speed slows, the effect is to give a little slack to the moon, and as a result it speeds faster on its journey around the earth. In consequence of this faster linear velocity, the moon moves farther and farther away.

"Eventually, the time of the earth's rotation will have been increased by this process from twenty-four hours to a period of between three and four months, and when that time is reached the moon will be approximately four times its present distance from the earth. Then both moon and earth will revolve at exactly the same speed, and the moon will appear as a small, faint disk always at the same place in our sky."

"And our earthly day will be between three and four months long," I said.

"Yes. The earth will have long, hot days, when the mercury will rise far above any temperatures now known in the tropics, and the nights will be equally long and correspondingly frigid."

"So the moon delivered us from the sea only to have us alternately roast and freeze?"

"That prospect is too far in the future to trouble us," answered the astronomer. "The rate of the slowing down of the earth has been fixed as a fraction of a second in a hundred thousand years, so it will be uncounted ages before the moon completes its job of stretching out the earth's day. Any number of things may happen in the meantime.

"And, after all, the earth is as much to blame as the moon, for the action is mutual, in obedience to the universal law of gravitation. If any complaint is to be made, certainly the moon has suffered more than we have. During the lunar day of twenty-nine earthly days, the moon's surface is subjected to wide extremes of temperature. The probable range is from approximately 160 degrees Fahrenheit at lunar noon, to many degrees below zero at lunar midnight. A man on the moon would bake during the fortnight of sunshine and would be likely to freeze during the fortnight of darkness—assuming that a human being could exist on the moon.

"It is practically certain that no human being could, for, as a result of the operation of this same law of gravitation, two other factors necessary to human life are scarce on the moon—atmosphere and water."

"What has gravitation to do with the presence of air?" I asked.

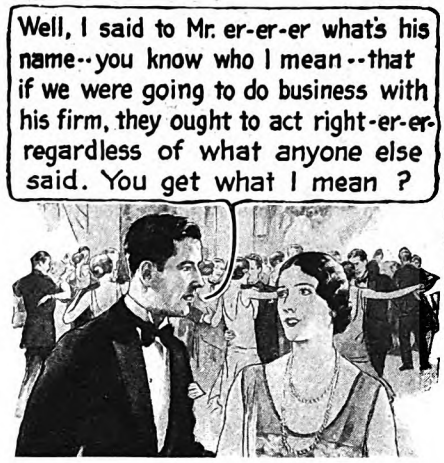
"It governs the retention of air and water in exactly the same way that it governs the motions of planets," answered Professor Pickering. "Every gas has its rate of motion, by which its molecules move, and unless the planet can exert sufficient gravitational pull to overcome this molecular action, particles of the gas continuously fly off into space. It can be demonstrated mathematically that the earth has gravitational force sufficient to retain gases which have a maximum velocity of not more than seven miles a second, while the smaller moon has force sufficient to retain only those gases which have a maximum not greater than a mile and a half a second.

"Oxygen, nitrogen, and water vapor—which are essential elements of our atmosphere—all have such high velocities that they would be likely to escape from the moon.

"HOWEVER, the evidence of vegetation on the moon is convincing to my mind; and on the earth vegetation is always associated with the presence of oxygen, nitrogen, and water. Moreover, we have direct visual evidence, through the occultation or eclipse of other planets and stars by the moon, that there is some kind of atmosphere, though, admittedly, it is very thin.

"The atmosphere is so thin that our imaginary man, transported to the moon, would find himself in a world of silence. If a mountain should tumble, he could not hear the crash of it, because there is not enough air to convey audible sound waves.

"He would be surprised, and overawed too, I fancy, by the appearance of the sky from the surface of the moon. Even at



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lunar noonday he would see the stars more clearly than we see them at midnight from the earth. The sun would glow as a great spot of light in the dark sky, the stars would glow as lesser points of light, and the earth would appear as an enormous moon. The sun's corona and the outlapping protuberances of flame, which we can see only during a solar eclipse, would be clearly visible at all times from the moon.

"This seemingly strange appearance of the day sky is another result of the moon's poverty of atmosphere, for it is our atmosphere which refracts and diffuses the light, spreading it over our sky, and giving us all the gradations of light and shadow.

"On the moon there are no such gradations. The line between light and darkness is sharply marked. Morning comes, not gradually with a rush of dawn but instantly. From the blackness of night to the full glare of noonday it is but the turn of a second. Shadowed places look like bottomless pits—only where the direct rays of the sun fall is there any light or the possibility of seeing.

"This poverty of atmosphere is also partly responsible for the moon's poverty of surface water. The sun beats down from morn to sunset, for the fourteen and one-half days of sunshine, with never a moment's let-up, with no blanket of atmosphere to reflect and absorb some of the heat, no merciful bank of clouds to shade the torrid sky. Consequently, only the water-vapor which freezes is retained on the surface. The rest escapes into space."

"Perhaps some of these runaway particles of moisture have been captured by the earth," I suggested.

"Yes, that is a likely probability. The earth would attract any molecules that came within its gravitational range, and such molecules would be drawn into our atmosphere, condensed into rain or frost, and so deposited on the surface of the earth."

"BUT if the moon is continually losing water by evaporation, it must be entirely dry by now?"

"It has no surface water, except in deposits of snow and ice which are constantly melting during the lunar day, and passing off. But there must be supplies of water under the surface of the moon. It may be that the lunar crust is porous and contains water in saturation. Water is there, for I have seen snow on the moon. The snow forms from water-vapor escaping from fissures in the surfaces, instead of falling from clouds."

"Are there any clouds?"

"I have often seen fog-like appearances," answered Professor Pickering. "In 1891 I saw steam rising from Schroeter's Valley, near the eastern edge of the moon, which drifted in a faint haze over the surface. I saw this same appearance in January, 1927, in Schroeter's Valley, but it assumed a somewhat different shape. Usually, the steam from lunar volcanoes and vents freezes as it emerges, and is immediately deposited as snow or ice."

One of the conspicuous features of the full moon is the streaking which radiates from three prominent craters, Tycho, Copernicus, and Kepler. Are these streaks, which are of a dazzling brightness, snow and ice? Some of them are many miles wide and extend for nearly a thousand miles in length. The streaks are not visible at lunar dawn and sunset, and are most pronounced at lunar noon. A great deal of scientific speculation has been indulged in with regard to these appearances, and every discussion of the moon eventually takes up the mystery of the streaks.

"My judgment is that the streaks are a white pumice-like powder which has been blown out by the craters and surface vents," said Professor Pickering.

"But the most interesting of the changes which are to be seen on the moon are the variable spots and canals, which can best be explained as patches of vegetation.

"Almost the whole surface of the lunar hemisphere is desert. Some of the so-called 'seas' are dark, and may be covered with vegetation, or this darker tint may be that of the rock or soil which constitutes their surface. But apart from these doubtful areas there are certain patches that grow dark with the progress of lunar day, and gradually lighten and disappear with the approach of lunar night. These spots constitute less than one per cent of the moon's surface, and usually appear near mountain summits where there is snow, and are mostly confined to the equatorial zone of the moon.

"Nearly a hundred years ago a German astronomer, Maedler, reported that he had observed changing spots on the moon. He said that were it not for the fact that the moon has no atmosphere and no water he would believe that these spots were vegetation.

"MY FIRST discovery of changes in the lunar surface was made in 1892, when I was at the southern station of the Harvard Observatory, in Arequipa, Peru. In a little crater named Hansteen, in the west, I saw a black spot that interested me. The next night I looked again and saw that the spot had changed its shape. I wondered if our assumption that the moon was a dead planet was necessarily a correct one, and I determined, if possible, to find out.

"In 1900 I discovered that even more pronounced changes were taking place in the crater Eratosthenes, which is at the end of the Appennines and not far from the lunar equator. Then I found variable patches in the small crater known as Hell. In still another crater, Alphonsus, I discovered 'canals' similar in appearance to the 'canals' of Mars. On Mars, we believe that the 'canals' are strips of vegetation. If 'canals' mean vegetation on Mars, what do they mean on the moon?

"These observations have been confirmed and added to by other astronomers in many parts of the world. I am convinced that there is life on the moon."

"But cannot these dark areas be explained as moving shadows cast by the peaks and cliffs?" I asked Professor Pickering.

"No, because they appear in exactly the reverse order of shadows. The darkening areas are most conspicuous at full noon, when the sun is directly overhead and casts no shadows. Under a low sun either in the lunar morning or afternoon, when shadows are most in evidence, these dark patches are light. In some instances they disappear entirely.

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"In the case of Eratosthenes the variable spots are perfectly obvious with a five-inch telescope (refractor), and can be seen with a three-inch one. Eratosthenes is by far the most alive region on the moon, and in recent years I have confined my lunar studies very largely to this crater, which has a diameter of about thirty-seven miles. The crater encloses a level plain with a central peak and several smaller peaks.

"The changes in Eratosthenes are so regular that I can predict what will appear at each approaching lunar season. There is snow on the inner peaks, and no doubt moisture spreads from the melting snow fields at lunar noon. Apparently there are vents and cracks through which the moisture from the under-surface steams and spreads, calling vegetation into existence in the same way that the rising of the River Nile annually revives life along its valley.

"The vegetation is not green, but gray like sage-brush, or black like our lichens. The only greenish spot on the moon is the floor of the crater Grimaldi, but the color is not very pronounced.

"IN ERATOSTHENES I have observed another interesting appearance: Small plats or strips, darker than the vegetable areas, move across the surface. The typical area of vegetation varies from ten to fifty miles square. These darker moving areas are smaller—the largest that I have seen is ten miles long by five hundred feet wide.

"If you looked at a distant hill, and saw dark objects move across its side, you would conclude that the moving objects were not trees or shrubbery."

"Do you think, then, that these moving plats are animals?" I asked.

"The idea is so startling that I don't emphasize it," answered Professor Pickering, taking up a portfolio of drawings of Eratosthenes. "Here are drawings made at every stage of the lunar day, over a period of several years. The strip moves measurably from night to night, continuing in the same direction. One plat moved three miles to the north and coalesced with another plat. Another moved more than two miles to the northwest in less than two days—a speed that averages more than three and one-half feet per minute.

"If these dark plats are masses of animals, the animals must be small. Large creatures would move faster and require greater areas for feeding. The most likely theory, if we insist on trying to explain the plats, is that they are swarms of very small creatures.

"In South Africa, swarms of locusts fifty miles long by ten miles wide have been seen to darken the sun by their flight. When they alight they darken the ground, and may spend weeks moving slowly over fields of vegetation as they feed. Lunar insects may be entirely different from any creatures we know, but there are several species of terrestrial animals that migrate periodically in search of food or to breed.

"To attempt to explain these appearances we must speculate, and adopt temporarily the guess that best accounts for the observed facts. But of the facts themselves there can be no doubt. Anyone who will take the time to watch

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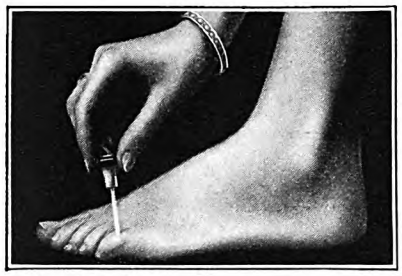

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through a telescope can see these changes occur from night to night.

"Thus we find that the moon is a living world. While we do not yet understand the nature of its life, that fact adds zest to the pursuit. We are, I believe, on the threshold of new lunar discoveries."

Professor Pickering does not find any evidence to justify the hoary beliefs that the growth of crops is influenced by the moon, that sane people are made insane by lunar rays, and that terrestrial weather is determined by the moon.

"When a dog bays the moon, no one need get alarmed at the imminent prospect of calamity," said Professor Pickering. "I suppose the dog turns his nose moonward because the moon is the most conspicuous object in the sky. Very likely, many of our moon superstitions have their origin in this same fact. Primitive man saw the moon as something big and portentous, more formidable than any of the stars, and no doubt felt that so big a power was to be feared and propitiated. The ancient Greeks worshiped the moon as a goddess. The astrologers read various meanings in the phases of the moon, and in earlier days multitudes of people ordered their lives in accord with the 'sweet influences' of the moon. The idea that potatoes planted in the dark of the moon and beans planted in the light of the moon will grow better, is an inheritance, I suspect, from these primitive fears and superstitions.

"The only certain influence that the moon exerts upon our earth life is its control of the tides of the oceans. Some observers have tried to trace a connection between the moon and earthquakes. The earthquake at Charleston, South Carolina, in 1886, occurred near the time of the solar eclipse. Other earthquakes have come at time of full moon.

"These occurrences may have simply been coincidences; but there is a basis of reason in the belief that they may have been directly connected. At time of eclipse both sun and moon are pulling in the same direction. At time of full moon, they are pulling in opposite directions. It may well be that if a fault or crack in the earth's crust were ready to start, the combined pull of the sun and moon, or the opposing pull of the two bodies, might be sufficient to start the quake.

"HOW bright is the moon? Well, that all depends on its phase. The full moon is about twelve times as bright as the moon at its quarter phase.

"Moonlight is only reflected sunlight. The moon has no light of its own, but is simply a great globular mirror which catches the solar rays and reflects them off into space. Sometimes the moon is on the opposite side of the earth from the sun; then we see the light reflected from its entire hemisphere, and we call it full moon. Fourteen and one-half days later the moon and the sun are on the same side of the earth, and then we have what the almanac calls new moon. We never see the new moon, for at that phase only the side of the moon which is turned away from the earth is illuminated. Moreover, at new moon the moon is in the same part of the sky with the sun and so is lost in the blaze of daylight. Gradually, as it moves away from the sun's position, we see the light begin to edge back on our side of the moon, in the form of a faint crescent. Day by day, as the moon slips farther and farther away from the sun, the crescent grows. It becomes quarter-moon, then half-moon, then gibbous, and finally full moon again. From full moon to full moon requires twenty-nine days and represents one complete revolution of the moon around the earth.

"The moon does not travel around the earth in exactly the same plane in which the earth revolves around the sun. If it did, there would be an eclipse of the sun at every new moon and an eclipse of the moon at every full moon. The moon's path around the earth is tipped at an angle to the earth's path around the sun, and it is only occasionally that the paths so coincide as to bring the three celestial bodies—sun, moon, and earth—in a straight line at the same moment. When the moon comes exactly between the earth and the sun, as occurred in January, 1925, we have an eclipse of the sun. If it is the earth that comes between the sun and the full moon, then we have an eclipse of the moon, such as was visible in North and South America last June, and as will be visible in a large part of Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia on December 8th of this year.

"PERHAPS everyone has noticed that the rising moon looks larger than the same moon a few hours later, when it is high in the heavens. Haven't you wondered why? The reason is to be found in the functioning of the eye, and not in the moon. When the moon is just above the horizon, the eye sees it without strain; but when the moon is near the zenith, the eye muscles must be contorted to unaccustomed tensions, and the result is that the image of the moon appears smaller. It is the absorption of certain light rays by our atmosphere that makes the rising moon appear reddish in hue.

"The diameter of the moon is 2,163 miles, somewhere about one fourth that of the earth. Its mass, or weight, however, is only one eighty-first part that of the earth, which indicates that the material of the moon is a lighter substance than that of the earth. This is what we should expect by our theory of the moon's origin from the earth's crust, for our crust is much lighter than the underlying strata and inner metallic core. The force of gravitation on the moon is one sixth that on the earth. A man who weighs one hundred and eighty pounds here, would weigh only thirty pounds on the moon."

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The Gobbler of Thunderhead

(*Continued from page 31*)

pierced the animal through and through. Of the Old Man he could find not a sign.

He climbed a sapling close to the dead chestnut and with the aid of a pole dislodged the body of the lynx. Then he made his way diagonally up the ridge, circled back to the summit of Hanging Rock and studied the ground there.

Being a fairly good woodsman, he figured out pretty accurately what had happened. Returning to the foot of the cliff, he slung the carcass of Lantern Eye over his shoulders, and set off through the woods for Joe Garey's cabin.

Joe came out on the porch as Crowley entered the gate. Crowley mounted the steps without a word, swung himself around and, with a jerk of his shoulders, dumped the carcass of the lynx on the floor of the porch.

"Joe," he said, "hyar's another fool es' like you. He tried to kill the Old Man this mornin' up to Hangin' Rock, an' hyar's what's left of him."

Joe Garey studied carefully the tale that Crowley told him. It was a strange tale, but apparently Crowley's deductions were sound. In his haste, seeing the gobbler about to take wing, Lantern Eye had evidently lost his head and had leaped upon the Old Man close to the verge of the cliff. The impetus of his rush, and probably the gobbler's powerful struggles, had carried lynx and turkey over the edge.

SO MUCH was plain. But what had become of the Old Man? Had he escaped fatal injury? He must have been able to run when he struck ground, for the woods at the foot of Hanging Rock were fairly open, and Crowley had searched the spot carefully. And what of Crowley's statement that just before he heard the Old Man's first gobble he had heard the far-off call of a wild turkey hen coming from the ridge across Thunderhead valley?

It was this turkey-hen call and the question of the Old Man's fate which chiefly interested Joe. That day he had some farm work to do which could not be postponed, but he suggested to Crowley that they hunt the Old Man and the mysterious turkey hen next morning. Crowley, however, refused flatly.

"Not me!" he said. "I'm through with that-ar gobbler. I've had three warnin's, an' you see what happened to *him*."

He pointed to the carcass of Lantern Eye lying limp and bloody on the porch.

"You're worse'n an old woman, Crowley," Joe taunted him, "believin' in signs an' warnin's."

Crowley was devoting his whole attention to the business of lighting his pipe. He seated himself in a hickory chair on the porch and cocked his booted feet up on the railing.

"Joe," he said presently, "let's leave the Old Man be. Ef a mate's come to him, they'll breed this spring an' we'll have some turkeys in these hyar woods. I was talkin' to the gov'ment ranger last Wednesday from way over by Pilot Knob. They're stockin' the gov'ment lands over thar with turkeys an' elk an' buffalo from the West."

"So I heerd," said Joe scornfully. "Heap o' good it'll do us!"

He drummed with his long brown fingers on the railing of the porch.

"I'm a-goin' after the Old Man in the mornin'," he drawled, "an' ef he ain't dead I'm a-goin' to git him ef it takes me a month."

THE Old Man was not dead. On the morning of the second day Joe Garey discovered fresh "scratches" in the woods—places where the dead leaves had been scratched aside by a feeding turkey—and in the soft soil thus exposed he found tracks so large that they could not have been made by the turkey hen that Crowley had heard. Joe knew then that not only had the Old Man survived the attack of the lynx and the fall from Hanging Rock but that he had recovered from his injuries. More grimly than ever, Joe set about hunting down the big gobbler.

Day after day, dawn found Garey high on the ridges, sitting motionless at the foot of some great poplar or oak or hemlock, sounding his turkey call with all the skill of which he was capable, his hearing strained to catch some answering sound. Day after day his determination hardened. He had boasted to Crowley that he would bring the Old Man home, and Crowley, ordinarily a careful man where money was concerned, had confidently staked five dollars on the issue—a great sum in the Overhills. Joe had accepted the wager with equal confidence, for he believed that something had now happened which virtually assured his success.

This new and, as Garey believed, decisive development was the coming of the turkey hen whose love-calls Crowley had heard.

In all his experience of the Old Man, Joe had never known the wary old bird to gobble. But Crowley had heard him gobbling furiously on Hanging Rock, and it was obviously the love-call of the turkey hen which had revived the gobbling instinct in the Old Man's breast. Joe, proud of his skill as a turkey caller and remembering many gobblers lured to their deaths on the high ridges of the distant Smokies, believed that now the Old Man would prove a comparatively easy victim.

All along the ridges of the Cowees, in all the most likely places, Garey made his amorous music, reproducing with almost perfect art the plaintive, lovelorn notes of the wild turkey hen. Sometimes that music was an eager, tremulous "keow-keow-keow"—the "yelp," as turkey hunters name it—produced by pressing the bowl of his briar pipe against his lips and sucking in his breath; sometimes he employed the more alluring clucking note of the mateless female, and for this he used a turkey call made from the hollow wing bone of a wild hen turkey killed in the Smokies years before. He was sure that more than once the Old Man, standing straight and alert on a high limb of some tall tree in which he had spent the night, listened to that captivating music of love quivering through the misty woods in the soft light of dawn; but to Joe's eager

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ears there came no answering gobble to reveal the great bird's whereabouts and encourage the hope that he might be lured within range of the hunter's rifle.

At last Garey began to doubt whether Crowley had really heard a hen turkey calling that morning a week or so earlier at Hanging Rock. It might have been a woodpecker, he suspected—there is a woodpecker note which closely resembles a hen turkey's call. As for the Old Man, he might have gobbled that one morning on Hanging Rock, as Crowley claimed; but when, after tempting him every morning for a week, Garey failed to get a gobble out of him, the hunter became convinced of two things: that Crowley's turkey hen was a myth and that the Old Man would gobble no more that season.

This was a disappointment; yet deep in his heart Joe did not regret it. One thing that Crowley had said stuck in Garey's mind—the suggestion that the Old Man and his newly found mate be spared, so that the Cowee Overhills might be restocked with wild turkeys.

The more Joe had thought about this suggestion, the more the idea had appealed to him. It brought to his hunter's soul once more visions of the old days of which tradition told, those marvelous days when the Cowee wilderness was a hunter's paradise, alive with turkeys and deer and grouse, when the buffalo droves, migrating back and forth across the mountain barrier, still traveled the deep-worn, winding road which the hoofs of the herds had trodden out around the slope of Thunderhead ridge. His inborn obstinacy and his wager with Crowley held him to his task of hunting the Old Man down. Yet, all the while, as long as his belief in Crowley's turkey hen persisted, his conscience troubled him.

These scruples vanished when he became convinced that Crowley's turkey hen was a myth. If no mate had come to the Old Man, there was nothing to be gained by sparing the big gobbler's life. With a clearer conscience and with an even sterner determination to succeed, Joe Garey began the second phase of his campaign.

SPRING mellowed in the Cowee Overhills. A haze, now blue, now golden, floated upward from the deep valleys, and lay like a misty, half-transparent curtain upon the tops of the taller mountains. The Old Man, waking one warm, still morning to a chorus of bird voices, listened with languid interest to the sweet music of wood thrushes, blue-headed vireos and oven-birds, the wild reiterated screams of mating red-shouldered hawks, the last long hoots of the big mountain owls. These sounds meant nothing to him.

Shortly after dawn, just as he was about to fly down from the tall pine in which he had spent the night, a new sound had come to his ears. It was the low, anxious call of a turkey hen to her little ones; and the Old Man knew that it had been uttered by the mate who had joined him early that spring, the mate whose voice he had heard for the first time at Hanging Rock, just before the lynx had leaped upon him.

Yet, though he was aware that in this call there was no menace and no treachery, in some subtle way it had stirred the Old Man's fears.

He had forgotten his mate's existence. After a brief courtship and honeymoon, he had deserted her, and during the four weeks while she was incubating her eggs, he never saw her again. Her seclusion while incubating had not only prevented Garey from discovering her, but had also removed her completely from the Old Man's consciousness. And when, early that morning, he heard the forgotten turkey hen calling to the little ones which in the meantime she had brought into the world, the sound, although he knew it to be genuine, filled him with vague dread. . . . It brought vividly back to the gobler's memory those plaintive, treacherous calls with which Joe Garey had tried for weeks to lure him to his death.

So, while the morning brightened 'round him, the Old Man remained motionless on his roosting perch in the tall pine, his head high, his big, beautifully molded body—slim, yet superbly stalwart—glowing in the light like coppery-bronze. He heard the voice of the turkey hen no more, however; she had evidently led her youngsters elsewhere; and at last, after one careful final search of the forest floor beneath him, he planed noiselessly down, alighting in a grassy spot fifty yards from the pine's base.

For some moments he stood perfectly still, his tall form erect, his eyes scanning the tree trunks and thickets near by. Then he set off at a brisk walk toward the feeding ground where he would find his breakfast.

THE big gobbler reached his destination presently; and five minutes later, Joe Garey, stretched on his back in the warm sunlight behind a chestnut log against which his head was pillowed, opened his eyes slowly, and realized that for an hour or more he had been sleeping. Joe did not stir but, instead, closed his eyes again.

He had come to that spot on his way home after another early morning spent in searching the ridges vainly for the Old Man; and he had lain down to rest there for a while, not only because he was tired but also because the place was an old haunt of his, though he had not visited it for weeks. It was an open, parklike glade in the woods near the foot of Thunderhead ridge; and just below it, swinging around a steep shoulder of the mountain, wound the old buffalo road—the narrow, deep-worn, grass-grown trail which in the old days had been the main highway of the herds.

A hundred times Joe had sat on the chestnut log behind which he was now lying and, with his eyes fixed on the buffalo road below him, had thought of the days that were gone. He had heard the old mountain men tell tales that their grandfathers had told; and a hundred times, with those old stories in his mind, he had sat here and in his imagination had seen the long columns of buffalo pass by.

Those were the days! If only he could have lived then, when the forests of the Cowees teemed with game, when the deer were as numerous as rabbits were now, when the wild turkeys walked the woods in great droves, when the shaggy herds still wound along the buffalo road on their journeys across the mountains!

He lay for a while longer thinking of these things. Then, realizing that it was time to go home, he unclasped his hands, which had been crossed upon his chest. In

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another fraction of a second he would have sat upright; but, with muscles already flexed, his head already lifted an inch from the log against which it had been resting, he stiffened suddenly.

For a few moments he remained motionless, tense, his whole being focused upon a faint, intermittent sound, barely audible, coming from somewhere down the slope beyond the chestnut log. Then, very slowly and as noiselessly as though his life depended on it, he rolled over so that he lay upon his chest. Even more slowly, even more cautiously, he raised his head until he could look over the log and down the slope beyond it.

HIS eyes widened with amazement, then narrowed to bright steel-gray slits. In the old buffalo road, thirty yards away down the slope, stood the Old Man.

The great gobbler was standing perfectly still, his head high and turned a little to the left. Garey knew that the bird had heard some sound and was listening—feared that in another moment he would stoop, spread his wings and fly. Yet Garey dared not move a fraction of an inch. The Old Man seemed to be gazing directly at the chestnut log, and Joe could only wait, aware that if he pushed his rifle over the log the gobbler would catch the glint of the sunlight on the rifle barrel.

Joe Garey was a man of steady nerves, yet now his limbs quivered, his ears throbbed with the thumping of his heart. Here, by pure luck, in a spot where he had never thought of seeking it, he had almost within his grasp the prize which he had sought vainly for so long. And what a prize it was!

On guard, alert, his senses strained to catch the slightest movement or sound, the Old Man at that moment was a spectacle never to be forgotten. His tall form, compact, powerful, clean-cut as a gamecock's, seemed amazingly tall. In the bright sunlight his burnished feather mail glinted and shone with changing iridescent tints of gold, of copper, of purple and green and bronze. His red legs, with their long, sharp-pointed spurs, glittered like metal; in the poise of his small head, in the gleam of his hazel eye, was all the wildness of the wilderness.

The steely light in Garey's gray eyes brightened as he gazed. He knew that never, even in those old days when all the mountain forests teemed with turkeys, had the Cowee Overhills seen a nobler gobbler.

Joe waited, motionless as a stone, except for the quivering of his limbs, the pumping of his heart. Another minute would tell the story. Within the next few seconds the Old Man would either take wing or else resume his scratching amid the leaves. It was the slight sound of his scratching which had attracted Joe's attention as he lay behind the chestnut log; but Joe wondered what sound it was that had put the Old Man on guard.

The minute stretched to two minutes. Then, with a thrill of exultation, Garey saw the rigid form of the gobbler relax, saw him lower his head, take three steps forward and, with his back turned toward the hunter, begin picking at the short grass in the buffalo road.

Slowly Joe reared himself on his elbows, Slowly, inch by inch, he pushed his rifle barrel over the log. At that short range

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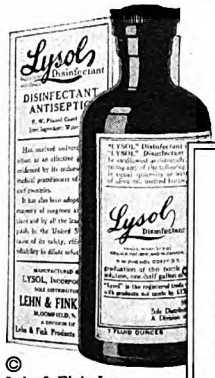

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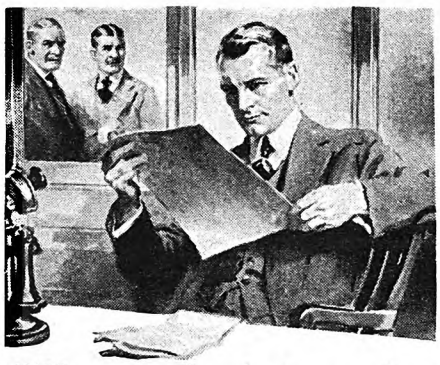

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he could risk a fancy shot. He could put his bullet through the Old Man's head the instant it was raised and held momentarily motionless. But Garey would not take the chance, slight though it was. He drew his bead on the gobbler's body just behind the wing, where the bullet would pierce the big bird's heart.

A MOVEMENT beyond the gobbler caught Garey's eye as he gazed along the rifle sights. Out from the thicket of sour-wood saplings fringing the buffalo road stepped a wild turkey hen, and behind her, emerging from the bushes in twos and threes, trooped thirteen turkey chicks about ten days old.

Garey, still gazing along his rifle barrel, counted them mechanically as they came out into the open. This, then, was what the Old Man had heard; he had heard his mate coming with her brood. For the moment Joe's brain was paralyzed with amazement. So Crowley Masterson had been right after all. His wild turkey hen was not a myth. A mate had come to the Old Man. For the first time in a dozen years a brood of wild turkeys had been hatched in the Cowee Overhills.

Desperately Garey strove to readjust his mind to this new development. Within him, as he lay behind the chestnut log, his bead still drawn upon the feeding gobbler, a battle raged. The thing which he had believed impossible had begun to come true. The restocking of the Cowee woods with wild turkeys was under way. To kill the Old Man now would be almost a crime.

Suddenly fierce anger surged in him. His face flamed red; his jaws clamped. Had he hunted the Old Man all these weeks for nothing? Had he won the prize at last, only to throw it away in the end? His cheek pressed tighter against the rifle stock. His narrowed eyes no longer saw the turkey hen and her little ones, but only the great gobbler at which he aimed.

THE thing that happened burst upon them—upon Joe Garey, upon the Old Man, upon the turkey hen and her brood—without forewarning. A jutting shoulder of the ridge some seventy yards to the left of the spot where the Old Man was feeding deflected the sound of the strange procession that was coming along the old buffalo road.

The Old Man heard them just as they rounded the shoulder of the hillside, raised his head high and stood at gaze. Joe Garey shifted his rifle barrel a fraction of an inch. The gobbler's sudden movement had disturbed his aim, and he drew a new bead quickly, fearing that the Old Man was about to take wing. Joe's finger was tightening on the trigger when he heard a swish of leaves and grass, a low thud of plodding hoofs. Instinctively, he turned his head.

Garey remained motionless, suddenly limp, like a man dazed. For one wild moment he believed that he had lost his reason. That agony passed swiftly. He had a quick brain; but several seconds elapsed before his mind, benumbed by the astounding thing that he saw, hit upon the secret of the miracle.

Even then he made no move. Even then he could scarcely credit the evidence of his senses. The great days had come back! Along the old buffalo road a herd of buffalo was marching through the Cowee Overhills!

He knew that he was awake. With his own eyes he was watching them as they came on in single file along the path. The scent of them was in his nostrils; his ears drummed with the thump of their hoofs. He could see the bulging muscles of the great bull in the lead, could catch the gleam of his arrogant eyes through his matted frontlet of hair.

A mad desire came to Garey to leap to his feet and shout. The impulse was gone as quickly as it came. Not for worlds would he interrupt this pageant, shorten by so much as a fraction of a second this spectacle which in two centuries the Cowee woods had not seen.

They were abreast of him now, at the foot of the gentle slope, not thirty yards away. Huge, fantastic, incredibly magnificent in that wild and lonely place, they were all that his imagination had pictured, and more—the grandest sight that he had ever seen or would ever see. With shining eyes and quickened breath he lay motionless behind the chestnut log while the shaggy column passed along the buffalo road below him—twenty-two buffalo in all, the first buffalo that had trodden the ancient highway of the herds in two hundred years. Then, minutes after the last of them had faded amid the trees, he roused himself and looked for the Old Man.

The great gobbler had vanished, and with him the turkey hen and her little ones. Joe Garey, his eyes still strangely bright, smiled happily as he started homeward.

Far down the valley, where his path crossed the main road leading from the Pilot Knob region, Garey met two men on horseback. They drew up and one of them spoke.

"Brother," he said pleasantly, "been huntin' up in the hills?"

Joe nodded.

"Didn't see nothin' of any buff'lo up that-a-way?"

Garey smiled. "What's the joke?"

"No joke," the other replied. "Me an' my friend here, we're gover'ment rangers. The buff'lo on the gover'ment lands over by Pilot Knob has strayed off, an' we tracked 'em in this direction. Thought you mought have seen 'em. Want to head 'em back if we can; but if they ever git up in them hills, guess they'll have to stay there."

Joe nodded again.

"Yeh," he drawled, "that'd be a right tough job."

"Bet your life, brother," the ranger agreed, wheeling his horse. "Well, if you see them buff'lo, don't shoot 'em. They're gover'ment property. An' pass the word 'round, will you?"

AT HIS cabin Joe found Crowley Masterson sitting on the porch, waiting for him; and he remembered that he had asked Crowley to come in that afternoon and help him mend a wagon. Joe went indoors to get a drink of water, and when he came out he held a five-dollar bill in his hand.

"Hyar, Crowley," he said, "you won your bet. I ain't shot the Old Man yet, an' I ain't a-goin' to shoot him."

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Tales of the Wayward Sea

(*Continued from page 48*)

ute between the Cape of Good Hope and Australia.

"Yes!" he said, "and a God-forsaken place it is—fit for nothing but seals and sea birds—and about as far out of the way to-day as any place on earth—windswept and desolate, bleak, barren, and cold." He spoke as if he had a personal grudge against them. "I spent eleven months there," he went on. "It was when I was a young fellow. I was only twenty-four; but I had been at sea ten years, and was the second mate of the 'Invernrie.' We thought her a big ship in those days—eight hundred tons. We were taking emigrants out to New Zealand from London."

The old man stopped in his walk, and pulled at my sleeve. "That was where I met my wife," he said. "She's dead many a year ago—died at sea, and buried near St. Paul's Rocks. You know where they are? . . . Well, we stumbled onto the Crozets one night, and when I ran out on deck there was a fine mess—fore topmast gone over the bows and the main t'gallant mast too, and the deck full of raffle, and people out of their berths half dressed. Weather was cold but fine, lucky for us.

"Daylight came soon, and we saw the main island less than half a mile away. We got the boats out and landed the passengers. The Old Man sent me ashore to look after things, and we kept the boats busy all day landing stores and sails and spars and lumber, even the pots and kettles out of the galley. I got the men to work, and we built shelters for the women and children with the canvas and lumber. There was plenty of drinking water close by.

"The day was so fine it seemed more like a picnic than a wreck. The sea was calm, but you can never trust it down there; it is never entirely sleeping, and if it sleeps, it breathes. A sudden storm came up in the night, and in the morning the ship was gone and the captain and the mate, who had remained on board.

"WE WERE two hundred and eighty-seven all told, and of that there were sixty women and forty-seven children. We all came through, and more—for four children were born while we were there. They all looked to me to give orders, and pretty soon we had settled down as if we meant to stay there. I divided them into messes, and each mess had a leader—and that's how my wife and I got together. She just naturally became the leader for all the women and children, and it was wonderful how she handled them.

"We had landed a lot of stores; but they wouldn't last long with that crowd, so we had to go on strict rations. We had a shotgun and a rifle and some ammunition; but there wasn't much to shoot—a few seals and some sea birds; and we sent the boys hunting for eggs. The carpenter had some fish hooks in his tool chest and we caught some fish, but we never had too much to eat at any time.

"We found a hut on the island built by the New Zealand Government. But there were no stores left; somebody had used them up." The old man began to laugh at this, and said, "You couldn't guess what I found in that hut—no, you could *never* guess. So I'll tell you. The most ridiculous thing you could imagine—I found it hanging on a peg behind the door. A silk hat—'Lincoln Bennett, London;' no less. Now, how had that come there? Some skipper's no doubt. But why leave it hanging there?

"We hadn't been there a month till we saw a ship. She passed close by in broad daylight, near enough so we could see the people on her deck. We waved, and made a fire with a big smoke. But they sailed on.

"THEN one day I walked right up to a man before I saw he was a Chinaman. I don't know which of us was the more surprised. He spoke little English; but he made me understand he was after seals. He wouldn't come to our camp, so I followed him and found he had a small schooner in the bay on the south side of the island. I could see ten or twelve more Chinamen on the beach and the schooner.

"I wanted him to take some of our people with him; but he said, 'No savvy' to all I had to say. I ran all the way back to camp with wild schemes of getting some men and seizing the schooner and sailing her to the Cape for help; but when I got back with the men, he had sail on her, and was standing out of the bay.

"The months dragged on and our stores got less and less. Two more ships we saw—one far off on the horizon, and one we thought was coming straight for us; but she went about on the other tack, and nothing we could do could attract her attention. I met one of the skippers in Melbourne afterward, and he told me he thought we were sealers.

"Then a Norwegian bark drove onto the rocks near where our ship had gone down, and twenty-two men came ashore. They saved hardly anything—but they were good fishermen, and when they found we had hooks, they set to work and brought in more fish in a day than we had caught in a week.

"All right. We weren't starving; but we were just existing; and I had lookouts posted day and night, and a fire always ready to light. Then along came the 'Sandridge' as nice as you like—stands in and backs her mainyard, and puts her boats over, and takes us aboard as if she had been sent for us.

"She had no accommodation for us, and not enough water or food for such a crowd, but her skipper was a *white* man. He wouldn't leave us on the Crozets. Six days out we met the 'Jeanie Deans,' Melbourne to Calcutta, and she took half our crowd.

"When I got to be skipper, I always gave that place a wide berth. No more Crozets for me.

"I've often thought," went on the old man after a few moments, "what a queer thing is memory. When I think back to that eleven months on the Crozets, it's not the cold or the hunger, or the snow and fog I remember best. I remember one

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or two of the people, but the rest are like a faded photograph. What I do remember is the woman I married soon after we got to Melbourne.

"I believe she did more than anybody else to carry me all through the months. Her faith and courage never failed. When the ships sailed past us, she said, 'Well, it shows that ships come this way. Maybe the next one will take us off.' She was a great woman and a good wife to me. If she had lived—"

We had reached the Recreation Hall by this time. "Come in and sit down, and have a smoke," said Cap'n Bill. The hall was well filled and we had to go around three sides before we found two seats together. A big red-faced man was sitting on the settee and made room for us.

"Newcomer?" asked Cap'n Bill.

"Yes," answered the big man, "came in to-day. My name's Cooper—Gordon Cooper."

"Gordon Cooper," mused the old man. Then, after a moment, "Ever hear of a ship called the 'Invernrie'?"

"I should say I did!" said the big man emphatically. "I was wrecked in her on the Crozets, my first voyage."

Cap'n Bill was standing up now, jabbing his stick into the floor. "My name's Scott," he said.

Cooper jumped to his feet. "Bill Scott!" he exclaimed, holding out his hand. "Well, I'll swear!" And he did!

They hadn't met for well-nigh fifty years, but they had both come down the long sea roads to the same snug harbor at the last.

THE passing of the old-time square-rigger is reflected in the personnel of the men of Snug Harbor. True, many of them put in their time in the old square-riggers on deep-water voyages to China, Japan, and India, or 'round the Horn to 'Frisco—men who knew what it meant to reef a topsail in a snowstorm off the Horn, or stand their trick at the wheel when running down the Easting between the Cape and Australia. But many have put in all their time in steam, for some of them graduate from the engine-room and stokehold nowadays.

Captain Dan Parsloe had been at the Harbor many years—a very old, silent man who would sit by the hour gazing across the Kill von Kull into the west as if he were seeing with occult eyes that looked across the continent and out by the Golden Gate to the islands of the Western Pacific, where he had spent so many years. "An old whaleman," the Snugs told me, who had settled down to live with the natives in the South Sea Islands. But that was only their loose way of talking.

He was a lonely soul, and seemed to have no interest in the day-by-day chit-chat around him. I was able to supply him with tobacco and a new pipe one day, so we got talking.

At one time and another, Captain Dan told me many yarns, and it would take a Louis Beck or an O'Brien to do justice to his adventures.

From Easter Island to Hongkong, from Sidney to Unalaska, there was hardly an island on which he had not landed. He had even made a voyage into the Bering Sea after seals. He had shipped on a sealer in Yokohama and finished the cruise in Victoria. But the North had no charms for him. It was too cold and bleak. He longed for the swish of the trade winds through the palm trees, for the booming of the breakers on the reef, for the islands coming up over the horizon in the tropic dawn.

"I shipped on the 'Abbie Lowe,'" he said, pulling at his new pipe, "a ninety-ton schooner. She was owned by Tom Johnston. He said he had wanted to make a trip to the South Seas ever since he was a boy, and now that he'd made some money, he'd bought the 'Abbie' to trade and cruise wherever he liked and as long as he liked.

"One day we were lying alongside the wharf at Seattle and I noticed a Chinaman looking the boat all over with his sharp beady eyes. He had on American shoes and dark-colored trousers and a jacket of the Chinese blouse sort—dark blue with little brass buttons, and a little standing collar and wide sleeves. He had a flat-brimmed black soft felt hat on his head, and he still wore a queue, looped into the left-hand pocket of his blouse.

"He walked the length of the boat and back, and stopped opposite where I was checking in some stores. He waited till I looked up, and then he said, 'You wanchee cook?' I motioned him toward Johnston, who was working with the carpenter overhauling the steering gear. He walked along the wharf and repeated his question. Johnston looked hard at him and said, 'You good cook?'

"He came aboard at that, and fishing inside his loose blouse produced a passbook, where he had pasted a number of letters. Johnston looked them over, and in a few minutes Wong Sam was hired.

"As he left Johnston, I heard him say, 'Where you go, this ship? I like go Phi-delphia.' And Johnston answered with a short laugh, 'Oh yes, by and by.'

"'All light,' said Wong Sam. 'I like go Phi-delphia. I got cousin there.'

"We had a horrible trip all the way to Honolulu. From the moment we passed Tatoosh, we had gale after gale, and heavy seas. The 'Abbie' was a good enough sea boat, but light and lively. Wong was a cook, all right, and weather made no difference to him. He was always good-natured and smiling, and contrived to get us our meals—blow high, blow low.

"WE WERE thirty-one days to Honolulu, and Wong came out of his galley as the anchor was let go. He looked around him, and then he said to me, 'What you call him, this place? Phi-delphia?'

"'No,' I said; 'this is Honolulu.'

"'Honolulu,' he echoed. 'Oh, all light. By-m-by Phi-delphia!'

"From Honolulu we went to Fanning Island, to Washington, to the Marshalls. We looked in at Pago Pago and Apia. We were three weeks in Papeete; then to Rarotonga, and Tonga itself; and finally to Suva, after visiting a dozen other islands here and there.

"Wong never wanted to go ashore. I think Papeete was the only place I saw him leave the schooner, and he was always the same happy-natured Chinaman; always on time, and always ready with his question, 'What you call him, this place? Phi-delphia?' every time we made a new island—and always ready with the same

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nswer, 'Oh, all light, by-m-by Phi-elphia.'

"At Suva, Johnston sold the 'Abbie owe' to O'Keefe, and she became a outh Sea trader. He paid us off there, nd to such as wanted to go back to the tates he paid their passage by the mail oat. When it came to Wong Sam's turn, Mr. Johnston gave him his money and aid, 'Well, Wong, do you want to go to America?'

"'No,' he said, 'I no wantchee go Melika, I wantchee stop along you. May-be you catch him 'nother schooner. By-m-by we go along Phi-delphia.'

"I went off with O'Keefe to Yap. I was there ten years, sometimes bossing the copra gangs, and sometimes on his schooner. After he was lost at sea, I went home, and found my mother had been dead three years."

"Wouldn't you like to go back, Dan? Back to Yap or Ponape, or somewhere out there?" I queried.

"Many a time I want to go back," he said wistfully; "but it's changed times there, too. The old men and the old ways are gone. And I'm old. Too old. It's a young man's game. If I had stayed, it might have been all right. No—it's Snug Harbor for me."

WE OFTEN sat on the sunny terrace in front of the sanatorium wing, the terrace which looks across the well-kept lawns to the Kill von Kull, and the Jersey shore beyond. On the road is a stream of traffic day and night, street cars, motor-trucks, motor-cars and pedestrians, a section of the busy world of active men. Between the roadway and the Kill von Kull is the railway which serves the Island; close by is the wharf at which barges of coal are unloaded; a tractor busily hauls trucks from the barge to the power plant. Outside the gate, across the wall, all is bustle and hurry, near enough to remind us of the world of struggle and opportunity, of success or failure, of ceaseless work, and comings and goings; not near enough to disturb the serenity and calm inside.

A line of contented old men sat on the benches on the terrace with their backs to the buildings. Every fine day they sat there, and the same ones made the same remarks, and told the same stories day after day. Some of them were blind; one or two had been brought out in wheel-chairs by white-coated orderlies. Some were seeing-men, who served as leaders to the blind. They were mostly smoking their pipes, yarning, and discussing the news of the day. Many of them had been to the reading-room, where Harry reads the daily paper to them every morning, after breakfast. Harry is lame and is brought in a wheel-chair; but he has good eyes and a good voice, and gives all the salient news of the day, at times with pungent comments of his own.

"Here comes Captain Glenn," said one of the men, as an erect elderly man came from the blind ward with his leader. There was a shuffling of feet as a seat was found for him near the doorway.

"How are you to-day, Captain?" asked big Johnson.

"Well, thank you; very well indeed. It's pleasant out here this morning."

"Been to church, Cap'n?" asked another.

"Oh, yes," he said simply. "You know I go if I am at all able."

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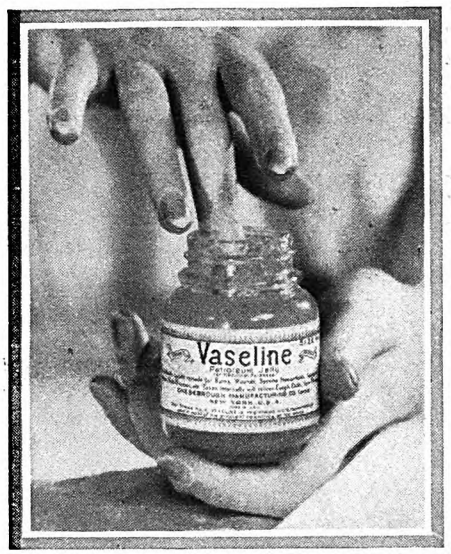

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PETROLEUM JELLY

"How old are you, Captain?" I prompted.

He sat up very straight and clasped his hands over the handle of his walking stick. "I was mate of a smart little barkentine out of Rockland, Maine, bound for Genoa," he began. "We were crossing the Atlantic when one day an English bark luffed up under our lee. Her captain sprang on the rail, grasping a backstay with one hand, and with the other he held a speaking trumpet to his lips. 'Can you tell me if Sebastopol has fallen yet?' he cried.

"Yes, sir, he asked about Sebastopol. That was in July, 1855—seventy-one years ago, and I was twenty then. I can see that English captain just as plain as if it had been yesterday."

A little procession was marching out by the South Gate, across the road, and up the hill to the cemetery where the old Snugs lie side by side, waiting the call, "All hands on deck."

"There goes Frank," said one, "up the hill at last."

"Yes," said Captain Glenn cheerfully; "we all have to go that road. I've seen a good many hundred go since I came here first."

I turned my face toward the hill I could not see, and the thought gripped me for a moment— What was I doing here? I, who had led so busy a life, and come and gone on my business across oceans and continents.

NEAR the South Gate is a big shady tree around which a seat has been built. I found a group there on a warm afternoon, and listened to their talk. It was about women, that perennial subject which never fails to interest even old men. It had come about through somebody's asking Captain Peter Sargison if he expected a visit from his wife soon. It is one of the standing jokes of the Harbor, for it is currently believed that Peter lives in the Harbor only to get away from his wife.

She is represented as a jealous woman, who even to-day, when Peter is over seventy, believes him attractive to other women, and fond of philandering. She has her own ideas of how Peter must walk the straight and narrow path of rectitude, and is strong-minded enough to enforce her view when she gets Peter within earshot.

He manages, some way best known to himself, to have her live with their married daughter in Boston, while he leads a secure and peaceful life in the Harbor. She has visited him only once in many years, but it is always pretended that Peter is in deadly fear of another visit.

Years ago, when Peter was young and strong, and no doubt dashing and attractive, he was mate on one of the Panama Railway steamers. This was in the long ago, before Cristobal and Colon had come into being, when the town at the Atlantic end of the railway was called Aspinwall. It was a place where the Ten Commandments had been forgotten.

Here lived the lovely Damietta, half-child, half-devil, dancer and gold-digger; beautiful as a tropic night, with jewels like stars in her dusky hair, and eyes that laughed and mocked and bewitched men to their undoing. She had the delicate little feet of the Castilian, and wore a Spanish shawl with a long fringe of heavy bullion. And so they called her a Spanish dancer. But who knows what strains combined in that alive little body of hers? For her mother, who was always within hail, was a Colombian, and her father no one there ever knew.

Impulsive, volatile, and generous, shrewd, calculating, greedy, and unscrupulous, a mass of contradictions, she squeezed men dry and tossed them aside like an empty orange skin.

Damietta owned the best dance hall in Aspinwall.

PETER went there one night. Damietta watched him dance, and a moment after he sat down she stood before him, a most alluring woman, from her high, jeweled Spanish comb to the little shoes with the jeweled buckles.

Peter jumped to his feet when she addressed him in her accented English.

"You dance well, señor. I am Damietta and I too dance well." Her little foot tapped rhythmically to the music as she spoke, and what could Peter do? He asked her for the next dance, and swung down the floor to the throbbing music of the guitars, to the most intoxicating measure he had ever danced.

From that moment Peter had no peace. Damietta would brook no rival. He could dance only with her. She insisted he should come to the dance hall night after night as her guest, and if he had not fought against it she would have lavished presents on him. As it was, he found a magnificent pillow embroidered in gold and silver thread in his room after the steamer had left Aspinwall.

The present Mrs. Sargison saw it, and from that moment her dark suspicions were aroused. He was engaged to her then, and he had some difficulty in explaining how he came by that pillow. It would have been better, perhaps, if he had thrown it overboard.

On Peter's next trip to Aspinwall, Damietta wanted to marry him. She almost overwhelmed him with her volcanic, passionate declarations of love. Money she had; jewels she had; the dance hall brought a big income—all would be Peter's together with her grace and beauty and love such as, she assured him, no girl of the gringoes could ever give him.

Peter was tempted to forget all, forgo his profession and take what was offered him. But he thought of the girl waiting for him at home; and, too, he reflected he could never go back to the States if he married Damietta; and Aspinwall was no place for a white man. He shook off the delirious dream, and put to sea where the clean, sweet air of the Atlantic cooled his brain and blew away the feverish, hothouse passion of Damietta's love.

He applied for a vacation and got married in New York, and thought that settled the matter.

When he went to Aspinwall again, he found that Damietta had been inquiring for him; but he stayed on board his ship and did not go near her. Then he heard she had said she would come to the ship and take him ashore. He was sure she would not get past the guards at the gateway to the pier.

Then one morning a message came to him that she was at the gate, and he had better come, as she refused to go away without seeing him. So he went up the

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pier, cool and trim in his white uniform.

Damietta was outside the gate in all the glory of her Spanish shawl and her jeweled comb. Jewels sparkled on her fingers and around her wrists. She was pacing up and down restlessly, her heels clicking on the stones like castanets.

"Ah, Pedro, *amigo mio*," she called, "why you no come veesit me?"

Peter stopped inside the gate, the two guards between them.

"I'm not coming any more, Damietta," he said. "I'm married now."

"So! You marry the American girl! You no love Damietta. All right, Pedro mio. Damietta can get *otro amigo*. *Adios*, Pedro. Come kees me, just one time."

"No, Damietta," said Peter firmly. "All that's finished."

There was a rush and a flash of jewels and steel, and Damietta sprang at him as the guards grabbed her.

Peter jumped aside just in time, for the blade of the long knife slit his sleeve from shoulder to wrist and ripped along his arm like living fire.

That was Damietta's last kiss for Peter. He never saw her again.

"Well, Peter, how about it?" asked Captain Bill Duckett, limping up, "is the wife coming down this summer?"

"Oh, I dunno. Maybe. Maybe she won't be able to leave the grandchildren," grinned Peter. "She's powerful fond of 'em."

Well, fifty years ago is a long time, I reflected, and who knows but Peter is better off as he is, after all.

The Kind of Story I Like Best

Prize Contest Announcement

FEW of us have the opportunity to live lives as rich in incident and wealthy in adventure as the old seafaring men who are passing the twilight of their days in The Sailors' Snug Harbor. That's one reason why we enjoy reading fiction. It enables us to live in our imagination what we would like to live in real life. Some of us prefer mystery or detective stories; others give love stories first place; many folks prefer stories of business or domestic problems; others revel in "atmospheric" yarns of far-off, exotic climes; still others choose historical fiction, adventure stories, sea yarns. . . . Write and tell us what kind of story *you* prefer, and why. Let us know just what you get out of this type of story—what it puts into your life.

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Address Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Contributions to this contest, and any enclosures, cannot be returned, so you must make a copy of your contest letter and of any enclosures, if you want to preserve them. Manuscripts and inquiries not connected with the contest must be sent under separate cover to the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

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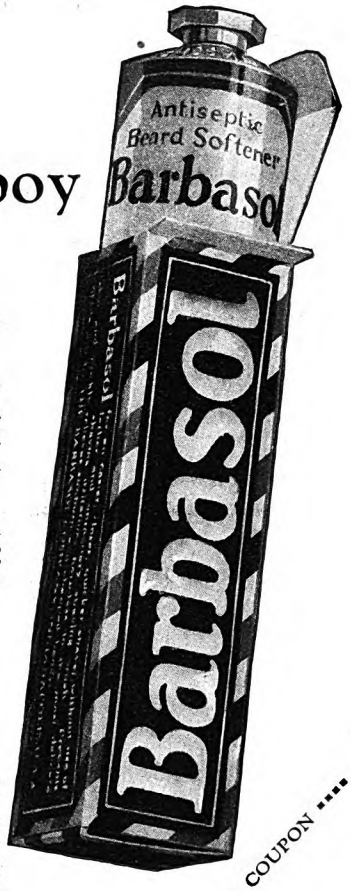

Keep that Schoolboy Complexion

The years roll off with your whiskers when you shave with Barbasol.

It's a gladsome fact, men! You, yourself, will be surprised to see how fresh and smooth and young you look when you've shaved with Barbasol. It's a tube of Perpetual Youth.

Because Barbasol leaves the natural oils right in the skin. Takes nothing away but the whiskers. Does it so easily, swiftly, gently. Just like this:

1. **Wash the face** (but leave it wet)
2. **Spread on Barbasol** (but don't rub in)
3. **Shave!**

No brush. No rub-in. No after-sting or smart. All cool and grateful is the skin, protected now from sunburn, windburn, chap. And no more ingrowing hairs to trouble you. Isn't that enough to make you want Barbasol?

"Mister, you're next!" **Try Barbasol three times, according to directions.**

Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

COUPON

The Barbasol Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.

I enclose 10c. Please send trial tube and I'll give it a fair trial.

Name.....

Address.....

AM 8-27

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There Will Always Be Something New to Do

(*Continued from page 16*)

because everything was going to be all right.

From a dusty room in a factory to the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf; from crude volunteer programs to programs that will cost this year more than two million dollars for talent alone; from broadcasting stations of limited radius to the National Broadcasting Company, which on February 22d linked up forty-three stations and caused the voice of the President of the United States to be heard by more millions than had ever before heard a single human voice—this is the story of radio.

And the most important man in radio entertainment at the moment is Merlin H. Aylesworth, known to a lot of us affectionately as "Deac."

He was born in Iowa forty years ago, the son of a preacher. One third of the sons of preachers remain obscure; one third achieve mediocre success; the other third rule the world. Lest I should be suspected of prejudice, as a preacher's son myself, allow me to recall the names of just a few of the distinguished members of our fraternity.

Among Presidents and statesmen we have Grover Cleveland, Woodrow Wilson, James Buchanan, Chester A. Arthur, Charles Evans Hughes, Henry Clay, and Jonathan P. Dolliver. Harriman and Cecil Rhodes are enough to represent the quality of our financiers. We are represented in science by Agassiz, Jenner, Linnæus, and Morse, to name only a few. We have Hallam, Hobbes, Froude, Sloane, and Parkman among the historians; artists like Sir Joshua Reynolds, and architects like Sir Christopher Wren. We have so many writers that it would be impossible to count them: Tennyson, Coleridge, Addison, Cowper, Goldsmith, Emerson. And as for eminent living Americans, "Who's Who" includes more sons of preachers than sons of any other profession.

IF YOU ask why the preacher's son gets off to such a good start, be well assured that it is not by accident. He enjoys several distinct advantages: First of all, he has what S. S. McClure once said he hoped to bequeath to his children, "the advantages of poverty." Very early in life he makes the acquaintance of hard work. He must save money, and has very little of it to save. He understands, as early as he is able to understand anything at all, that whatever is to come to him in life will come as the result of his own hustling. Hence, he loses no time in the delusion that somebody is "going to make him."

Furthermore, he is brought up in an atmosphere of good books and fine conversation. He learns the use of words, which are the magic tools by which men's minds and actions are influenced. And, lastly, he is surrounded by the expanding power of faith.

The earliest sounds that reach his ears are assurances that great things may be accomplished in the world if one will only believe. In sermon and prayer and daily conversation he hears again and again that the Lord is on the side of those who trust and go steadfastly forward. "If ye have faith and doubt not, . . . if ye shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed and be thou cast into the sea; it shall be done" —that is the faith that has built railroads and cities. And, "Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." Consciously or unconsciously, the makers of business have operated on that great premise.

AT AN early age Aylesworth was removed to the new and splendid state of Colorado, where his father became a college president. He himself went through the schools in regular order, studied law, and was admitted to the bar at twenty-four. His first professional employment was collecting bad bills for the local medical society. For reasons that will be apparent before this piece is finished, I wish to state that if I owed a bad bill there are very few men whom I should so little like to have on my trail.

The excellent jurors of Colorado learned very quickly that when young Aylesworth came to court it was never a dull day. He had a persistent habit of turning up with all the facts, and whatever he lacked in experience he more than made up by an impetuous energy which swept things before it. A wobbly mind in the jury box wobbled worse and worse as the force of his will-power beat against it; it was like facing steadily into a strong, fresh wind. His record of favorable decisions became imposing. Meanwhile, he was spending his evenings in politics, learning even the technique of handling men, which has been so useful ever since. And presently, at the age of twenty-eight, he blossomed out as chairman of the Colorado Utilities Commission, and so began what has been his life work—the guidance of big business in its delicate task of forming and maintaining good public relations.

One night recently, when we were sitting in the Lotus Club and settling the affairs of the world in general, I said, "Deac, what an amazing whirligig this thing called Business is. You get caught up on one of the little cogs of the machine two thousand miles from here; the big wheels turn over, and, presto, you're flung up behind a mahogany desk in a skyscraper on Fifth Avenue. When you were out there collecting bills for those doctors in Colorado, did it occur to you, in your wildest dreams, that you would ever be at the head of the biggest business of its kind in the world, with your office here in New York?"

"Believe me, it did not," he answered with a laugh. "I suppose I used to wonder occasionally what was going to become of me. Every man has day dreams. But mostly I was busy just doing the next thing that had to be done. We hear a lot about the importance to young men of thinking about the future. I sometimes think that too much is said on that subject. There are thousands of young chaps who are looking so hard at the future that they forget to make any real dent on the present.

"How could I ever have foreseen what was going to happen to me? How could I plan to become president of a company operating in an industry that didn't even exist? All I did was to take care of the public relations of my company, as best I could. That brought me into touch with other companies, and when the National Electric Light Association was formed, a coöperative movement of all the light and power companies, they picked me up and brought me to New York as executive secretary.

"That gave me a chance which was just as big as I cared to make it. For a long time I traveled thousands upon thousands of miles a year. I came to know the chief executives in the electrical industry from one end of the country to the other. I met men like Owen D. Young, of the General Electric Company, and Guy Tripp, of the Westinghouse Company, as well as the leaders in the great interconnected power companies. When the National Broadcasting Company was formed, Mr. Young persuaded me that it was an even bigger and more important job than the one I was busy with. And there you are.

"ALL of which means simply this, as I see it—that a big change has come about in American business life. A man used to choose his business; now, business selects the man. I sat at dinner the other night beside the president of one of the biggest banks in the country, a director of many companies. He said that for two years he and some of his associates had been looking for a man to whom they could pay two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, and so far they have not been able to find him. A day or two later I saw a letter from a titled Englishman, the head of an international business. He wrote to his American director that he was coming over here to find a man for an important position, and that salary would make no difference. But he made one stipulation: The man whom he selected must be employed. He wanted someone who would have to be persuaded to leave and step up higher.

"Take a man like Owen Young, or any other industrial leader," he continued. "If you could read their mail for a few weeks you would find that they have two piles of letters on their desks all the time. One pile is from companies that want to find men; the other is from men who want to find jobs. And the tragedy of it is that the two piles of letters just don't match. The men who are unhappy and always wanting to change are the men whom nobody wants. The men who are completely immersed in what they are doing are the men whom everybody is after. So when you ask me if I had any plan back there in Colorado for getting to New York, I say, 'No.' I've never had any particular plan for getting anywhere. I've just done the day's work, and taken care to get as much fun out of life as possible while doing it.

"You remember in Gilbert and Sullivan's 'Pinafore' the stuffy old admiral

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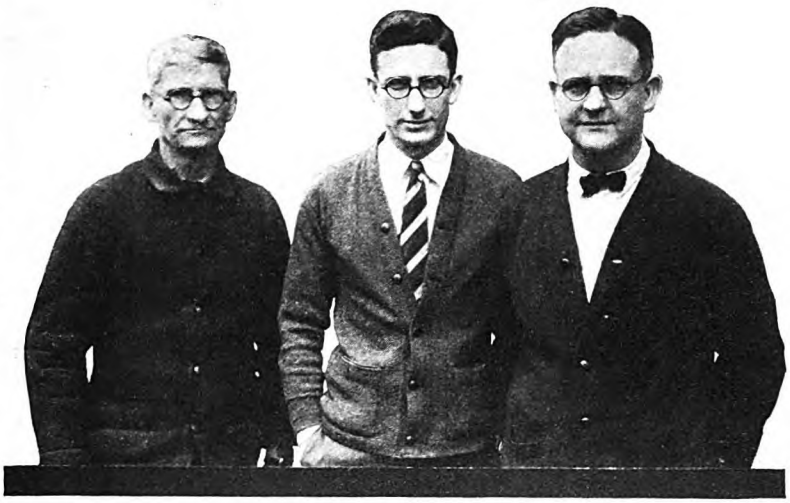
They do a $125,000 business —in a 73-family town!



DEALERS: ***Send for the folder which tells how the 3 Knights built up their big retail business!***

IN a little Indiana village, the three Knights—father and two sons—run a retail store that averages better than $400 in sales every day in the week except Sunday.

You can't get into this village by interurban, bus, or train. It has only 73 dwellings in it. And it hasn't even a newspaper. Yet here in this tiny hamlet is the store that did a $125,000 retail business last year—and is aiming at the $150,000-mark this year with every indication of hitting it.

How Do They Do It?

The Knights' merchandising methods ought to be interesting to every small-city retailer in the country.

For the kind of selling that pushes a store's daily sales volume above $400 must be built on the soundest and most progressive merchandising ideas.

And it's for this reason that Farm & Fireside sent its special interviewer out to visit the Knight store—to talk to the men who run it, and to get their viewpoints on surefire selling methods—in order to pass the information on to other dealers throughout the country.

Told in the Folder

The Knights' own story of the methods they used to build up their big success is now printed in folder form, ready for distribution.

If you're interested in how to overcome the disadvantages of location by widening your trading area—send for this folder and see how the Knights did it.

If you want to know their substitute for newspaper advertising—what they've learned about farmers' buying habits—how they keep their trade from driving into nearby cities to buy—get this folder which carries Farm & Fireside's personal interview with them. It contains a lot of tried and proven merchandising ideas which every dealer who wants to get more trade and bigger profits can apply simply and easily in his own business.

This is another of Farm & Fireside's *successful-dealer* interviews. Others will follow throughout the year. And thus, in making available the business methods which successful merchants have used in building up farm trade, Farm & Fireside is simply meeting an obligation to retailers and advertisers which its leadership confers.

But—getting these interviews and publishing them is only a part of Farm & Fireside's service to retailers.

Farm & Fireside's Bigger Service to Small-City Retailers

The biggest benefit comes when the dealer ties up closely to the products that are offered in Farm & Fireside's advertising pages—and specially displays and features them.

As every dealer knows, Farm & Fireside is a real force for influencing farm people to buy And the yearly growth of advertising in Farm & Fireside proves that manufacturers recognize this fact, too.

A glance through a copy of Farm & Fireside quickly tells *why* its advertising pages register in more than 1,200,000 farm homes—for here is a 100-per-cent *personal* magazine—edited straight to the individual—and read with *warmer interest* than any other farm publication.

FARM & FIRESIDE
Retail Merchandising Department
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Send me Farm & Fireside's interview with the three Knights—in which they explain the methods they used to extend their trading area and build up their farm business.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Farm & Fireside

The National Farm Magazine

READ IN MORE THAN 1,200,000 FARM HOMES

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sings a song about his career. He started as an office boy polishing the handle on the door.

"And I polished up the handle so carefulee,
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

"Well, that's me. I just polished away at whatever handles were handiest. And now I am an admiral in the radio business."

"Tell me about this radio business."

"We're just beginning to find out about it ourselves; but already we know some things that have human interest. We know that there were 5,200,000 radio receiving sets in the country last June, which means, if you assume five listeners to every set, a total radio audience of twenty-six million people. New York State, with 654,000 sets, has the most listeners, and Nevada, with 7,200 sets, and New Mexico, with 7,800, the fewest. The four cities that have the largest number of listeners in proportion to their population are Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago, and New York, in the order named.

"So far as we can discover, the male and the female audience is about evenly divided. Of course, when it comes to a prize fight or a baseball game, the number of men is greater, though the ladies are beginning now to discover the secret lure that has made men leave home for the bleachers and the ringside all these many years. But the average program is strictly a family affair. For instance, a recent mail canvas conducted through station WEAF brought 1,943 letters signed by men, 2,190 letters signed by women, and 929 signed by 'Mr. and Mrs.' Naturally, the daytime audience will consist almost entirely of women, though it might surprise you to know how many offices of busy executives now have radio sets.

"AS MOST people know, the National Broadcasting Company began by acquiring WEAF, the station of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and WJZ, the station of the Radio Corporation of America, and setting each of these up as the head of a network of leased stations extending throughout the country. The company is a commercial enterprise in the sense that it is owned largely by concerns interested in the sale of radio equipment, to whom its activities are of benefit.

"Six months is not a long time in which to judge the performance of any institution, but it has been long enough to show what can be hoped for. We have broadcast the President of the United States and the Vice President; we have carried the voice of Mary Garden, Louise Homer, Mary Lewis, Martinelli, Titta Ruffo, and Mme. Schumann-Heink into homes that had never hoped for such happiness. We have had Harold Bauer, Mischa Elman, Josef Hofmann, Percy Grainger, and John McCormack; the orchestra of Walter Damrosch; the laughter of Eddie Cantor, Elsie Janis, Will Rogers, Laurette Taylor, Weber and Fields, and Van and Schenck.

"We have broadcast the Chicago Opera, and brought the Leland Stanford-Alabama football game back from the Coast, giving to millions of people in their snow-covered homes the voice of an announcer sitting in his shirt sleeves under the sunny grand-stand in California.

"We have carried the sermons of Harry Emerson Fosdick and the life questions and answers of Doctor Cadman. We have sandwiched in H. R. H., Prince William of Sweden, between Vincent Lopez and Reinald Werrenrath, and, in a period when the farmer feels that the city folks get everything and he gets nothing, we have at least made him equal to anybody in his ability to enjoy what's on the air. From Seymour, Texas, a man wrote me recently that our programs, coming to him as they do from so many different points, 'make a fellow in a small town feel as though he had been somewhere.'

"THAT is our hope for radio—that it will make the people of the United States as a whole feel that they have 'been somewhere;' that their lives will be richer, their experience wider, their appreciation of life more satisfying because they have been in touch, through this magic, with the wisest, the most talented, and the most high-thinking folks of their time.

"To imagine that radio will ever compete with the magazine or the newspaper is absurd. Nothing takes the place of anything else. When the telephone was much newer than it is now, the telephone company advertised: 'Don't travel; telephone.' They soon found that advertisement was a mistake and withdrew it, for the more people travel the more they telephone. You've discovered that in your own experience. Every journey provokes a dozen 'phone messages.

"Similarly, the more people read, the more they will listen, and vice versa. Radio is only one more recruit in the great forces of modern education, every one of which is going to be more and more needed. It is in its infancy, and we can hardly dream what its ultimate possibilities will be; but thus far the men who have dreamed most audaciously have been most nearly right.

"I remember a dinner about three years ago, given by Owen Young to certain radio engineers who were sailing to Europe for research work. Talking to them informally, he said something like this:

"'You men think you have done a wonderful thing, and you have. You are able to take the front page of the London "Times," for example, and break it down into columns, the columns into paragraphs, the paragraphs into sentences, the sentences into words and letters. Then you invent a symbol to represent each letter, and that symbol is flashed across the Atlantic, and the page is laboriously built up again—letters into words, words into sentences, sentences into paragraphs, paragraphs into columns, columns into the page. Thus by infinite work and skill we can, if we wish, have the London "Times" in New York on our breakfast tables as they have it in London. And this is a magnificent and wonderful achievement.

"'But let me put a little dissatisfaction into your souls: Mr. Eastman sets a copy of the London "Times" in front of one of his cameras, touches a little lever and, presto, the whole front page is transferred to his film *instantly*. Now, gentlemen, why isn't it possible to have the lens of your camera in London and the plate in New York, and by one pressure of the finger tip do instantly what you now do by the intricate process of tearing down and building up?'

"It was interesting to hear the comment of those men. Their expressions revealed clearly the two types of engineering minds, or, rather, the two types of minds in every profession and business. One group spoke to Mr. Young with a tolerant smile. 'Your address illustrates the possibilities of the lay imagination when unfettered by any technical knowledge,' they said. The other group did not smile. 'You have given us something to think about,' was their comment. 'It looks impossible at the moment; but we shall go to work and see what can be done.'

"They went to work," Aylesworth continued, "and already we have the wonder of pictures transferred across the ocean by radio. To say that we are at the end of the development of the art would be absurd.

"We know for a certainty that great things are just around the corner, and we suspect even more exciting wonders: that we shall live to see motion pictures flashed onto the walls of our homes; that we shall be able some day to *see* the friends to whom we are talking over the telephone; that science, in some far-off era, may even find a way to break down food into electrons and transmit them to our kitchens by radio, and there reassemble them for our nourishment—all this seems the wildest kind of nonsense at the moment. But radio itself seemed like wild nonsense only a couple of decades ago. And what I have said before will stand repeating again—that in radio, and in pretty much everything else, the men who dare to think most boldly, even most absurdly, have been more nearly right than those who have believed that only the little things were possible."

"That's all exciting," I said, "and I agree with you. When I look around the laboratories of big business, and see the hundreds of scientists at work—the first time in history that scientists have ever had all the money and all the equipment and all the time they could use for their experiments; when I see how many different sorts of investigations are going forward, I feel that I'd like to live a hundred years, just to see what's going to happen. Meanwhile, since we have to make the best of what we have already, I want to finish you off with two more questions. Here they are:

"What three mistakes do people most commonly make in using their radio sets? What five simple things can they do to add to their enjoyment of radio?"

"I CAN'T tell you anything very profound in answer to those questions," he replied. "The good sets are now so nearly fool-proof that almost anybody ought to be able to get good results from them. However, here are the three most common mistakes: (1) Not learning to tune the set properly so as to shut out 'cross talk;' (2) Forcing sets to produce the last possible bit of volume; (3) Carelessness in jarring or dropping what is, of course, a very sensitive and highly technical piece of apparatus.

"And here are your five suggestions: (1) Keep the batteries adequately charged; (2) Burn the tube filaments at the specified voltage; (3) Keep antenna and lead-in tight; (4) Keep all connections tight and clean; (5) Leave the set alone and call in a competent repair man when anything goes wrong."

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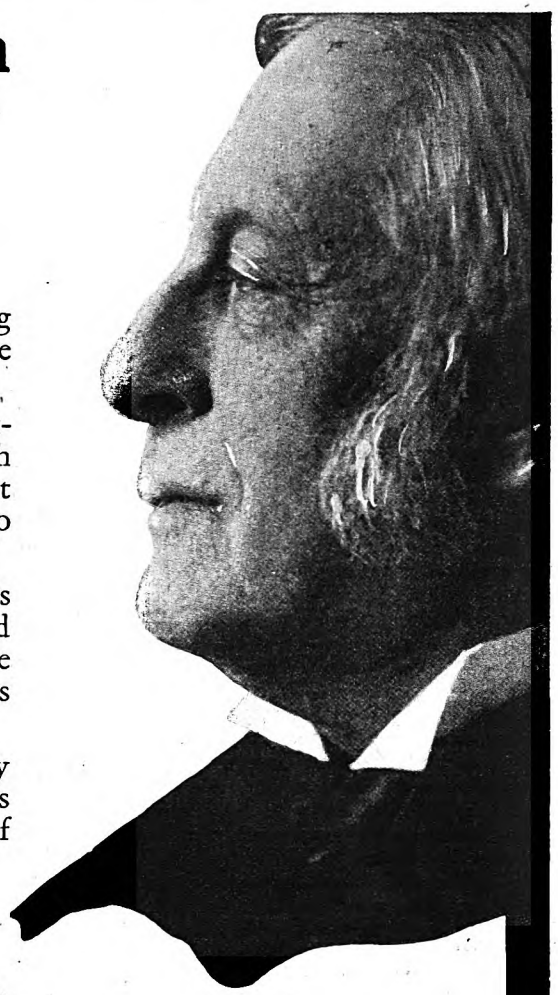
Your reading problem solved by Dr. Eliot of Harvard



THERE will be a dozen competitors for your big opportunity when it comes. What will influence the man who is to make the decision among them?

"In every department of practical life," said Ex-President Hadley of Yale, "men in commerce, men in transportation and in manufacture have told me that what they really wanted from our colleges was men who have *this selective power of using books efficiently*."

Not book-worms; not men who have read all kinds of miscellaneous books. Not men who have wasted their whole leisure time with the daily papers. But those who have read and have mastered the few great books that make men think clearly and talk well.

What are those few great books? How shall a busy man find them? The free book offered below answers those questions; it describes the plan and purpose of

Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books

The books that make men think straight and talk well

Every well-informed man and woman should at least know something about this famous library.

The free book tells about it—how Dr. C. W. Eliot put into his Five-Foot Shelf "the essentials of a liberal education;" how he so arranged it that even "fifteen minutes a day" are enough; how in pleasant moments of spare time, by using the reading courses Dr. Eliot provided for you, you can get the knowledge of literature and life, the culture, the broad viewpoint that every university strives to give.

Every reader of this page is invited to have a copy of this handsome little book. It is free, it will be sent by mail, and involves no obligation of any sort. Merely clip the coupon and mail it to-day.

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, for forty years president of Harvard University, Editor of the most famous library in the world, "Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books." You can buy these books by the Collier plan which enables you to enjoy them while you are paying for them.

Since 1875 COLLIER Good Books

Send for this FREE booklet that gives Dr. Eliot's own plan of reading.

P. F. Collier & Son Company
250 Park Ave., New York City

By mail, free, send me the booklet that tells all about the most famous library in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books, and containing the plan of reading recommended by Dr. Eliot; also please advise how I may secure the books by small monthly payments.

Name Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .....

Address .....

.....

The publishers cannot undertake to send the booklet to children. 5193-HCGK L

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It occurs to me, as I draw toward a close, that I have not told much about this friend of mine, this new captain of a new industry, *as a man.* I have mentioned his age, forty years; but as to what he looks like, how he lives, and what qualities he has that have made him what he is, I have not said a word. Let me hasten then to say that he is about five feet ten inches high; with dark hair and sparkling black eyes; that he has kept his slim figure and most of his hair; that he has a dandy wife, and a boy whose name is Barton (though he was named about thirteen years before Deac ever knew me), and a little girl of seven.

I THINK I know why he has made such remarkable progress in so short a time. At least I am sure of four of the reasons:

First: He has tremendous energy. Whatever we may say of the importance of mental endowment—and we can't say too much, of course—the fact remains that health is a greater necessity to-day than it has ever been. Few of us realize how completely the conditions of the life contest have changed in the past century. Fourteen years have been added to the average length of human life in three generations. In Shakespeare's day a man of thirty-five was already old. Montaigne retired to his tower at thirty-eight to spend his remaining years in contemplation, and he assumed that they would be few. Lincoln bade farewell to his neighbors in Springfield with these touching words: "No one not in my position can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an *old man.*" He was just fifty.

We speak of our age as the day of the young man; but it is much more truly the age of the young-old man. A recent survey of the nation's principal executives shows that the average age of chairmen, presidents, and vice presidents is sixty. Bank officials are youngest, but even they average fifty-seven; while chairmen of the boards of railroads average seventy-six. The period of preparation and education is so much longer in modern life, and the competition is so severe, that the man who lacks sturdy health is just out of luck. You must be able to stay, and stay a long time, in order to make a really big record.

Deac Aylesworth has energy in abundance, and it is the foundation of his career.

Second: But his initiative and his terrific persistence are equally impressive. I speak feelingly. I have had him on my trail.

There is no escaping him. Last year he invited me once to lunch at a club, and as we hung up our hats, he said to me, "I want you to do the greatest service that has ever been performed for an industry in its public relations."

He proceeded to empty a great bundle of material onto the table, and explained that what he wanted was twelve little pamphlets that could be mailed out, one a month, with the fourteen million electric light bills of the country. It was at a time when I was sunk to the ears in work, and I explained just why I couldn't possibly do it.

The conversation ended by my taking the material back to my office, promising to "think it over."

The next morning I arrived very early at the office, dictated a letter explaining why I couldn't possibly write the booklets, called a boy, and sent the material back to Deac.

That night we dined at another club, and I came away with the material again, promising to think it over.

The following morning I was at the office even earlier, in order to send it back again. But I was not early enough. On my desk were about a dozen telegrams, from Owen Young and leaders of the electrical industry from coast to coast. The wording of the messages was so similar that it was perfectly evident Deac had inspired them all. They read as follows:

Delighted that you are to perform this great service for the electrical industry. Magnificent opportunity to create a better understanding between the companies and the great public whom they serve. We will all be indebted to you for your kindness in adding this work to your already busy life.

What can a man do against one who goes after results in that fashion? You just have to let him have his way. Trying to stop Deac Aylesworth when he gets started is like bucking a ten-ton truck.

Third: But it is really fun to go along with him, and that's the third element in his progress. The longer I stay in business the greater value I place on friendship as a power. Men tend to do business with the people whom they like. It would surprise the average man in the country to know how many of the big affairs in Wall Street are done over the telephone by men who call each other Jim and Charley.

The power to form friendships, which is nothing more nor less than the habit of showing one's self friendly, is one of the great powers that lift men up. Deac Aylesworth has it.

Fourth: I spoke at the beginning of the asset which a preacher's son has in growing up in an atmosphere of faith. Faith is one of the big elements in every success; it has been a big factor in Deac Aylesworth's.

I PITY more than anything else the men of little hopes, of petty worries and enfeebling fears. The men who forever pore over charts, expecting the end of good business; who look with worried brows for signs of the saturation of the market, or the slump in consumption, or other evidence that to-morrow is going to be worse than to-day. The most thrilling thing in business to me is that nobody can possibly imagine what the limits of the future are going to be. About the time that we think all human wants are in process of satisfaction, along comes the automobile and creates a mass of new wants, and the biggest industry in the world. The automobile inspires good roads, which are another great industry; it builds tire business, which is another, and turns the oil business into something so much bigger than its original founders had ever dreamed of that the men who sold their stock upon the dissolution of the Standard Oil Company were practically giving it away. The automobile had hardly started when along came the movies, to make another new industry, employing hundreds of millions of capital and thousands of talented people of all sorts. And now it's radio. Aylesworth is right.

"There will always be something new and exciting," he says. "I started in the oldest business, law, and here I am in the newest, radio. You can't tell what the future has for you; that's part of the joy of the game. But if you keep going you know that it will be something bigger and more interesting. There will always be something new."

You Can't Live Your Own Life!

(*Continued from page 49*)

in the evenings to do as you choose. Until you marry and have a home of your own, you may come home here, change your clothes, eat dinner with your mother and me, and, if you like, go out later with your friends. You can have a sweetheart and with her go to the theatre occasionally; you can have friends, vacation trips, neighbors, and all that makes a happy, normal life. There will be days when your work will seem like drudgery; but if you take that job, you will always have freedom and the right to enjoy those things which please you best.

"The other job, which you may have heard of and which you may be tempted to take, will pay you no regular wages. You will "get something for nothing"—but you will do it as a lawbreaker. Eventually, you will be working for the State, twelve hours a day in the most miserable of factories with the most miserable of men. When night comes, they will lock the door upon you; you will sleep upon a hard, narrow cot. You will have no sweetheart, no amusement, no friends, no father and mother to dine with, and no hope to look forward to.

"There they are, my boy—the two jobs which are waiting for you. Which are you going to take?"

And the youngster who told this to a friend of mine added:

"That's all my dad said; but that night I thought it all out for myself, and I decided that I wanted to make something of myself. I've heard the gang on the street corner talking about 'easy money,' but they never once mentioned the price you have to pay. I hadn't realized there was a price, until my dad talked to me that way."

Lack of imagination is often the father of tragedy, because it keeps us from realizing our importance—to others. Without imagination, we fail to see how many may be concerned by our blunders. A reckless boy driving a car fancies that he is alone. He thinks that if an accident should occur, he would be the only one injured. If he used his imagination, he would know that

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riding with him in the car are all the members of his family and all his friends. He cannot hurt himself without hurting them.

Is it not possible to doom ourselves to mediocrity because we do not let our imaginations show us our possibilities? We grow accustomed to the idea that we do not count for much. We forget that our lives can be shaped and molded by our own will to do and be.

A good name, a useful life, happiness—none of these is the result of luck. Men do not drift into high places by chance. The average clean-minded, kindly, honest citizen who has made a good job of himself has looked at life as his opportunity. He has recognized his own importance as an individual.

When in camp, the Boy Scouts sometimes play a very interesting game: The patrol leaders give each lad a hatful of rubbish—bits of tin, nails, string, paper, canvas, anything which has been gathered up about the grounds. A prize goes to the boy who makes the most ingenious article from this unpromising material. The finished objects are judged both for workmanship and for usefulness.

I witnessed the judging last summer, and I was impressed by the variety of things which can be made from practically nothing. It occurred to me, as we examined the trinkets, that we were finding out not only which were the best articles but also which were the boys who knew how to make the most of their opportunities.

Life is like that Boy Scouts' game. It gives us bits of joy and sorrow; it hands us friends, hopes, disappointments. And we prove our worth by what we make of all these things.

THE accident of birth puts us into this world, and the miracle of death takes us out of it. But between age and youth, we are in the main the shapers of our own destinies. Any number of things can drag us down, but only one thing can lift us up. And that is the will to make the best of the opportunity life has given us.

It is impossible to measure the influence of any individual.

"I knew him when . . ." is a very human utterance. It represents the desire of every man and woman to express partnership in the life of another. If the boy who delivered groceries at our door twenty years ago is now the head of a great business, we take pride in the thought that once his feet ran across our little patch of lawn. We even like to think that perhaps something which he caught from us is reflected in his achievement.

As the triumph of one we have known delights us, so also does the failure of another grieve us. The most casual of acquaintances can cause us a twinge of sorrow. Perhaps we read with little feeling about an accident which has stricken down a total stranger, but let a name we know ever so slightly appear in the record, and the whole thing takes on a different complexion.

It is impossible not to take an interest in others. Once they have crossed our paths, they become a part of our lives. Let the tramp at the back door commit a crime, or save the life of a child, and the neighbors will all be out to talk about him. If he has outraged decency, those who have fed him will shudderingly regret the fact; if he has made a hero of himself, all who have seen him or fed him will boast of the fact.

What you do and what happens to you mean much to your friend. You can prove this by considering for a moment what your friend's life means to you.

Once you have said of another, "He is my friend," you have admitted that he is important to you. You are interested in his welfare; his happiness becomes your happiness and his sorrow your sorrow.

IF a man is your friend, he can make you break your business engagements, keep you from your golf game, or interfere with your vacation. You may wake in the morning determined to follow to the letter the program you have mapped out for yourself, and yet within an hour you may find that your friend's need of you is greater than your need for selfish gain or glory. Let the word come that he is ill or in trouble, and you close your desk with a bang and fly to his assistance. Is there a death in his family? You are at his side, and you remain there until there is nothing further you can do to comfort or aid him.

What are all these big home-comings and rejoicings about? Why did the people of Atlanta carry Bobby Jones on their shoulders when he returned to them with the British golf championship? To hundreds of those who gathered about him and shouted and cheered, the championship was merely the excuse for celebrating something far more important. Had Bobby Jones been a victorious tennis player or horseman, or had he written a prize-winning song or book, the rejoicing would have taken place just the same. The joy was in the boy!

Bobby Jones of Atlanta! Their Bobby Jones! Bobby Jones, their playmate and companion; Bobby Jones, the youngster they had watched grow up, the son of their friends, and the schoolfellow of their sons and daughters! This lad had triumphed over the golfers of the world! And, in doing so, he had made them all proud and happy.

"Did you hear about young Jack?" said a friend to me the other day.

"No. What's happened to him?"

"They've promoted him and given him his second raise in salary, and he's been with the firm only about a year. His dad's tickled to death."

"*You* seem to be pleased about it, too," I said.

"I am," said my friend. "I'm as proud as if he were my own boy. His folks were neighbors of ours a few years ago and I took quite an interest in Jack. Fact is, I got him his first job. He's making good. He'll be a big man some day!"

Now, I didn't get Jack his first job, and I don't know him as well as my friend does; but I do know his mother and father. And his success has made me happy, too.

It is not often that we smile or weep alone.

Several years ago, when I was a reporter, fire destroyed a shoe factory and two workmen were burned to death. It fell to my lot to break the tragic news to the bereaved families.

I remember vividly the scene as I walked along the narrow little street on which one of those men had lived. The children were playing on the sidewalks in the summer sunshine. A woman was hanging out her washing. A group of housewives were standing at a wagon bargaining with a peddler for his vegetables. Another woman across the way was working in her garden, and watching her from the veranda next door was a gray-haired old woman in her rocking chair.

It was a peaceful and happy little street when I entered it. But when I left it a few moments later, it was in a turmoil of tribulation. The shriek of grief from the stricken widow instantly changed the aspect of the whole neighborhood. The huckster quit haggling over the price of his vegetables to find out why a woman had swooned on her front porch. The children stopped playing, and neighbors poured out of their houses to learn what had happened. Not until many days later did laughter ring again on that street as it rang the afternoon I ventured into the neighborhood with my sad news.

We owe it to our friends to be loyal to the faith they put in us.

Years ago, when I was first beginning to publish my verse, I got a letter from a friend in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Some line of mine had caught his fancy and he was moved to write me a word of appreciation.

"Eddie," he closed that hasty note to me, "I want you to know that I think so much of you that should you ever do anything to lessen my opinion of you, it would hurt me beyond reparation."

No doubt my friend has long since forgotten that sentence; but I shall never forget it. I have always felt that I am important to that man; that I can never afford to disappoint him.

THE self-indulgent life and the wise one do not travel the same road. For one, you must abandon the other. You'll seldom find Wisdom sitting on Folly's doorstep. Old Man Afterthought sobs, "What a fool I've been!" Better listen to Forethought's whispered warning, "Don't be a fool!"

Bill Brown (and that isn't his name) would give everything he owns to-day to recall one foolish hour. Up to a few months ago, Bill was a respected citizen. Happily married, the father of three fine children, successful in business, he was admired by all who knew him.

But Bill had one mighty foolish idea tucked away in his head. He thought that it didn't matter much what he did so long as he himself was sure that he was doing no wrong. And in that spirit, one night Bill joined a gay party. There's no harm, argued Bill, in getting a little hilarious now and then.

But when an automobile crashed at two o'clock in the morning, and the young driver and a woman were killed, and another woman and another man and Bill were taken to the hospital, even Bill couldn't convince himself that he had done the wise and right thing.

Physically, Bill eventually recovered; but his wife and children are still paying the price of his folly. They have been hurt beyond recovery. And all because lovable, sweet-natured Bill had not found out that his life was not his to live!

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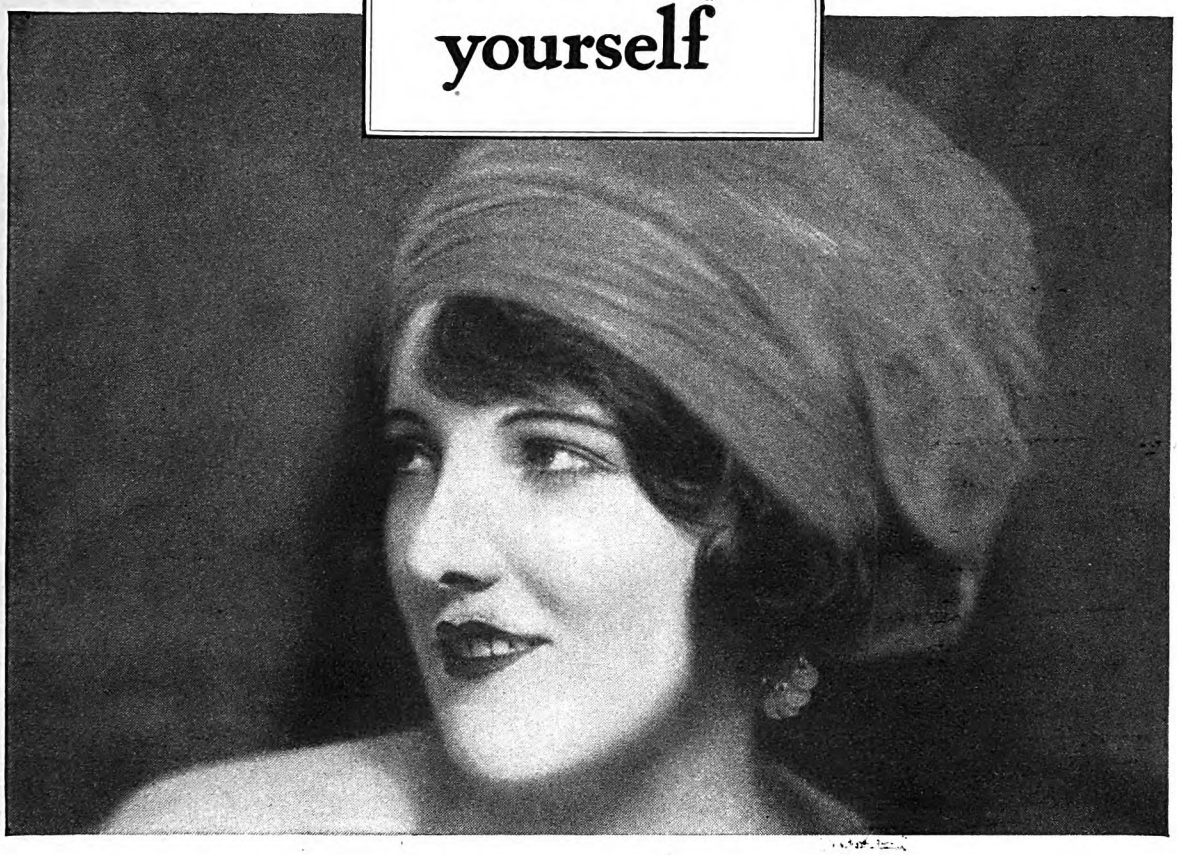
don't fool yourself



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THE FAMILY'S PROBLEMS

Our Troubles Began to Disappear When I Stopped Complaining

JOHN was born and brought up in the country; but I had never lived outside the city limits until our marriage, which was before the World War. While John served overseas I lived with his mother on the old farm. She died soon after he came home, and he inherited the farm. It was small and badly run down, but John loved it.

I had never even pretended to like farm life. The returns seemed pitifully small to me, in comparison with the early and late hours and the heartbreaking labor. I made no effort to hide my discontent, especially after the children came and there was more work to do.

Our house was badly in need of paint. The sheds and fences were tumble-down and disreputable. The children were teasing for a radio and an automobile, neither of which we had the means to get. John was discouraged and heartsick, and I added to his burdens with my own complaints. The children had caught my spirit. They talked openly about how much they "hated the old farm."

So far we had kept out of debt; but several seasons of extremely wet weather and poor crops, with prices far below the cost of raising them, drove us almost to despair. Always when I had suggested selling out, John had opposed the idea; but one evening he came in from the field utterly discouraged.

"We will sell if I can find a buyer," he said, in answer to the suggestion I was in the habit of making whenever things went a little wrong.

I was somewhat taken aback at this unexpected reply. "Are you sure it will be for the best?" I asked him.

"What else can I do?" he answered. "I get no encouragement from you, no help from the children."

It was the first word of criticism I had ever heard him utter. It came over me in a flash that what he had stated so matter-of-factly was the absolute truth. When he came home tired from the fields, I used to compare my life on the farm unfavorably with my life in the city. I grumbled about the lack of conveniences, the appearance of the house.

The children were big enough to help both their father and me, but the tasks we imposed on them they performed grudgingly. Having heard me praising city life, they had formed a very exaggerated idea of its joys. They felt abused because their father forced them to forgo these pleasures, and were continually whining for things they knew we couldn't give them.

I couldn't sleep that night. And I lay in bed thinking, trying to see things in their true light. Here on the farm we were sure of a roof over our heads and enough to eat. The children were healthy. They would have been happy if I had not sown the seeds of discontent. If we went to the city we would be exchanging a certainty for a great uncertainty. By morning, I, too, had made a decision. Our family problem, as I then realized, was to make the best—not the worst—of what we had.

"John," I said, "let's try it one more year."

That evening at the supper table, Robert began talking again about how we were the only people in the neighborhood who did not own a car. I took up the cudgels.

"Why, we don't need a car," I said. "You children go to school on the bus; we are only half a mile from church and less than that from the city traction line. A car would be a needless extravagance."

The children were dumfounded, but the look in John's eyes was good to see.

Summer vacation was approaching. It was a time we always dreaded, for when the children got out of school they didn't have enough to do to keep them out of mischief, yet they resented being asked to help around the place. John and I talked the problem over together, the first time we had ever had this kind of discussion.

"I wish I could pay Robert a little each day," he said. "Perhaps then he would help me more willingly."

"Couldn't you afford to give him one of Toots' little pigs?" I suggested. "He could fatten it up himself, and sell it in the fall."

We also planned to have a fourth of the garden spaded, and give it to Miriam. The child dearly loved flowers, and there was a good market for them in the city, or she could sell them to motorists on the highway that passed our farm. Little Jean was given a hen with nine fluffy little chicks. In return for these gifts, we required that the children do their tasks promptly and cheerfully. We arranged a regular schedule for each one of them, with plenty of time off for recreation.

IT HAS not been easy, but my reform is succeeding better than we had dared to hope. The children are extremely interested in their private enterprises, and are eager to make the farm a pleasant home. I am doing my bit too. One of our neighbors owns a hardware store in the village three miles away. I was calling on his invalid wife one day when she deplored the fact that she could not bake her own bread and pastry, as she used to do. Our paintless house flashed into my mind. I offered to exchange home baking for paint from her husband's store. She was more than willing. Robert and I, with a little help from John, gave the house three good coats of paint. It has improved the place so much that I am now bargaining to do her summer canning to get paint for the barn and chicken house.

At odd times, John and the children have straightened and repaired the fences. The old, useless sheds have been torn down and chopped up for firewood. The children have cleaned up the yard and cut the grass in front of the house. Our farm looks a hundred times better; but the best part of it is that the job has been accomplished by all of us working cheerfully and loyally together. We solved our problem by becoming good sports. M. S.

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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
September, 1927
More Than 2,200,000 Circulation

Men And Women

How they differ in mind, motives, and character

By Will Durant

GORKI and Tchekhoff were walking in the Crimea. They came upon Tolstoy as he sat on the beach, his great head bent in meditation, his beard sweeping the sand. They squatted down beside him, and began to talk about women. For a long time Tolstoy listened in silence. Then suddenly he said, "And I will tell the truth about women only when I have one foot in the grave. I shall tell it, jump into my coffin, pull the lid over me, and say, 'Do what you like with me now!'"

Bernard Shaw invited by Count Keyserling to contribute an essay to "The Book of Marriage" refused, saying, "No man dare write the truth about marriage while his wife lives." Nevertheless—

1. THE literature of this subject is the most interesting and the most unreliable in the world. It is interesting, because it directly concerns ourselves. It is unreliable, because it is autobiographical; and all autobiography is fiction. It is frequently the voice of revenge; only defeated warriors contribute to it; and when a man writes a book about women it is his wounds that speak. (This does not apply to essays.) When a man wins with a woman it is usually (if he is a gentleman) with the Pyrrhic victory of marriage; after which he preserves a judicious silence—two cannot speak at once. When he loses, he writes books.

But much more interesting than the essays which Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Weininger, and other jilted men have written about women would be a candid analysis of men by women. For women understand and manipulate human nature much more intelligently than the hesitantly intellectual male. But women are too clever to reveal themselves in literature; they are content to have realized Job's wish: that their enemy might write a book.

Any normal person must be one-sided on our present subject: he knows only one half of it from within, and perhaps but a fraction of that half intimately, and perhaps not even that fraction honestly or well.

Let us, however, be as careful as we can. We shall (conveniently but artificially) divide human nature into the basic instincts which so largely make it up, and ask in each case how the mind and character of women differ from the mind and character of men. We shall assume that man is born with certain instincts—like food-getting, fighting, flight, and play—which tend to preserve the individual; and other instincts—like gregariousness, speech, and love of approval—which tend to preserve the group; and other instincts still—like mating and parental care—which tend to preserve the race. There are some questionable statements here; but we must not enter into technical controversies that do not vitally affect our problem. We need only ask whether men and women are differently endowed with these instincts, in kind or in degree. And we shall begin with the racial or reproductive instincts.

2. EVEN the male biologist is struck with the predominance of the female in the animal world. In certain parasites the male is a little organism obliquely attached to the side of the female, like an appendix or an additional organ, comparatively minute; in the sea worm Bonella the female is ninety-six times larger than the male; in the butterfly the female is fifteen times as long and ten times as substantial as the male; the queen bee is far larger than any of the males who suicidally court her. The lady spider is so easily superior that in some species she eventually eats the male.

In vertebrates and mammals the male becomes superior in strength; the development of maternal care, and the replacement of external development by the internal growth of the embryo, puts a greater strain upon the female, while the male is left free and largely irresponsible, getting killed or becoming stronger in the endless war for food and mates.

AGAIN, the female has a certain biological priority, as the direct carrier of the body of the race. Man's function is incidental. Nature and the laboratory have corroborated each other in demonstrating the ultimate superfluity of the male. Jacques Loeb persuaded the unfertilized eggs of sea anemones and starfish to develop by contact with acids, or alkalis, or salts, or sugar, or alcohol, or ether, or chloroform, or strychnin, and other substances—so easily and variously was the male replaced.

Thus it becomes bitterly obvious that the female is primary and basic, the male secondary and tributary, in the species. In the great drama of reproduction about which all life revolves, he plays a minor rôle; in the crisis of birth he stands helplessly aside, understanding at last how trivial and subordinate an instrument he is in the development of the race. At that moment, he knows how much closer to the species woman is, how the great current of life flows resistlessly through her, making creation the work of her flesh and blood; and he begins to understand why primitive peoples and great religions worshiped motherhood.

Beginning next month

"WAR DRUMS"

A stirring romance of the early American wilderness

By Herbert Ravenel Sass

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3. THE function of the woman is to serve the race, and the function of the man is to serve the woman and the child. They have other functions also, but they are wisely subordinate to these. And it is in these fundamental and half-unconscious purposes that nature has placed our significance and our happiness.

Hence, the natural industry of the male is protective, acquisitive, and adventurous. His task is to leave the home in search of food; he is life's agent of nutrition, as woman is life's instrument of reproduction. Food is his great aim; if he becomes acquisitive of other things, or of everything, it is because (though he may not think of them so) these other things represent wealth, which in a crisis would offer some assurance of food. Man loves food with a surpassing love, and can be easily subjugated with it; he is fonder than woman of eating and drinking; and ever since Eve offered Adam an apple, woman has ruled man through his stomach.

4. VENTURING about for food, the male becomes a fighter; among the animals he fights with tusks and claws, among men with economic rivalry, among nations with armies, navies, and newspapers. The woman's nature is to seek shelter rather than war; and in some species the female seems quite without the instinct of pugnacity. When she fights directly it is for her children. But visibly she is less given to violence; and her crimes are often associated with periods of physiological disturbance. She is more patient than man; and though she has less courage in the larger issues and crises of life, she has unbounded fortitude for facing the smaller and endless irritations of existence. She bears illness more quietly, whereas the male, unused to quietude, bears illness restlessly, and informs the universe of his pains.

Woman is pugnacious vicariously; she delights in a masterful man. Some strange element in her thrills at the sight of strength. Occasionally, this ancient joy in virility overrides her more recent economic sense; and she will marry a fool if he is brave. She adores a man who can command; if she seems less submissive in our days, it is because men have less force of character than before; perhaps the stupefying routine of industry and the enervating artificiality of the intellectual life have habituated man to slavery, and stolen his courage away.

Woman wins her victories not through fighting nor through bravery but through persistence and tenacity. The male's pugnacity is more intense and open, but less sustained; he is readier to make up, or to surrender for the sake of peace. He may growl; but she will triumph by repetition, like an advertisement.

Napoleon, who could master a continent, could not rule his wife. "My force of character," he tells us, "has often been praised; yet to my own family I was nothing but a weakling, and they knew it. The first storm over, their perseverance, their obstinacy, always carried the day; and from sheer fatigue they did what they liked with me."

This sounds the characteristic note of every domestic symphony. Man is often defeated before the battle begins. And if by some chance the man should win, the woman need only cry, and he is lost. The wise wife will put it down as a fundamental rule of war: "If at first you don't succeed, cry, cry again."

5. IN WHAT might be called the instincts of action—crawling, walking, throwing, leaping, climbing, running, play—the female of the species seems less positive than the male. He is inclined to useless movement, and she to superfluous stability. She is lazier, and usually the more she receives the less she does. Hence, she is the more dangerous sex, for idleness is the mother of flirtation. To be virtuous, as to be happy or graceful, one must be busy.

6. IF THE woman surpasses man in the game of love, he surpasses her in friendship. Men may be friends, but women can only be acquaintances. They haven't that passion for disinterested friendship that men have. They find it difficult to entertain one another for any length of time, unless they get down to personalities. And it is all very natural; as La Rochefoucauld long since noted, "The cause why the majority of women are so little given to friendship is that it is insipid after they have felt love." Love, as the poet said, is for man a thing apart, but it is woman's whole existence. We are what we must be.

7. IN THE group of instincts which we have just surveyed—the instincts that preserve the individual—man's superiority is manifest and natural. But in the instincts that preserve the group, woman is as superior as in the instincts that preserve the race. She is more social and more sociable; she likes company and multitudes. She does not ask which are the best plays, concerts, or resorts, but which are the best attended; though the difference here between herself and her mate is microscopic. (At least she tries to like the best, whereas the normal male is dragooned into attendance upon concerts, exhibitions, and problem plays only by wifely compulsion.) She is less capable of solitude than man, and far less likely to

Husbands and Wives—Here's Something You Can Argue About!

BEFORE you read Doctor Durant's discussion of the differences between men and women, you should consider the nineteen points he sets out to prove. Here they are. Read them carefully; then thresh them over in the family circle. You may agree with Doctor Durant in all of his statements, in some of them, or in none of them. But you will be interested in what he says, for the subject he has selected is one upon which everyone has lively, definite opinions. The numbers given below correspond to the numbered sections of the article. After you have agreed, or disagreed, with these brief statements, read the author's elaboration of the points he makes, and see if your opinion remains the same.

1. Women understand men better than men understand women.
2. Woman is biologically the more important and fundamental sex.
3. Man is more acquisitive and adventurous.
4. Man is more pugnacious and violent; woman more tenacious and subtle.
5. Man is more active, woman lazier: "the more she receives, the less she does."
6. Woman surpasses man in love, and is surpassed by him in friendship.
7. Woman is more social, man more solitary.
8. Woman is more talkative; "she is a sieve for secrets."
9. Woman is more imitative, more addicted to custom, convention, fashion, fads.
10. There is more difference between man and man than between woman and woman.
11. Woman is more dependent upon social approval; more polite, considerate, and kind; richer in the qualities that make for altruism and morality.
12. Woman is more religious; man more skeptical.
13. Man is more intellectual, but less intelligent.
14. Woman is cleverer, surer, and more practical: "No man under thirty is a match for a woman of twenty."
15. Woman matures more rapidly; man more fully.
16. Woman is more conservative.
17. Fewer women are geniuses and fewer are idiots.
18. Woman inspires art, but seldom creates it.
19. These differences are acquired rather than inborn, and are visibly diminishing as woman passes to a wider and rapidly changing life.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY D. JAY CULVER

Dr. Will Durant, author of "The Story of Philosophy," and one of the best known scholars of to-day, was born in North Adams, Massachusetts, forty-one years ago. Besides being an author, Doctor Durant is director of Labor Temple School, of New York, and is a lecturer of wide experience and great popularity. "The Story of Philosophy" has had one of the most sensational sales records ever made by a non-fiction book

become a hermit. She feels more incomplete without him than he without her—doubtless because she needs his protection and, usually, his leadership. She is a gregarious animal.

8. And, being gregarious, she is more talkative. Rumor has it that she is a sieve for secrets. Franklin said: "Three can keep a secret if two of them are dead;" but to make this true of both sexes one would have to raise the rate of mortality. Woman is more expressive, because she is more frequently possessed with feeling and emotion. And her face is almost as expressive as her speech. She has not learned, like the cautious business man, to maintain a countenance unchanged in the flux of profit and loss, of pleasure and pain. With this fluid immediacy of facial expression goes a greater ability to detect the signs of feeling and thought in others; hence, it is harder to deceive a woman than a man—as everyone discovers after trying both.

9. Gregariousness varies with timidity and imitation. Woman usually leaves the initiative to man, even in love. Here above all his mastery lies. The woman is uncertain of herself; always her physical weakness and her economic dependence weigh upon her, dulling the edge of her courage, withdrawing her from rebellion and enterprise.

She clings to the customary and the conventional, piously imitative of the past, and nervously imitative of every present wind of fashion in dress, or manners, or ideas. She offers slightly readier material than man for the fads and crazes which tend to replace the orderly advance of thought; the spiritualist medium comforts her with apparitions, and new and fanciful cults find bread and butter in her trustful fantasy.

10. Woman dares not vary from the norm and average so recklessly as man. She gives the world fewer idiots, and fewer geniuses. She is more like the others of her sex than the man is like other men; the compulsion of a changing environment, and of diverse occupations, professions, and trades, has differentiated man into a thousand varieties; but the traditional industry of the home and the ancestral tasks of finding a mate and rearing a child have operated on almost all women, forming them in one mold, wherein the face is always different, and the soul always the same. Perhaps this is part cause of the male's complacent passage from one love to another; he need only learn a new name, but no new artistry; even the old letters will sometimes serve. But a woman who has loved and lost may find her loss irreparable; she has bound her spirit to a specific image; and wherever she may go her heart will linger with her memories.

11. The last corollary of this greater gregariousness in woman is her passion for social approval. The opinion of her neighbors weighs more with her than with the man, for social relationships tend to absorb such hours in her life as are unfilled with love and motherhood. She surpasses man in vanity; she is more conscious of her virtues and her beauty; and will spend half an hour in powdering her nose. Her expressiveness often lends itself to gossip, and her imitativeness to conformity. Even more than her mate, she is anxious to rise in the world; and her hunger for position forms half the wind in his sails. Therefore, she is ingratiatingly inferior to her superiors, and proudly superior to her inferiors.

But, for the same reason, she is more polite; and (her social sensitivity merging with her motherhood) she is kinder and more sympathetic than the male. Her vanity is amply balanced by her considerateness and her gentleness, her readier disposition to nurse or help the ill or the weak, and her richer endowment in the qualities that make for altruism and morality.

12. Finally, these characteristics of mind and heart make her more religious. Her emotional tension renders her quickly sensitive to the profound appeal which religion makes to the senses and the feelings. She feels more keenly the bereavements that sadden life; and her longing for reunion with loved ones whom she has lost convinces her of immortality. Nature remains (*Continued on page 96*)

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This Haunted House Has Only Happy Ghosts

By Appleton Street

AS YOU enter New Orleans from the east a large sign greets you in the railroad station: "America's most interesting city." Hotel folders and guidebooks repeat the slogan. And, although effusive publicity takes the edge off any virtue, most visitors to New Orleans grant that there is a great deal of truth in the claim. The old city behind the levee is distinctive, and certainly it is among the half-dozen most interesting urban spots on this continent.

While there last winter, it occurred to me to ask, Who is the most interesting person in this most interesting city?

So I asked various members of the community: policemen, school-teachers, two bankers, a merchant, store clerks, a librarian, clergymen, a river pilot, a tugboat captain, an engineer, a restaurant proprietor, and the landlord of an apartment house.

The name that was most often mentioned was that of William Jennings Warrington.

"Where does Mr. Warrington live?" I asked a policeman.

"Mr. Warrington, huh? You looking for Mr. Warrington?" said the officer, eying me appraisingly. "Well," he finally decided, "go to Royal Street, and ask anybody. They all know Mr. Warrington. Ask for the Haunted House."

The Haunted House! Can you imagine anything more exciting? Living in a haunted house? "Most assuredly," I said to myself, "this man is going to prove interesting."

I had no trouble in finding the Haunted House. The next man I asked answered with the precise number—1140 Rue Royal. "Just five blocks more." I walked on, pausing at intervals to study some of the picturesque houses, for I was in the center of the old French and Spanish city that was the original New Orleans.

I was reading a tablet in the wall of an ancient dwelling, when a gossipy old lady stopped and began to volunteer historical details. She pointed out other buildings, and rattled off the names of former residents: Adelina Patti lived in this house, Jenny Lind in that, General Beauregard in another, Paul Morphy, the chess champion, a few blocks back, and yonder was the house from which the Black Hand kidnapped a small boy. The house built for Napoleon was in the next street. Finally, she seemed at the end of her catalogue, and I turned to go, but she stopped me: "Then, there's the Haunted Exchange."

"You mean the Haunted House, where Mr. Warrington lives?"

"Yes, Mr. Warrington—God love him: He lives there with all his men; but they do say as a ghost walks it at night. People have heard things, and seen 'em. I don't put much stock in such ideas, but there's a story about that old house and the rich society lady what lived in it before the War. They say as how she tortured her slaves to death, and the ghost of one comes back every dark night. Once my sister saw it at the balcony."

I hurried on and found No. 1140. Its great door of carved ivorywood was open. I walked into the entry and met a man coming down the winding stairs of the hall. He said I would find Mr. Warrington in the room on the left. So I turned in another door, and came face to face with a gray-bearded man, whose eyes, looking straight at me, were the gentlest and kindest and twinklingest I have ever looked into.

I KNEW instantly that this must be Mr. Warrington—there could be no superior to him under the same roof. I explained the reason for my call: the desire to talk with him—many people in the city had said he was the most interesting individual in it.

"That's a good joke," he answered, laughing quietly. His voice was like his eyes, friendly and hospitable, a pleasant Southern voice, but brisker than most. He invited me to come up to his room, and we climbed two flights of the Haunted House to a snug apartment where coals glowed in an open grate. And there we talked for three hours.

There were interruptions. Men dropped in to get instructions from "the old man," as they call him with the familiarity bred of deep affection. A party of sightseers, curious to explore the Haunted House, made a clamor in the halls. Finally, a genial fellow, John, came up with cakes and a steaming pot of coffee.

I paid many visits to that room and spent many hours with its master before I got the story of Mr. Warrington and his house.

"It was built by my great-great-grandfather, Jean Remairie," said Mr. Warrington, "and stands on land which was a royal grant to Jean and his brother Henri. They planned to erect a double mansion where they could dwell side by side, with their families. But Henri soon became disillusioned with Colonial life and returned to France, and only Jean's half of the plan was completed."

Even at that it was a considerable project and required three years to carry through. The stones and brick were brought from France, the architect from Spain. Richly carved doors, delicately figured wall frescoes, solid mahogany stairs, and other luxurious fittings, were imported. When at last, in 1780, this mansion of forty rooms was completed, it at once became one of the show places of the Colony. The house was surrounded on three sides by a tropical garden, and was the setting for many brilliant social events.

"In the course of years, my great-great-grandfather returned to France," continued Mr. Warrington, "and the house passed into other hands. Marshal Ney, General Lafayette, Louis Philippe, Henry Clay, and other notables were entertained here. Its owner at this period was the aristocratic and beautiful Madame Delphine Lalaurie, daughter of a wealthy widow, Lady MacCarthy, who lived on a large plantation below the city.

"Lady MacCarthy was a very humane woman of strong progressive ideas. She established a school on the plantation for the many negro slaves whom her husband had brought from San Domingo. In fact, she sent all the way to Connecticut for a teacher, and I am told that this was the first school for negroes in the South.

"A tragic irony followed her. In the early years between 1840 and 1850 there was an uprising among natives of San Domingo, which was reflected in a similar uprising among those who had been imported to Louisiana. In the rebellion here thirteen white people were mysteriously killed, and among them the benevolent Lady MacCarthy.

"The murder of her mother was a terrible shock to Madame Lalaurie. Unable to discover the murderers, Madame brought three suspects—a man, a woman, and a girl—to New Orleans and confined them in the servants' quarters of her Royal Street home. Crazed with grief, she tortured these slaves, hoping to make them confess.

"ONE day Madame Lalaurie gave a great party. As was the custom, guests brought their children, and the children were allowed to run over the place in their play. Some wandered back to the servants' quarters, and later at home reported what they had seen. In this way, three or four families learned what was happening, and a few days later a self-appointed committee of citizens waited upon Madame Lalaurie.

"Just what was said at this interview never became known, but its results were swift and final. Madame Lalaurie allowed the slaves to be released, and she prepared to leave the country. She closed her Royal Street home and never saw it again. She lived at the estate of a friend outside the city until her ship sailed for France.

"After this abrupt abandonment of the house, strange rumors began to circulate. The facts were soon twisted into the most fantastic stories—it was said that slaves had been killed (*Continued on page 118*)

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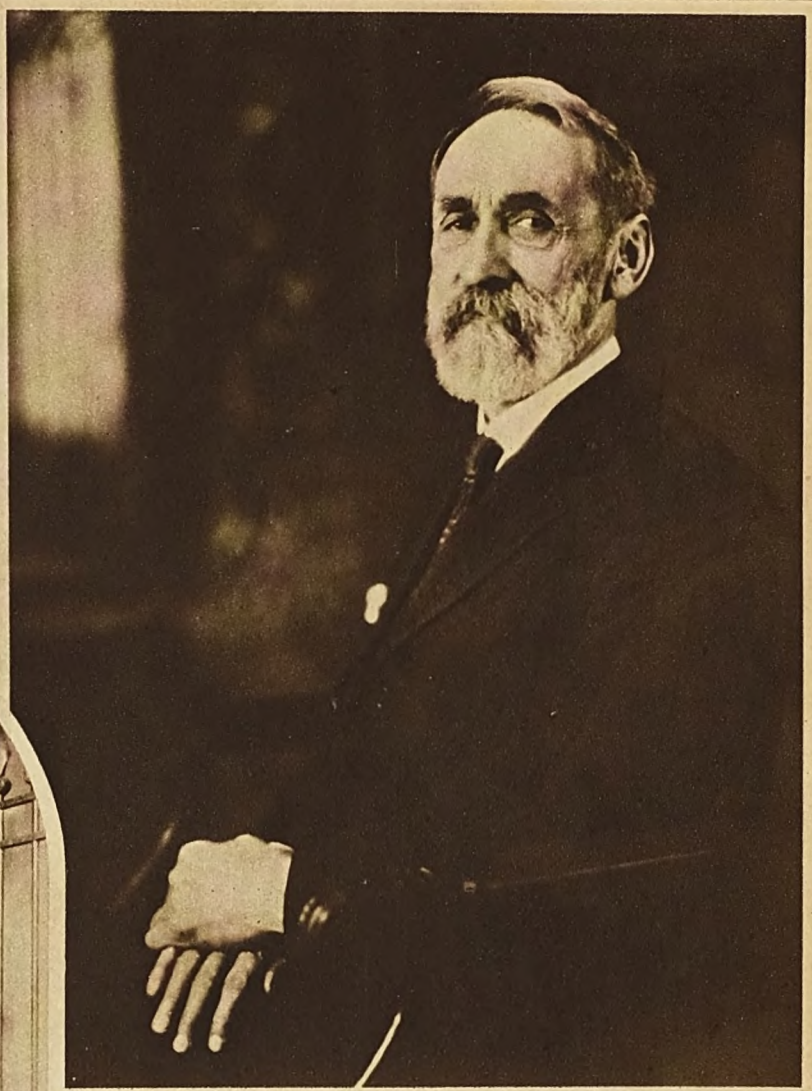
Photograph by Frank B. Moore, Ltd.

WHO IS the most interesting man in New Orleans?" asked a writer for THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. "William Jennings Warrington" was the answer from most of those to whom he put the question. Whereupon the writer sought out Mr. Warrington, whose picture is at the right, and from him obtained the remarkable story of the famous "Haunted House" of New Orleans; a house where human hopes are revived and human hearts set again upon the road to happiness. Mr. Warrington has given all his means, and still gives all his time, to those who are in need.



TO THE left is the magnificent door of the "Haunted House," through which hundreds of desolate men have gone, to find inside a kindly man who has the rare gift of imparting courage to his fellows. (Below) The "Haunted House" itself.

Photographs by Charles L. Franck

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Edward E. Shumaker

MR. SHUMAKER is president of the Victor Talking Machine Company. He was born on a mountain farm in Somerset County, Pennsylvania forty-five years ago, and at various times he has taught school, worked in a stone quarry, sold Bibles, farmed, mined coal, and earned a living as a detective. "I can't say that I ever had a definite goal," says Mr. Shumaker. "Work was work, and I was ready to follow wherever it led. The same fundamentals that make for advancement in one line, make for it in another." The article beginning on the opposite page relates how his idea has carried him along. He was a leader in the recent rejuvenation of the phonograph industry.

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His Questions Were Hindside-'fore But He Got His Answers Straight

Out of the mountains came Edward E. Shumaker, bringing his Pennsylvania-Dutch dialect, and his incurable habit of asking questions—Men laughed at his curiously twisted sentences, but respected his determination to learn, a determination which, two years ago, saved an industry

By Sherman Gwinn

TWO years ago one of America's most widely known factories stood idle. Its shops were empty and silent. Its storerooms were loaded with unsold goods. Business men acquainted with its plight shook their heads over the catastrophe. They said the company, known the world over, had reached the end of its market, and was through!

Not this company alone, but the entire industry in which for two decades it had been dominant, was at stake in that year of 1925. This was the talking-machine industry. Almost overnight a new toy—radio—had swept into popular favor. At the mere twirl of dials on a box, music and speech could be plucked from the air by any novice.

"The phonograph is dead," was some men's verdict; "doomed by radio as surely as the horse-drawn vehicle was doomed by the automobile!"

Others said that, regardless of radio, the phonograph market was saturated. The demand had been met, the country was surfeited.

Already one big phonograph company had been taken over by a creditors' committee. Many smaller ones had ceased to exist. Dealers were abandoning the phonograph for the radio, to forestall threatened failure. The future of the industry was black.

But over in Camden, New Jersey, in the idle plant of the Victor Talking Machine Company—the stricken company first mentioned—one man, and he almost alone, "saw white!"

"The talking machine is not doomed by the radio," he kept insisting. "The market is not saturated. Conditions are not bad. What we need is a better product. It is *we ourselves* who are at fault!"

Edward E. Shumaker was the tall, spare, bespectacled and earnest speaker who stood up to dispute the almost unanimous verdict of the leaders of the industry. Not yet forty-three years old, next to the son of the company's president he was the youngest member of the Victor company's board of directors.

He had farmed, taught a hill-country school, and had sold books from house to house. He had mined coal, labored in stone quarries, and been a detective. As an errand "boy," almost six feet in height, paid nine dollars a week, he had poked about the Victor factory, laughed at by everybody for his Pennsylvania-Dutch accent and his habit of expressing himself "hindside-before."

But nobody laughed now as Shumaker faced that worried group of directors. Twenty years of practice had taken most of the kinks out of his speech, and while learning to talk straight he had also learned to see and to think straight. No longer was he the gangling errand boy. This big, lank Dutchman was the man who mounted the bridge in the storm; the one among them who held out hope!

"The public is not tired of the talking machine as an instrument," he went on. "But it *is* tired of the talking machine we are offering it. It wants a radically better instrument and better records. Produce such an instrument and records, and we will be swamped with orders."

DISAPPOINTMENT and chagrin showed on every face around the directors' table. Shumaker had not propounded a solution, but an impossibility.

True, for some years no major improvement had been made in the talking machine; but there was a reason. In the several laboratories of the industry, and particularly in that of the Victor company, several millions had been expended in experimentation and research; and the money had netted nothing of real value. Minor improvements had been developed, more beautiful cabinets had been designed, greater artists had been engaged to make records. But, *fundamentally*, the talking machine had undergone no change.

But, wait. Shumaker wasn't through. All of the direct research to date had been made *within* the industry. Its improvements, consequently, had come from within. The experts had evolved their conclusions within their own factory walls. They had not looked *without*, whereas Shumaker had. It was a sort of habit of his, this looking without.

And in looking outside of the industry, he had observed, in a certain famous laboratory in New York, that experts had for years been experimenting with the recording and reproduction of sound. They had been trying to improve telephone communication—something which had nothing to do with the talking machine. But the talking machine, like the telephone, deals with sound.

"While we have been spending thousands on research," said Shumaker to the directors, "these telephone men have been spending millions. There is no greater laboratory for the study of sound in the world. It has equipment with which we cannot expect to compete.

"I have learned that the experts of this laboratory have made discoveries in sound reproduction of which we do not dream. If we can utilize those discoveries we can revolutionize the talking machine!"

IT WAS an unprecedented proposal that he made—that the largest manufacturer of talking machines should go to the research laboratories of an unrelated industry to learn something to its advantage! Nevertheless, a few days later, Shumaker went to New York to study the discoveries made by Bell telephone research workers. As a result of his report, in June, 1925, the Victor company contracted for the use of certain of these discoveries in the talking-machine field. At once Victor's own experts began to adapt them to their own use.

"What about our old talking machines?" demanded the directors. Over two hundred thousand of them were unsold.

"Cut the price! Sell them!" advised Shumaker.

The price was cut in half, a loss to the company of five million dollars! Machinery, a few months earlier considered the best in the world, was scrapped or converted. Methods that had stood for twenty years were changed in a night. A fortune was expended on the heels of that fortune lost, all because of the courage, faith, and vision of a single man!

In November, 1925, the resultant product was announced—a talking machine that *was* new, that *was* radically improved, that *was* different. The impossible had been done. The public alone was to sit in judgment: Had Edward Shumaker, the ex-errand boy, been right?

And the public in two weeks' time rendered a verdict that has few parallels in industrial history. Two weeks after the first announcement of its new instrument, the Victor Talking Machine Company, which had been perilously near the rocks, had $20,000,000 in orders on its books and 8,000 workers on its pay rolls! During 1926, which saw further revolutionary improvements in its product, the sales total mounted to $48,664,000—and 1927 looks equally good. (*Continued on page 144*)

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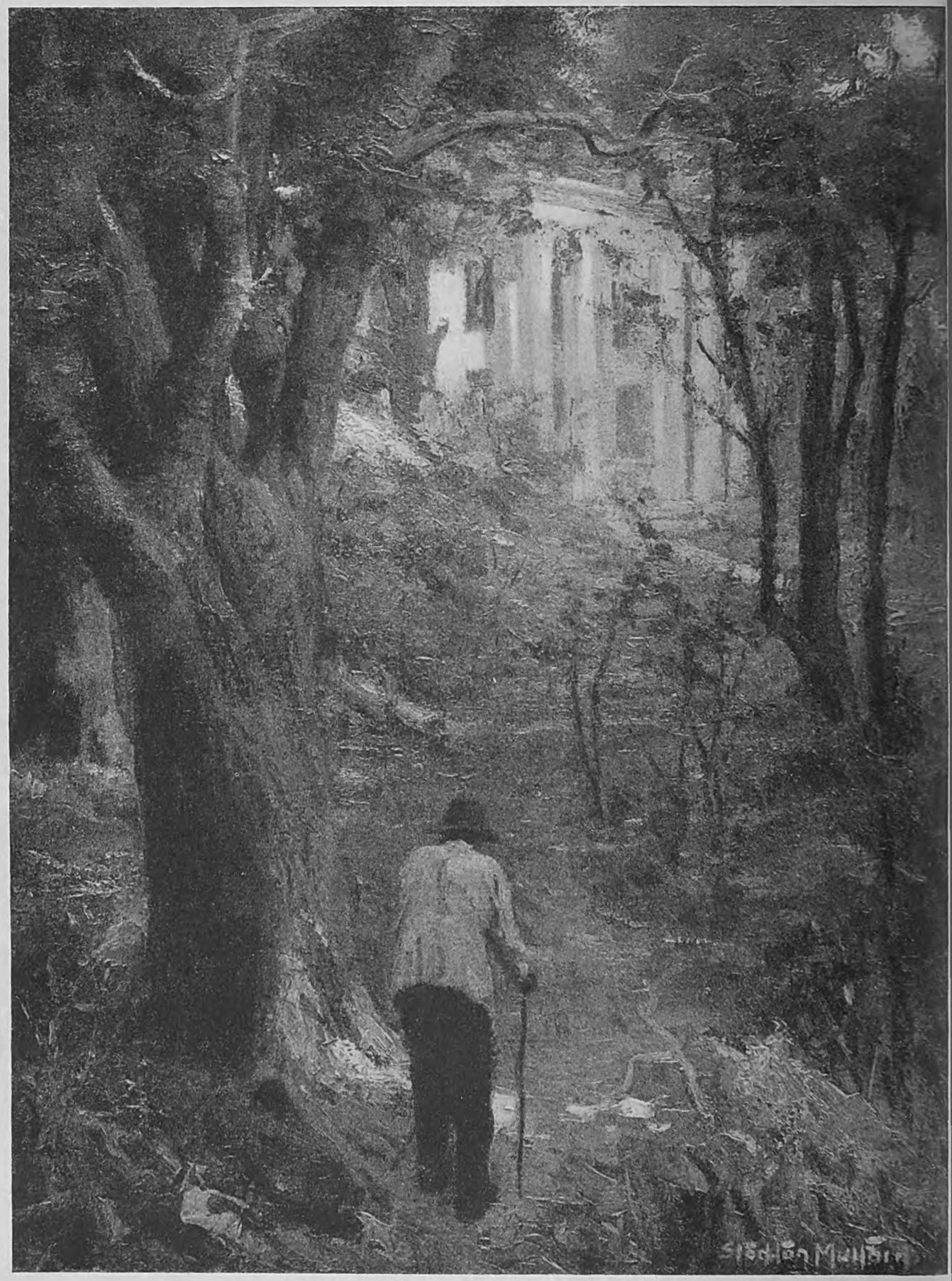

To him it was still the Great House, and to it he still went each morning on his crazy mission. "Tryin' to wake the dead," the neighbors said

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Old Jupe

A story

By James C. Derieux

ILLUSTRATED BY STOCKTON MULFORD

"YOU just go ahead, Uncle Jupe, as you have always done," said William Preston. "The cabin is yours as long as you and Lucy live, and you can farm as much land as you please. Of course I won't charge you any rent."

"Yassir," replied Jupiter. "Yassir." There was much more than simple acquiescence in the old negro's heart, but words were always few with him. And today he could find none at all, for Colonel Henry Preston, his Marster, lay in the family burying ground beneath a mound of fresh earth. Beside the grave of the Colonel was another mound, almost as fresh. The old Missis had died only a week before her husband.

The children, five daughters, and William, the only son, had come home for the funeral of their mother, and even as they were wondering how to make the Colonel's remaining days comfortable, he had solved the problem by failing one morning to awake.

The family was quickly roused to hear of the quiet death of the old Colonel. "Heart failure," said the doctor who was hastily summoned. "Or maybe I should say a broken heart. You Prestons," he added, turning to William, "have always been people of deep devotion, especially to women. Your father never had a thought except of your mother. Jupiter knows how he depended upon her."

"Yassir, he was powerful faithful to de Missis," said Jupiter simply.

"You are a lucky young man, William," the doctor went on, "to have such a fine inheritance. Character, my boy, that's what has come down to you! These acres are not much good, and the house is old; but that doesn't matter. You are rich, William—rich in the memory of your father and mother."

"I am sure of it," answered the young man. "If I can be half the man Father was, I'll be satisfied."

THE funeral had been held the day after the old Colonel's death. Once more the minister reviewed the lives of the Prestons, who had fought on against increasing odds; who had kept Preston Hall open for the sake of the children, the grandchildren, the tradition; and who had died at last still strong in the faith that all was, or would be, well with the world.

The grief of the children was sincere and deep; but not so deep as that of old Jupiter. For him the world had ceased to exist. Mechanically he listened as young Marse William told him to keep the cabin and the acres he had always planted in cotton; to go on as he had always done. Mechanically, after the departure of all the children and relatives, he resumed his daily routine.

Life had run serenely for Jupiter until the old couple died. Poverty is nothing to a negro of his type. There are two ways to be rich: one is to have much, the other to want little. Jupiter had ever chosen the latter way. But now he wanted something, and his want could not be supplied. He wanted the guidance, the companionship of his Master; he wanted the knowledge that in the Great House was one to whom all troubles could be taken, and with whom they could be left.

But the Marster was gone, the Missis was gone; and the Great House stood gaunt, empty, and lonely.

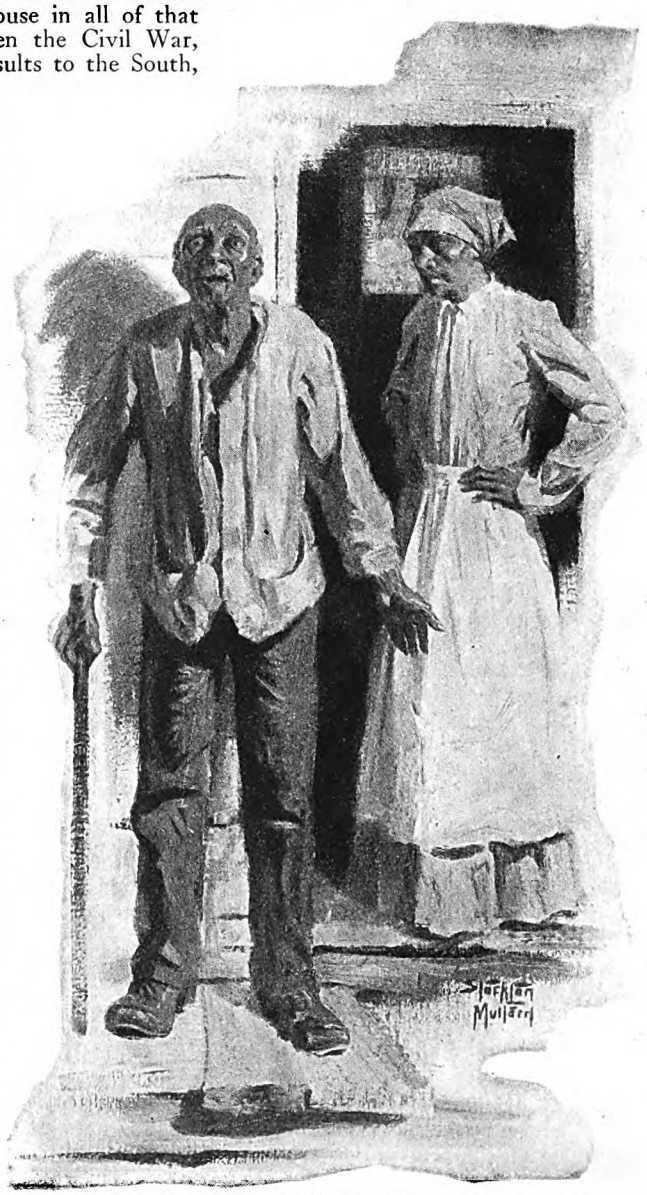
Yet, in the vanished days of its glory, this same Preston Hall had been the greatest plantation house in all of that countryside. Not even the Civil War, with its disastrous results to the South, could bring about the downfall of the proud old place. Colonel Preston was a subdued but not a crushed cavalier.

Neighboring plantations were abandoned after the slaves were freed; some because their owners had been killed, others because the families moved away to start life over again. But the master of Preston Hall lived on within its spacious walls, and the fine old Colonial house, with its six tall white columns, still invited the friendly to come inside and partake of its hospitality, still bade defiance to the unfriendly.

"Preston Hall may surrender some day," the Colonel said, "but, by the eternal, sir, it will not be in my time!" And he had looked toward the grove of big cedar trees where lay the mortal remains of the older Prestons, the men and women who had made this plantation famous. Family burying grounds, in Colonial days, were generally on the family estate, and the Colonel, when he made this assertion, was serving notice to the dead as well as to the living that he would go on with his task.

But though the Colonel's money had gone the way of the Confederacy, his standing with his negroes was altered not at all. In a vague sort of way they knew that something of tremendous importance had happened; but nothing had happened to their master—nothing that they could see.

ESPECIALLY was Jupiter oblivious to the changing times. The son of a slave, himself a slave until he was nearly grown, Jupiter knew nothing except to do the bidding of "Marse Henry." Old Mercury, Jupiter's father, had been a house man at Preston Hall, and had gone off to war with the Colonel as a body servant, returning



"Whut else I gwine do?" asked Jupiter, hopelessly. "O Jesus, he'p me—de Marster done gone!"

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only after a spell of fever had made him too feeble for the hard campaigning in the Confederate cavalry. Venus, the cook, was Jupiter's mother. One of the early Prestons had been an amateur astronomer, and his hobby was still reflected in the names of the negroes on the place.

Before the war it had been Mercury's duty to come up to the big house each morning and wake all those who slept there. But when he went off with his master, this task had fallen to his son, and Jupiter had never relinquished it. There were many bedrooms in the old mansion; and at eight o'clock each week-day morning Jupiter knocked at the doors of these rooms. "Breakfuss 'most ready, Marse Henry," . . . "Breakfuss 'most ready, Miss," . . . "Breakfuss 'most ready, Marse Will," he would call, until he had gone the rounds.

From most of the rooms, as the years went on, there came no answer to his knocking, for the house was not always full, as it had been in the old days. But this made no difference to the negro. He rapped at each door, because the Colonel had told him to. That was reason enough.

In the main, the Colonel had adapted himself to the new conditions of life; but he still held to certain customs of by-gone years, and to have a servant knock at each door was one of these customs. It was a tie to the past. It helped him to shut out from his mind the unpleasant realities of the present by holding fast to evidences of what had once been.

"Jupiter," he would say, "remember that you are to call at each door every morning. You never can tell when guests will come in for the night; and it isn't my idea of hospitality to have breakfast without giving all under my roof a chance to eat it."

"Yassir, Marse Henry," Jupiter would reply.

The Preston children had grown to young womanhood and young manhood. First, Cynthia, the eldest daughter, married, then the other girls followed her. The Colonel's hopes for the future of his plantation were centered upon William, who still was unmarried. But William grew restless, and after two years at the state university, he announced that he had accepted a job with an engineering firm in Atlanta. Families break up—especially those that have been reared on unprofitable farms, and in sections that have seen their best days.

AND so it came about that Preston Hall had entered upon its period of loneliness. Colonel Henry still rode a shapely horse, and superintended the work on the place, but he was the "Old Marster" now, and his wife was the "Old Missis." And Jupiter, the faithful, was "Old Jupe," or "Uncle Jupe." Only to the aged people in the great house was he still Jupiter. His kinky hair was becoming the color of unbleached wool, his hands were hard and knotty; but still he did not sense the fact that life was moving on. For him, it was the same. He lived in the little cabin in the master's yard; he attended to various tasks about the house; he planted a small field in cotton—and he knocked, each morning, at all the bedroom doors.

At Christmas, the children would come back. The daughters began to bring their own children with them, and so, at least once a year, old Jupe had the pleasure of hearing his raps answered. True, the answers were not always pleasant, for no man, least of all a man on vacation, likes to be waked early in the morning.

"For goodness sake, what's the matter with you, Uncle Jupe?" one of them would call in answer to the insistent raps of the old negro. "Didn't I tell you last night not to wake me until day after to-morrow?"

"Breakfuss 'most ready," Jupiter would reply, and then slip down the hall to escape any further denunciation. They weren't denunciations, of course. He knew that, and though they sounded ever so angry they made the blood flow warm about his sturdy old heart. This family loved Jupiter.

NINE months had passed since Jupiter had entered upon his aimless, hopeless life without a master; but during these months the old negro had been faithful to his lifelong habits, faithful to the instructions given him by the Colonel, and repeated, as he believed, by young Marse William.

Every week-day morning at eight, and every Sunday morning at nine, Old Jupe had gone to the Great House, and knocked at every bedroom door. Not once had he received any response, though often he listened intently, a strange, expectant expression on his face. Jupiter, like his old master, was unwilling to look facts in the face—or perhaps his withering brain could not grasp them.

Lucy, his wife, had humored him at first, thinking it best not to interfere with this useless custom of his. "He been gwine up to de Gre't House and rappin' at dem doors so long," she explained aloud to herself, "dat he carn't quit suddenlike." But after a time she heard that people thought her husband had gone crazy, and she began to remonstrate with him.

"Dey ain't no sense in you goin' up dere ever' mornin', Jupe, and knockin' at dem doors," she said. "Dey ain't nobody dere now, lessen it be ghosts, and ghosts don't want to be woke up in de mornin'. Dey walk nights, and want to sleep when daylight comes!"

"De Ole Marster tole me to knock," answered Jupiter, a troubled look on his wrinkled face. "And de Young Marster tole me to go on doin' like I alus done!"

"But Young Master never meant for you to wake folks whut ain't nowhere 'round. Man, you's 'stracted!"

"Whut else I gwine do?" asked Jupiter, hopelessly. "Whut else I gwine do? O Jesus, he'p me—de Marster done gone!"

The unconscious rhythm of the old man's remarks cut a deep furrow in his failing mind. He had no idea then that he was, in his answer to Lucy, composing a chant that was to comfort him thousands of times. There was no logic in it, but there was rhythm, and rhythm is very close to a negro's soul. In time he came to sing this chant over and over again, especially in the late afternoons, when the day is merging into night, that hour when men's emotions get the better of their reason, and "sperrits" begin to walk.

"He's ha'nted!" the negroes would say, when they heard him chanting softly to himself:

> Whut else I gwine do?
> Whut else I gwine do?
> O Jesus, he'p me,
> De Marster done gone!

In the mornings, too, he would take refuge in this sing-song prayer after he had gone to the Big House, rapped at the doors, and come out again. Somewhere in his mind a spark of his old-time sanity was telling him then that it was useless to rap at doors in an empty house, and this chant was the answer his emotions gave to the faint voice of reason.

Once the negro preacher had come to see Jupiter, with the intention of casting out the evil spirits that were reported to live in his rusty old frame. But Jupiter talked in such a weird fashion that the preacher regretted his visit; regretted it especially when he came out of the cabin to go home, and discovered that darkness was near at hand.

He walked a wide curve to avoid going close to Preston Hall, and struck into a jog trot when he realized that unless he hurried night would come before he got past the church with its cemetery. Jupiter had awakened the primitive fears in his mind, and he had no intention of taking chances with "ha'nts" when he was alone.

To members of his congregation, the preacher talked about his visit. He even enlarged upon what Jupiter had said to him, and described in detail some mighty curious things he had observed about the Big House. What he said passed from one negro to another, and so Preston Hall, stately old house that it was, became a place of terror to all the countryside. And old Jupe became a man possessed of the devil. The negroes were kind to him. Deferential, in fact; but they did not care to be near him after the sun had gone down.

THUS came the first silent Christmas Preston Hall had ever known—the Christmas following the death of Colonel Preston and his wife. Old Jupe rose long before light that morning, mumbling to himself that he would have to "wake de chilluns, 'cause dey allus wants to be up betimes on Christmus Day." Up to the Great House he walked, a suggestion of sprightliness in his step, for the magic of Christmas time had entered his wearying soul, and had crowded out of his mind what reason was left there.

Eagerly he entered the house, and went straight to the room that had been William's. "I'll wake him fust," he muttered. The door stood open; but when he gazed into the empty chamber, his memory returned. He seemed to recall that this was merely a form he was going through, and that nothing would come of it. Yet he knocked at the half-open door, mumbled something to himself, and went on to other doors.

Outside the house again, he looked wildly about and hurried back to his cabin.

"Whar you been?" demanded Lucy.

"I been doin' whut de Marster tole me to do," answered Jupiter.

"De Lord have mercy on him!" prayed Lucy.

The second Christmas after Colonel and Mrs. Preston died, William came back to the old home, bringing some friends with him. They were young engineers like himself, and they came to join him in a

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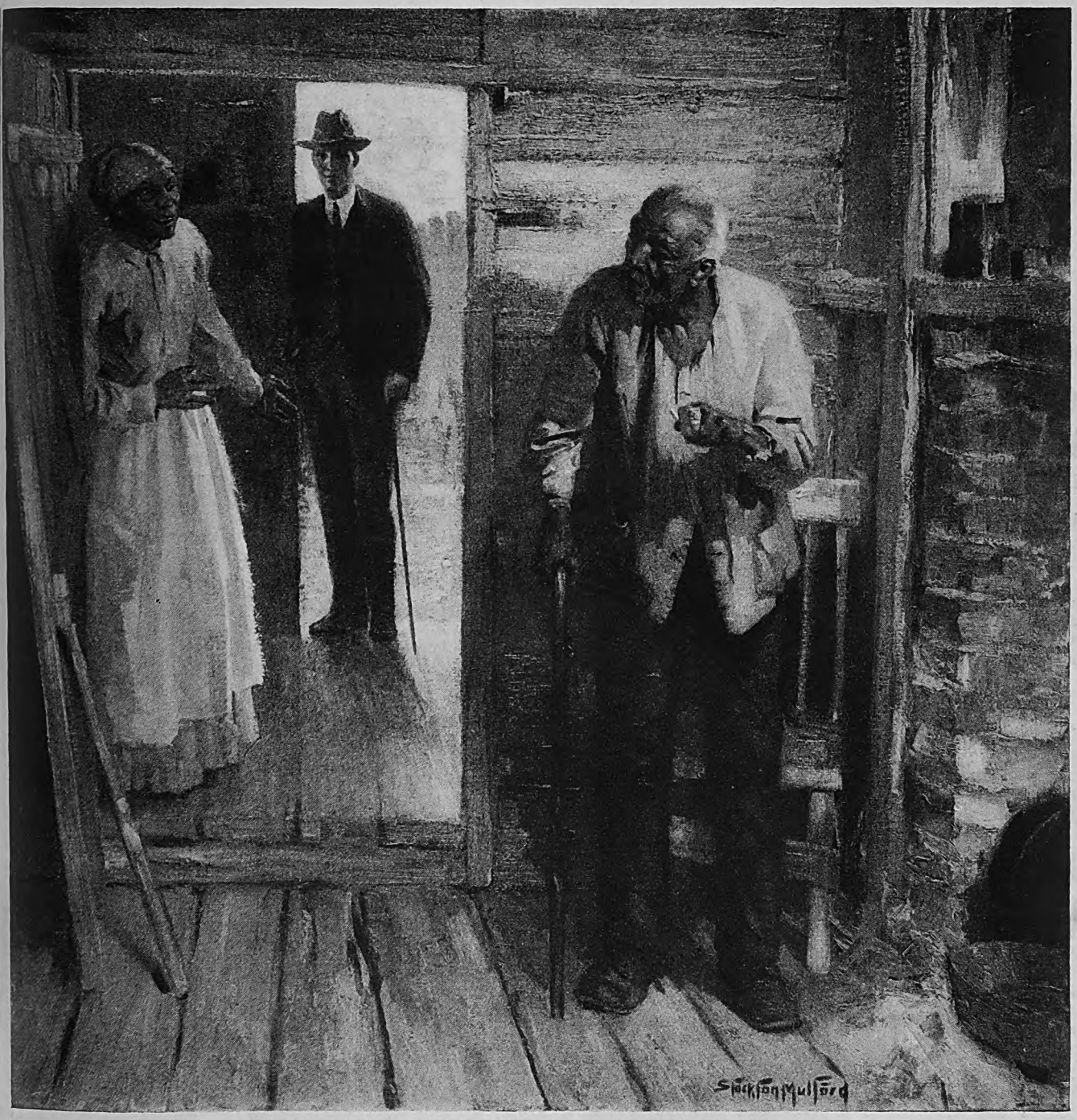

"Jupe!" she called. "Come here, man, and see who done come!"

week's hunt. William had left his share of the furniture in the house for just such an occasion as this. He had arranged with Sam Morgan, a country merchant near by, to superintend the estate for him, to keep the taxes paid out of the small income from farms that were tenanted, and attend to anything else that might be necessary. But not much superintending is required to look after an abandoned plantation. The task is mostly to stand by and watch the place go down.

"How's everything, Sam?" called William, as his car stopped in front of the store.

"Oh, about like it always is," answered the merchant. "Your old nigger Jupe has gone crazy. I reckon that's all the news there is. Others paid their rent, or part of it, and I've kept up the taxes, like I wrote you."

"You say Uncle Jupe is crazy?" asked William, with a worried look on his face.

"Crazy as a bedbug," replied Sam. "Goes up to the old house every mornin', they tell me, and knocks at all of them doors."

WILLIAM started the car, heading slowly toward his old home.

"Who is the crazy nigger?" asked one of his friends.

"Our old house man," answered young Preston simply. "Gosh!" he added, "I'm sorry to hear about him. Uncle Jupe always seemed like a solid tie to the old days."

They reached Preston Hall, and got out of the car. Out in front the men stood looking at the impressive old house.

"If I had a place like that," exclaimed Joe Tomason, "you'd never catch me in an office messing around with blue prints and plans."

"It *is* great," admitted William, his bright eyes a little sad, and his voice more subdued than it had been in months. "Makes me wish I lived here again. But you ought to have seen it when everything was fixed up. The bushes and vines are about to take it now. Guess I'll tell Uncle Jupe to cut them back."

"Don't tell him while I'm here!" put in Joe. "A crazy nigger with an ax in his hand is not my idea of a Christmas decoration!"

"Crazy or not," countered young Preston, "Uncle Jupe will never hurt you. He never did anything yet but for our good, and I'll bet he can't go crazy enough to hurt one of us or one of our friends."

The young fellows went hunting almost immediately. William had a negro guide go with them. "I can't go," he explained. "Got to look after some things." The things he had to (*Continued on page 177*)

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Science Is Leading Us Closer To God

An interview with Michael Pupin, the distinguished scientist

By Albert Edward Wiggam

SCIENCE is making us better Christians.

Science is teaching men how to coöperate more intelligently with God; it is teaching men what God's laws are, and how to obey them.

Science is increasing our belief that the human soul is the greatest thing in the universe, the supreme purpose of the Creator.

Science is increasing our belief that the human soul will continue after the death of our physical bodies.

Science is leading us closer and closer to God.

These are a few of the impressions which I carried away from a recent Sunday morning spent in talking with Michael Pupin on what science means to man's spiritual life. It was a great privilege to sit and talk with one of the foremost mathematical physicists and inventors working in scientific fields to-day.

He sat at his big work table, over which were scattered sheets and sheets of paper covered with mathematical calculations. These were beyond my power to comprehend. But the philosophy, religion, and spiritual life about which he talked, and which he said were the lessons that mathematics, physics, chemistry, and biology have taught him, he made so plain and simple that anyone could understand them.

If you have never read Doctor Pupin's story of his own life, entitled "From Immigrant to Inventor," I hope that sometime you will have that opportunity. It is a great book. Michael Pupin came to America fifty three years ago as an ignorant Serbian peasant boy of fifteen. Last year, he was elected president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, one of the highest scientific honors in the world. What he says, therefore, is the outcome not only of profound scientific knowledge but also of an intimate knowledge of life—its hardships, struggles, disappointments, failures, and successes.

"When I was a boy in Serbia," said Doctor Pupin, "I used to spend a part of my summer vacation, along with other boys, herding the grazing oxen that belonged to our fathers. At nighttime I was enchanted by the stars, blazing in the firmament. I imagined that the light of these stars was a message from God telling us the hour of the night and the direction of the approaching dawn.

"Whenever the vesper bell would ring, my mother, who was a pious woman, would say, 'Michael, do you not hear the divine message which calls you to church to assist the priest in his service at the altar of God?' Thus gradually I began to imagine that the sound of the church bell also was a message from God.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MISHKIN, N. Y.

Dr. Michael Pupin, one of the most distinguished living scientists, was born in Serbia sixty-eight years ago. He came to America as a boy, and made his own way while getting his education. He holds degrees from Columbia University, where he is professor of electro-mechanics, from the University of Berlin, and from Johns Hopkins. Last year he was elected president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, one of the highest scientific honors in the world. To mention only one of his inventions which has profoundly affected our daily life, we owe to the Pupin loading coil the great range of the modern long-distance telephone. His book, "From Immigrant to Inventor," giving the story of his own life, is widely read

"IT IS not surprising that in my boyhood days I often asked myself two questions: What is sound? and, What is light? A search for an answer to these two questions has undoubtedly directed my scientific career.

"Now, in answer to the first question, many professors of physics stop when they point out that sound is due to the vibration of material bodies. They say nothing about the message which sound is conveying to our *souls*.

"To get this part of the story, we must follow the vibrations in their passage through that marvelous receiving instrument, the ear, which speeds the message along myriads of tiny nerves to the central station, the brain. There, the soul of man interprets the *language* of sound. The physical vibrations are only a small link in the connection of the external physical world with the internal world of the soul. And the more I think of this, as a scientific man, the more do I recognize that my boyhood fancy was right

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when I imagined that the sound of the vesper bell was a message from God.

"To-day, when I hear Kreisler playing a Beethoven sonata, or when I hear any other great musician, I feel that he is making the vibrating strings speak a language which is a true message from heaven. It recalls again my mother's words: 'Michael, do you not hear God's message which calls you to praise His everlasting glory?'

"That is one answer which science has given me to that boyhood question: What is sound?

"Now, the second question: What is light? The greatest glory of nineteenth-century science was the discovery, made by Faraday and Clerk-Maxwell, that light is an electro-magnetic phenomenon. But what does that mean? In a purely physical way, it means that a ray of light is a swarm of tiny electrical dots and dashes speeding through space like the electrical dots and dashes of wireless or ordinary telegraphy. These countless dots and dashes tell us that innumerable tiny electrical clappers—the electrons—are set in motion by the atoms and molecules of the radiating source. In our case, the chief radiating source is the sun. Each atom and molecule in the blazing sun is really an infinitesimal radio station, from which tiny electrons are being broadcast in all directions.

"NOW, what do I mean by that? Let us see what happens when you ring a telephone bell. You transmit a rapid succession of electrical pulses along the telephone wire; that is, a rapid succession of electronic motions. The electrons which you thus set moving are tiny electrical clappers; each of these clappers gives a jerk at the clapper of the telephone bell and makes it strike; the bell responds with a ring.

"Now, the sun is always sending these tiny electronic pulses to our earth; we call them radiation. They, like the electrical pulses which ring the telephone bell, strike the material bodies on earth, and communicate to their atoms and molecules the energy of their life. These terrestrial bodies are the receiving instruments for the messages transmitted by the luminous sun and stars; they are the bells which respond to the electronic clappers of the sun and the stars.

"Each terrestrial body responds to these solar clappers in harmony with its own structure. For example, one rose responds to an electronic clapper which makes it sing out, 'I am red.' Another rose sings out, 'I am yellow,' when struck by another type of radiant clapper. The lily responds equally well to all the electronic rays and has no color; it sings out, 'I am white.' The whole terrestrial globe is a bell which responds to the strokes of these solar clappers. In this way, the sun is the source of all the life-giving energy on our Mother Earth.

"But this is not all that light means: Just as sound sets going the nerves of the ear to carry (*Continued on page 194*)

If You Ask Me:

A little dash of faith sweetens the sauce of life

PEOPLE who "view with alarm" are having a heyday. They point to the wave of murders, hold-ups, divorces, and student suicides, not to mention the national mayhem committed on the Volstead Act and the Eighteenth Amendment, as indicating that humanity is headed for the chutes.

Now, I refuse to concede that the world is going to hell. With slight recessions, the trend of life and of morals is on the up grade; and it has been on the up grade since the beginning of recorded time. Just now, however, we seem to be in a bit of backwash. What's the trouble?

First of all, there is a great unrest in the land. Part of it was stirred up by the war. But most of it has a deeper source.

Too many human beings are sailing without a compass!

Generations ago, most people, even those who were not openly religious, had an implicit faith in a personal God who ruled the affairs of men. They believed in a Divine purpose—in a fixed plan for the orderly conduct of the universe. They had a simple and literal faith in the Bible.

And I suspect that the share of inner happiness per person was much greater then than it is now.

In this era of intellectual challenge, the average man is less ready than his ancestors to accept a hand-me-down faith. He wants to reach his own verdict. And he wants all the evidence in. If science, in sending out its searchlights, seems to uncover facts that do not match the literal interpretations of certain passages in the Bible, he adds that to his evidence. Doubt enters his mind. Unquestioning faith is no longer his. His compass has been taken away—and those who have taken it away have given him nothing to replace it.

Through the ages, man's mind has been triumphing over matter. To-day, matter seems to be taking its revenge by triumphing over man's mind.

What are we going to do about it? Well, it seems to me that one trouble is the readiness with which so many people assume that everything in the universe can be solved by the mind alone. That is absurd!

Frequently I chat across the luncheon table with scientists who hold to the "mechanistic theory" of life. For them, the old-fashioned personal God has vanished. The most that any of them will concede is some vague kind of "Intelligence" that operates through universal laws. They have given up any impression of a personal God because they cannot "work Him out" by due processes of intellect. They flout the idea that human personality survives death. But, somehow or other, they do not convince me. Both my reason and my instinct respond more readily and truly to a philosophy such as Doctor Pupin—one of the most distinguished living scientists—gives you in the article beginning on the opposite page.

If my friends the mechanists can make me understand by intellectual processes two of the oldest and most elemental mysteries in the universe, I may feel more like trailing along with them. Can they teach my mind to grasp the mysteries of *time* and *space?* Can they make clear to me how time and space can be without beginning or end—or *with* beginning and end? They cannot!

Nothing seems to have been put inside the skull of man that makes it possible for him to understand these mysteries. And nothing seems to have been put inside the skull of man that will enable him to *prove* God. God has to be taken on faith—a faith that is grounded in instinct and reënforced by experience and common sense. God cannot be proved like a mathematical formula.

One of the needs of our time is to have the simple faith of our fathers poured into a twentieth-century mold. We need the old-fashioned religion—but dressed in a free and flowing robe, and not in the strait-jacket in which bigots would encase it. We need more sincerity, more simplicity, more tolerance, more reverence, and less smugness. We need more people who can say "Our Father Who art in Heaven," and really believe it.

Merle Crowell

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If his program is long enough, he gets down practically to his B. V. D.'s

The Program Must Go On!

Inside stories from a big radio station—Temperamental artists sometimes have tantrums; cocksure performers sometimes forget their parts; and occasionally there is a fire—But the audience rarely knows anything about the disturbances

By Keene Sumner

DRAWINGS BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

HOW'S your radio to-night? What sort of program are you getting? I can make at least one good guess about it. Unless the air itself is misbehaving, your evening's entertainment runs like clockwork: a succession of music, and talks, interrupted only by the unruffled voice of the announcer.

As far as you can tell, the broadcasting studio is as peaceful as your own quiet living-room, where you sit listening to the scheduled program. If the demon Static is playing pranks, you may get some weird breaks. Otherwise, nothing unexpected occurs.

But if you could suddenly be transported to the studio, if you could hear not only what does, but also what does not, go on the air, it would be a very different story.

The atmosphere of a broadcasting studio is quiet; but, believe me, it is never dull! The unexpected is always happening; and sometimes these unexpected incidents are more dramatic than the regular features provided for your entertainment.

All station managers "could a tale unfold" along this line; but no one of them is better qualified to do it than Charles B. Popenoe, for several years manager of broadcasting at WJZ, and now treasurer of the National Broadcasting Company.

MR. POPENOE is the original broadcast manager. He was the first man to hold that position.

That sounds as if he began a long time ago. But radio broadcasting, the kind we are familiar with, was born only five or six years ago. Mr. Popenoe helped to "born" it. He has had a hand in making it the infant prodigy it is to-day. He has been behind the scenes throughout those amazing years. And that is why I induced him to give us, too, a peep behind the curtains.

"What was the most exciting thing that ever happened in your studio during a program?" I asked him.

"The most exciting?" he repeated. "Well, how about an invasion by the whole Fire Department of New York City? Possibly a few companies didn't get here; but the studio was so full of hard hats and slickers that it looked to me like a firemen's convention.

"It happened during one of the recent good old summer-times, when every window in the building had flung its awning to the breeze. Somebody must have dropped a lighted match, or cigarette, on one of these awnings. It caught; and the flames ran from awning to awning, until the front of the building was a fiery checkerboard.

"We were broadcasting from an inside studio which had no outer windows. But as the fire might work into the building—in which case we would want to get out of it—the temptation was to shut off the program and go while the going was good.

"The members of a studio staff have plenty of contradictory ideas about how to run the business. But there's one idea

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that is absolutely ingrained in them all: The program *must* go on! It's like the spirit in a newspaper office, where the paper *must* go to press, no matter what happens.

"We might have explained the situation to the listeners-in and have signed off, at least temporarily. But we should have regarded that as a blot on our record, to be avoided if we possibly could. So we went right on with the program, while the firemen chased through every room, even the very studio where we were broadcasting.

"I had another experience with fire several years ago. As you know, the walls and ceiling of a studio are covered with cloth, to prevent echoes and reverberations. A photographer, who was going to take a picture of some artist standing at the microphone, held his flashlight 'gun' too close to this fabric covering and set it on fire.

"You never saw flames travel so fast! They burned out the whole room and its contents, including a fifteen-hundred-dollar grand piano. The camera man got his picture, of course; but that was the most expensive photograph I ever had anything to do with.

"ONE of the subjects of endless argument among broadcasters is this matter of taking the radio audience into our confidence. Shall we describe what is happening in the studio? If something occurs which forces us to change the scheduled program, shall we explain it to the audience? Or shall we confine ourselves to plain, unadorned announcements?

"There is a perennial discussion of this question, but the general policy of WJZ was simply to present the program. If you go to a concert hall, for example, you don't expect someone to come out on the platform every little while and tell you that one of the artists is having a temperamental tantrum, or that the soprano is spraying her million-dollar throat, or that the basso has burst a button and is having someone sew it on for him.

"You might be highly amused by these confidences, but they wouldn't help you to enjoy the program.

"Occasionally, however, we break over that rule. Not long ago, for instance, a musician was to play one evening at a certain hour. As he is one of the finest saxophone players in the country, we knew that thousands would tune in to hear him.

"The hour came—but the musician did not! So we had to explain this and announce a substitute number. Then, just as we made this announcement, a member of the staff came hurrying in. He had been hanging out of the window, watching for our missing performer, and had seen a taxicab draw up at the curb. A man carrying a large case, which might contain a musical instrument, had got out of the cab; so perhaps the saxophone player had arrived at the last moment.

"Instead of beginning the substitute number, the announcer told the audience just what was happening; about the taxicab, and the man with the big case, and that we were waiting to see whether the elevator would bring us our saxophone player.

"But it didn't! So the announcer said: 'We're sorry, but the man in the taxicab wasn't the one we were looking for, after all; and you will now have the pleasure of listening to—' and so on.

"I imagine that the audience rather enjoyed being taken into our confidence that time.

"There have been other occasions when we were tempted to do it! A studio is a great place to study human nature and, being human ourselves, we sometimes wish we could describe it as we are seeing it. Not all artists are temperamental. But we do get a few who would try the patience of a saint; and I don't claim to have a saint's halo in my wardrobe.

"If you do not play, I shall take that violin, get some kind of sounds out of it and let the audience think *you* are doing it!"

"I REMEMBER one woman—a famous singer and composer—who gave us about the worst half-hour we've ever had. For instance, we always tell a person where to stand, in relation to the microphone. But could we tell *her?* We could not! She intimated that any such attempt was gratuitous impertinence on our part.

"She complained of everything, from the piano to the fabric on the walls. And finally she worked herself up to a point where she ordered the announcer to 'take his funny face out of the room!'

"The audience had absolutely no hint of the perspiring struggle we were having with that woman. Curiously enough, she gave a perfectly beautiful performance, and we received hundreds of letters of appreciation. But the whole studio staff heaved a sigh of relief when the ordeal was over.

"Afterward she came to us and apologized, explaining that her irritability had been due to nervousness, as it was her first experience in broadcasting. We readily believed her, for we have seen dozens of seasoned public performers succumb to microphone fright. It's just as bad as stage fright.

"One case was that of a well-known United States senator. I arranged for him to give a talk over the radio and suggested that he prepare it in advance. For various reasons, this is our custom, We can't allow the station to be used for partisan propaganda, for instance, or for personalities. So we want to know what a speaker is going to say.

"But even aside from that consideration, we know that extemporaneous talks are almost invariably (*Continued on page 198*)

"We will now stand by, to listen for distress signals!"

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East Side is East Side,
and West Side is West Side—
and sometimes the twain do meet!

Heat

The story of a small boy who ran away from his ancestors

By Gordon Malherbe Hillman

ILLUSTRATED BY WORTH BREHM

PERCIVAL ANTHONY WAYNE sat on the edge of a hard chair and looked at his ancestors. It was very hot; but as they were all painted in oils they did not seem to mind. Percival Anthony did. Moreover, his ancestors were not the sort to be lightly looked upon on a warm day. Their faces were scarlet, their clothes seemed made of heavy stuffs, their noses were bony and prominent. Gazing upon them would hardly make the casual spectator feel cooler.

Percival Anthony disliked them all. In his short course of twelve years he had been steeped in information concerning them. There was Mad Anthony Wayne glowering in the northeast corner, and the history books were full of him. There was Zachary Wayne, in blue with buff facings, and he had beaten the British out of Michigan in 1812. There was Betsy Wayne, his wife, who looked disapprovingly down on small boys from brown ferret-like eyes.

There was Thomas Wayne, who had covered himself with dust, glory, and defeat at the battle of Bull Run, and therefore was immortalized with a big nose and beefy jowls. And, skipping down to the southwest end of the red parlor, there was the most glorious Wayne of all, Grandfather Desmond Augustus, who, so Percival Anthony understood, had taken the Tammany tiger by the tail and taught that unregenerate animal a much-needed lesson.

In other words, Desmond Augustus had been Collector of the Port of New York. Percival Anthony was rather vague as to what this meant, but it could not have been for lack of information. His father and mother constantly discoursed to him on the Wayne ancestors, and when they ceased his English governess took up the tale. Even the French lady, who appeared in the afternoon and made Percival Anthony speak pure Gallic for hours at a time, had much to say of the advantage of having famous forbears.

Percival Anthony had a hard time living up to them. He could not be trusted even to the most exclusive private schools, but was turned over to Mademoiselle during the afternoon. The rest of the time he was looked after by Rebecca. Just at present she was arranging Percival Anthony's personal wardrobe for the yearly migration to the North Shore, which had to be made just the same, even though his parents were in England for the summer. In an hour he and Rebecca would be on their way to Magnolia, where Percival Anthony could play in the sand with the small Cabots, and sail boats with the slightly larger Saltonstalls.

SO HE sat in the library, very limp, very damp, and very dejected. He had just discovered that he was stuck to the chair in which he sat, when Rebecca's angular figure appeared for a moment in the doorway.

"Master Percival," said she, "don't you stir out of this room! We're going in a few minutes."

"Yes'm," said Percival Anthony miserably. He thought it would be improbable that he could leave the chair in which he

"Master Percival," said Rebecca, "don't you stir out of this room! We're going in a few minutes"

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sat—even to go to Magnolia. His light blue trousers seemed permanently attached to its varnish.

Suddenly the short hairs stood stiff upon his neck. The Wayne nose quivered. Somewhere down the street, a siren wailed. Percival Anthony could be trusted not to bolt to baseball games, football contests or circus parades—but he was not proof against fire engines.

Bells clanged, a scarlet streak shot past the window. There was a faint ripping sound. Percival Anthony had become unstuck from the chair.

Up to this day and date, Percival Anthony had been denied the society of even the most immaculate small boys. Consequently, a shaven urchin with a dirty dog seemed a most fascinating companion

THE street was a-roar with whistles. The stern of the hook-and-ladder truck swung past, its steersman wrenching at his wheel. The chief's helmet was a white blur in a racing crimson roadster as Percival Anthony passed rapidly down the front steps, his small stout legs going like pistons.

The policeman at the corner, red-faced under his blue cap, was holding back traffic, so Percival Anthony knew there were more engines coming.

He crossed the Avenue like a startled rabbit just as the gas company's lean red truck came screaming down the street.

Dim wreaths of smoke rose from near the river, and Percival Anthony ran till his breath came in gasps and his knees knocked together. But beyond the brown girders of the Third Avenue Elevated, he could see spidery hose spread from a scarlet engine.

He rounded the corner into an ecstatic group of slum children, held in check by a line of amiable patrolmen. Shirt-sleeved citizens hung out of windows, corpulent women were wedged in doorways. A long ladder wavered uncertainly near a window where wisps of smoke went skyward. As its top rungs gritted against stone coping, firemen climbed it gingerly, bearing with them brass-nozzled hose that glittered in the sun.

"Gosh!" said Percival Anthony, in blissful anticipation.

Above the brazen clamor that heralded more apparatus charging through the side streets, rose a staccato shout:

"Turn on y' water!"

Somewhere a motor-pump began to throb in sharp, cadenced beats that seemed to shake the pavement. Percival Anthony crowded closer to the front line of spectators. Hose writhed, snakelike, in the wet street. From its coupling, a jet of spray swept up like the spray of a fountain. Percival Anthony was the smallest spectator and the most enthusiastic. Consequently, he was also the wettest. His hat dripped upon his head, his sailor blouse was soggy, his short blue trousers were a tragic ruin.

"G'wan back there!" said the policeman. "D'y' wanna get drowned?"

The wreck of what had once been Percival Anthony retreated dismally. Already the smoke was lessening at the window, already firemen were descending the ladder, declaiming in disgusted tones. As far as the spectators went, the fire was a failure; for Percival Anthony it was a pungent and personal tragedy.

As his mind revolved upon the impossibility of confronting an angry Rebecca until his clothes had dried, his hand fell upon the shaggy head of a most disreputable dog.

"G-r-r!" said the dog, wagging his tail.

"Fella!" observed a superior voice. "You'll get bit!"

Percival Anthony looked at the dog, which would have been white with black spots if it had been washed. "No, I won't!" said he.

The superior person, very snub-nosed, very wide-eared, and all of twelve years wise, disdained the argument. "Say!" he remarked. "You sure got wet."

"I most certainly did," said Percival Anthony, surveying the sad remnants of his traveling costume.

The superior person's head was round, and recently shaven with horse clippers. He rubbed its sparse stubble as he spoke. "Gee, it's hot! I run clear from the Park when I heard ol' Ladder Twelve come clangin' by. Let's go back. 'S cooler."

NOW, up to this day and date, Percival Anthony had been denied the society of even the most immaculate small boys, and his mild attempts to fraternize with the young gentlemen who brought the groceries had brought him condign punishment. Consequently, a shaven urchin with a dirty dog seemed a most fascinating companion. Also, since he had been rebel enough to run after fire engines and

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ruin his clothes, nothing he might do could add much to his criminal account. Furthermore, he was afraid to go home.

"Slep' on fire escape two nights," mumbled the superior person as they threaded their way toward the Park. "Nothin' doin' to-night. Too hot! Say, I sweat a bucketful!"

Percival Anthony thought of his own two breathless nights, spent in the stuffy bedroom of a stuffy-smelling New York house, thought of the humid parlor cars of the Boston train, and his soul arose from slavery.

"Is the Park cool?" he asked.

"Nope!" said the superior person. "But it ain't as hot as anywheres else. I'm Spike. What's y' name?"

"Percival."

at an Italian family sprawling on scattered newspapers, but his two companions were too exhausted to do more than sink down beneath a heat-parched tree and feebly fan themselves. Opposite them a bus slid shrieking to a stop, steam spouting from its radiator.

"Engine got too hot," said Spike wearily. "Must be 'most a hundred right here. Hey, Battling!"

A very black and very undersized person stopped his slow pad-padding up the concrete walk to survey them.

"Where y' goin', Battling?"

"I'm goin' to Misto' Dever's picnic. That ice cream ain' goin' to las' much longer in this heah sun!"

"C'mon, Perce!" Spike got slowly to his feet. "It's Paddy Dever's picnic, an'

Percival Anthony perceived that here was a companion every bit as fascinating as Spike, so he fell into step, and they went up the hill at a slow and gasping trot. Paddy Dever's picnic was visible from afar, with its brightly clad little girls scampering about a Maypole, its cadet band, feebly pumping away at glittering brass instruments, and the rotund figure of Alderman Paddy Dever himself, splendid and perspiring in a frock coat.

With uncanny precision, the Battling Kid wedged his way into the largest crowd and stretched forth a black and grubby paw.

"Strawb'ry!" he wailed.

Percival Anthony found himself pushed into perilous proximity to a red-headed damsel who was consuming the last of a sticky ice cream cone.

"Choc'late's better," said she. "Try it!"

To the horror of Percival Anthony, she hospitably extended the ice cream cone. He had been brought up on strictly hygienic principles, but the damsel's eyes were stern upon him. He meekly bit at a blob of chocolate.

Spike miraculously reappeared, his hands held aloft. "Here y'are, Perce. Grab it before anybody else gets it! Strawb'ry an' choc'late mixed!"

Percival Anthony bit deep into delicious coolness. Never in his life had he met so satisfying a confection.

"THE nex' event—" roared the voice of Paddy Dever.

"Boom! Boom! Boom!" went the band.

A thin stream of chocolate trickled down Percival Anthony's face. He was idylically happy.

He suddenly found himself shoved into a ragged line of urchins, male and female, who were under the stern survey of two energetic young gentlemen with notebooks, and the Honorable Paddy Dever himself.

"A hundred and fifty-six on this one!" said the youngest gentleman.

The Honorable Paddy Dever mopped his scarlet face.

"I got more'n that," said a shrill voice beside Percival Anthony, and he looked up to see the lady of the ice cream cone. "Last year I would 'a' won, but there was two twins that looked like speckled eggs!"

The eyes of one of the young gentlemen

At a convenient distance, Twisted Face stopped and howled defiance through a damaged mouth. "Wait till we get youse guys again!"

"That's a sissy handle to carry 'round," commented Spike. "Y' folks wished it on y', huh? They wanted to call me Alboit, but Gran'pop wouldn't let 'em. Y' must be a good guy, Perce, or Dempsey wouldn't leave y' touch him. He's a darn particular dog!"

The Avenue shone before them, a torrid stretch of barren asphalt, but beyond the dusty trees of Central Park whispered in a faint breeze. Beneath the trees the grass was lush and green.

Dempsey, the dog, barked disgustedly

it's free. Gee, I forgot all about it. Perce, this is Battling Kid Robinson. He licks his weight in wildcats!"

Battling Kid Robinson was airily attired in a singlet, well ventilated with ragged holes, a pair of knickerbockers, similarly decorated, and run-over sneakers, from which one large toe arrogantly protruded.

"Two gemmun done fall down in front of ouah house an' the amb'lance took 'em off," said the Battling Kid cheerfully. "Ain' never seen it so almighty hot!"

fell upon Percival Anthony. "Say!" he caroled. "Will you look at this mug? It has all the rest of 'em beat to a fare-you-well! Step out here, kid, and take the prize!"

Percival Anthony found himself confronted with the Honorable Paddy Dever, a gold penknife and five dollars. Men prodded him with pencils, and asked his name, a black box was shoved almost into his face.

"Yeh!" said Spike from the edge of the crowd. "They're takin' his pitcher. Lookit, Battling!"

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"The freckle contest," proclaimed the Honorable Paddy, gesturing with plump hands, "has been won by Perce Wayne of the Eas' Side. Young Kid Wayne has got more freckles than any other guy in Manhattan, an' so cops the genuwine gold knife an' five dollars in cash. Here, take 'em!"

Percival Anthony blushed. In his family, freckles had been considered a disgrace, but in this new and marvelous world he had just discovered they were apparently regarded as rich ornaments. He thanked the Honorable Paddy, and harkened to the strident call of Spike:

"Say, the ice cream's all melted, an' there ain't no more candy. Say, let's drift!"

"They's a orange drink stand ovah on Broadway," suggested the Battling Kid, feeding the shreds of his cone to Dempsey.

Paddy Dever's party had already begun to disintegrate. Limp little girls and humid small boys were straggling across the street under the chaperonage of the purple-faced policeman, who was sublimely unconscious that a general alarm had just been sent out for Master Percival Anthony Wayne, who was at that moment passing under his nose.

Central Park shimmered in the heat. Straw-hatted men slumped on benches, women with crimson kerchiefs on their heads spread newspapers on the grass for squalling children. The asphalt oozed and bubbled; there was not even the shadow of a breeze.

"Guess Perce has got maybe two thousan' freckles on his face," ruminated Spike, as they progressed slowly across a side street that stretched westward to where the sun hung above the Hudson, a huge orange disk burning through hot blue haze.

At Columbus Avenue, a street car was stalled on the cross-walk. A shifting crowd milled around its front seat, where a pair of stiff heels and trouser legs were dimly visible. A policeman's blue tunic bobbed about on the car's step, and from Broadway came the blurred clamor of an ambulance gong.

"Guy prostrated, mos' likely!" said Spike, stopping to wipe his face on a villainous handkerchief. "Heat knocks 'em out if they ain't careful."

Percival Anthony shivered a little. The sight of those stiff legs made him feel curiously sick inside. Suppose the man was dead? Suppose . . .

"Aw, c'mon," said the Battling Kid. "They ain't nuffin to wait for. All they does is pour col' water on him till he sits up. If I don't get ma'sef a drink, I'm gonna pass right out!"

Percival Anthony suddenly found himself at a long, cold, marble counter, ornamented with a staring sign, "The Only Original Orange Drink 10c!" Spike held up three dingy fingers, and a miraculous being in a white coat and apron ladled yellow liquid into slim glasses. The glasses themselves were filmed with a thin frost.

"Ovah de ribber—" suggested the Battling Kid.

"An' through the woods!" finished Spike.

Percival Anthony said nothing, but tilted the glass to his lips. A delicious coolness slid down his throat. When he paused to draw breath his glass was empty.

"T'ree more!" said Spike. "An' how about a hot dog, Perce?"

On a little gridiron at the back of the store, a serried row of pinkish frankfurters were sizzling. (*Continued on page 158*)

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What To Do With Your Dollars After You Get 'Em

By Arthur G. Davis

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Davis is field secretary of the Investment Bankers' Association of America. In the following article, he gives you some tips on avoiding investment pitfalls, and offers an investment program for the average young man.

FIFTEEN years ago a very rich man died, and by his will divided the bulk of his estate, which amounted to many millions of dollars, equally between his son and his daughter.

The daughter, who had no special knowledge of business and investing, employed a man who had held an important position in a bond house to look after her money. This man required a salary well up in five figures. For this he did, and still does, nothing but invest and reinvest her fortune, and finds it ample occupation. Following his employer's wishes, he invests to secure the safety of the principal first, and to get a fair interest return second.

The son, who is a competent and reasonably able man, decided to take care of his money himself. Although he was not a gambler, he bought speculatively to quite an extent. He also took occasional "flyers" in new enterprises at the suggestion or solicitation of friends, making a great deal of money in some, and losing in others.

Fifteen years have passed, and the two investment programs have had a thorough test. Both brother and sister are still immensely rich. But to-day, the yearly income of the sister is approximately one hundred thousand dollars more than that of the brother.

The moral of this little story, not only for other millionaires but also for the man who has yet to lay up his first thousand dollars, is the moral of the fable of the hare and the tortoise. Safety, the tortoise, runs a better race than the leaping and bounding hare.

For more than a quarter of a century I have been helping people invest, and have also been doing my best to make life miserable for those who, through crookedness or incompetence, get investors' money away from them without rendering them anything in return.

My business wisdom teeth were cut in the place where investment programs start. I was secretary of a building and loan association, and assistant cashier of a bank. This was in Harrisburg, county seat of Saline County, in southern Illinois. From all over that county farmers, miners, teachers, clerks, merchants, came to our bank and to the loan association. I helped many of them as well as I could with their first investments, and later had the satisfaction of watching and to some extent guiding their adventures in accumulation.

As a result of the war, I had an excellent opportunity to see another phase of investing. The Liberty Loans enormously increased the number of buyers of bonds and other securities, and there soon sprang up a host of confidence men, sharks, and venders of half-baked securities, to prey on them. To meet the situation, most states passed blue-sky laws to prevent these fellows from raking in their golden harvest. Illinois passed such a law, and in 1919 I was appointed by the Secretary of State to examine proposed security issues, and to assist in administering the law.

The enormous volume of unsound securities that would have been released on the public in the absence of regulation may be gathered from the fact that, in less than three years, we refused to permit the issuance of *four hundred million dollars'* worth of securities that were unsound under the Illinois law. Not all of those turned down were crooked. Some were the half-baked projects of honest men. But money lost when good intentions go astray is lost as effectually as when it is stolen.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MATZENE, CHICAGO

Arthur G. Davis is an arch-enemy of "promoters" who sell fraudulent or foolish investments. For more than twenty years he has been advising investors, and hunting down predatory firms which prey upon the gullible and the inexperienced. He is in charge of the Investors' Protective Bureau of Chicago

IN 1923 I saw still another phase of the investment problem. I quit the employ of the State to take charge of the Investors' Protective Bureau of Chicago, an organization supported jointly by banks, the Association of Commerce, investment bankers and brokers, for the purpose of helping investors, without charge, and coöperating with officers of the law to run out the dishonest and unscrupulous security peddlers.

Under the law, when an issue of securities is illegally sold, the promoters may be prosecuted, or they may be granted the alternative of making good their wrong and the losses of their victims, and thus soften or avoid the law's penalty. We induced certain frightened confidence men, and some honest but misguided business men, to return to investors more than two million dollars taken from them unlawfully; and by a determined campaign sixty-eight bucket shops were put out of business.

Through the Investment Bankers' Association of America I am endeavoring to extend the results of these practical efforts in preventing fraud to the entire country, by means of coöperating with blue-sky officers of the various states, the Better Business Bureaus, and other

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organizations that are making the country safe for investors.

The result of this experience is that two things have come to stand out in my mind as all-important:

First, every investor should have a definite program; and,

Second, safety should be his guide.

It is obvious that no confidence man can get my money unless I give it to him. In this article, therefore, I am going to tell you some things that make investments risky or safe, as I have seen them; I am going to outline what I think are the essentials of an intelligent investment program; and I am going to describe a typical program.

First, let me say emphatically that honest securities far outnumber dishonest securities; and that, among honest securities, those which are reasonably safe far outnumber those which are decidedly risky. In one recent year it was estimated that *eight billion dollars'* worth of *new* securities were sold in the United States. Some of these were dangerously speculative, some were sensibly speculative but the bulk were strictly honest. In the same year it was estimated that about five hundred million dollars' worth of deliberately fraudulent securities were peddled in the United States.

ONE of the most dangerous things is the lure of a high rate of return. Naturally the thought of eight or ten per cent is far more exciting and inviting than five or six. Nevertheless, it remains unpleasantly true that a high rate of return frequently denotes a highly speculative or fraudulent security.

Here is a case in point: Three years ago a widow came to me in Chicago and asked my advice about investing in the bonds of a certain company. She was not the first inquirer. Others had already brought the bonds to our attention, and we were investigating. Needing the extra income, this woman was very eager to buy the bonds, because the rate of interest was eight per cent.

"I know a little about this company," I told her, "not much, yet, for we're still investigating. But I know enough to warn you to be very careful before you part with your money."

The organization which was selling the bonds was a small, new house, without an established reputation, and since it had never handled an issue of bonds before, that of itself counseled caution. For another thing, we had not been able to determine that the company behind the bonds had enough property to protect such an issue. The high rate of interest also seemed suspicious.

"Could you," I asked, "afford to lose the money in case the company went broke or turned out to be a fake?"

She admitted she could not.

"Let that be your guide, then," I advised; "and be careful."

She thanked me and left. It was not long, however, before she was back.

"I just want you to know," she said stormily, "that I understand now why you were so eager to steer me away from those bonds. You're interested in savings banks. You want folks like me to put all our money in savings accounts at three per cent, so the banks can turn around and loan it at seven or eight. But I'll have you know that if the banks can play that game, I can play it too!"

She had gone back to the alleged bond house, repeated my arguments, and heard them knocked over by a fast-talking salesman who did not care what he said, so long as he convinced her. She wanted to believe him rather than me, and she did. She invested seventy-five hundred of her precious dollars in the bonds.

The sequel you may have guessed. In a few weeks the officers of the company which issued the bonds, and of the organization that sold them (the two outfits were really one) were indicted for operating a confidence game. The bonds were worthless scraps of paper.

I am going to explain how this particular group of promoters operated, for they are fairly typical of other fake-security peddlers. They were not honest, and never intended to be. They were hunting "suckers" first, last, and all the time.

'WAY back in the hills of a Southern state where they knew nobody from Chicago would be likely to go, they found an abandoned fire-brick plant, which they bought for a song, paying a little cash and giving notes for the balance.

The whole plant, including some fifty acres of land, a small remaining deposit of fairly good fire clay, a half-dozen old kilns, some dilapidated machinery, a few huts, a general store, an office, and a stable, was valued at sixty-five thousand dollars before it passed into their hands, and was probably worth even less. But figures did not matter much to these men. They had vivid imaginations, and prepared fake appraisals, in which the fire clay alone (little of it, by the way, could be used, because most of it lay under a cemetery!) was valued at *three million dollars*.

The promoters then organized what they called a trust company, with a name so similar to that of a splendid Eastern trust company that people would be deceived into believing that the fake trust company was the reputable concern. This is a favorite trick of crooks.

The "literature" describing the property was romantic. Strikes and labor problems were said to be utterly unknown; this was true, for there was no labor! The five huts, which were actually occupied by negro tenants, were described as "residences for employees." A small general store at the cross-roads became "a splendid commissary where employees buy supplies." And so the fairy tale went on. The bonds were offered "under guarantee plan with stock purchase privilege."

"Money," the circulars urged, "is getting cheaper, and eight per cent bonds are soon to be a thing of the past."

THE promoters did not demand cash from their victims. No indeed! They were willing to accept Liberty bonds at par. In fact, they gladly took automobiles, pianos, and even washing machines in part payment. They fleeced a good many victims, but eventually were put behind the bars.

Bonds, broadly speaking, are the safest securities. But there are bonds and bonds, as this instance shows. Furthermore, high interest rates alone are not sufficient to distinguish the bad from the good. In fact, many bonds bearing a high return prove perfectly good, and are paid at maturity; although this does not alter the fact that some element of risk was apparent at the time of issue. To a large extent, therefore, in the absence of other distinguishing characteristics, investment safety lies in doing business with an absolutely honest, reliable, and competent firm, and in getting the best possible disinterested advice.

One of the best qualifications an investor can have is a healthy doubt of his own infallibility. Reliable investment firms, before they underwrite an issue of securities, make most exhaustive investigations, sometimes lasting for months, and the investor can take a leaf out of their book in making sure of the reliability of the firm he deals with.

Furthermore, (*Continued on page 186*)

Here Are Some Rules That May Save Your Money

The American Magazine asked Mr. Davis to give a few rules for inexperienced (and also experienced) investors. Here they are:

IF YOU want to get rich surely, do not try to get rich quickly.

An unusually high rate of return is a warning of danger.

Be sure that what you *want to believe* coincides with the facts.

Buy through an absolutely responsible, honest, and competent business house.

Never buy from a friend *merely because he is a friend.*

Remember that the best invention ever patented never built a successful business all by itself.

Do not pick a security merely because *one* factor looks favorable.

Good investments will await investigation. Don't go too fast.

Tips, rumors, and "hunches" dig the graves of millions of easy-go dollars every year.

Do not sell a good security the moment the price drops a little; it may go up again.

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Putting Your Best Foot Forward

By Clarence Budington Kelland

FOR many years it has excited my curiosity to see two men of almost equal capacity enjoying widely separated degrees of achievement. One of the two will be regarded by his contemporaries almost as a genius in his line, while the other must content himself with a hand-to-mouth livelihood. Why is it?

And that leads us further. Why does anybody fail, and why does anybody else succeed?

It seems to me, as I study the men I meet, that there is very little difference indeed between their mental equipments. In other words, almost every normal person is pretty nearly as smart as every other normal person. I have talked to policemen, for instance, who exhibited a mental grasp and agility and keenness which a captain of industry or a first-class artist might envy. Why, then, do they remain policemen? I have talked with men in high places, and have been surprised at the mediocrity of their mental processes. Certainly they were no more able than the policemen. Why, then, did they become Cabinet officers or presidents of banks or famous authors?

It has brought me to the conclusion that the difference between the mentalities of an admitted success and of an admitted failure is so slight as to be difficult of measurement. I believe we are all cut off one piece, and that we vary but slightly in actual abilities. We run pretty much to pattern, so why does one piece of goods climb in value, while another remains stationary—or even sinks to a lower level?

Why, for instance, am I considered a successful author, as success goes, when I see about me numbers of men, not successful, who in my judgment can write better than I can? How have I, in the current phrase, put myself over, when they have failed to do so—and with more excellent wares to sell than mine? It has puzzled me and worried me. Sometimes I have thought that the whole scheme of things is unfair and prejudiced. At other times I have veered around to a belief in blind luck. But now I have abandoned both those theories. I am quite sure it is something else.

I am also quite sure that every human being can come closer than he believes to accomplishing what he wishes to accomplish. I believe every normal man has the ability to do so. I believe there may be excuses for failure, but no good reasons for it.

This is going to be no amplification of copy-book maxims. I don't believe in cut-and-dried, ready-made maxims. When somebody recites one to me I like to go out and prove it is all wrong. But facts are something else. Black is black, iron is hard, water is wet. When you meet a fact like that, you don't have to write a maxim about it—and I believe I have discovered a few such facts about success and failure.

Fact Number One: The majority of people do not want to succeed.

Fact Number Two: Most folks never take the trouble to find out which is their best foot, so they can put it forward.

And there you are. There are your facts. Let us amplify them a bit and see if what I think I have discovered is not true.

Don't Be Misled by an "Opening"

"TRADES and professions run in families," says Mr. Kelland, "and that's why so many families run in ruts. Grand-dad was a lawyer, so his son becomes a lawyer, and his grandson becomes a lawyer. Why? Well, there was an opening. Each son could go into his father's office. But the chances are against each son's being especially fitted to follow his father's profession.

"That word *opening* gets a lot of people into trouble, anyway. It's a lazy word. An opening is something free of barriers. It is a hole to crawl through. It looks easy. It is the line of least resistance. Now, my idea is that you should forget about *openings*, especially those which open into some place you don't at all want to go. What good is an opening that leads a potentially fine artist to be a very poor broker? Or a good banker to be a sad teacher?"

You can't go out in the woods with a gun, shoot at random, and bring home any game. No. You have to make up your mind whether you will shoot birds or deer or bear; you must hunt that particular creature, find an individual of the species, take aim at him—and then pull the trigger. A general wish to shoot something won't help you at all. You must have a specific wish to shoot a definite sort of game.

BUT when we go out shooting in the forest of life, most of us just go shooting. We don't pick out bear or deer or partridge, but just bang away at any animal that comes in sight. Now, it stands to reason that if your gun is a twenty-gauge and is loaded with bird shot you won't have any luck at all if you meet a moose. On the other hand, if you have a high-powered rifle and shoot a partridge with it, you will have nothing to bring home but feathers.

The answer is that you really didn't want to bag any game. You just went out under a general roving commission, depending on chance. You wanted chance to succeed for you; you didn't want to succeed for yourself.

A general wish to be successful is no better than no wish at all. It must be a specific wish in a definite line.

Having a couple of sons, I am, at the moment, intensely interested in young men. I talk to them when they will let me, especially young men just out of college and at the commencement of actual living. And not college men alone but any fellow who is about to start the endless task of earning a living for himself. I have found it to be quite general that what they are looking for is a job.

They don't care much what job, as long as it does not lower them in this idiotic thing we call "the social scale," and as long as it pays what they think is a reasonable wage. They want to be earning, and the more the better. Some few, of course, have made special preparation—for the law, for medicine, for engineering. But the majority are just shooting at the forest.

NOW, it is a mighty important thing to decide what you are going to do with the major part of your waking hours for a lifetime. But most young men leave it to chance. Some friend offers a boy a job in a bank or in an office or in a factory, and the boy takes it—because it is a job. Most young fellows don't even stop to consider whether they will enjoy the line of work which is offered to them. Think of that! Why, one of the most important things to do in this world is to enjoy yourself. As the boy learning his catechism said, "The chief end of man is to glorify God and to enjoy himself forever." Maybe that is a bit strong, but it will do as a starting place.

But that isn't all. The idea back of this selection is to have a definite mark to shoot at. You certainly can't hit a mark if you aren't aiming at all—unless you have a lot of luck. Of course everybody has some of the thing called luck, both bad and good. But my observation is that the fellow who has the most good luck is the one who stands alertly at the spot where the kind of good luck he wants is being passed around. I don't know whether any of you folks play Kelly Pool or not. I do. And through a long and costly experience in this game I have perceived, and know, that the player who "lucks in" the (*Continued on page 170*)

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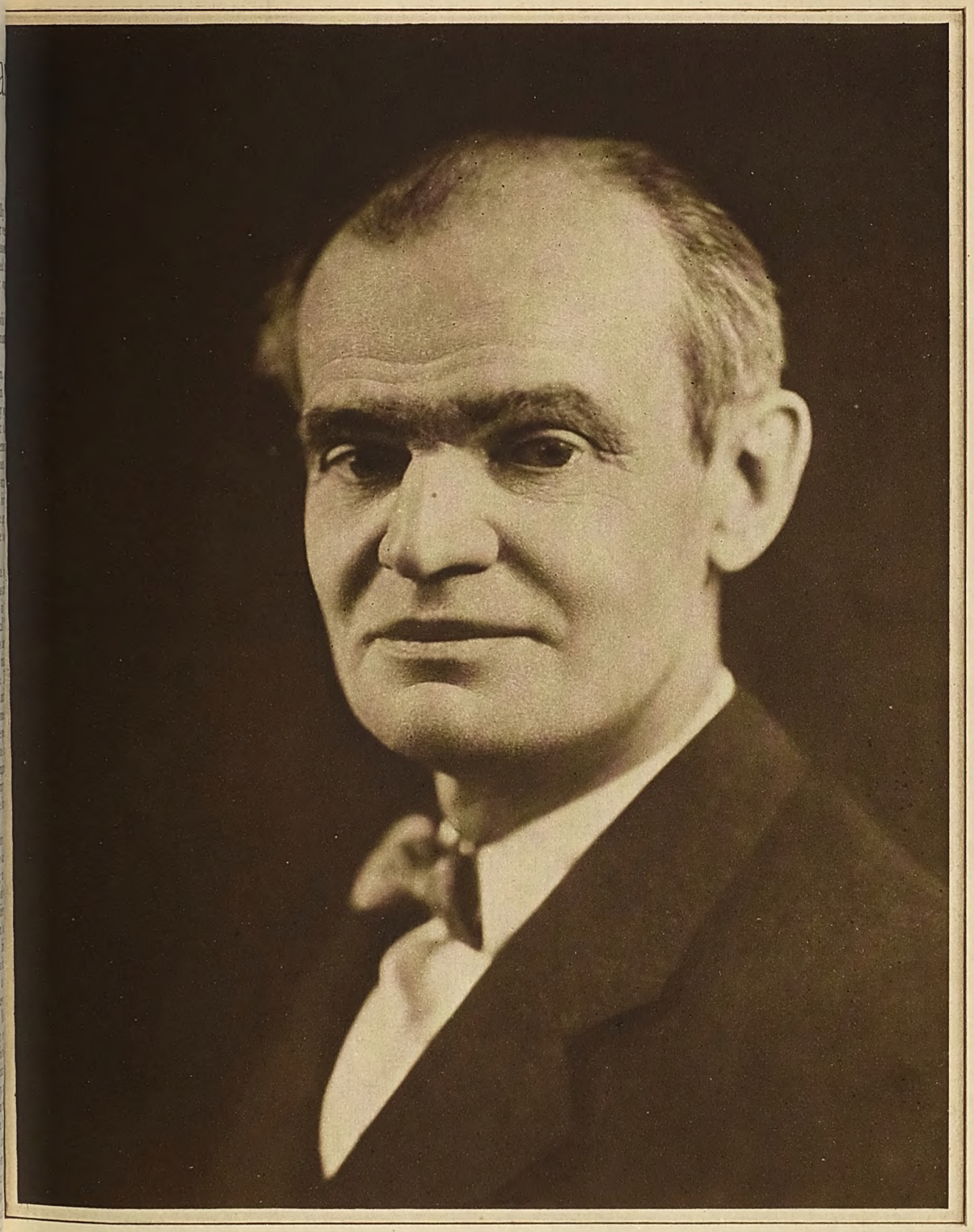

Photograph by Blank & Stoller, N. Y.

Clarence Budington Kelland

TO READERS of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE Mr. Kelland is best known as the author of the Scattergood stories. But his writing is by no means confined to these fascinating tales about the imaginary hardware merchant of Coldriver. For years Mr. Kelland's short stories, serials, and articles have been appearing in many of the leading magazines of America, and in the accompanying article he gives you the key to his remarkable popularity as a writer, a key, by the way, which may be used in any walk of life. Mr. Kelland was born in Portland, Michigan, in 1881. He studied law, worked as a reporter, and for a time was editor of "The American Boy." His present home is in Port Washington, New York.

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Photograph by R. H. Kofski

Dr. Catherine M. Cox

FOR YEARS Doctor Cox has made a study of the childhood of geniuses. She selected three hundred outstanding figures, and studied their biographies so closely that, as she puts it, "I came to think of them as my boys—children just as real to me as those whom I had watched grow up." In her book, "Early Mental Traits of Three Hundred Geniuses," she gives her findings, which are summarized in the accompanying article. Doctor Cox, now psychologist of the Central Clinic of Cincinnati, was formerly at Stanford University. She is seen above with her little nephew.

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Have You A Budding Genius In Your Home?

By Elizabeth Jayne Wiggam

BACK in 1922, when she was at Stanford University, California, Dr. Catherine M. Cox adopted three hundred geniuses—a strange thing, you might say, for a woman to do.

But there was a very sound reason for her act. Doctor Cox is a psychologist, and where psychology touches on the lives of unusual children she is particularly interested. Moreover, she wanted to discover, if it were humanly possible to do so, the stuff of which geniuses are made.

Professor Lewis M. Terman was at that same period engaged on his now famous study of one thousand gifted children in the California schools. He suggested that Doctor Cox undertake on a large scale a scientific investigation of the childhood of three hundred geniuses born between the years 1450 and 1850, thus approaching this fascinating study from the angle of genius at its height instead of from the Terman angle of genius in the making.

So Doctor Cox searched through the centuries, and from history, science, literature and the arts made her selection and adopted the geniuses into her home.

During the first year of her investigation into the lives of her charges, Doctor Cox, with two assistants, collected over fifteen thousand biographies, cyclopedias, memoirs, and other documents containing material about these three hundred geniuses. She later reduced this enormous mass of material to three thousand volumes, for intensive study, finally condensing her findings into a book of nearly nine hundred pages, entitled "Early Mental Traits of Three Hundred Geniuses," which is published by Stanford University.

It was a stupendous task, and recently I spent two days with Doctor Cox talking with her about it. She is now psychologist of the Central Clinic of Cincinnati, helping boys and girls to discover their real abilities and make the most of themselves in life.

"I lived with those adopted book children of mine so closely for four years," she told me, "that I actually came to think about them as my boys (only eight of the three hundred children, by the way, were girls). They were real children to me, just as real as the boys and girls whom I watched grow up."

"Before we go into the specific characteristics of different geniuses," I said to Doctor Cox, "I should like to know if some of the traits you discovered were common to all of your geniuses; that is, did, for instance, Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, Rembrandt, Goethe, Bach, Humboldt, Charles Dickens have the same *fundamental* characteristics?"

"They certainly did," she replied. "Four things stood out very clearly in the lives of nearly all the geniuses I investigated: Obstacles brought out their fighting powers; they were steadily persistent in their undertakings and motives; they carried important tasks through on their own hook; and their wish to excel amounted almost to a passion. These four were their outstanding characteristics, and I am convinced they are the strong characteristics of nearly all the successful men and women of to-day.

"And you'll be interested to know," she went on, "that these four traits not only marked these famous men and women in adult life—they were the strong features of their childhood.

"My investigation, of course, was made for comparative reasons. We wanted to know whether these children who actually did become famous men were like the gifted school children Professor Terman investigated. Professor Terman's question is: What do children who score high on intelligence tests become in later life? My question was: Would those persons *who have already become famous* have scored high on intelligence tests when they were children? Also, how did their other personality traits compare with those of Professor Terman's children?

"He is looking from the child forward to the great man or woman. We are looking from the great man or woman backward to the child. We shall have to wait for his children to grow up to determine how closely our results agree. But in the end we are really trying to answer these two questions:

"First, What are the childhood signs and symptoms of future great abilities and strong personalities?

"Second, Do great abilities and strong personality traits in childhood prophesy future achievements of a high order?

"OUR first step was to collect each child's sayings, writings, achievements, and early doings of all sorts, and from these to try to calculate how each one would probably have scored on our present-day intelligence tests, which show us each person's 'Intelligence Quotient,' or IQ, as it is familiarly called. The average person's IQ is 100.

"The material for each child was divided into two parts: From birth to the age of sixteen, and from sixteen to twenty-six. We thus obtained two IQ estimates on each genius. In most cases, the second IQ was considerably higher than the first. The average for the first sixteen years was 135. The average for the second period was 145.

"We have a number of technical reasons for believing that the actual IQs were considerably higher than these. For example, we rated John Bunyan, author of 'Pilgrim's Progress,' Copernicus, the astronomer, and Faraday, the great scientist, at 105. We rated Andrew Jackson, General Grant, Raphael, and Rembrandt, at 110; Admiral Farragut, DeFoe, author of 'Robinson Crusoe,' Garibaldi, Haydn, and President James Madison at 120; George Washington, General Sherman, and Bach, at 125. However, Charles Dickens, Thomas (*Continued on page 80*)

You Can't Create Genius But You Can Encourage It

"PARENTS cannot create talent or genius," declares Doctor Cox, "but they can greatly discourage, or even suppress it! Also, they can encourage and develop it, a fact I should like every present-day parent to know. Liebig, the great German chemist, was taken by his father to see all sorts of manufacturing operations. Benjamin Franklin's father took him to see what could be seen of the world's work. This intelligent interest on the part of the parents gave these two boys a chance to become familiar with numerous activities and occupations. The same sort of thing was true with many other boys who later became famous. It is a great mistake to exclude children from adult interests. We should bring them in contact with conditions they are going to meet in real life."

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"Love's A Lie!"

Another story of Helga Lind, the mail rider of Sweden Hollow

By Nelia Gardner White

ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR C. ANDERSON

WHEN I want to tell of Helga Lind, something seems to catch in my throat. All her life she gave out to others, and precious little she got in return. I say precious little—yet, perhaps, it wasn't little.

It's not a little thing, at twenty-two, to know all the joys and sorrows along the Sweden Hollow mail route, to have folks watch for your coming and depend on you like children.

It's not little, with every other woman's head shorn, to be able to keep fair, smooth braids wound 'round your head, and retain the dignity and beauty of a princess from a Norse fairy tale.

It's not little to come home at night with a tirelessness as of dawn, and have all the other Linds waiting to tell their day to "Helga." Helga Lind is a person, a real person.

It hurts a bit to think that she became such a person through suffering. But she did. Rell Stannard jilted her. That's what makes her eyes so sober above her fine, slow smile. That's what gives her her dignity, the apartness won through fighting a trouble of the soul.

I think she thought she had conquered that trouble. But one night she sat at her place at the long Lind table, between Carl, the sullen, dreamy one, and Anna, the pert, pretty one. Across the way jolly plain Hilda, and sturdy John, and thin little Emil chattered and contradicted and laughed. At the ends sat Emanuel Lind and Anna, his wife—silent, but not unhappy in their silence. Carl's last fight—last night's party—the day's happenings on the route—and then, quite suddenly, and apropos of nothing, John good-naturedly taunted:

"Ha! Helga's got a beau! That man that paints pictures rode up with her to-night. Anyhow, he's better'n that old Rell Stannard!"

There was a shout of laughter around the long table, and probably no one but Emanuel Lind saw Helga's face get white and her lips come straight with pain. In a second Helga was laughing, too.

"He wants to paint a picture of those trees down by the bend—and he doesn't know a buttonwood from a beech!" she said scornfully.

But after supper, Helga slipped away from the house, and Emanuel Lind, pretending to do some chore or other, went to the barn and found her there, her cheek tight against the satin cheek of Net, her horse. It was probably only through the inarticulate closeness of these two that Helga Lind had been able to keep that high-headed courage of hers the last years. To-day her father found words, as he fussed over a harness. The late October dusk made their faces dim to each other in the barn's shadows.

"Helga—I thought that was done with," he said slowly. "You aren't caring about Rell Stannard . . . still, Helga?"

Yes, it was plain enough now that that was what made her eyes so sober, and so understanding.

"I guess we Linds don't change much," she said quietly.

"But—Helga—" he groped.

"Oh, I'm not grieving my life away!" her voice was a little bitter; "I'm too busy to think much about him, but sometimes—sometimes—like to-night—" For an instant it was as if all the strength had gone out of her.

"Yes! Yes!" Emanuel Lind put in quickly. "I'm sorry, Helga!"

He started out of the barn, hesitated:

"Helga—this artist—Rush Sloan—he wants to get his meals here while he's working down by the grove. Will that be too much extra, do you think?"

She did not answer, and he went out and left her there. As he went toward the house, he muttered, in a hard voice:

"He wasn't worth it! He wasn't worth it!"

Nor had he been worth it; but, as Helga said, "We Linds don't change much!"

WHEN she started out next morning the hurt was still in her eyes. It's a cruel thing to have an old hurt come new in you. The cruelty of it blotted out, for the time, the youth in Helga's face. She loved the route in October, the shout of sumacs on the slopes, the ditches strewn with bright leaf drift, the squirrels scampering everywhere, the little, wind-twisted swirls of leaves in mid-road, the birds south-winging.

She loved all seasons. The green of winter wheat showing through half-melted snow, the gray majesty of a wind-swept November day, the stretch of a field white-starred with daisies, the sight of the first snow—these were as much a part of Helga Lind as her own name or skin. They had helped to heal that place wounded by the cruelty of Rell Stannard; but to-day the wound gaped afresh, and the crisp sunshine and sift of leaves across the buggy were bleak as February sleet to her.

"Autumn seems to get stuck here—and grow," that artist, Rush Sloan, had said to her last night. She had liked that thought, but to-day she hated the artist for calling forth Rell Stannard's name from John's lips.

Grandma Wheeler came hurrying down to tell her the latest about her daughter-in-law, but Helga could not laugh about it to-day.

"I hear that Rush Sloan's buzzing you up," Grandma said finally.

"Oh, nonsense!" said Helga. The sentence did not even touch her youthful consciousness.

Sary Overhiser was sending away for her new fall coat, and she brought the mail-order catalogue down to show Helga.

"The red's awful pretty—but kind of faddy. I suppose brown'd be more sensible," Sary said wistfully.

"That green would be lovely—with your hair," Helga said. But in her heart she didn't care. She just wanted to go on, get away from Sary and everyone.

But it seemed she wasn't to get away from folks to-day. Lars Larsen was waiting for her at the foot of his driveway. Lars was the only Swede up Sweden Hollow. Helga had always liked him, perhaps because they came from kindred lands, perhaps because they both knew hard work and poverty, perhaps because he was a shy man and yet unafraid. He was nearly forty, and had lived alone on his farm ever since he had come to this country, nineteen years before.

Lars didn't get much mail. Once a month a letter from Sweden. Once a week a farm paper. Sometimes Helga would read a bit from the paper to him, and sometimes he would tell her, his blue eyes wistful beneath his burnt-flax hair, the news about his mother and sister over there. It was through one of these letters that Helga first knew how really deep was the loneliness of the man.

"My sister—she want to come this country—Ay not bane going let her! She sing in choir there—she have a lot friends. Ay tank she bane too lonesome here."

So when she saw his bent shoulders by the mail box, she knew he had something to tell her. She did not want to hear it, any more than she had wanted to listen to Grandma Wheeler's troubles, or hear about Sary's coat; but she had listened to folks along Route Three for years now. They expected it; it was part of her job.

"'Ello, Helga!" Lars said to her, his face a little red. "Mabbe you help me write a letter?"

THE Linds had taken root in America, but, somehow, that broad 'a' of Lars's homeland came always sweet to Helga, like an old lullaby from babyhood taking on new tenderness across the years. She pulled herself out of her thoughts in response to that homely voice.

"Yes, I'll help you," she said. "To your girl?"

To her amazement, the red of his face deepened to a most painful crimson.

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"Yes, I know," Helga said quickly. "I know how 'tis, Lars. And it's a beautiful letter, just like it is—I'd send it just that way!"

Suddenly Helga found her interest unforced.

"Ja," he brought out with labored honesty. "Ay bane hope so. Ay make letter for girl in paper—now she answer!"

"Why, Lars! A girl in the *paper!*"

"Ja. She thirty-three—yust right for old man lak me!"

Helga found herself laughing aloud.

"But, Lars, why don't you marry some girl from around here that you know?"

"No one lak me, Helga! No one but you, and Ay not fool enough for asking Helga Lind! She have better man love her already!"

Helga went white. It was like a knife in the raw, new-opened wound. But she was too innately kind to strike at Lars.

"What about the letter?" she asked at last.

"What you tank of this?"

He pulled a paper from his pocket and gave it to her, while his hand went out embarrassedly to pat her old sorrel mare.

The letter was full of pompous, high-flown phrases of love. It sounded as if Lars must have memorized it from some "Handy Guide for Lovers." Helga wanted to laugh, and then she had a still stronger desire to cry.

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"Mrs. Larsen! Selma!" she shouted at her. But Selma did not answer

"It doesn't sound like you," she said honestly, looking up at his anxious, hopeful eyes. He shrugged his shoulders a little.

"Vell—I dunno—mabbe she not come if I write lak myself! Ay tank Lars Larsen know he bane not much!"

"But," Helga said doubtfully, "it would be so hard to live up to such a letter!"

His blue eyes seemed to grow suddenly dull.

"Ay bane lonely, Helga!" he said, and looked back at his gray old farm.

"Yes, I know," Helga said quickly. "I know how 'tis, Lars. And it's a beautiful letter, just like it is—I'd send it just that way!"

He looked up gratefully.

"You tank so, Helga? Mabbe that all a lie—that about love—but she came from Smaland—Ay tank Ay be very good to her!"

A lie—a lie—that about love! Oh, love *was* a lie, anyway, Helga's heart cried.

LARS sent the letter to her—Miss Selma Bergesen, 540 Park Street, Jamestown, N. Y.—and Helga found herself waiting impatiently for the answer. She told her father about it one night as he helped her unhitch.

"I wouldn't encourage him if his eyes weren't open," she said, a little bitterly. "If he didn't know, as well as I do, that love's a lie, anyway!"

Emanuel Lind shook his head, almost sternly.

"Love's no lie, Helga," he said, as if he had tested the truth of his statement past all doubting. "Love's no lie!"

"No?" There was an instant's silence, then, "Well, love or not, it'll be a good thing for Lars. He needs a housekeeper!" But she couldn't, somehow, look at her father as she said it.

The letter came at last, thick, and on the best stationery of a Jamestown physician. Lars was waiting at the mail box for it, and Helga called out:

"Here 'tis!"

But he didn't show it to her. He thrust the letter into his pocket and went back up to the house.

It was November now, and all along Route Three the trees were bare. Helga always felt a tingling within at this time of year, as if she were waking to some majestic new birth. She belonged to winter. The very bleakness and grayness of it seemed like an echo of the somber music that made up her being.

But this November she somehow had no sense of coming alive. She had begun to feel free from her pain, and the knowledge that it was still with her weighed her down like some Atlas-great burden. She thought often of Lars's words, "*Ay bane lonely, Helga!*" And the man's loneliness seemed to come echoing back from her own heart.

Even when Rush Sloan, that tall, homely artist with the kind eyes, stopped her one night on the road and said to her, "I wish you'd have let me come to see you, Miss Lind; I'd have given a lot to paint you," nothing stirred in her. Nothing but loneliness.

Lars told her about the letter, shyly, on Saturday. "She bane coming," he said, as he took the farm paper.

"Really? When?"

"Oh, vell—after Christmas, I guess. She say they count on her for the Christmas cakes. She do housework for a Fru Pickering in Yamestown. Ay guess 'twill wait! Mabbe you help me buy few little things for the house, eh?"

"Yes, of course!"

"Ay lak send her some nice present for Christmas—mabbe candy or a nice blue dress—what you tank?"

"Well, you wouldn't know her size for a dress," she said doubtfully. "You might get cloth, though. I'll help you pick it out; shall I?"

He nodded in obvious relief. She laughed a little to herself on the way home, thinking of how Lars was going to so much trouble for his counterfeit of happiness.

BUT, nevertheless, she helped Lars, in the weeks after that, to pick out two new chairs, some things for the kitchen, new pillow cases.

"If you can afford it, seems as if you ought to have new curtains for the living-room," she said.

"Vell—Ay could—mabbe cheap ones," he told her.

She made the curtains herself, though her family seemed to think she was foolish. But she had given out bits of herself to this home and that all along the way by now. Nursed the little Vickery boy nights when his mother was dead for sleep; helped Grandma Wheeler pick ducks when word came that her boy in the city was bringing ten for a duck dinner; made out the mail orders for Sary Overhiser; gone to a country dance with Len Manning when he wanted to bring the flip little Davis girl to her senses. So now she could do no less than make curtains for Lars Larsen. And, anyway, she wanted to be busy, wanted to fill her hours too full for thought.

With the curtains up, and the new chairs drawn companionably near the big heater, the little old farmhouse grew strangely homelike. Helga looked about

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at it, half resentfully, half wistfully. It seemed a little silly, this gesture of buying new curtains, when all Lars wanted was a housekeeper! She and Lars had made a sweet, pleasant place of it—and for what? A girl from a paper! Oh—well—better that than what *she* had known!

Selma sent Lars a scarf, knitted of red and gray mixed yarn, and he was pathetically pleased and proud.

"Ay tank that's what's held me back—there's been nobody to work for, Helga!" he said.

"No, it's no fun—alone!" she replied.

Then there were three frightening weeks when no word came from Selma Bergesen, and a lost look began to grow in Lars's blue eyes.

"She ain't change her mind, you tank?" he demanded of Helga.

"Maybe she's sick, or they need her there," comforted Helga.

"Mabbe she change her mind," he insisted, his voice a little numb.

That night Helga said to her father, "Lars is all upset—his girl doesn't write. You see, even paper romances don't pan out!"

Emanuel Lind put down the coal scuttle.

"I don't like to hear you talk that way, Helga," he said, troubled.

BUT the letter came at last. The Lind's telephone rang that night—three short and a long.

"It's for you, Helga!" her mother called. "It's some man."

Helga could, even after years, find her every nerve tautening at that. But it was Lars Larsen.

"'Ello . . . that you, Miss Lind? . . . Helga, she bane coming to-morrow!"

She knew better than to ask for explanations.

"Really? What can I do, Lars?"

"Could you, mabbe, come to-morrow night? Yust you and Reverend Fields and Mrs. Fields? You tank Ay should have, mabbe, some cake and coffee after?"

"Yes—oh, yes! Let me bring the cake! I'd love to! And I have a present for Selma. I'll bring it. About eight?"

"Ja! That's fine for you to do that, Helga!"

IT WAS cold the next day and beginning to snow.

"Settling down for a good blizzard," said Helga's father.

But the wind stayed down and toward evening the snowing ceased. Still, the air was keen and stinging cold when Helga set out for Larsen's house, and the horse's breath made frost about her.

Lars's gray house sent out several paths of yellow light across the snow. In the paths were strewn diamonds. Helga found herself dreading, somehow, to enter the house. It looked so happy there, and she felt so old within. But she put her horse up and came 'round to the side door. Lars opened to her.

"'Ello, Helga!" he said. His blue eyes seemed very bright and proud.

"Miss Lind, I want you should know Selma!"

And there was Selma—Selma out of a paper! Big and (*Continued on page 162*)

She loved the route in October, the shout of sumacs on the slopes, the little, wind-twisted swirls of leaves in mid-road, the birds south-winging

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What! You Don't Know That? Then I'll Ask You Another

An interview with Lucian Esty and Justin Spafford, the "Ask Me Another" boys

By Rosa Strider Reilly

IN a noisy New York editorial office, two men faced each other across a disordered desk. One was Herbert Bayard Swope, executive editor of the morning "World." The other was Lucian Esty. Many things separated them besides the litter on the desk. The first had risen to a place of prominence in the journalistic world; the second, fresh from Amherst College, had only an idea with which to win his spurs.

Swope had a puzzled expression on his face. But it wasn't any difficult editorial problem with which he was wrestling. The question troubling him was a simple query which Esty had just repeated: "What is the line that comes after 'What is so rare as a day in June?'"

"I know that just as well as I do the name of this newspaper," the editor answered. "'What is so rare as a day in June?' It's from the 'Vision of Sir Launfal,' by James Russell Lowell. Do I get any score for that?"

"No," the young man replied. "You must give the exact line."

Swope strode up and down the room, mumbling as he strode, "What is so rare as a day in June? What is so rare? . . . What is so rare? . . . Then—then come—then if—then, if ever, come perfect days," he shouted triumphantly. And then, exactly like a nine-year-old, he added excitedly, "Ask me another!"

Lucian Esty had been asking the executive editor of the "World" another question since seven o'clock. Early in the afternoon, the young man had telephoned the busy Mr. Swope, requesting a few minutes in which to propound a set of questions—one of the forty quizzes which he and his co-author, Justin Spafford, were about to publish in the form of the book "Ask Me Another." The editor, although very much occupied, had granted Esty this favor. And so enthusiastic had Mr. Swope become over these questions, that, for five hours, or thereabouts, between the high lights of getting out his paper, he had been engaged in answering them. And by midnight he had covered more than a quarter of the entire book.

NOR was the executive editor of the "World" the only person who became enthusiastic over these questions. Esty and Spafford interviewed nearly a thousand persons, in all walks of life, giving these preliminary tests in order that the readers of the two "Ask Me Another" books might have averages against which to match their wits. In every case, the individual rose to the challenge of the question mark: Editors, firemen, writers, soda clerks, professors, stenographers, rabbis, cartoonists, ministers, policemen, anti-

Easy Questions

1. What family of birds drills holes in the bark of trees?
2. What name is usually given to the large grinding teeth?
3. Is brass a basic metal or an alloy?
4. How many persons serve on a petty jury?
5. From what is cork derived?
6. Do the lines of latitude on maps run parallel or at right angles to the equator?
7. Of what industry is Akron, Ohio, a center?
8. How is the date of Labor Day determined?
9. What is the superstition about the bridesmaid who catches the bride's bouquet?
10. What is the name of the elongated dogs popular in Germany?
11. What causes the filament in an incandescent electric light to glow?
12. In politics, what is meant by "the solid South"?
13. Why is it always dangerous to run an automobile engine in a closed garage?
14. Why is a certain type of cosmetic called rouge?
15. What is the first legal holiday in the year?
16. Give the common name for either (a) H_2O or (b) sodium chloride.
17. For what purpose are the commands "gee" and "haw" used?
18. What name is given to the final sermon usually preached to graduating students?
19. Of what type of commercial enterprise are Sears-Roebuck and Montgomery Ward exponents?
20. What two of the so-called primary colors make purple when mixed together?

Questions Not So Easy

1. Identify one of the nations of which the following are the capitals: (a) Asuncion, (b) Quito.
2. With what field of activity was Sir Anthony Wing Pinero identified?
3. What is the emblem of Neptune?
4. What was the sobriquet of William of Nassau, Prince of Orange?
5. Give the literal meaning of the Latin expression *Agnus Dei.*
6. Who was the father of Jonathan, the friend of David?
7. Who wrote "Monsieur Beaucaire"?
8. What country owns (a) Corsica and (b) Sardinia?
9. What is the purpose of the Plimsoll lines on merchant ships?
10. Give within fifteen years the date when Louis Philippe ascended the French throne?
11. What is the real name of O. Henry?
12. What event do the French commemorate on July 14th?
13. To what university does the Yerkes Observatory belong?
14. In what body of water does the island of Cyprus lie?
15. Of what European country is Sofia the capital?
16. In what play do the following characters appear: Bottom, Hippolyta, Puck?
17. Who was Hugo Stinnes?
18. Of what book is John Ridd the hero?
19. What U. S. city had a district known widely as the "Barbary Coast"?
20. The mouth of what great river is in Venezuela?

Questions on American History

1. What event was commemorated by the Jamestown Exposition of 1907?
2. What U. S. general was nicknamed "Unconditional Surrender"?
3. What ex-President of the United States paid a visit to the former German Kaiser, William the Second?
4. Who was William H. Seward?
5. In what U. S. city have families bearing these names taken a prominent part: Stuyvesant, Van Rensselaer, Roosevelt?
6. What English general in 1755 led an ill-fated expedition against the French in western Pennsylvania?
7. Whose Presidential aspirations were sponsored by Mark Hanna?
8. What was the native state of most of the first ten Presidents?
9. Tell which of the following Indians lived West of the Mississippi: Geronimo, Philip, Sitting Bull, Tecumseh.
10. Who was Nancy Hanks?
11. With what section of North America is the name of each of the following associated: (a) Cortez, (b) Ponce de Leon, (c) De Soto?
12. What British major, implicated in Benedict Arnold's treason, was hanged as a spy during the American Revolution?
13. What state in the United States was once an independent republic?
14. What Revolutionary general was called "Mad Anthony"?
15. What have the following in common: Rochambeau, Von Steuben, Pulaski, De Kalb, Kosciusko?
16. In what battle did General Pakenham oppose General Andrew Jackson?
17. To what English nobleman did Charles I grant the colony of Maryland?
18. Give within two years the date when the British burned the White House at Washington.
19. Who is responsible for the phrase, "Too proud to fight"?
20. What popular name was given to the king's American adherents before and during the War of the Revolution?

The answers to these questions will be found on pages 112, 114, 115

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quarians, bond salesmen, explorers, actresses, students and graduates, husbands and wives, mothers and sons, and fathers and daughters.

From the interviews, and the subsequent reaction to the books after they reached the general public, the co-authors of "Ask Me Another" have found one characteristic, common to all: *Everybody has weak spots in his knowledge.* The question mark levels us all. Nobody, of all the scores who took the preliminary general quizzes, was able to make a perfect grade, even though presidents of Smith, of Yale, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and of Clark, were given tests. Furthermore, the compilers of these books found that:

Men achieved far higher scores than women.

Women do not have the competitive instinct so highly developed as men.

Editors, writers, and journalists received the best average grade of all.

Specialists—outside of their own field—fell down surprisingly.

Older people answered the quizzes better than younger folks.

The more general reading you do, the wider the range of your knowledge becomes.

All of us are lacking in information on the arts.

An ability to do well on these queries is not definitely related to formal education—or the lack of it.

IT WAS the gaps in their own knowledge which led Justin Spafford and Lucian Esty to become what might be termed the official interrogators of America. In that capacity, they have prepared six tests, especially for readers of this magazine. But before enlarging on these questions, it might interest you to learn how the "Ask Me Another" books first started.

There is nothing new about a question, nor, in fact, about interrogatory games of all kinds. Ten years before our Revolutionary War, Oliver Goldsmith in "The Vicar of Wakefield" wrote of the vicar and his family playing "at Questions." But neither Esty nor Spafford had any recreation in mind when they started out. They were engaged on far more serious business.

Esty and Spafford, both Amherst alumni, were living in New York at the Amherst Club, trying to settle that age-old question—where and how to find a career. During intervals in their long, discouraging weeks of searching for work, they used to devise intellectual parlor games to while away the time.

One night, at dinner, they were joined by another Amherst man, Richard Clarke. He started to ply them with pointed questions on literature. Fresh as they were from the campus, they were astounded, and not a little chagrined, at the weak spots in their knowledge. Instantly challenged, they determined to bridge over their own weak spots and also to make up a list of queries to spring on Clarke the next time they saw him.

But many weeks passed before they met Clarke again, and during that time they had collected some two hundred questions on many topics—literature, music, art, geography, history, sports, the Bible, and so on.

During the research necessary for contriving and answering these questions correctly, both men were surprised at the amount of vividly interesting knowledge they collected. Spafford soon came to the conclusion that the questions which he and Esty had started as a diversion might interest others as intensely as they had interested them. So, quietly, they set out to compile a book of two thousand questions.

BEFORE their work was one third completed, Spafford and Esty had found a publisher in the Viking Press. One of the men at the Amherst Club was acquainted with the publisher. And, having seen his two colleagues at work, he broached the "Ask Me Another" subject to the head of the firm. Naturally, every publisher was looking for something to take the place of the cross-word puzzle idea and, seeing possibilities in these questions, the Viking Press agreed to publish the book. Esty's mother supplied the title.

When this innocent-looking little volume came off the press February 5th, 1927, it hung up a new record in the publishing world. Over a hundred thousand copies were sold the first month. And thereafter the publishers were almost unable to keep up with the demand. Book number two was published late in April, and by the first of May over two hundred thousand of the first and nearly fifty thousand of the second had been sold.

Esty and Spafford created these tests in order to find out the range rather than the depth of a person's knowledge. Questions like, "What is the largest continent?" and, "What is caviar?" (*Continued on page 108*)

Tricky Questions

1. Does the equator cross India?
2. Distinguish between (a) the Diet of Worms and (b) the diet of silk worms.
3. With what army grade does the rank of lieutenant in the U. S. Navy correspond?
4. Which is nearer the North Pole, New York City or Constantinople?
5. The initials of what President of the United States were J. C. C.?
6. On a balance sheet does "surplus" appear as an asset or a liability?
7. Who was commander-in-chief of the U. S. Army during the Civil War?
8. What is the capital of Monaco?
9. How did the bald eagle get its name?
10. What have the following in common: Vaseline, B. V. D., Victrola, Thermos, Kodak?
11. How do the English pronounce the name Cholmondeley?
12. A goldsmith measures a pound of gold and a housewife measures a pound of feathers; which is heavier, the pound of feathers or the pound of gold?
13. What would the magnetic needle of a compass do at the North Pole?
14. What was the name of the party led by Thomas Jefferson, who is sometimes called the founder of the Democratic party?
15. At 12 P. M. Monday, San Francisco time, a cable is sent to Tokio. According to Tokio time, does it arrive on Monday or Tuesday?
16. What is the title of the wife of (a) an earl and (b) a count?
17. Was the year 1900 a leap year?
18. When, during the last ten years, has the United States had no President?
19. Who was the Roman equivalent of the Greek god Apollo?
20. Is there a tide in (a) the Hudson River and (b) Lake Superior?

Questions Men Should Answer

1. Which is the better poker hand, a flush or a straight?
2. Who was the last French prize-fighter to take part in a heavyweight title bout?
3. Identify both of the following advertised products: (a) Bull Durham and (b) Durham-Duplex.
4. During what war were Enfield rifles used by American troops?
5. Give the first name of one of the following: (a) Merriwell, (b) Rover, (c) Swift, (d) Carter.
6. Name three of the common methods by which gas is made to flow from the tank to the carburetor of an automobile.
7. What have the following in common: drop, fadeaway, floater?
8. The initials of what great manufacturing concern are G. E.?
9. What product is advertised by the slogan "Next to myself, I like —— best"?
10. At what season of the year was bock beer sold?
11. In what general category of officers is each of the following: (a) sergeant, (b) major, (c) sergeant-major?
12. Name two of the three branches of service in the U. S. Army indicated by the following shades of hat cord: (a) red, (b) blue, (c) yellow.
13. What is a grenade?
14. What is the best-known make of American automobile with a valve-in-head motor?
15. Is the baseball team known as the Philadelphia Athletics in the American or in the National League?
16. Give the next line after: "Mademoiselle from Armentières."
17. What is a caucus?
18. What have the following in common: James Braid, Henry Vardon, H. H. Hilton, Ted Ray?
19. What trophy was contended for by both the "Resolute" and the "Shamrock IV"?
20. What product is advertised by the slogan: "Takes all the fight out of a beard"?

Questions Women Should Answer

1. What is a jabot?
2. In what connection are the names Wilton and Axminster ordinarily used?
3. For what is Dr. Emmett Holt famous?
4. What have the following in common: scrim, cambric, dimity, marquisette?
5. Identify two of the following advertised products: (a) Crisco, (b) Pyrex, (c) Fels-Naptha.
6. What is there in batter for muffins which is not in batter for popovers?
7. Who is Coty?
8. What have the following in common: Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Rorer, Fannie Merritt Farmer?
9. Who makes Gold Seal Art Rugs? Fab? Community Plate?
10. What article of clothing is named for a member of the present U. S. Cabinet?
11. What one verb is used to indicate both "stitching together" and "moistening roasting meat"?
12. What is a peignoir?
13. What is purling?
14. What is a casserole?
15. With what handicraft are all of these terms associated: lazy-daisy, couching, buttonhole, French knot?
16. What is a fichu?
17. What is feather-stitching?
18. Which should be cooked longer per pound, a roast of beef or a roast of pork?
19. What name is given to perforated vessels used as strainers in cookery?
20. What is a white sale?

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"I'm Having A Great Time Playing Dead!"

The story of Daniel W. von Bremen, who, at thirty-four, gave his million-dollar business to his associates as a "legacy," and is having the fun of seeing it run "just as if I had died"

By Helen Christine Bennett

ON THE tenth of May, 1926, nineteen men who headed the departments of the Indiana Flooring Company, of New York City, were enjoying dinner at one of New York's great hotels. They had been invited there by the president of the company. There was an element of surprise in the invitation, for although such dinners were not unknown, they had learned of nothing to account for this one.

As the dinner progressed, and no hint of its purpose trickled through the courses, the suspense deepened. The boss must have something up his sleeve for this occasion. They were right. He had.

When coffee had been served, Daniel W. von Bremen rose. He had some difficulty in speaking. The men listening found an equal difficulty in comprehending. They looked at one another in amazement. Could they believe their ears? Their president was telling them that hereafter the entire business would be in their hands. He was quitting the company, and in leaving he had arranged for them to take over the control of the stock. If they managed it successfully for six years it would be theirs without let or hindrance, to be shared by them and such other employees of the company as had helped build it up.

The speaker concluded in a silence heavily charged with unspoken questions. What did it all mean? Their president, admired by all for his fairness and great ability, a very whirlwind of energy, a man whose work was his joy, was *quitting!* They knew he had built the business out of nothing, against the keenest competition. Starting fifteen years before with a borrowed capital of two thousand dollars, Daniel von Bremen on this day headed a concern capitalized at over a million, which was doing a business of more than four millions annually.

The majority of the men at the table had been with the business long enough to know D. W. well. They knew how vital the business was to him, how interested he was in its every detail. And now he was giving it up; he was going out of the business and, because he believed they and their associates had contributed so largely to its success, he was giving it to them. It was unbelievable!

Then, like water rushing over a dam, there broke through the silence a babel of voices, protesting, urging the president to reconsider, pointing out to him that he was the hub of the organization, insisting that he stay.

Although the turning over of the control of the stock meant the gift of three quarters of a million, the interest of the group was not in the gift, but in the giver. When he had convinced them that he was in dead earnest, and that this plan was the result of many years of thought, they were very sober. In bewildered fashion they took stock of their retiring chief, seeking a reason. They saw before them a powerful man with unusually broad shoulders, gray hair, a heavy head and decided features. But they also saw youth and vigor. Despite the miracle of his success and the equal miracle of his gift, Daniel von Bremen was not yet thirty-five years of age!

Before the nineteen men dispersed it was agreed that for a time the transfer of the business was to be kept a company secret. But before six months had passed the news leaked out in some fashion, and came to me.

Here, I said to myself, was a business story with a fresh angle. Men of thirty-four years of age, giving away million-dollar businesses were scarcer than the proverbial hen's teeth. So I immediately set about finding Daniel von Bremen.

It took some persuasion to get him to talk with me.

"IF WRITING anything about this helps the company, I am for it," he said with decision; "but I have no personal interest in the matter. Moreover, you must get most of your material from the people who worked with me, and not from me. I want you to go to the plant and talk with the men there."

I knew that Von Bremen meant just what he said.

"I'll do as you wish," I said; "but you must tell me one thing: *Why* did you do it?"

"Well," he said with a smile, "as I'm the only one who can answer that question, I suppose I'll have to consent to do so."

He settled himself comfortably in his chair.

"About four or five years ago I began to wonder what would happen to my holdings in the company in the event of my death. My family consists of my wife and my son, who is ten years old. They are well provided for by insurance. I never have had any desire to leave my son riches. He will have a competency. As I considered the many things I *might* do, it seemed that the people who had worked with me in the building up of the business merited consideration. I knew when I died I wanted the business to belong to them, and I went so far as to make a will to that effect. I thought that settled the matter—but it didn't. I wasn't satisfied. So I experimented a little with one of the profit-sharing plans which were then being tried out, but the effect was not good.

"IT WAS a bonus plan, by which *all* the workers in the concern received a proportionate share of the profits. However, I soon discovered that not all workers *build* a business, some just *work*. Others actually push the business ahead. I abandoned the bonus plan; but I kept on thinking how I could give the people who were really building the business a share in it. I studied other businesses. In no case, so far as I could see, was there a running concern that could not dispense with the man at the head and still carry on. I saw men die, and their business lived after them, and flourished. I began to realize that I was not essential to my business. One day this thought occurred to me:

"Why wait to die before you turn this business over to those who are building it? I had all the money I needed. I was not interested in the piling up of dollars. Why not see my will put into effect? I took one man in the company into my confidence. He is a lawyer, and he kept the legal aspect of the matter straight. Together we worked out the details. A year ago the time seemed ripe for me to leave. I had worked very hard; I could not let down easily, and I wanted to spend more time with my wife and son. But my primary interest was in seeing that the people who had worked with me received what they merited."

"Then you believe," I said, "that any business can be managed successfully by the people employed in it?"

"Any running business," he qualified. "This statement does not apply to the professions, where a man and his work are one, and the work dies with the man. But the idea that the man at the head of an ordinary business *is* the business, is all wrong. He may be at the start, but as soon as policies are established, and the

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business gets into its stride, he can step out, and see the business go on successfully. After all, I am only watching what might have happened had I died!"

"Haven't you anything to do with the company now?" I persisted.

"I own some stock in it," he replied; "but I keep out of the management. There is one great advantage in this plan of turning my business over while I'm still alive. If they do need me, I am here. So far they have not needed me. And the business is running very well indeed."

The nineteen men who attended the dinner were the men who held the most responsible positions in the company. They have been made trustees for the majority of the stock formerly held by Von Bremen. As trustees, they are responsible for the administration of the business and for the selection of the other employees who are to share in the ownership of the business. When the plan was put into action they selected fifty-five men and women for inclusion in the sharing. These men and women occupy various positions. Most of them are in the office; but there are superintendents and foremen from the shops, and the office list includes stenographers and 'phone operators.

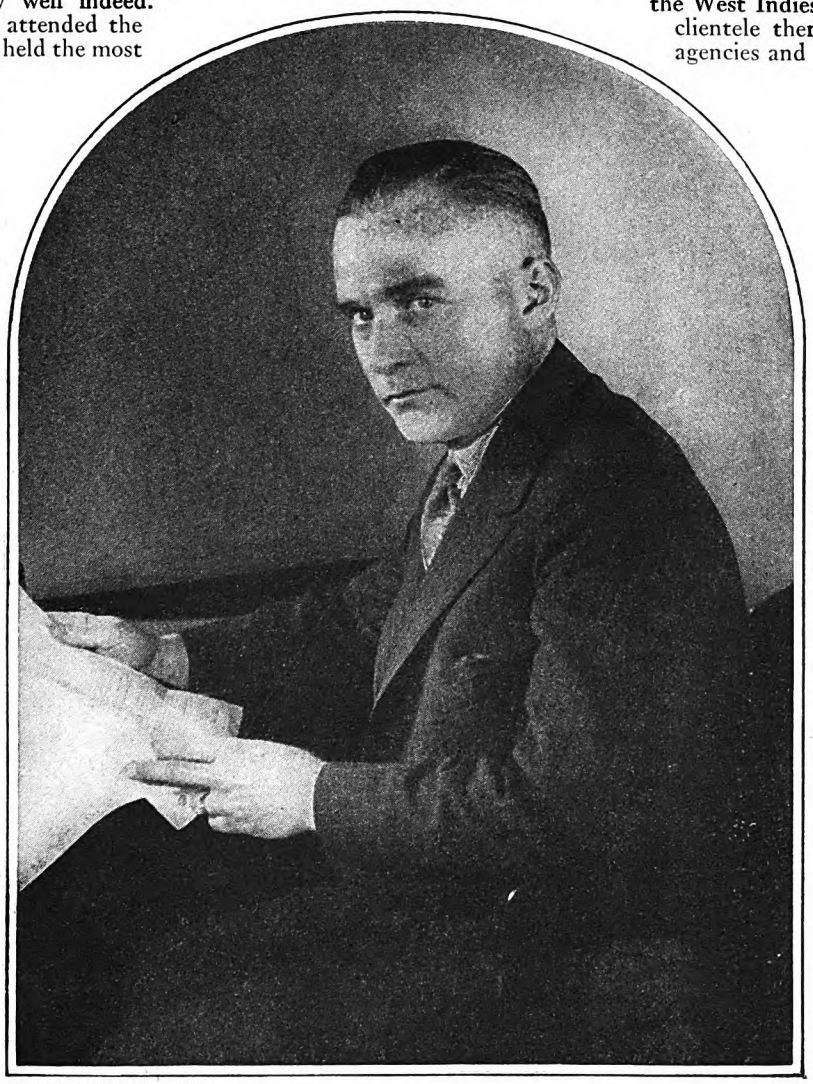
THE number selected is subject to addition. A man who comes to the company to-day, and who markedly contributes to its building, may be an owner in the company within a few years, by vote of the trustees. This shrewd move was made in order that the growth of the organization should not be handicapped. If the number of owners had been fixed, men of ability would hesitate to join the working force, as they might find a bigger opportunity elsewhere. But as the plan stands, a man whose contribution to the company is recognized by the trustees as meriting a share in ownership may be received into ownership by their vote.

The most astonishing feature of the whole matter, save for Mr. Von Bremen's youth, is that to an outsider this business looks very much like a one-man affair built and dominated by Von Bremen. Von Bremen denies this absolutely.

"From the very beginning," he said, "I had friends with me, friends with whom I had gone to school, or whom I knew well.

"I knew they were the kind of fellows who wanted to get ahead and could be counted on to work hard. I have never formulated any fixed policy about the people who worked with me, but I did want people without preconceived notions about the business, who would work according to my plans, and I did want people I liked. Our office life has, I think, differed from the ordinary in that we believed in having a lot of fun along with our work. There was a good deal of give and take in our relationship. We didn't grow solemn over duty, we went at it as a game. We were on a grand adventure.

"When I left the company I knew that the men were competent to run it. I also knew that I was dispensable. There is nothing so remarkable about the situation. If through good health, good fortune, and a fair ability one is able to accomplish something that people call remarkable, that doesn't necessarily make it so."



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN O. TROWERN

Daniel W. von Bremen, who before he was thirty-five had built up a large business—and given it away!

I TALKED for some time with four of Von Bremen's associates, two of whom are president and secretary of the "gift" company. All these four men had known Von Bremen for years, and two had been with him from the beginning.

"We all worked like the dickens, it is true," said one of them thoughtfully. "But D. W. could run rings around the rest of us. He was a bear for work. We miss his stimulating presence, but we feel perfectly competent to run the business. And, more than anything else," he continued, "we want to justify D. W.'s belief in us."

The business which Von Bremen has arranged to give to his associates is said to be the largest flooring company in the world. Its sales operations reach from coast to coast in this country, extend into Canada and South America, and during the past year have crossed the ocean to operate upon American buildings on the continent of Europe, South Africa, and the West Indies. To serve this extended clientele there are twenty-seven sales agencies and offices maintained in the United States. A maple mill at Reed City, Michigan, an oak mill at Coal Grove, Ohio, and two mills in New York City are owned by the company. There are also various warehouses, and general offices in New York City. These give employment to a working force of six hundred.

AS FOR customers, if *you* have not walked upon at least one of the floors of the Indiana Flooring Company, you must stay close at home. They are laid in every city in the Union: in Yale, Princeton, Harvard, Columbia, Cornell, Pennsylvania, Williams, Michigan, Vassar, New York University. They cover the ballroom of the Mayflower Hotel, in Washington, D. C.; the floors of the New York Public Library; The American Red Cross Building, Washington, D. C.; the Art Museum at Minneapolis; the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York City; the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel; and many other places.

The list of private customers reads like a combination of the "Social Register" and "Who's Who." It begins with *our* private residence, the White House, and includes the home of J. P. Morgan and those of Willard G. Straight, Anne Morgan, Galli-Curci, Chauncey Depew, Elihu Root, F. W. Woolworth, Frank A. Vanderlip, of New York; E. T. Stotesbury, of Philadelphia; Alfred Du Pont, Delaware; P. D. and Ogden Armour, Samuel Insull, George Pullman, Chicago; the late H. E. Huntington, California; Hon. W. A. Clark, Montana; and so on through the whole country.

But no job is too unimportant for the Indiana Flooring Company to handle. It has laid floors in offices ten by twelve feet and in thousands of small homes.

Nineteen years ago, Von Bremen left high school to flounder, as many another boy flounders, (*Continued on page 166*)

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PEOPLE always talk about suffering broadening you, making you more understanding, and everything like that. I never took much stock in this when I heard it said, but I have certainly come to see that it is true. For if I hadn't suffered a little myself over Vera Yost's visit, I shouldn't have been any better able than the other girls to understand what happened to Rosemary Merton.

Every crowd seems to have at least one Horrible Example, and since her fourth baby came Rosemary had become ours. When Dulcie Lane got her new raccoon coat, and her husband threw such a fit about what she paid for it, she told me she just said:

"Well, of course, if you want me to go around looking like Rosie Merton—"And he stopped talking, like the radio when you switch it off.

When Will kicked so about painting our kitchen floor, and said I nagged him about it, I finally said:

"All right then; I'll just stop taking any interest in my house at all, let it go the way Rosie does."

And the very next night Will came home with a can of paint and a bottle of turpentine, and went right at the kitchen floor.

I ALWAYS stuck up for Rosie, though, when people criticized her. Rosie and I had played together ever since we were babies, and Will and Howard Merton had always been chums. Besides, having two babies of my own to the other girls' one apiece, I had more of an idea what having four meant.

But the rest of the crowd, never having had the chastening effect of twins, were more harsh.

"That's all very well," Dulcie Lane would say; "but I'll bet I'll never take to wearing outing flannel nightgowns if I have ten children!"

"Well, I don't think the outing flannel nightgowns are so bad," said Mrs. Frank Kirsted, who, I secretly suspect, sometimes wears them herself in bitter cold weather. "But look at the way her house is kept! Baby clothes drying over the radiator in the living-room—as likely as not an empty nursing bottle, all sour and milky, standing right on the piano. And look at her portières, sagging all over the floor. Half the rings have been broken for months."

"I see myself letting any child of mine swing on the portières, in the first place," said Dulcie.

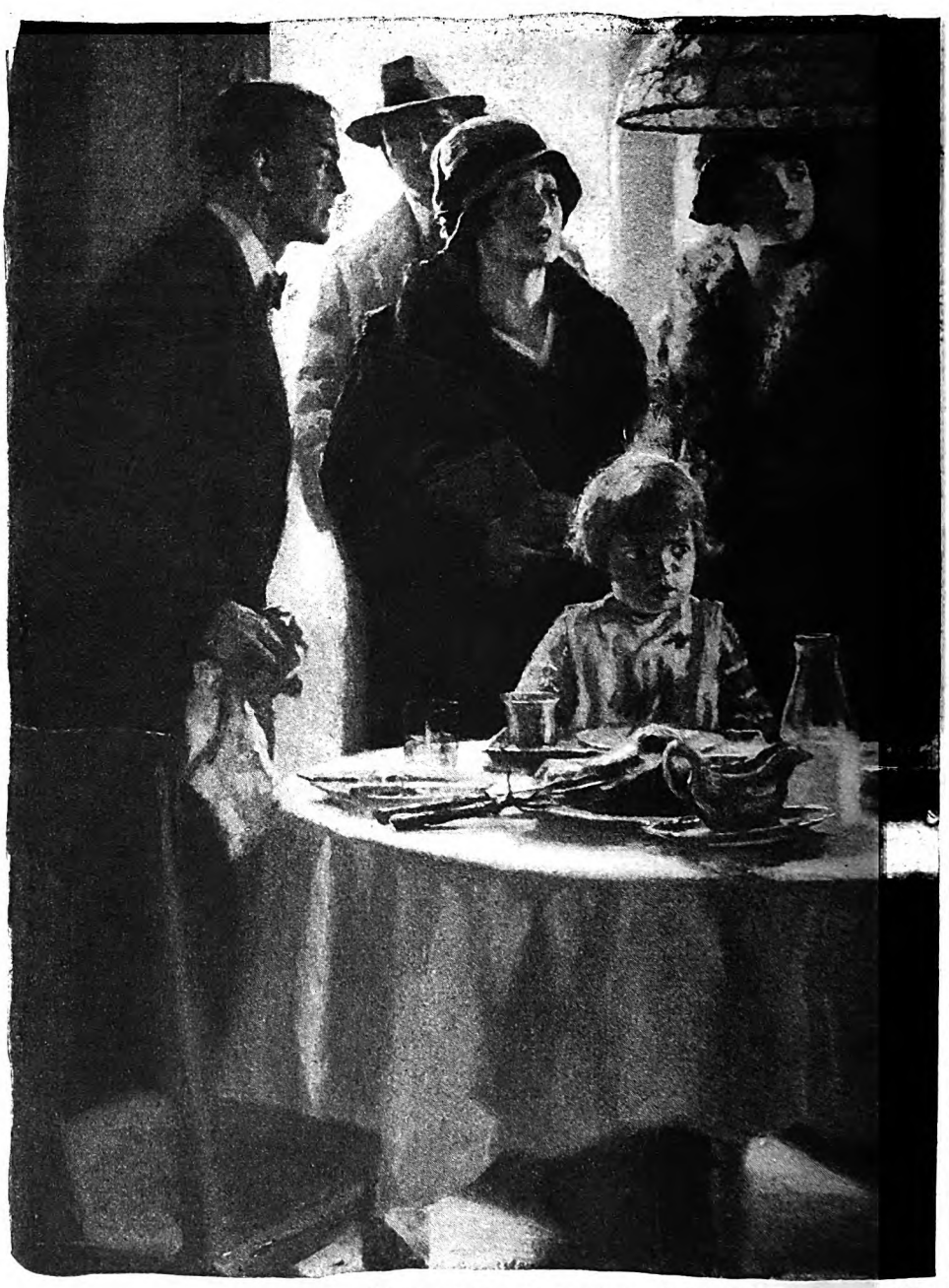
"Rosie lets hers do anything on earth," said Mrs. Kirsted. "I just don't go there any more. There's no use trying to carry on any conversation in such a bedlam—Betty and Junior playing tag all around your chair, Bumper rattling pans in the kitchen, and the baby yelling its head off in Rosie's lap."

"And the way Rosie looks herself!" Dulcie took it up. "She hasn't curled her hair since the baby was born, and she must comb it while she is putting on her shoes. And she wears a bungalow apron from morning till night. Honestly, she's getting to look forty years old."

"And dull!" said Mrs. Kirsted. "She never goes anywhere any more, so she doesn't have anything to talk about except the babies, and whether butter's gone up half a cent a pound. She says herself that by the time they've got the supper dishes done—Howard always helps her with them—she just drops down on the couch and goes to sleep. A lot of fun that must be for Howard, night after night."

"If I were Howard Merton," said Dulcie, "I'd never go home at all."

Well, I said all I could to stick up for



What a dinner for Sunday! And how it was served! Why,

Rosie Merton

"It's one thing to get a woman started—

By Fannie

ILLUSTRATED

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there was a milk bottle standing right on the table!

Takes A Brace

and something else to get her stopped!"

Kilbourne

BY T. K. HANNA

Rosie, but it was hard to find much to say. Because every word the girls said was true. Since the fourth baby had come, Rosie had lost her morale. She had gone sloppy. Goodness knows, four babies under five years old is enough to make anybody lose their morale; and Rosie had just stopped trying. I couldn't find it in my heart to blame her; but there's no denying that even Will and I didn't enjoy going there the way we used to.

Howard would come over to our house once in a while of an evening, while Rosie was asleep on the couch at home, and he and Will would practice sleight of hand or fool with the radio. And once, when I had gone up to put another blanket over the babies, I accidentally overheard a bit of their conversation that I wasn't meant to hear.

"I wish Dot would get Rosie started to going out a little bit again," Howard said. "She doesn't seem to take an interest in anything, any more. Of course I know she's got her hands full since the baby came, but—"

Will said something I didn't hear.

"I tell her to go ahead and get one of those Hungarian girls who go to high school to come in afternoons for mother's helper; but she says they don't know how to do anything, and it's easier to do the work herself than to teach one of them. And, of course, we aren't keen on spending any more than we have to. Four kids is going to be some proposition to bring up!"

HOWARD didn't make such an awful lot of money. He was working in Doctor Van Vliet's office on a salary, and Will had been after him for years to go in business for himself. But it costs a frightful lot to fit up a dentist's office, and Howard never could get up his nerve to borrow the money to do it.

He'd gone in right out of dental college, and Doctor Van Vliet had been awfully nice to him. Just as Howard would be ready to leave, a new baby would come along, and Doctor Van would raise his salary a little and he'd stay on. He decided now to wait till there was a vacancy in the Prescott Block. That's the perfect place for a dentist's office.

"Those mother's helpers don't cost an awful lot, though," Howard went on, "and it'd do Rosie no end of good to get out a little once in a while. It's pretty dull going—for Rosie."

Howard gave a kind of heavy sigh. He's too nice a fellow to complain about his wife, even to his best friend; but you couldn't make any mistake about the sigh. Rosie wasn't the only one that it was pretty dull going for.

"If I say anything," Howard went on, "she thinks I'm criticizing her. But if Dot could just kind of get her started—"

I came back down-stairs then, so nothing more was said. And while I would have been tickled to death to help Howard out, I didn't see how I could say anything to Rosie. We all asked her to all the parties we had, and everything like that; but she had got into the way of saying she couldn't make it, she didn't have anybody to leave the children with. The one party to which she came, and brought all four, was an occasion that none of us ever urged her to repeat.

I tried to give her a hint or so—to no avail—and I couldn't see how I could say anything more pointed without hurting her feelings terribly. I really worried over it a lot, trying to figure out some tactful way, because, sloppy or not, I was terribly fond of Rosie. And yet I was the one who played the meanest trick in the world on her.

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Goodness knows, I didn't mean to. I thought going there would be safe enough on a Sunday afternoon. Besides, having Vera Yost drop in like that was a shock to me, and I was so anxious to get her out of the house that, I must confess, I didn't think much about anything else.

VERA YOST was the only girl, besides me, that Will had ever gone with. There was one winter that he took her around an awful lot. He always said he had never been crazy about her, though, and the Yosts having moved to Chicago years ago, I'd practically forgotten all about her. I had heard that she'd got married, but that was about all.

And then, out of a clear sky, didn't our doorbell ring one Sunday just as we were getting up from dinner, and who should be standing there but Vera Yost!

At first, I scarcely knew her. She was the most stunning thing I'd ever seen. Slim and slick and smart, with a fur coat that looked like a million dollars. She was on her way to visit her sister-in-law, who lives in Tanhasset, a little town up beyond Verblen, and had just stopped over in Montrose between trains.

She came in and took off her coat, displaying a perfectly stunning cloth dress. She was terribly friendly, asked about everybody, wanted to see the twins, and said how cute they were, and everything like that. On the surface, it was the pleasantest sort of call you could ask for. But there's no denying that it was an ordeal. For while she was pleasant and friendly and even flattering, that girl had an appraising eye.

While she was talking, I could see her casting it about the living-room. There was something baleful about Vera's look. Everywhere it fell, I suddenly saw something that wasn't the way I'd like to have it.

The davenport which the moths had got into—I'd moved it against the wall, and thought the corner they'd eaten didn't show; but I saw now that it did. We were going to have it recovered as soon as we felt we could spend the money; but everybody knows how you let a thing like that go. The worn places on the floor in front of the doors, and the end of the rug under the window, that had faded. It just happened that the children had been playing out in the snow and I hadn't changed their rumpled clothes, thinking I'd wait till after their nap.

Suddenly, the home and the life that I'd thought I was running pretty well seemed just one mass of faults, and I could see Vera's cool, calculating eye ranging about, and lighting on every single one of them. She was very polite, of course, but nobody needs to write an idea out and let me read it slowly three times in order to get it. Under her politeness, Vera was sizing me up, and deciding that if Will had used a little more judgment he might have done better.

So when Vera said she had only an hour before her train, and how she'd love to see the Mertons, and Will said, "Let's all walk over," I was relieved, and anxious to get her out of the house as quickly as possible.

If it had been summer, I'm sure I'd have thought enough to call up Rosie and tell her that we were coming; but by the time you've got two babies ready to go out in the winter, you're distracted. Leggins, galoshes, and mittens, and heaven knows what not!

The Mertons' house is on a corner, and the snow plow hadn't gone along the street at the front yet, so we tramped up to the side door, which opens into their dining-room. The Mertons were at the table, and the second Howard opened the door, I realized what a mean thing I'd done to Rosie.

Although it was Sunday, the place was a perfect mess. All the four children were at the table, three in high chairs, and Rosie holding the baby in her lap and feeding it spinach. Of course its face was green from ear to ear.

And what a dinner for Sunday! And how it was served! Why, there was a milk bottle standing right on the table! Betty had upset her dish of stewed tomatoes, and was trying to scrape it up as we came in. Both Betty and the next to the youngest baby were crying.

Rosie wouldn't have minded us. She just said, "Why, hello, Dot! Hello, Will. Come in."

And then she saw Vera Yost. Her face turned as red as a gasolene tank. And even then, I didn't realize what a frightfully mean trick I'd played on Rosie.

It had completely slipped my mind that Howard had once been engaged to Vera Yost. It had just been a kid affair when they were in high school, and everybody had practically forgotten about it.

Rosie got up hurriedly from the table, insisting that they were all through dinner, anyway. The three children began wailing that they hadn't had their rice pudding, but for once Rosie simply ignored them, marshaling us all into the living-room.

That wasn't much better than the dining-room had been, though. Rosie hastily swept baby's underwear off the radiators, and got the toys out of chairs enough for us to sit down on. As she hurried around the room, I could see Vera Yost's baleful eye following her.

Rosie had on an old beaded georgette that had got too draggled for best any more, and that she was wearing out around the house. It was miles too long and the beads were falling off, one long string dangling after as she walked. Her hair straggled all over her face, and she had on a pair of old buckskin sports shoes that were doubtless comfortable, but were just the final terrible touch with beaded georgette.

SOMEWAY, in spite of how much the girls had said about Rosie, I had never quite realized before how completely she had let go. You get used to a person you're with every two or three days. But now, seeing her suddenly through Vera Yost's eyes, remembering what a pretty, peppy girl she had been when Vera had seen her last—Rosie had really cut out Vera with Howard—I saw her in a clear and frightful light.

It was a simply hideous call. The children climbed all over Rosie, still yelling about the rice pudding. She told them to go up-stairs and play, but they didn't pay any attention to her. She had long since given up trying to make them mind, so of course they didn't know how. We all sat down stiffly and tried to make conversation. It was ghastly. Rosie's face kept getting redder and redder and redder.

Vera tried to talk politely to Rosie, but there wasn't a chance. Rosie didn't have anything to say, and if she had, she couldn't have said it, the children were mauling her so, getting their little heads between her and the rest of us all the time. After a few trials with Rosie, Vera gave up and began to talk to Howard. And there was no mistaking her bright, determined tactfulness. From the bottom of her heart, she was pitying Howard.

"How long are you going to be in Montrose?" Howard asked her.

"Only about fifteen minutes right now," Vera answered. "But I'm stopping here for a week-end with Dulcie over next Sunday, on my way back to Chicago."

"Well, we'll have to plan to see something of you then," said Howard.

Of course this was just politeness, and it wouldn't have been polite if he hadn't managed to sound eager. But I couldn't help feeling terribly sorry for Rosie. That eagerness of Howard's might well be the very last straw. It was a terrible call. I never was so relieved as when we could with decency depart. Will went home and got the flivver and drove Vera down to the station.

I WAS about to say something to Will about how sorry I was to have played such a mean trick on Rosie; but when I remembered the way Vera had looked at me, as though she were wondering what Will could have seen in me, I changed my mind and said nothing. As every married woman knows, there's no use putting ideas in a man's head. I just held my tongue, and decided to get my new tan flat crêpe done before next week-end if I broke a blood vessel doing it. Rosie Merton might have given up the ship, but, believe me, I hadn't!

Early Monday morning Dulcie called up and invited me to a luncheon that she was going to give for Vera Saturday. That would mean I'd have to finish my dress by Friday night; but I accepted just the same. I would wear with it the amber beads Father had given me, and I felt confident Vera couldn't look at me in that combination, and think I'd been a sort of consolation prize.

"I suppose there's no use asking Rosie," said Dulcie.

"She won't come; I'll promise you that," I said decidedly, remembering the last agonized look with which she had seen Vera out of the house.

"Well, I may as well ask her then," said Dulcie, "and get the credit for inviting her, anyway."

I was so busy that week—when you take on any sewing on top of twins, I'll say you're busy—that I couldn't see any of the girls. But Thursday afternoon I ran into Father's store a minute, and met Rosie coming out of the ready-made department with a big box under her arm.

"Hello, Dot," she said excitedly. "Come on over home with me a minute and see the dress I've got for Dulcie's luncheon."

I was surprised at her having accepted the invitation in the first place, and simply flabbergasted at her having bought a new dress.

I went home with her while she tried it on, and it really was very becoming. Black satin with white embroidery, and a

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white-lined scarf. I was about to say, "Oh, so you got that dress to show Vera Yost!" but then I remembered the tan one I was finishing up, myself, and decided to let sleeping dogs lie. Rosie was looking at herself in her bureau mirror, in which human life stops well above the knees, and of course didn't see the effect of her buckskin sports shoes.

"What shoes are you going to wear with it?" I asked tactfully.

"Why—" Rosie looked down at her feet and then evidently thought better of whatever she'd been going to say. "I'm going to get a new pair of black lizard-skin slippers," she said.

And she did, the very next day. Also, a pair of gun-metal chiffon stockings. And then, after all her preparations, Friday afternoon, the luncheon had to be postponed.

Vera had telephoned from Tanhasset that her sister-in-law had the measles—of all the silly things for a grown person to get! And Vera was going to stay another week to help them out. Dulcie put off her luncheon until the next Saturday.

This was quite an anti-climax for me, having rushed so to get my dress finished, and I thought it would be even more so to Rosie. But I was all wrong. Rosie had evidently seized it as a heaven-sent opportunity to complete her effect. Wednesday afternoon I went into Miss Hallie's to get a jar of vanishing cream, and I could scarcely believe my eyes. There, strung up to the ceiling by a thousand wires, sat Rosie Merton. Getting a permanent wave.

"I just had to do something about my hair," she explained. "I never realized how tacky it was looking till I saw myself in the mirror in that black dress."

"It will be nice to have it for the luncheon for Vera Yost," I observed.

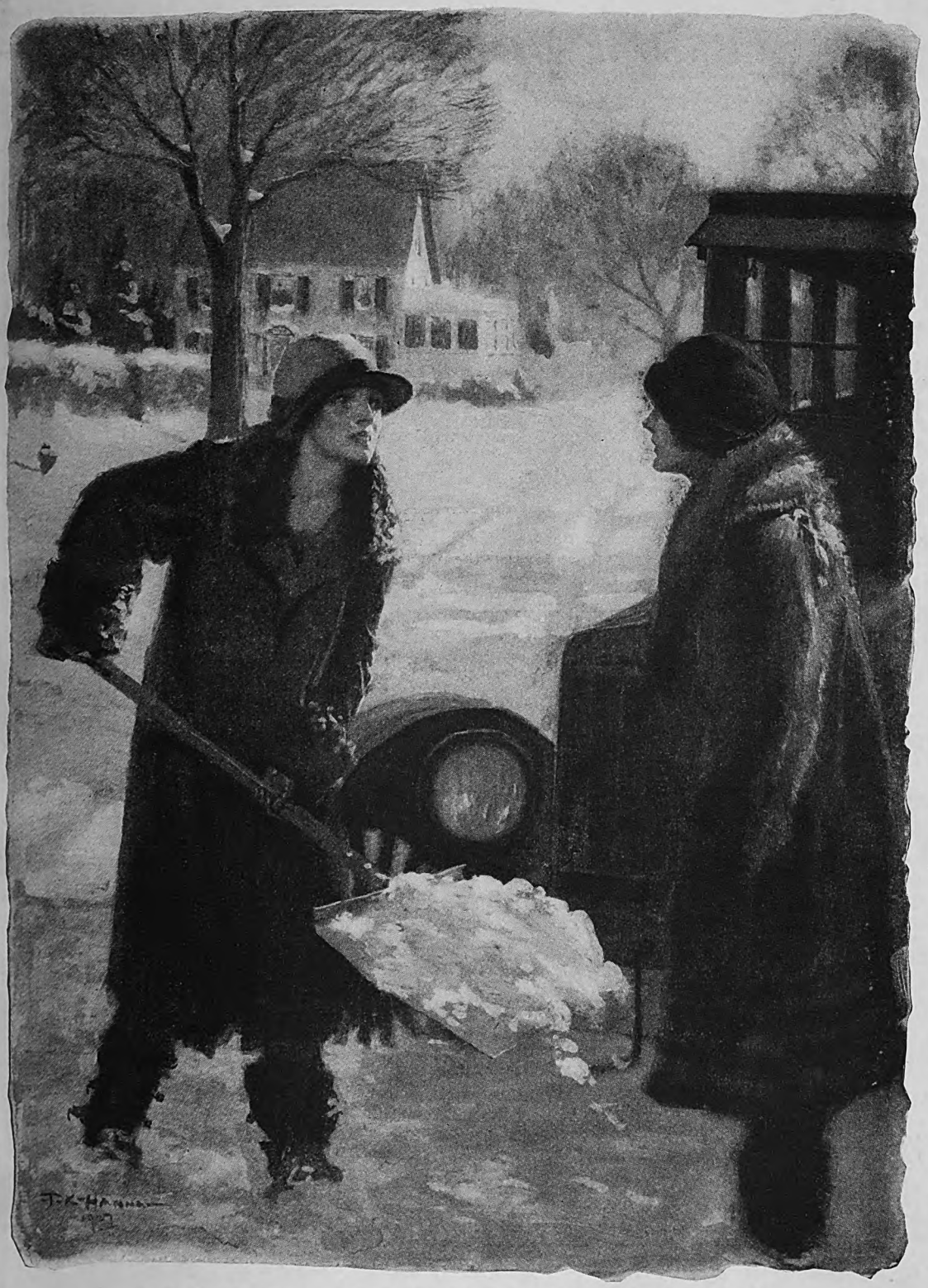
"Oh, yes," said Rosie in the most careless tone in the world. "Though, of course, a luncheon isn't anything you have to have a permanent for. I've been meaning to get one ever since the baby came; but I just haven't got around to it." And then, "Dulcie says you've got a new dress for the luncheon."

"No, indeed," I said hastily; "I was making it before I knew anything about the luncheon." This was perfectly true, and, anyway, even if you suspect that you and another girl understand each other perfectly you've got to keep up your self-respect.

THAT night Dulcie called up to tell me that the luncheon would have to be put off again. One of the children of Vera's sister-in-law had caught the measles from its mother.

"Vera's going to stay there two weeks more," said Dulcie; "and then she's going to stay here in Montrose a week. Bee Duncan wants her to visit her, too."

That meant, I suddenly realized, more parties than just Dulcie's luncheon. I should have to fix over my velveteen, then. I couldn't wear my new tan to everything. (*Continued on page 149*)



Rosie didn't seem surprised to see me, and she didn't try to hide the fact that she was crying. She seemed suddenly past all such things

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Another "Just Folks" Article

Eight Downs—But Nine Ups!

The story of a man who took the worst wallops fate could hand him, but who never took the count of ten—At sixty, he made a new start, his ninth, and his jinx gave up for good

By Mary B. Mullett

ON a certain business corner in Minneapolis there is a big brick building. To the people who pass it every day it is just one of the many such buildings on other corners. Yet this one is an interesting monument to battles fought and won.

Sitting in the office of its owner, Frank W. Nevens, I listened to an extraordinary story, told in an extraordinary way.

In this story—of his own life—most of the chapters were about poverty, struggles, sickness, failure. Yet, as he told them, his eyes would twinkle as if he were repeating a good joke.

Finally, he told me of the time when, at sixty years of age and weakened by a long illness, he was, through no fault of his own, completely "broke."

I felt as if I were watching an actual fight between Frank Nevens and Old Man Circumstances; as if I had seen Nevens knocked down with almost monotonous regularity—and with the same regularity get up and go on fighting.

When it came to this knock-down blow at sixty, I couldn't repress an exclamation of pity. Whereupon he stopped, thought a minute, then gave a sort of pleased chuckle.

"I *have* had a heck of a time, haven't I?" he said, as if he had just discovered the best joke of all.

So, as I tell you about his "heck of a time," I want you to see Mr. Nevens as I saw him. He is a tall man, although his shoulders are a little bowed by those years when life was "just one darned thing after another." But his eyes are bright and eager; his smile quick and contagious, and even the crisp wave in his iron-gray hair seems somehow to express cheerfulness.

The good old state of Maine turns out a surprising number of hardy human beings—men and women of strong fiber, physically, mentally, and morally. F. W. Nevens is one of them.

"I was born, January 16th, 1850, in Bowdoinham, Maine," he said to me. "My father was a Baptist minister and I was born in the Baptist parsonage. But my father died when I was a baby, leaving my mother with two children—and two hundred dollars!

"Split two hundred dollars three ways, and you'll find it doesn't go far. The family itself had to be split! So my mother went back to her parents, in Limerick, Maine, taking my sister with her, while I was sent to my father's people, in Danville, another Maine village.

"From that time until I was twelve years old, I shuttled back and forth between Danville and Limerick. I suppose old people get sort of 'fed up' with a mischievous youngster; so when one grandfather was tired of having me around he would ship me off to the other one. I felt as if I was just 'boarding 'round,' as country school-teachers did. No real home anywhere.

"Finally, I got tired of it myself. I knew I could work. My Limerick grandfather had three hundred acres of land, and I had helped on this farm. If I could work for him, I could work for myself. So I started out 'on my own' when I was twelve; and I've never had a dollar from anybody since then, except what I have earned.

"That was in 1862, during the Civil War. A firm in Boston used to cut out army overcoats and send them to the small towns to be made up. Some of the women in Limerick worked on these coats; and I hired out to pull basting threads. I cut the prongs off an old steel table fork, ground the stub, and used it to pull the threads. I was paid two cents a coat and could earn about a dollar and a half a week.

"My next job was in a small woolen mill, where I earned three dollars a week, and worked from five A. M. to seven P. M., with thirty minutes off for breakfast and again for dinner.

"I didn't have time for anything except to work, eat, and sleep. A woman who boarded where I did used to get me out of bed every morning, stand me on my feet, and *keep* me standing there until I was awake.

"My next move was to Portland, where I worked in a notion store. I made the fires, swept out, ran errands, and occasionally was allowed to sell a skein of yarn or a paper of pins.

"WHILE I was on that job there was one incident which I remember vividly. The store did not close until nine in the evening; but my work wasn't over even then, for I still had to deliver parcels to our customers.

"The night I speak of was a bitter cold one; but all I had on was cotton flannel underclothes—I couldn't afford anything warmer—a thin jacket and pair of pants, a cap, muffler, and overshoes. I was so cold I could hardly walk.

"At one house where I had to deliver a package, I could look through the windows on the ground floor; and in a bright, cheerful room I saw a table with a lighted lamp on it. Sitting around the table, with their books and papers were four people: a man, a woman, a girl, and a boy about my own age.

"If it had been made to order, it couldn't have been a prettier picture of family life. I stood there, my teeth chattering, and thought how strange it would be if they could look out at me, as I was looking in at them.

"It *was* a contrast, wasn't it? I've never forgotten the idea that flashed through my mind; the idea that if I could ever have a home like that, I wouldn't want to go to heaven!

"FROM the notion store I went to work in a tailor shop run by a dour old Scotchman. I was only the chore boy, but I kept my eyes open just the same; and one day I made the mistake of opening my mouth as well. The Scotchman had turned out a suit which was a misfit. I saw him studying the pattern, trying to figure out what was wrong, so I spoke up and said, 'If you'll change that line there, it will be all right.'

"'What do *you* know about cutting garments?' he growled.

"'Not much,' I admitted; 'but I know how to fix that one.'

"Two days later I was fired.

"When I was fired out of that tailor shop, I was fired *into* being a sort of tailor myself. The old Scotchman's contempt rankled. I'd show him! So I hired out to a man who agreed to teach me cutting, and then I got a job with a clothing merchant in Sanford, Maine.

"I had my board and lodging in return for doing the pressing and the chores; but I was paid extra for the cutting I did. I slept in the store. At least, I had a little cot there. But the place was full of rats; and if *they* slept at all, it certainly wasn't at night! I was only fifteen; and if I'd been Daniel in the lion's den I couldn't have been any more scared than I was by those rats.

"I stuck it out for several months, during which I saved a little money. Then I took the Portland boat to Boston, where a friend of our family lived. All the next day I tramped the streets, hunting a job. I was a lanky, awkward country lad; so green that if a cow had seen me she'd have bitten my head off, thinking it was a cabbage!

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"I didn't find work; and I was so lonesome that I got my bag, which I had left at my friend's, and started for the docks, intending to take the boat back to Portland. Of course I walked; I didn't have money enough to ride; and if you know the Boston streets, especially down toward the docks, you know that they're a perfect labyrinth of twists and turns.

"I had to ask my way at every corner, and the result was that when I reached the pier the boat was starting. I ran down the wharf, intending to try to jump the few feet to the deck. But a man grabbed me and held me back until the gap was so wide that even I realized I couldn't jump across it.

"BUT for that few seconds' delay, my life might have been entirely different. Forced to spend another day in Boston, I thought I might as well keep on looking for work; and this time I did find a job. A man named Russell hired me as a traveling canvasser, or peddler, on commission.

"I went from house to house in the towns west of Boston, finally arriving at Springfield, where I happened to make friends with the night watchman of a hotel. I wasn't satisfied with my job, and he didn't care much about his, so we decided to go back to Boston together.

"We managed to pay our fare as far as West Brookfield; and there, in order to earn the money for the rest of the journey, we hired out to a farmer at three dollars a day and our board. This was better pay than I'd ever had before, so I stayed two months.

"By that time the farmer's busy season was over; but I went back to Boston almost a plutocrat, with a new suit of clothes on my back and one hundred and twenty-five dollars in my pocket! I was so proud of my prosperity that I took a trip to Limerick to show off to my home folks.

"I showed off until my money was gone, then I returned to Boston, where I drove an ice wagon. With my savings from that job I made another visit to Limerick.

"These visits," he went on, "weren't really for the purpose of showing off. Down in my heart, I was just a homesick boy who wanted to see his mother. For years and years, until she finally came to live with me, I never failed to write to her at least once a week; and I kept every one of the letters she wrote to me. I still have those letters—and I still read them.

"This particular visit home was just after the close of the Civil War. At that time, a great many young colored boys were coming North, where people received them with enthusiasm and helped them to get an education. In Limerick, I met two of these boys; one of them a typical 'black man,' the other as white as I was. His name was Boling; and I had good reason, later, to remember this chance meeting.

"It was always hard for me to leave Limerick, the only home I knew, so I stayed there several months until my money was getting pretty low; then I returned to Boston.

"I could have had my old job, driving an ice wagon; for the business was owned by some friends of mine. But I couldn't see any future in that. Anyway, I didn't want to depend on my friends. I wanted to prove that I could hoe my own row.

"The trouble was, I couldn't find a row to hoe! Day after day and week after week I scoured the city, hunting a job. My money slowly melted away until I hadn't a cent. For four nights I slept on the grass in Boston Common. For four days I hadn't a mouthful to eat.

"On the fifth day, as I was going along the street wondering how much longer I could hold out, I met Boling, the 'white' colored boy I had known in Limerick. When he found out the situation I was in, he took me to a restaurant and gave me a meal. Then he handed me the key to his room and told me to go there and make myself at home, as he had a position and must get to work.

"One day, happening to glance at a passing street car, I saw a young chap from Limerick standing on the rear platform. I ran after the car, jumped aboard, and found that he was the conductor. When I told him that I wanted a job he offered to help me get one with the street-railway company. The result was that I was a street-car conductor for the next three years.

"While I was on that job, 'Pat' Gilmore, the famous band leader, got up the great Peace Jubilee to celebrate the end of the Civil War. Hundreds of thousands visited it; and I was chosen as one of the conductors in charge of the cars that handled the crowds.

"You know," he said, "I've always been proud of that. Of course they picked the men with the best record for collecting fares quickly and honestly. And I'm glad that I met both those tests.

"WELL, three years went by. I was nineteen—and I was still only a street-car conductor, even though I could claim to be a capable and honest one.

"I was boarding then with a man named Burns; and one day I happened to say to him that I wished I could get into some other line of work.

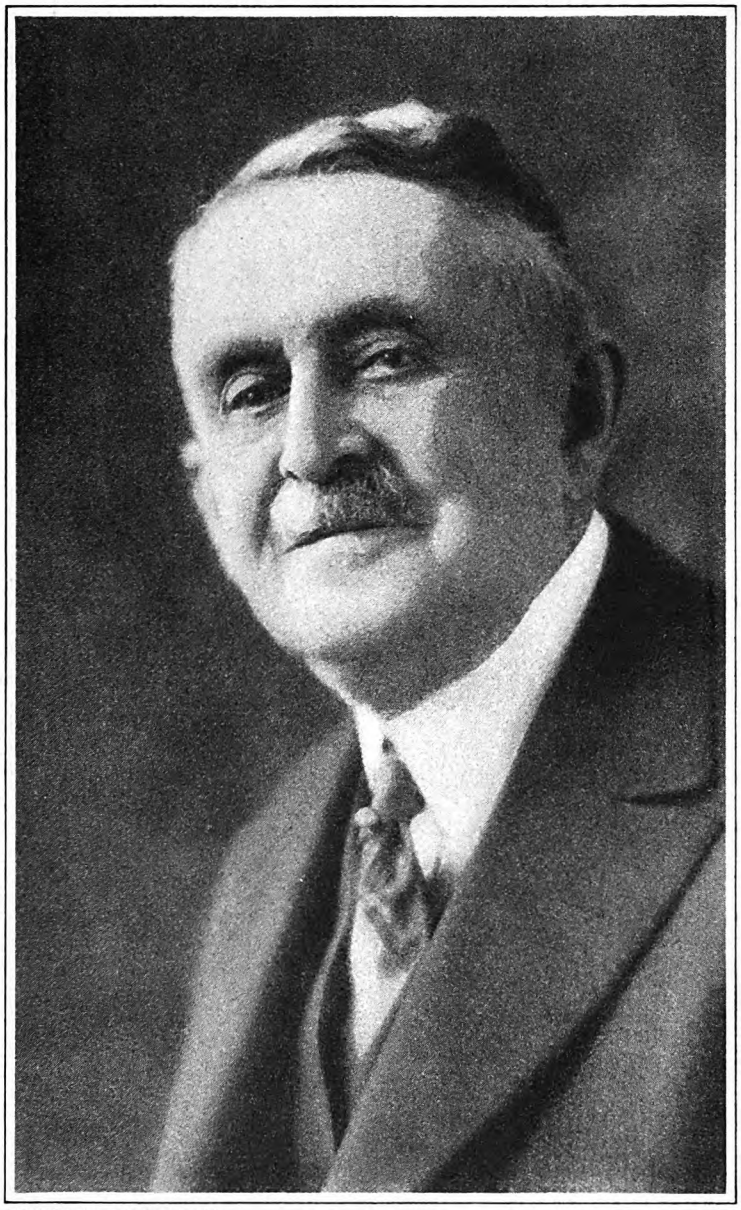
"'What can you do?' he asked.

"'Well,' I said, 'I used to be a cutter in a clothing shop.'

"To my surprise, he told me that he was a tailor himself. He offered to help me get a job with a clothing manufacturer, and inside of three days I had one. I did so well that I was soon earning forty to fifty dollars a week, which was big money for those days.

"In the autumn of 1872, I came back one night from my vacation just in time to see the great Boston fire sweep through the business section of the city, the very next day. The clothing factories were destroyed; so I promptly packed my things and went to New York to look for work.

"Going along a street there, I saw a sign, 'Cutters Wanted.' But when I applied for the job I was told that the men were hired at twenty-four dollars a week. That didn't sound very good to me, for I had been (*Continued on page 139*)



PHOTOGRAPH BY SWEET, MINNEAPOLIS

Frank W. Nevens, president of the Nevens Company, of Minneapolis

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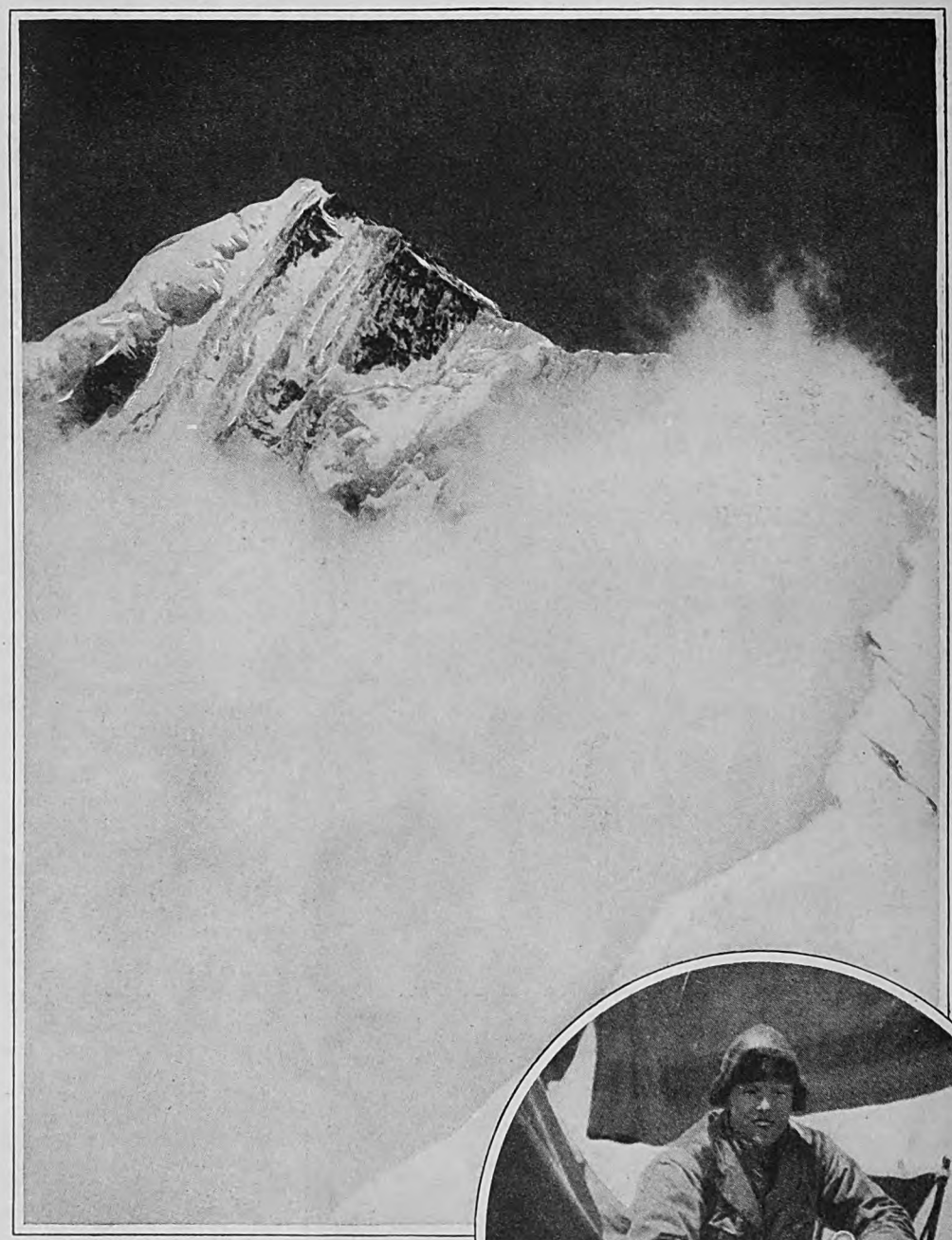
Up Where The Blue Begins

By George W. Gray



COURTESY ASIA MAGAZINE

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

A remarkable photograph of Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world. No man, so far as is known, has yet climbed to the top of this magnificent 29,000-foot peak, though in 1924, Andrew Irvine (in the circle) and George H. Leigh-Mallory are known to have come within 600 feet of the top. The intrepid mountaineers were seen at that altitude by watchers from a lower level, and were still climbing. Their ultimate fate is a mystery, for neither man was ever seen again. Thus ended one of the most dramatic efforts of brave men to penetrate, by foot, into the upper air

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY has written the story of the restless and inquisitive Mr. Gissing, who wanted to know where the blue begins.

It is a subject in which everyone might be expected to be interested, for we see more sky the year 'round than we see of anything else: in winter, more sky than snow; in summer, more sky than green vegetation, and at sea the blue dome above is many times the expanse of the blue-green floor of water below. The spacious firmament is universal—and commonplace.

Indeed, "this most excellent canopy, the air," to borrow Hamlet's phrase, is so common a sight that many of us take it for granted, with never a thought of the beauty—much less the mystery—of the spectacle. When mist or smoke blot it from our sight we are annoyed, and petulantly complain of the weather. Prisoners, after long confinement, say that the sight they miss most is the friendly sky. Dyers and painters and other colorists have sought to imitate the heavenly hue and fix it in textures and pigments; but they have never succeeded in capturing its translucency.

Pure air is more transparent than the purest quartz glass. Yet it appears blue. All that we see of the stars, the faint signals from the most remote nebula, and the burning rays of the sun at its zenith, come to us through this blue transparency. Do you know why it is blue? How high up does the blue reach, and how near does it approach the earth? Where does the blue begin?

Man has pierced the sky to a height a little more than eight miles above sea level. The world's altitude record, for an airplane, was achieved on August 24th, 1926, by Jean Callizo, a French aviator, who drove his plane up 40,820 feet. "I saw the queer deep, dark blue of a cloudless and mistless sky," he reports, "a far deeper blue than that seen from the earth's surface."

This height was surpassed on May 2d, 1927, by Captain Hawthorne C. Gray, an American aëronaut, who was lifted to 42,470 feet in a free balloon. "A deep, dense blue," is his description of the ocean of upper air which he navigated.

And up beyond—what there? Is eight or nine miles the upper limit of our atmosphere? Did these airmen scrape the ceiling of the sky? Or is there a ceiling?

But these are technical questions, not for the aviator or the balloonist, whose business is navigation, but for the specialized scientist who studies the atmosphere.

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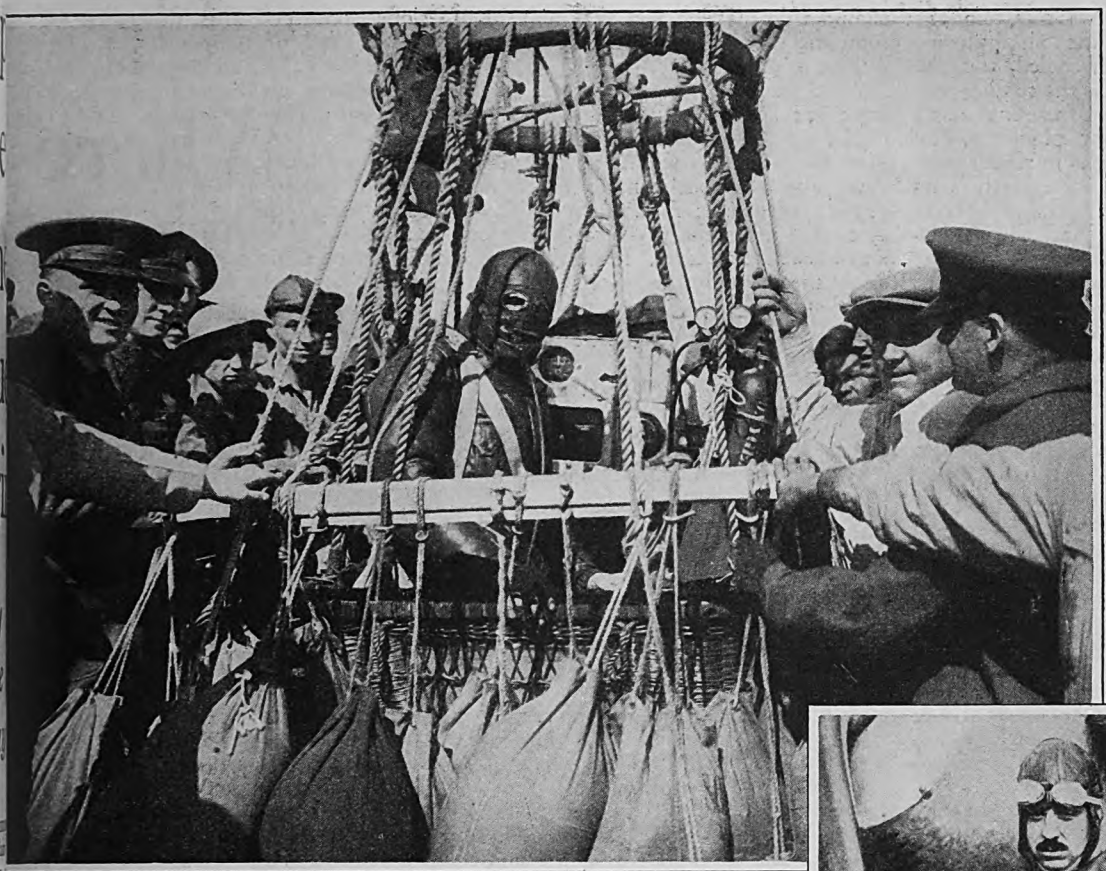

RBERT PHOTOS, INC., N. Y.

Ten miles south of Boston, perched on a ocky hill top, is the Blue Hill Observatory, ounded by Abbott Lawrence Rotch for investigation of the upper atmosphere. It is ot a weather-forecasting station; its purpose purely research, and for forty-three years ne research has gone forward, night and ay. During this period Blue Hill observers ave been studying not only figures reorded by barometers, thermometers, wind auges, rain gauges, and other surface nstruments, but also the signals from pilot alloons, sounding balloons, kites, and the ehavior of clouds, lightning, solar and lunar alos, meteors, the aurora, and all phenomna of the air. The body of data thus ccumulated has made possible many vestigations and discoveries.

AST spring I made a pilgrimage to Blue Hill, climbed the mile-long trail that inds among boulders, flowering shrubs, nd rugged trees to the fortress-like bservatory building, and spent a day ith Professor Alexander McAdie, ne director.

It was the day on which Lindergh began his flight across the tlantic; but the whole Massahusetts coast was wrapped in hick haze, and nothing could be learly seen in any direction. Peraps that was fortunate for my nterview, because on a clear day he panorama is so enchanting that ne is tempted to spend hours vatching—cities and towns and oodland threaded by silver rivers nd traversed by toylike locomotives ulling their obedient trains, the sea ith its distant arm of Cape Cod, far to he north the blue cone of Mount Modoc ising above the New Hampshire foothills, nd, more glamorous than all the rest, the loating navies of clouds moving, unhurried, through the clear everlasting blue. But on that day mist draped itself over the hill, and views were at a discount.

"How high is the sky?" I asked Professor McAdie, "or does the blue extend upward to the stars?"

"Oh, there is a limit," answered the aërographer. "In proportion to the size of the earth, the atmosphere is only a thin skin." There was a globe on the desk. Indicating it, he continued, "On the scale of a globe with a diameter of one foot, our entire atmosphere would be represented by a coating of paper covering the globe to the thickness of about one tenth of an inch."

"And all our thunderstorms, hurricanes, tornadoes, and airplane flights take place within that thin layer of paper?" I asked.

"They take place in the under stratum of the paper," said Professor McAdie, "within the first one tenth of its thickness—in other words, in about one one-hundredth of an inch—on the scale we have indicated. The upper nine tenths is not touched at all by airmen. It is a vast, mysterious, unexplored region of our planet, for don't forget that the air is just as much a part of our world as are the land and the sea.

"If astronomers are correct in their understand-

(Above) Captain H. C. Gray, an American aëronaut, about to start on the ascent which gained him the world's altitude record for balloon ascensions, 42,470 feet, or over eight miles. "A deep, dense blue" is what he saw. (Right) Jean Callizo, French, holder of the world's altitude record for airplane flights, 40,820 feet. (Below) Major R. W. Schroeder, U. S. A., who fell six miles down from the upper air, but finally righted his plane

U. S. ARMY AIR SERVICE, FROM HERBERT, INC.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

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ing of the origin of the solar system, the earth was at one time all gaseous. Gradually, as the earth cooled, some of the gases liquefied, and as the cooling continued some of the liquid froze into rocks and metals. Thus, our planet to-day represents the three states in which matter exists. The crust of the earth is its solid surface. The seas, lakes, and rivers are its liquid surface. And the atmosphere is its gaseous envelope.

"If the sun's heat should fail and the earth's temperature fall below the freezing point of water, the liquid part of our planet would soon become solid. By further lowering of the temperature it would be possible to liquefy the gases which form our atmosphere, and finally to freeze the atmosphere into a solid film covering the whole earth. But until this occurs we'll probably continue to inhabit a solid-liquid-gaseous planet.

"THOUGH the air is an integral part of our planet, it is relatively a very small part. I have seen pictures representing the earth as a globe floating in fluffy billows of clouds—the clouds almost as large as the globe. Poster artists seem especially addicted to this idea of the cosmos. All such representations are quite fanciful, and not at all in accord with the facts.

"If," continued Professor McAdie, "you keep in mind the one-foot globe enclosed in a jacket of paper, you will have a fairly proportioned portrait of the earth with its envelope of air; but to represent the weight, or mass, of the atmosphere in proportion to the solid and liquid earth, you should make your globe of iron."

"A globe of iron enveloped in a jacket of paper. Why, the air can scarcely be said to have any weight at all," I said.

"It weighs less than one-millionth part of the weight of the earth," answered the scientist; "but you must remember that our planet is very massive. Even one millionth of it is a respectable load. The average weight of the air pressing against each square foot of the earth's surface is one ton, and the total weight of the whole atmosphere is fifty-eight billion tons."

Billions of tons of air! And we speak of "airy nothings!" Because air is thin and its density is low it requires about 27,000 cubic feet of air to make one ton. But a ton of air weighs just as much as a ton of lead or a ton of sea water. We live and work and play down at the bottom of fifty-eight billion tons of mixed gases which constitute our ocean of atmosphere.

Mankind may be likened to the deep-sea fish which live along the ocean bottoms, and whose bodies have become adapted through æons of development to the enormous pressures which exist there. In the same way, our human bodies, breathing apparatus, and blood circulation are adapted to the pressures which prevail at the bottom of the sea of air.

"This atmospheric weight exerts an average pressure of fourteen and seven-tenths pounds to each square-inch surface of every object on the earth," said the professor. "This amounts to about seventeen tons pressure on the body of every human being, though, of course, it varies with the size of the body. It is less on a child's body than on an adult's, and a fat man is subjected to more pressure than a thin man—a fact that may be of some encouragement to those who are ambitious to reduce.

"The pressure decreases as you ascend from sea level, because, obviously, the higher up you go, the less air there is to press down upon you. At an altitude of three and two-tenths miles the atmospheric pressure is reduced by half, and at twelve miles the pressure is only one tenth that at sea level. From there up it diminishes rapidly, by geometrical progression, until the extreme edge is reached, where there is no air at all, and therefore no pressure. Theoretically, a man, hermetically sealed, would explode from the internal pressure of his body cells when he reached this fringe of air—assuming that he could endure the other hardships incident to this impossible journey."

"And where is this extreme upper edge of our atmosphere?" I asked Professor McAdie.

"Its exact limits are still uncertain," he replied; "but it cannot be less than one hundred miles above sea level, and it may be half as far again. The truth is that the atmosphere gradually thins out, so that even if we were able to get into the upper air it would be difficult to say just what height marked the last faint trace.

"The only evidence we have of an atmosphere at these extreme heights is indirect," continued Professor McAdie, "for it has been impossible to get sounding balloons above twenty-two miles, and the limit for human ascent is much below that. But through that brilliant phenomenon known as the aurora, we have been able to make calculations of the upper sky. These great, arching, delicately colored streamers, which in our Northern Hemisphere are frequently seen as far south as New York or Chicago, originate above sixty miles in the air and extend upward forty to eighty miles. We know this by trigonometric measurements. Obviously, these lights could not occur in empty space—there must be particles there to be illuminated—and so we assume that here is the last outpost of our atmosphere.

"Between the auroral region and the surface of the earth lies approximately sixty miles of air made up of zones with varying characteristics and peculiarities.

"UNTIL about twenty-five years ago, it was believed that the whole atmosphere grew thinner and colder as one ascended, but that otherwise it was much the same throughout. Practically the whole knowledge of the upper air at that time was based on such facts as had been gathered by observers in balloon ascensions.

"A balloon was first used to explore the air in 1784, when Dr. John J. Jeffries, an American, made an ascent over London. He took up with him a thermometer and other instruments, and also six stoppered bottles filled with water. When the balloon reached its highest altitude, about two miles, the bottles were emptied of water and then sealed. Thus were obtained the first samples of the upper air. Doctor Jeffries made careful readings of his instruments, and found that the temperature of the air decreased from 50° (Fahrenheit) at his starting point on the ground to 20° at the height of the ascent. Other observers in later balloon ascensions confirmed this discovery of the 'lapse rate' of temperature. The rate varies with the humidity of the air, but in general is one degree for every 540 feet of ascent in cloudy weather, while in clear weather it is only one half as much.

"Many details were added to our knowledge of the air during the next one hundred years, through the courage and endurance, as well as the scientific skill, of the atmospheric explorers. In an ascent in 1875, which was made under the auspices of the French Academy, two men died and the third was rendered unconscious. In spite of such hazards, explorations continued. As far up as balloonists could get they found that the lapse rate continued to apply as a constant decrease in temperature. It was regarded as a fundamental law of the atmosphere.

"BUT in 1902, a French observer, Teisserarc de Bort, announced a discovery which has revolutionized our knowledge of the upper air. In fact, since de Bort's discovery there has developed a new science of aërography, or meteorology. It is a matter of interest that a close friend of de Bort, and his collaborator in the experiments which resulted in this discovery, was Abbott Lawrence Rotch, the founder and first director of Blue Hill Observatory.

"De Bort's discovery was made with the aid of sounding balloons, small balloons which carried automatic registering instruments, and which, when the maximum heights were attained, would release their gas and drop to the earth, bringing their records with them. In this way he secured reports of air conditions as high as ten miles, and his records all showed a remarkable fact which no one had suspected: As the balloons rose the thermometers registered a constantly lowering temperature until a height of about six miles was reached. After that height, the temperature remained the same, though the instruments were carried up many miles higher.

"De Bort and his co-workers repeated these experiments in various parts of Europe, and Rotch made similar tests with sounding balloons in America and from a ship in the Atlantic Ocean. They all found that the results were the same. There could be no question of it—the atmosphere was not a one-story structure; it had a second floor.

"The discoverer named this second floor, or area of constant temperature, the stratosphere, because it seemed to be a definite stratification. He named the lower region the troposphere. The latter word means "zone of turning," and is appropriate, for it is in this zone that the great winds blow. Up above in the stratosphere the air is serene and calm, though thin, and of constant temperature, while below the air is in continual motion. The formation of clouds, rain, storms, lightning, and all our weather are activities of the troposphere.

"Later experiments have revealed an astonishing fact about the ceiling of the troposphere. Tests show that the height varies as you move north or south from the tropics. At the equator the troposphere extends up about ten miles; in the latitude of Atlanta or New Orleans it is about seven miles high; in the latitude of Boston six miles, and in the Arctic it is only four miles. For the even colder south

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polar region it has been estimated that the ceiling is lower still, probably not over three miles.

"Why is there this variation? Many factors enter in, but primarily it is because of the contrasting areas of heating and cooling on the surface of the earth. All of our winds and rain are born of these differences. The polar regions are cold, and they rapidly cool the air that comes in contact with them. When air is cooled it contracts and becomes heavier, and in obedience to gravitation sinks. At the same time the polar heat absorbed by other parts of the earth's surface, and conspicuously by the tropics, is warming the air of those regions and causing it to expand. Incidentally, winds are created by the effort of the atmosphere to adjust these inequalities; but the point I am driving at now is that the rising air of the tropics and the falling air of the poles would theoretically affect the troposphere in exactly the way that we find it does. At the equator the ceiling is pushed up. At the poles there is no such equivalent upward push, so the ceiling rests lower.

IT MAY seem a paradox, but the coldest region that has yet been found in the air is in this equatorial bulge of the troposphere, right over the blistering heat of the equator. This temperature was registered by the recording thermometer in a sounding balloon which was sent up from the island of Java on December 4th, 1913, at 4:39 o'clock in the morning. The temperature on the ground was 76° Fahrenheit, and the thermometer showed a constantly decreasing temperature until a height of ten and one-half miles was reached, when it registered 130° below zero. The balloon continued to ascend; but now it had entered the stratosphere, and the temperature, instead of continuing to fall, rose. At the highest altitude reached by the balloon, a little over sixteen miles, the thermometer recorded a temperature sixty degrees warmer than that found at the ten-and-a-half-mile level. Many subsequent tests have been made in the same region, and these figures are fully confirmed."

The coldest spot yet discovered on the surface of the earth is the village of Verhoyansk, in Siberia, with a temperature of 90° below zero. But this is temperate compared with the cold ceiling of the troposphere over the equator, with its 130° below.

I asked Professor McAdie how high up we have plumbed into the stratosphere.

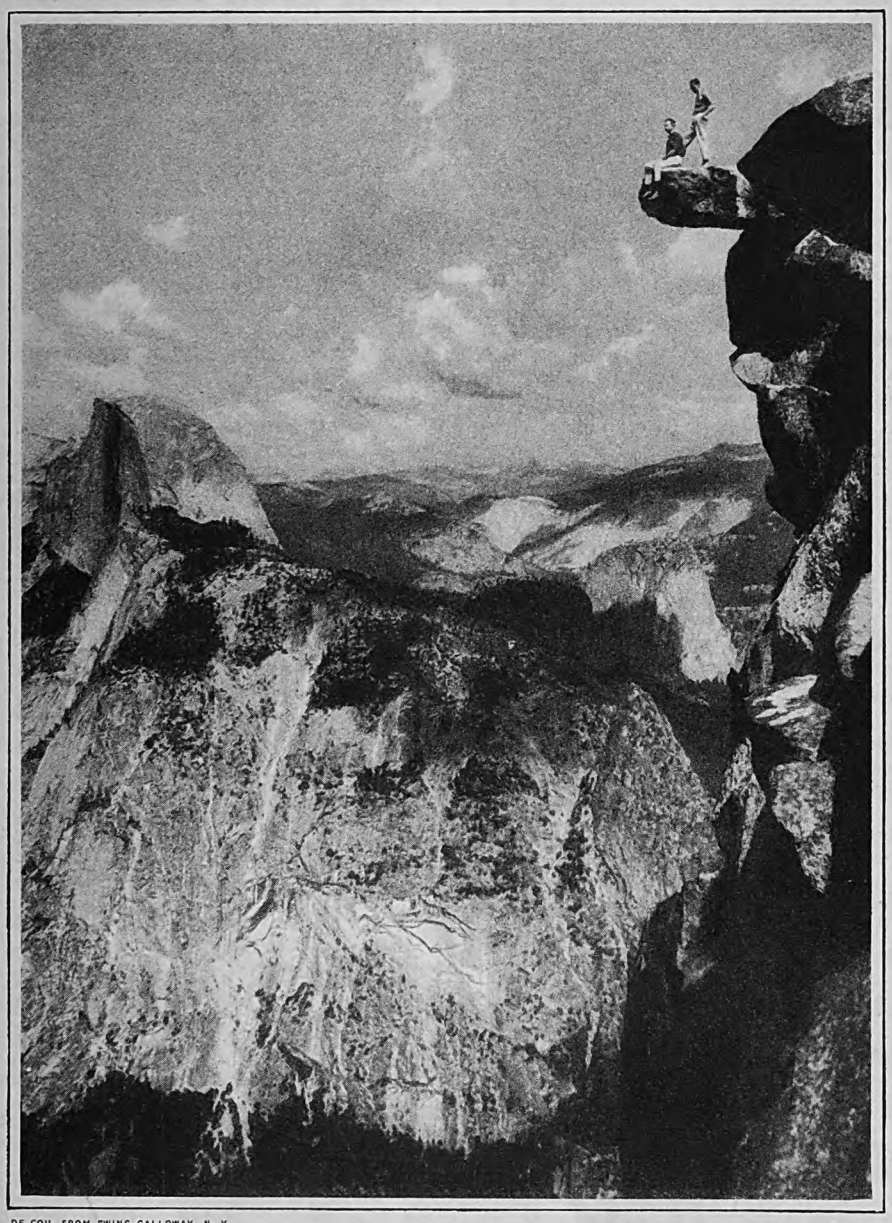
"The greatest height to which we have been able to get instruments is twenty-two miles, and that was accomplished with sounding balloons," he replied; "but we are confident that this by no means represents the ceiling or *upper* limit of the stratosphere. Airmen have penetrated about two miles into the stratosphere."

It is doubtful if aviators or balloonists will be able to rise much higher into the upper air, because of three conditions: (1) the low temperatures, which in the stratosphere average about 70° below zero Fahrenheit, (2) the scarcity of oxygen, which at the floor of the stratosphere is only about one fifth that contained in air at sea level, and (3) the low pressure of the atmosphere. Low pressure affects not only man but gasolene motors as well, and the flights of airplanes into the stratosphere have been made possible only by equipping the planes with an air-pumping device, the supercharger, which compresses the thin air to sea-level density and feeds it to the motor.

Lieutenant John A. Macready, who has made many flights into the stratosphere, has expressed the opinion that of the three conditions named, the most serious handicap to aviation is the diminished pressure of the upper air.

THE annals of air exploration are filled with stories of the hazards caused by these three natural conditions of the upper air. It was a frequent occurrence with the early balloonists to be overcome during a high ascension, and be aroused from unconsciousness by the descent of the balloon to lower levels, where increased pressure, oxygen, and temperature acted as restoratives. A few pioneer aëronauts died in the upper air. But at least balloonists are not in great danger of falling; they can generally count on the balloon to bring them down safely. With the aviator, the case is quite different. He can scarcely afford to be unconscious in the upper air, and expect to remain an aviator—though one army airman, Major R. W. Schroeder, accomplished even this feat.

Major Schroeder was making a high-altitude test in an airplane over McCook Field, near Dayton, Ohio, in February, 1920. When he had reached an altitude of 33,000 feet, the automatic feed of his oxygen equipment ceased to work. He reached for his (*Continued on page 103*)



DE COU, FROM EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y.

Two climbers high above the Yosemite Valley, but still far below the stratosphere, or second story of the earth's atmosphere. The "ceiling" of the lower story of the air varies in height from four miles at the poles to ten miles at the equator. This "lower story" is but a tenth or less of the total thickness of the earth's atmosphere, but in it all our storms take place. The "upper stories" of the air are free from disturbances such as we know on the earth's surface

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Grandfather

He loves the good old days

By Don Marquis

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN PRICE

"THE calendar," says Granddad, "has slipped, somehow. May is just about like March used to be, and March and April are practically winter months nowadays. Yes, sir, the calendar's slipped!"

And it's not merely the climate, almost everything has changed—and for the worse: horses, and tobacco, and apples, and houses, and people, and politics.

Especially people and politics, and politicians. There aren't any politicians nowadays who amount to a tinker's dam; let alone statesmen. Why, Granddad remembers Abraham Lincoln, himself! Heard him speak one time right over there, standing on the Courthouse steps!

"I remember every word he said, too," says Granddad.

"When was it, Grandfather?" you ask him.

"It was in the late fifties, the late fifties of the last century."

"How old were you, Granddad?"

Grandfather is a little past seventy, but sometimes he likes to talk as if he were at least seven hundred.

"I was just a lad, just a little lad," says Grandfather; "and I remember every word Abraham Lincoln said!"

"Was it 1859?" you ask him, persisting.

"It was," says Grandfather.

In 1859 Grandfather was just five years old, as you remember and he may temporarily have forgotten.

"Yes, sir," says Grandfather, holding up his right hand, "this is the hand that shook the hand of Abraham Lincoln."

"It doesn't stand to reason, Grandfather, that you could remember everything he said. You were only five years old in 1859."

"Don't remember it!" says Grandfather. "Don't remember it! Of course I remember it! My father said to me, 'Son, I want you to listen hard to-day. I want you to drink in every word Mr. Lincoln says. Mr. Lincoln is going to be President of the United States, and he is going to free the slaves, and every word he utters to-day will be history.' I listened. Yes, sir, I listened, and I could repeat that speech almost word for word now. It started with something about, 'We, the people of the United States,' and it went on from that to 'the course of human events,' and it kept going in a mighty high-toned statesmanlike way right on to the end. And when he sat down there wasn't a dry eye in the place, and everybody knew that this country was going to stand single and undivided as long as Abraham Lincoln was at the head of things. And there wasn't any doubt he was going to be elected President, and *be* at the head of things, too. Remember it! Of course I remember it and I remember exactly how he looked!"

YOU can't talk politics with Granddad, or people, or anything of that sort without he gets right back to Abraham Lincoln and the speech he heard him make that day on the Courthouse steps. But I sometimes think his recollections of the Courthouse, and the Courthouse Square in our town, may have been a little bit confused at that. For a couple of years ago at an Old Settlers' Meeting, Granddad got up and made a speech, and told about the wonderful progress that our country has made within the life of a man still living.

"Why," said Granddad, "I shot a deer right over there in the Square where the Courthouse now stands!"

He used to get a licking if he so much as whistled on the Sabbath Day

I asked him about it later. I said to him, "Grandfather, how old were you when you shot that deer on the spot where the Courthouse now stands?"

"Quite a lad, quite a lad," says Grandfather. And then he must have seen something in my eye, for he retreated a little. "Quite a lad for my age," he said. "I was a big boy for my age. Yes, sir, I was quite a fellow when I shot that deer. Father didn't know I had the gun. It was one of those old-fashioned muzzle-loading guns with the octagon barrels—a cap-and-ball gun. It wasn't like these new-fangled rifles that use cartridges with just so much powder in 'em. One of those old-fashioned guns you could load yourself, with as much powder as you wanted to put in. You could load her for turkey or you could load her for bear. It was your own option what you did with her. You could load her to shoot through a pasteboard box or through a brick wall. But these new-fangled guns can only be loaded as heavy as the manufacturer wants to put powder into a cartridge.

"BUT, as I was saying, I was a mighty big lad for my age and I was pretty young to be toting that gun—the same gun my dad carried in the Mexican War, and he didn't know I had it. Well, this deer came out of the woods—"

"Grandfather," I said, interrupting him, "I think it would be impolite for a grandson to apply the acid test to too many of his revered ancestor's stories, but I remember your saying that you shook the hand of Abraham Lincoln, when you were five years old, on the Courthouse steps. Now, let us suppose the Courthouse had been finished only a month before Abraham Lincoln made his speech from the steps of the edifice—I think it is reasonable to give it a month. That makes it necessary for you to have been somewhere between four and five years old when you shot that deer where the Courthouse now stands, if you really shot it before the Courthouse was built there. It seems to me possible, Grandfather, that you may have got a little mixed in your dates, and may have shot the deer *after* the Courthouse was erected."

Grandfather looked thoughtful for a while and hummed a little tune, an old-fashioned tune that I never heard anyone else use, and his only tune. Then he frowned and appeared to consider, and then he laughed.

"Say," he said, "you know, I think I

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nay have been a little mixed! It was ither my dad or else my oldest brother, Tom, that shot the last deer ever seen in hese parts, right over there where the Courthouse stands now. And I heard 'em ell about it so much when I was a young ellow that it sort of got grafted onto my wn recollections. Anyhow, whether it appened to Dad or whether it happened o Tom, it is a *true* story! And what I said bout those old-fashioned guns as compared to these new-fangled weapons they ave to-day is as true as gospel!"

You expostulate mildly. You remind Grandfather that the trend of modern hought unanimously hands the palm of fficiency to the breech-loading firearms, s compared with the old-fashioned nuzzle-loaders.

"I am not talking," says Granddad, about how many times you can shoot vith one of these repeating rifles or nachine guns. What I am talking about s this: that in the old days every feller hat shot a gun had a chance to decide for *himself* just how far he wanted that gun o shoot, and how hard he wanted it to hoot, and how many slugs and bullets he vanted it to sling at one shot. No, sir, ou can't go back on the good old-ashioned weapons that the Revolutionary War and the Civil War were won vith—the weapons that cleared the Indians out of the country. In those days, man had a chance to decide for himself ust what kind of shootin' he wanted o do."

PEOPLE in general aren't what they were in the good old days, and especially young people. Young people aren't polite to their elders and considerate, the way they used to be, because they aren't brought up in the proper fashion. They get no training and they get no discipline. Grandfather says that in his young days he used to get a licking if he so much as whistled on the Sabbath Day. And that gave him a respect for orderly institutions and elderly people, which he, himself, has never lost, but which he is grieved to see does not obtain in the world to-day.

"All these confounded modern inventions and contraptions are partly responsible for the change in people," he says. "From the time a child is born until the time he is grown up, he has too many slick toys to play with—these confounded automobiles, for instance. And the next thing you know every fourteen-year-old kid in the whole country will have an airplane for his own and be circling around the church steeples, flinging down sarcastic remarks as he flies, at his elders and betters.

"As for houses—well, there was something like comfort in the houses in the good old days: comfort, summer or winter. There were none of these darned steam radiators that hiss at you like a bunch of poisonous snakes had crawled into the house. You used to have a base-burner or an open fireplace, or you had a long-barrel wood stove that would take a log four feet long; and you could *see* the fire!"

What you really want, Granddad contends, when you come in and stomp the snow off, is a fire you can *see* and *feel* as a real fire. It is like a red heart beating and pulsing in the center of the house. It is personal! It isn't remote or mechanical.

In the old-fashioned type of fire—the real fire that people used to warm themselves by, when people were people and not merely the slaves of devices and contraptions—you used to warm yourself in front until you got thoroughly and completely warmed and dried. And then you turned around and warmed your back. And then you turned around and warmed yourself in front once more. And then you pulled off your boots and sat down and lighted up your pipe—and that was *comfort!* That was something to come in to, out of a cold day. You might get a little chilly ten or fifteen feet away from the fire, that is true. But you could always come back to it, couldn't you? Anyhow, you knew it was a real fire; and not water gurgling and goggling, or steam grunting and knocking and grunkling through a lot of brass pipes, and getting ready to hiss, or squirt, or something. No, you knew you were *inside* in those days and that the winter was *outside*, and there was some comfort to it.

And that was *comfort!*

"Pipes, pipes, pipes—pipes all over the house nowadays—a man don't feel like he's living in a *home*, with all these pipes around him," says Grandfather. "Brass pipes, and lead pipes, and iron pipes. It makes a man feel like he's living on the inside of some kind of mechanism. It makes him think he's got in a kind of trap at the center of a steam engine.

"A drink of water in those days was a drink of *water!*"

"You can't even get a drink of water nowadays, not even an ordinary, common, simple drink of water, unless it comes out of a pipe," says Granddad. "Water isn't what it used to be. It don't get enough air in it, any more, to make it taste right. As a matter of fact, it has been nearly thirty years since I've had a drink of water that could really be called *water!* Water used to come out of wells and springs; but heaven knows where they get the stuff they call water nowadays! It has all of it got chemicals in it. But if it hasn't, it is probably just as poisoned as if it had. In the old days you would tilt a bucket up on the edge of a well curb, on a hot day, and bury your face in it *and that was a drink of water!* But there just practically *ain't* any water any more!"

It doesn't do any good to point out to Grandfather the superior hygienic virtues of our modern water system as compared with the old haphazard wells and springs that got so much surface drainage and used to spread so many diseases through the country. Anything, he says, is better than drinking, out of pipes, a fluid of which you do not know the previous history. He affirms that if you could see into the middle of his joints you would find a layer of red rust there. And that rust, he says, is what gives him what they call his rheumatism. The rust comes from drinking water out of pipes.

When he was a young man, and drank exclusively from wells and springs, he never had a twinge of rheumatism, and his digestion was good in those days too. He could digest the bark of trees, stones, horseshoe nails, or jack-knives.

"NOT," says Grandfather, "that anybody *had* to digest nails or jack-knives in those days, for people knew how to cook. But cooking is a lost art. Everything you get to eat in this day and generation comes out of tin cans. The idea of eating green vegetables out of tin cans! As a matter of fact, I don't believe most of them really *are* vegetables at all. They are things, I'd swear to it, that are all made in some big factory, in a lump, and afterward cut into shape to represent all the different kinds of vegetables; and they are colored up with some kind of dye made out of coal tar; anyhow, they all taste just exactly alike to me!"

Granddad says that these vegetables make him really glad that he hasn't got any teeth to speak of any more. They don't affect his false teeth, but he knows that if they came (*Continued on page 127*)

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"Tenny Tragg!" he exclaimed. "As I'm alive! Where in the world did you come from?"

The Vagabond Comes Home

And Emily Flayne finds romance where she least expected it

By Philip Curtiss

ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR C. ANDERSON

BETWEEN nine and eleven on a summer morning, the Shiloh general store was a sociable spot—and a fragrant spot, too, with its spacious air of white paint and freshness. A flavor of ground coffee and cloves, of dried beef and cinnamon always hung over one side of the store; on the other side the clean, clothy aroma of calicoes and new ginghams. And during the summer months, verdant counters of "specials" were ranged at the front—early melons and peaches, and tight heads of lettuce constantly watered by a little fountain.

At "Butler's," as the store was known in Shiloh, one never hesitated to drop in for the most trivial article, even during the busiest hours—a yard of braid or three lemons—and as a result the double screen doors were constantly swinging back and forth, each time with a little swish of the air-check. Going into "Butler's" one always met someone else coming out, and thus little sociable groups were constantly forming at the front of the store, greetings and banter passing back and forth, and stray bits of laughter rising into the summer sunshine.

The morning deliveries also contributed to this sense of bustle. As a matter of fact, all the delivering was done by one sixteen-year-old boy and a light flivver truck. But as the truck was always backed up at the curb during exactly those hours when everyone else was in the near vicinity, one could never form a mental picture of Butler's store without including the image of a lanky boy in a long white duster

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incessantly pushing out the screen door with a basket or crate held in front of his body, crossing the six or eight feet of tar walk, and slamming his burden into the back of the truck with a bang that rocked the whole vehicle.

At eleven o'clock, however, came a sudden hush, came almost in an instant. With the first toot of the eleven-six train the whole population of Shiloh began instinctively to edge away in the direction of the post office. Butler's at once felt the lull, and between twelve and one it became as empty and still as the village library. The lettered green shades were drawn halfway down the big front show windows, and brought a pleasant shadow of coolness with their descent. Two of the three clerks went home to dinner. The one who remained began to put up bolts of cloth and boxes of embroidery skeins on the dry-goods side of the house, while the proprietor, Lemuel Butler himself, retired to enjoy his ease and his first cigar in the little wired-off enclosure of the cashier's desk.

Here, on a pleasant noon in the early summer, he had buried himself to the ears in the morning paper when suddenly he was called back to reality by a quiet, amused voice, three feet away.

"Good morning, Mr. Butler."

The storekeeper glanced, startled, over the top of his paper.

"Oh, good morning, Miss Flayne."

By a sort of professional instinct he grabbed a pencil from the telephone desk and passed out behind the broad general counter.

FACING him at the other side of it was a slender, tallish young woman who might have been any age up to thirty. She was dressed in an absolute perfection of cool, clinging sports clothes, light gray and cream white; but the features that one noted instantly about her were a pair of drooping jade earrings and a pair of humorous, slightly sardonic brown eyes.

Emily Flayne was one of the "summer folks," who were coming to Shiloh in increasing numbers, and were furnishing the town with no small part of its present prosperity. Early that season, Miss Flayne, with her mother, had purchased "the Porter place," a small white cottage a mile out of town, and Lem Butler's admiration had been captured by the report that she had signed the deed and paid for the equity within half an hour after she had laid eyes on it.

He had liked her still more when he had actually seen her, but, with his usual rare accuracy, he had had a presentiment that the rest of Shiloh would probably not share his opinion. Emily Flayne was a little too brisk, a little too commanding, to fit in with the usual Shiloh methods of doing business. In the common, loose phrase of the village she was the kind of person who was known as "sarcastic."

At the present moment, however, Lem Butler had only his own opinions to consult.

"WELL," he asked cordially, "what can I do for you this morning?"

His visitor laughed. "You can do a great deal; but I didn't come in to buy anything. I came for some heavy advice. I'm in serious trouble."

"Dear me!" replied Butler. "What's the matter now? Have you lost the keys to the salmon cans, or won't the lamps work even yet?"

"Oh, it's worse than that," answered his customer, "very much worse." She nodded to the wired enclosure. "Mayn't I go in there, or is that the holy of holies?"

"Not at all! Not at all!" replied the storekeeper. With eager hospitality he dusted the chair in which he himself had been resting. Passing around the end of the show case, the visitor seated herself and crossed her knees with gay nonchalance, displaying a length of light gray silk stocking.

"I guess you don't know," she explained, "that I'm a storekeeper myself for nine months in the year. I never feel quite at home unless I'm behind a counter."

The merchant greeted the statement with an air that was polite but still mildly incredulous, and his customer laughed.

"I see you don't believe it; but look me up in the New York telephone book and you'll find that it's true. I've got one of the best book shops in Brooklyn. It's not the largest, but I've got the trade that I want. I've had my nose to the grindstone ever since I was sixteen years old, so this summer, at last, I thought I'd do what I pleased. I wanted to get a place 'way off

Filled up with gardening books and good will, Emily had taken a tape line and spade, and gone to work beside Oscar McComas, a dour Scotch gardener. . . . By noon she had driven the old fellow nearly insane

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in the hills where Mother could get some air and I could forget all about work and sales and help, and the whole blooming business."

"But it hasn't turned out that way?" asked the storekeeper.

Emily Flayne threw up her hands in despair. "I should say it hasn't! I never knew what trouble was until I left New York."

Distinctly interested, Lem Butler leaned back against the bookkeeper's high stool. "You find, as we all do," he suggested, "that your business won't run without you?"

"Oh, no," replied his visitor. "The shop's fine. It's Shiloh that's driving me crazy. I don't know how we are going to exist."

The girl made a sudden, sweeping gesture as if to unload all her troubles at once. "Isn't there anyone in this town," she demanded, "who wants to work? Isn't there a soul in the village who wants to earn any money?"

Lem Butler did not smile. Indeed, a faint shadow crossed his face.

"Of course we all have to work," he answered evasively. "But, you know, on the farms this is a very busy time of the year. They've just been cultivating their corn, and in a day or two they'll begin their haying."

"But the women don't work in the corn fields, do they?" retorted the visitor. "I've had three women and three men in less than a month, and all of them were fine—as long as they lasted. But just as they were beginning to get used to the work, the same thing would happen. We'd come down to find the stove cold and the milk still outside the door. Then, about ten o'clock, some neighbor would come in to say that Lizzie Brown had telephoned that she wouldn't be up that morning, or that Ollie Perkins had decided to go to work on the lumber job. The Hackett boy was the last one, and *he* didn't go to work on any lumber job. He's been sitting in front of Tyler's garage all this morning!"

HER tale of woe trailed abruptly to an end, and Lem Butler stirred uneasily. "You do seem to have hard luck," he suggested. "The only thing I can think of is that you leave it with me to try to get you someone else."

Emily Flayne rose eagerly. "That would be wonderful!" she exclaimed. "Man, woman, or child, I don't care who it is, and I'll pay them whatever you tell me to. Only," she added with returning doubt, "won't they be just as bad as the others?"

"Well, perhaps they won't," consoled Butler. "I'll do my best."

With this cheering promise the visitor left, in better spirits. But Lem Butler did not go back to his newspaper. The truth was that Emily Flayne had not told him any news. Every atom of village gossip seeps sooner or later across the counters of the general store, and for nearly three weeks Lem Butler had been listening to the other side of the story. As the sage Yankee merchant had feared the first time he saw her, Emily Flayne was one of those unhappy persons who, with the best intentions in the world, have a positive genius for stepping on all the sore points of local tradition.

Oscar McComas, a dour Scotch gardener, had been her first employee. He was a man who had spent thirty years among flowers and vegetables, and could make a plum tree grow in a stone pile; but he had his own ideas of just how to do it. Filled up with gardening books and good will, Emily, on the first morning, had put on a linen skirt, taken a tape line and spade, and gone to work beside him. The result had been that by noon she had driven the old fellow nearly insane, and after the second day he had gone to work on the ice truck.

NEXT in line, to help out in the kitchen, had come a young French-Canadian woman, the wife of a section hand on the railroad. She had proved to be a neat, docile worker until the end of the week, when Emily had tactfully brought forth a black dress, a white apron and cap, and suggested that she wear them while serving tea on the lawn—in sight of the highway. It was this young woman who had sent word by telephone that she was coming no longer.

Just what had happened to the next two employees Lem Butler could not remember, but the last of the dynasty had been Luther Hackett, a youth in his twenties who had "got through" because he couldn't stand being called "Hackett."

First and last, it did make a ridiculous tale of misunderstandings, and more than once, during the slower hours of his afternoon trade, Lem Butler found himself smiling. His promise of aid had been wholly sincere, but one candidate after another had been rejected in his mind when, on the following afternoon, he received a second unexpected visit.

This time he was bending over the grocery counter, adding figures on a slip of brown paper, when he heard a low, whining voice at his ear:

"Please, mister, could you give a little cheese and a few crackers to a poor man who's walked all the way from Temple's Falls and ain't had a bite to eat since yesterday mornin'?"

The storekeeper straightened sharply, stared a moment, then burst into a roar.

"Tenny Tragg!" he exclaimed. "As I'm alive! Where in the world did you come from?"

"Paris, France," grinned the visitor. "Just got in this morning. Matter of fact, I did walk from Temple's Falls—except I got a lift for a couple of miles."

In clothing, at least, the newcomer might well have played the part which he had assigned himself, for he was clad in a blue denim shirt, a pair of stained khaki trousers and broken white canvas shoes. Otherwise, however, one could well understand the enthusiasm of his friend the storekeeper. His chest, his features, and the throw of his head were those of the traditional Greek god. Lem Butler was still holding his hand, a hand as big and hard as that of a laborer.

"Well, say!" Lem repeated, over and over. "The last time I heard of you, you were starting for Florida."

Tenny Tragg grinned harder than ever. "I did start," he answered, "but did you ever hear of such luck? I had a dandy job promised me in a winter hotel, but, of course, being me, the hotel had to burn down. It was actually in flames as my train pulled into town. So then I beat my way over to Galveston, and got a job on a tank steamer bound for the Baltic ports. On the way back another chap and I decided to see Paris, and we did it so hard that we used up all our pay. But I got a berth all right as second-class steward on an English ship out of Cherbourg, so here I am, back home, and broke."

"And what are you going to do now?" asked Butler.

"Well," replied Tenny, "the subtle indications are that to-morrow morning will find me piling boards in the paternal lumber yard."

"What did your father say about your adventures?"

The younger man beamed shamelessly. "I can't pretend," he confessed, "that he was very much pleased. In fact, he told me at dinner to-day that the only job I could ever hold would be that of tester in a hammock factory."

Lem Butler looked at him for a moment, then suddenly jerked his head in the direction of the little enclosure around the cashier's desk.

"Come here, Tenny," he said. "I want to talk to you. I've got something in mind that's just about your speed."

THUS it was that, three days later, when Emily Flayne came again into the store, Lem Butler greeted her with a grin almost as broad as Tenny's.

"Well," he demanded, "and how do you like your new hired man?"

Emily Flayne threw up her hands in the familiar gesture which she used either for joy or despair. "He's marvelous!" she replied. "But what's the mystery? The man's a gentleman!"

"Certainly he's a gentleman," answered the storekeeper; "although that's all the good it's done him, so far. Then you like him, do you?"

"Like him?" repeated Emily. "He's too good to be true! There's absolutely nothing he can't do, from fixing the pump to cooking the breakfast. He's doing outside work mostly, but the other night we had some company over from Sharon, and he volunteered to wait on table. And he did it like a million-dollar butler too! My friends didn't know what to make of it, and I didn't tell them. The only trouble is that he makes me nervous. He always insists on calling me 'madam.' 'Yes, madam. No, madam.' And at the same time I feel that he's laughing at me inside."

"I don't think he is," replied Butler. "That's just Tenny. He's playing the game."

"But what's the game?" insisted Emily. "What is the mystery?"

"Well, I'll tell you," answered the merchant. "It's a long story."

It *was* a long story, as Lem Butler told it, but only because of his rambling, reminiscent style. Tendall Tragg was, in short, the beloved vagabond, the favorite younger son of the town of Shiloh.

His father was one of the really big men of the village, the kind of man who, without the change of a line, might have been put on the stage for a typical, tight-lipped deacon in a rural melodrama. He owned the lumber and coal yards, sold masons' supplies and builders' hardware. He was president of the savings bank, and invested shrewdly in timber lands. He had

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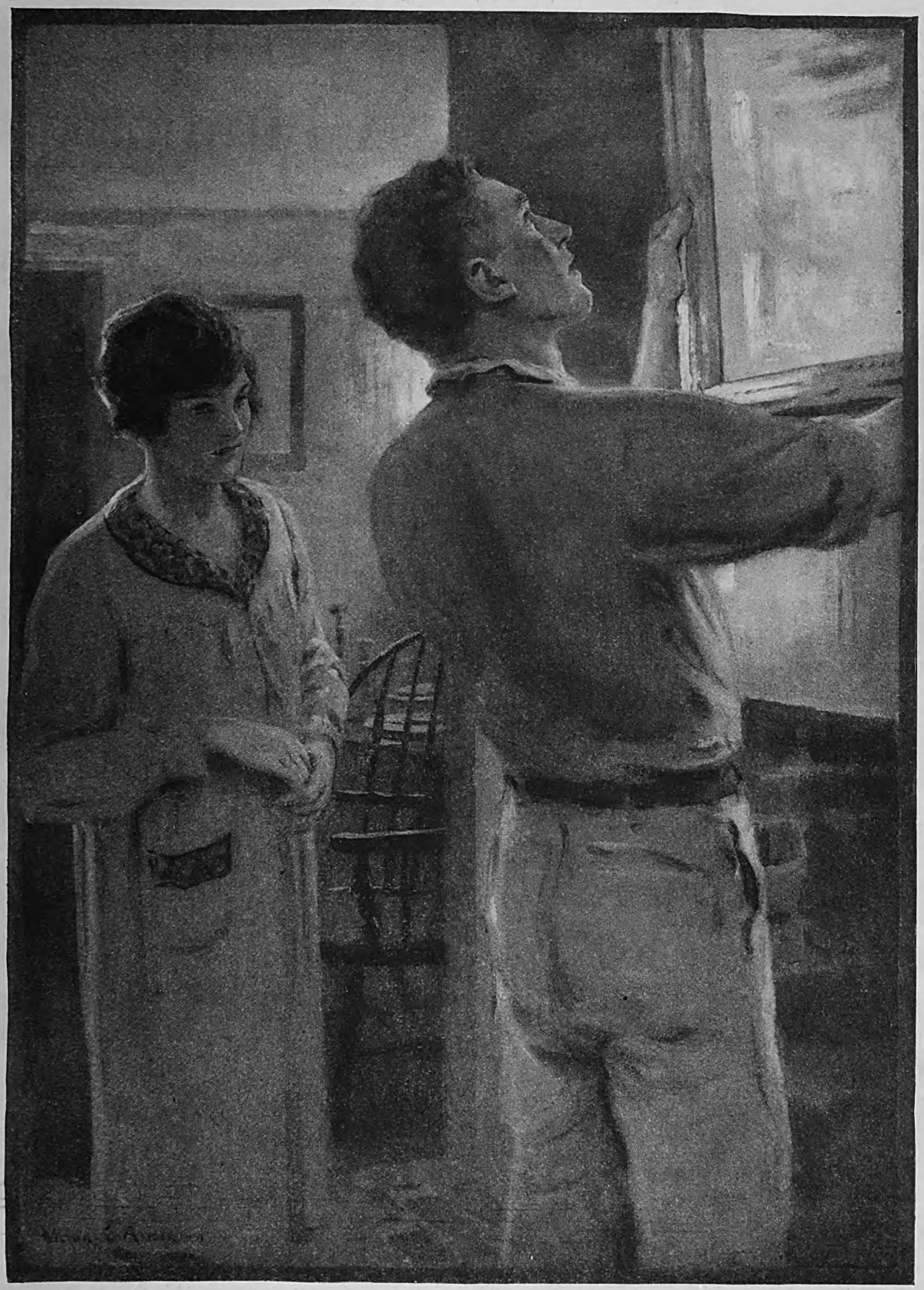

The heavy work in the house had been completed, and together, as if in joint ownership, they were enjoying the interest of putting the furnishings in place

lled in succession all the responsible ffices in the church society and the ownship, and lived in a beautiful old hite Colonial house that might have been aken out of a chromo. Here he had aised six children exactly like himself. ll had grown up into exemplary men and omen.

But when it had come to the seventh, Fate had decided to play a joke on him.

It was not that Tenny was lazy, but simply that he had that queer kink which forces young men of his type to wander all over the world, looking only for those jobs which would never appeal to anyone else. The Baltic trip had been typical.

At this point in the narrative Lem Butler came to a pause, and Emily Flayne looked over the neighboring counters with rather cold eyes.

"Of course that's all very picturesque," was her comment; "but the question is, What's going to become of him in the end?"

"That's just the point," agreed Butler. "There isn't a man or a woman in Shiloh who wouldn't lay down his life for Tenny Tragg; but, just (*Continued on page 130*)

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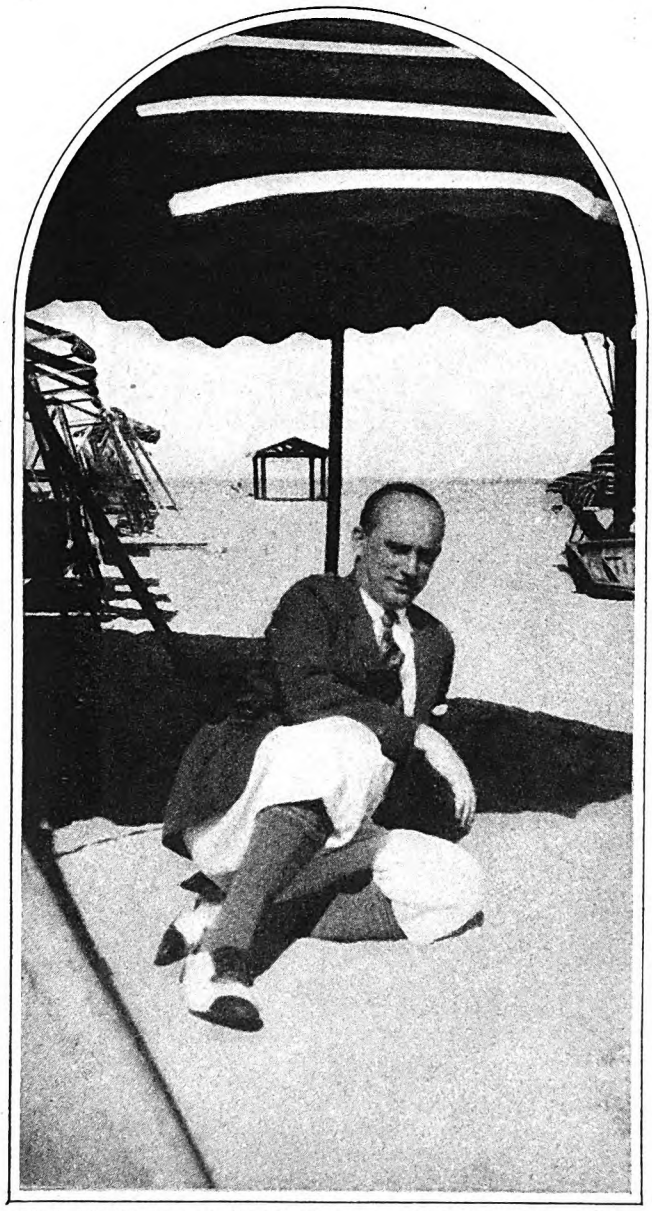
The Troubles Of A Humorist

By H. I. Phillips



H. I. Phillips, on a Florida beach, enjoying a respite from what he calls the *troubles* of a professional funny man

NOBODY is as funny as people think a professional funny man ought to be. And that's one of the things for which perhaps both sides should be thankful.

Just as so many moving picture sheiks are just so many flat tires in private life, just as the famous author of love and adventure stories is so often a strictly home man who has never been through anything more exciting than a dispute over electric light bills, and just as the professional parachute jumper is often the first man in the party to show alarm when he discovers he has been sitting in a draft, so is a professional wag anything but merry company to himself and others.

You can get a good cry any time by walking into the office of a newspaper columnist and taking a look at the poor slave trying to spread little rays of sunshine through a tattered typewriter ribbon.

He has all the care-free buoyancy, scintillating gayety, exultant jocundity, and reverberating cheerfulness of a man who has received news that his bank has failed, that his house has burned down, that his wife has eloped with the piano tuner, and that there is a man outside who wants to see him about writing some happiness jingles for Look-at-the-World-Through-Rose-Colored-Glasses Week. Every professional funny man of my acquaintance snaps at his friends and bites strangers.

Most column conductors act as if they had a great hidden sorrow. They have. It's the next day's column.

All this is at odds with the idea held by the general public. The public pictures a professional funny man—if it bothers to picture him at all—as a gay young lad who leaps out of bed singing, whistles on the way to the office, paralyzes the elevator man with a few funny stories, helps the janitor start the day right, telephones a message of cheer to the office boy at home with the grip, bellows a hearty "Haw! Haw!" through a megaphone to increase the morale of the other office workers, and then goes into an eruption of bright ideas, which is quenched with a fire hose purely for the conservation of his own vitality.

Few newspaper readers believe a column writer spends much time in the office. And they're not far wrong, at that.

THE best conducted newspapers don't want a columnist in the office more than two or three hours a day. Some papers prohibit his coming down at all. They figure his bearing depresses the rest of the staff. The New York "Sun" has allotted me an office with only one small window in it. The window cleaner took one look when I first joined the staff, and now, when I want the window cleaned, I have to take it out and send it to him. Like so many professional funny men, I am what might be called a hale fellow well avoided.

I also have an office at the Associated Newspapers, Inc., which syndicates my work. But H. H. McClure bought me a desk at some public school auction. It is so low I can't get my knees under it. That's probably just why he bought it.

The greeting most commonly addressed to me by friends who run into me on the street is, "Why so sad?"

It always disturbs me.

"I'm not sad," I insist.

"Well, you look it," is the reply.

I can't explain it. My face is my misfortune. Often when I look the saddest I feel the happiest. The deepest frown may be my reaction to the glad tidings that I have made the last payment on my automobile, won a trip to Europe, or that the tailor has found the pants to my new blue suit.

Mine is not the face to launch a thousand Cheer-Up Drives, but its bark is worse than its bite.

ONE of the reasons a professional funny man is so likely to seem habitually gloomy is that he must ever concentrate on the job of being funny. The strain of always looking for material is responsible for an enormous amount of wear and tear on the poor fish. He must consider everything from the standpoint of its humorous possibilities. A subway jam, a row with a traffic policeman, a summons for tax delinquency, a fall on the ice, a visit to the dentist, an encounter with a hold-up man, a breakdown of the automobile may be just pieces of tough luck to most men, but to the professional humorist they must be gay little episodes full of merriment.

"What's the closest call you ever had in your life?" a magazine editor asked me recently in feeling around for a subject for a humorous article.

"I once drove off an open drawbridge in a runabout at night," I told him.

"Great!" exclaimed the editor. "Write me the funniest yarn you can about that!"

And that's the way it goes. Once a man gets a reputation for seeing a laugh in everything, he can't fall off a roof without raising a cry of "Louder and funnier!"

The average man can go through his experiences and then "leave 'em lay." The funny man has got to pick them up and make them dance.

Another drawback to being a professional giggle broadcaster is the fact that whenever you meet any new people you are expected to floor them with a barrage of witty remarks. The attitude implied, if not expressed, is, "So you're a humorist! All right, amuse me!"

When the portrait painter comes to a house party the guests do not gather about him and demand that he drag out his oils and paint something for them. When a prominent architect is introduced nobody thinks of exclaiming, "Oh, Mr. Fithelbert, do be a nice man and dash off a few blueprints of the ground-floor plan

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f the new gas works!" A business man an safely attend any party without nticipating any requests that he do some ightning calculations and drive a few harp bargains with his host or hostess. A manufacturer of shingles is never asked o demonstrate that he is all that he is racked up to be, by putting down his ridge hand and driving a few shingles nto the parlor wall. If a fireman goes to birthday party, he is not asked to put ut a fire. The great bakery magnate is ever haunted at a week-end party by the ear that he will be asked to bake a cake.

But the man with a reputation for eing even thirty per cent clever is exected to prove it.

The mere feeling that people expect me o be even mildly clever makes me a hrinking violet at all parties. When a nan thinks of a clever remark, he should leliver it with conviction and with speed. Ly trouble is in delivery. It is necessary, n putting over a fast one, to cut the plate, and I am always positive before etting it go that mine will be a wild pitch. The inferiority complex they call it tolay, although it used to be called shyness.

Of course a great help to a professional unny man is the fact that so many people neeting him for the first time are all set to xplode at his every remark, good, bad, or ndifferent. They evidently fear they nay miss a fast one, and thus label themelves boneheads; consequently, they ften howl at the wrong place, or if the emark be made in all seriousness burst nto laughter on general principles.

It is a natural impulse, I suppose, enountering a man with a reputation as a umorist, to anticipate some speed balls. And most people probably consider it etter to have laughed at everything than ever to have laughed at all.

A stranger has a right to expect a man vho makes his living writing humorous tuff to be particularly well equipped with ood anecdotes. That also is most annoyng, because an anecdote never stays with ne overnight. I am the world's worst tory-teller. In the first place, I can't emember a story for any length of time, nd, even if it does come to mind in a inch, I never fail to get the point all alled up. Very seldom does a good, smart ne occur to me when anybody is around o grab it. My flippancy cells seem to jell n company.

I can, and do, spend many hours at arties without making a single clever emark; but the moment I get into a taxiab and start home I think of dozens of nifties" that I might have sprung.

THE bane of my life, consequently, is the vaudeville actor who desires some ide-splitting material and who calls for in person, usually with a chum, pulls up chair, and says, "Now, I want some tuff for a new act. Something that will wow' 'em. Shoot me something while I vait."

I assume most writers of newspaper olumns are continually appealed to by ctors for material. These comics blow n and give you a sketchy outline of their ct like this:

"Now I do an act with a flapper. I'm he snappy man-about-town, understand. he's a chorine. She comes on with a etter, and says so-and-so and so-and-so. hen she goes into a song, and I come on and I find the letter she has dropped and I pick it up, and say so-and-so and so-and-so and so-and-so. See? Now what I want you to do is to *brighten it up a little!*"

This outline rarely varies.

I look at the visitor dumbly, which is no effort, and suggest that it will really require considerable thought and time. He always seems greatly disappointed. It is his idea that a professional funny man just oozes sparkling lines. Little does he suspect that at times the extraction of a single line is a major operation.

THE actor in search of wise cracks is not the only man who thinks that a professional humorist produces stuff out of a silk hat. There is the man who says, "I always read your stuff, and admire it immensely! I wonder if you would do me a great favor and help me get up a little speech I have to make next Thursday!"

Then there's the chairman of the entertainment committee who wants you to get up "a comical circular letter announcing the next banquet." And last but not least of the humorist's worries is the man or woman who wants you to say a few words at a meeting or dinner. You insist that you are a dud as a speaker and will do any meeting more harm than good; but he or she hears you through, and then says laughingly, "Oh, you're so amusing. If you'll only come and talk just as you have to me it will be splendid."

No matter how wrought up and indignant I get over a thing, nobody will take me seriously. This is a terrible handicap. Every man gets "het up" over some question of more or less importance now and then, and yearns to express himself vehemently and earnestly on the subject. My capacity for honest indignation is just as great as any other man's. Very often something strikes me as so wrong that I toss my hat into the ring and start turning handsprings in righteous wrath. But nobody pays any attention. People think I'm putting on a comedy act.

Fully three years ago the taxicab of a very large transportation company collided with my car and tore off the rear bumper. The driver admitted it was his fault, gave me his name, and told me to write to the company. I did so. I wrote a five-page letter denouncing traffic conditions, taxicab companies, and taxicab drivers. I never got an answer, nor did I get a settlement. A few months ago I happened to meet an official of the company, and he floored me with the remark, "Say, Phillips, that was a very funny letter we received from you some years ago. We have it framed at the office. It gives us many a laugh."

I had a similar experience with a service station. A repair job was done very poorly, and I wrote a letter to the company saying so. All the come-back I got was a letter assuring me that "your most amusing comments lightened our burdens considerably. I passed your letter around among the boys, and they enjoyed it immensely."

What's the use?

The only way I can work off a grouch is to write a letter to the newspapers and sign it "Constant Reader," or, "E Pluribus Unum."

The first question a stranger asks after being introduced to a man who writes a daily newspaper column is, "How do you do it every day?" That calls for a shy little gesture and a choice of four answers:

1. "Oh, I dunno."
2. "It just has to be done, you know."
3. "Oh, I dunno."
4. "Oh, I dunno."

This is generally followed by the question, "It's awfully hard, isn't it, to have to fill a certain space every single day?"

The correct answers made optional by the International Social and Protective Association of Column Conductors are:

1. "Oh, no, not so very."
2. "It's all a matter of getting used to it."
3. "No, you just get in the chair, take a deep breath, and before you know it it's all over."
4. "Yes."

Then comes, without fail, and under all circumstances, "Dear me! Where do you get all your ideas?" This is a sticker. The reply to this will either make or break you. I never go outside the following three forms:

1. "I used to know your brother Edgar."
2. "Isn't it stuffy in here? Let's go into the conservatory."
3. "Don't miss Bobby Clark in his new show. He's immense."

But in a written confession like this it is impossible to get away with the ritual. Since so many people ask these questions, there must be some desire to know the truth. The honest answer to "How do you do it every day?" is that it is in the contract and a requirement of the job. I've been writing a column every day except Sunday for eight years. I've written it because I had to.

This is not to say that I haven't enjoyed it. I get a kick out of it, and like it better than any other kind of work. But I know very well if the job called for only three columns a week I would find it no easier. As a matter of fact, the experience of writers who have retired from the grind of a daily column to write one feature a week has been that the less they did the less they wanted to do. It took 'em six days to get into the mood to write the article for the seventh; then they were all worn out, and felt they should go South for a rest.

A column a day keeps procrastination away. The job won't take "No" for an answer. Some day, I too may decide to write one newspaper feature a week, and I haven't the slightest doubt that when I do so I shall feel more crowded than ever before. There will be so much more time for me to sit around and think about the working man's rights.

"DO YOU do your work in the daytime or at night?" That's another question a writer always faces. James Wiffington Oops, the great novelist, says he never can work in the daytime. He thinks clearly only after dark. He can't do a thing until the sun has set. Wilbur Tweezlebeck Hammerhead, the famous poet, can't get his mind on his work except in the quiet hours between daybreak and the bacon and eggs. He can't think of a rhyme for "love" by electric light, nor grasp a word to rhyme with "stars" between high noon and five A. M.

This writer can do his best work only in bed; that writer can do his best only when leaning against a drop forge in a boiler factory. As for (*Continued on page 175*)

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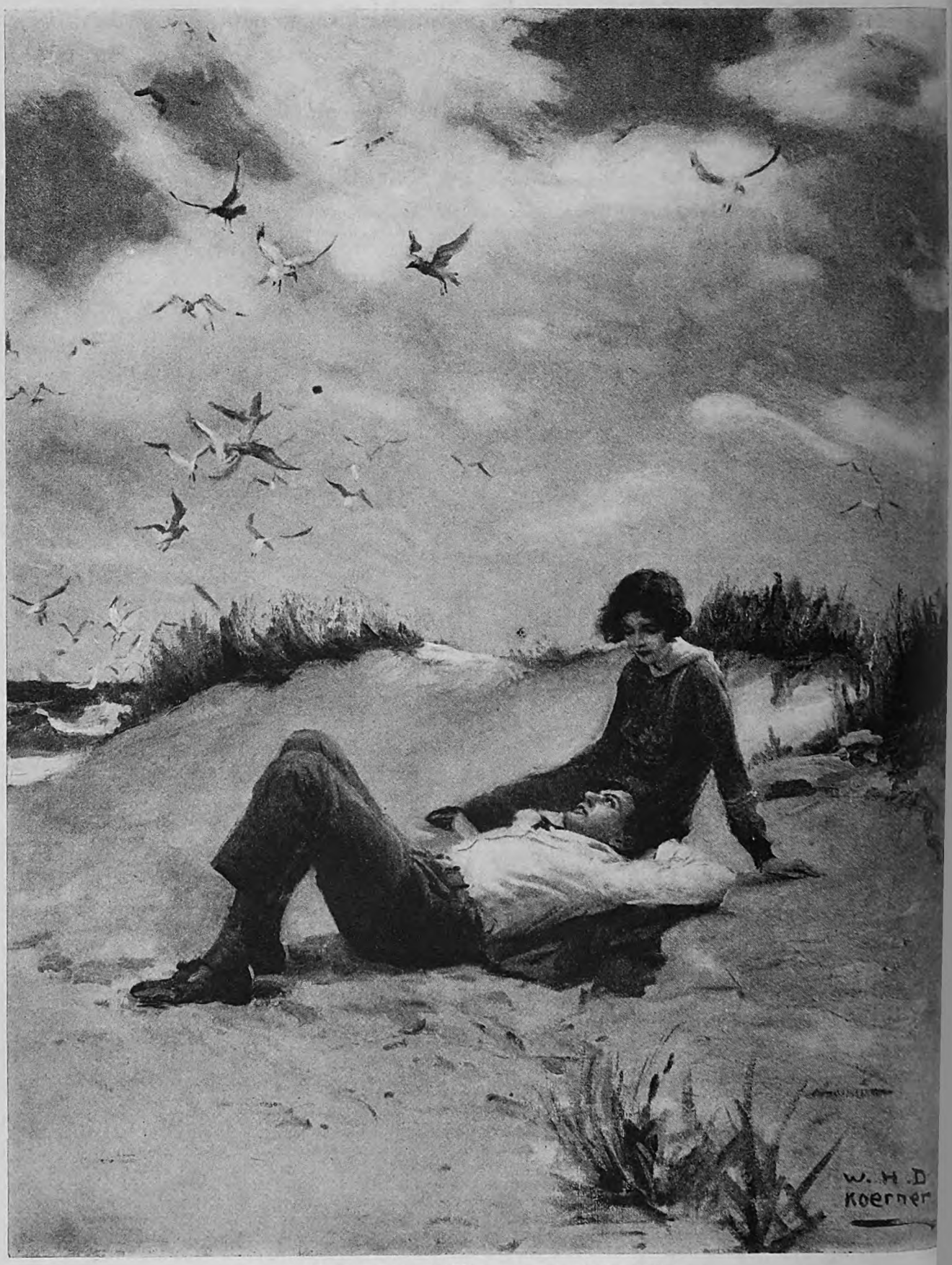

He was startled by Olive's voice, her face just over his. "Lazy! Lazy! We're going to have lunch!"

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"Scotch Valley"

A story you will never forget

By Mildred Cram

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

RETURNING from the district attorney's office at midnight, Gladden found that Olive Smith had gone.

The lamp left burning on the kitchen table was mercifully clean. He saw at once what she had done. For him? For the children? Or simply to satisfy a feminine passion for order?

It is hard to know, where women are concerned, the difference between a gesture of love and a gesture of charity, the instinctive and the deliberate.

He observed the transformation of the familiar kitchen, a kitchen regenerate, reclaimed. It was like coming into a strange room. Or, rather, like a curtain rising on a reset stage. The garret refurbished. Squalor transformed.

The tin pans ranged on hooks, like a row of bright mirrors. The sink scoured. Window panes clear. Floor swept. Tin cans and trash thrown out. Dishes parading like soldiers on white shelves. Spoons and knives in rows. The stove black as a top hat and the kettle making a new appearance in its original, blue-agate skin. A smell of soap and water. The odor of sanctity, that godliness which comes of cleanliness.

It was the same all over the house. Olive Smith had gone through the rooms like a beneficent tornado, wielding a broom and a mop. It all looked different, somehow; not quite so comfortable, but marvelously antiseptic. Any germ, even the most exclusive, would have hesitated to cross that clean porch and enter that scrubbed and shining hall.

"Why, the place is almost livable," Gladden thought.

Before he went to bed he examined with a certain awe the miraculous fact of tucked-in bedclothes, a folded blanket, a plumped pillow. Even the candlesticks had been reduced from their habitual swollen state, the melted wax scraped off, fresh candles inserted. A clear, unwavering flame rewarded him, in place of a splutter and a dark, sooty reek of scorched wick.

He stretched out, trying his toes against the taut sheets. This is comfort. At last. Sleep. Quick, merciful, healing. He thought, as men sometimes do, with gratitude, of the peculiar mercy of women, wondering, as men seldom do, whether he was, after all, worthy of it.

CERTAINLY his uncle Steven had been wrong: a *croix de guerre* with palm was nothing to hide away in a steamer trunk against the arrival of hypothetical grandchildren. The district attorney had served with General Neville, and a *croix de guerre*, with or without palm, meant quite a lot to him.

"Pelgram had me convinced that you were a particularly poisonous crook, a sort of underworld Pied Piper, luring children into gingerbread houses. Only, I'm hanged if I see why you felt that you had to keep a promise made to the father of those particular Smiths. I understand that he was pretty poisonous himself."

"Did you know him?"

"I can't say that I did. But I've heard all about him."

"From his enemies! He was a fine man."

"I'm glad to hear that. Pelgram must have found him hard to get the best of; he has no luck with his neighbors, it seems."

A WEEK later, in a brief hearing, Gladden was made legal guardian of the children. He was sorry that his record must be made public, since he had hoped to remain anonymous in Scotch Valley until his work there was done. Yet it was pleasant to hear men like Hansen and Gibbs testify that he was honest, sober, moral, and efficient.

Pelgram's vitriolic accusations, voiced by an unctuous giant with small stiff hands, sounded somehow too vile to be credible, proving to be an overdose of poison and acting as an emetic. The court laughed.

Now that he was legally and very publicly a father, Gladden conformed. The children went to school like other children, leaving the ranch every morning in a school bus that paused at the ford long enough to squawk a warning and a summons. Like other children, they went washed and combed, licked and brushed, shining like apples in a grocer's show case.

To clothe them, Gladden worked for ten days on Gibbs's ranch, repairing farm machinery. He had the reward of his labor in dollars and cents that were convertible into shoes, socks, shirts, and pants.

Lily, gathered wide-eyed into kindergarten, blossomed ecstatically in gingham rompers with bloomers, a hair ribbon and a gold heart-shaped locket starred minutely with a turquoise and a pearl. Gladden was embarrassed to discover that Lily might some day be a beauty.

Bertha, to Gladden's surprise, proved to be a senior. Whereas the younger children attended a small grammar school in the Valley, Bertha was more exclusive. She went all the way to Vaccatown. She had to wear shoes every day, until, returning at five o'clock, she kicked them off. The yellow braids went around her head, until, at five o'clock, she shook them down. "I hate to study, Jim. I hate facts. I like to think!"

At night, Gladden had to be both cook and tutor. He found that he had forgotten everything he ever knew about geography and grammar, Latin and history. He wondered, now, why they had gone to so much trouble to teach him statistics, and had neglected to interpret races and arts, migrations and conquests. He had forgotten when things happened, because no one had thought of telling him why they happened.

He was a good teacher, because he had imagination. He could spin a yarn about gravity or sound or space or light that was as good any day as the Arabian Nights. But when it came to the elemental textbook problems: if John had ten apples and he gave Sue three, how many—he was no good at all. Pete had to tell him. "Don't you *see*, Jim? He had *two* left? Gosh, that's *easy*."

"You're wrong, Pete. See here, let's work it out."

They did most of their problems with eggs. The hens were laying with the prodigal, inane generosity of happily married fowls. Every night, in the warm boxes, placed like pearls in a nest of straw, Gladden would find snow-white spheres with faintly crackled, bubbled shells. Leghorn eggs. They fetched forty cents a dozen in Vaccatown. They bought Pete a dollar watch and Henry a leather belt. They gave Bertha a pair of silk stockings. All the girls, she said, had silk stockings.

HENRY and Nancy turned out to be scholars and citizens. School produced in them a sanctimonious virtue. They bristled with gold stars and good marks. Henry's cowlick was always wet and brushed marvelously from left to right, while Nancy went in for curls.

Nancy was the sort of little girl that gives her skirt an upward fling away from the rumpling contamination of a chair; she fell into the habit of shaking her curls from side to side, in order, Gladden supposed, to see them fly, like fat sausages with wings. He had liked her better in rags; but now, at least, she conformed.

"I'll make respectable men and women of them yet," he said to himself. "Will they do me credit, or will I do them credit? The chances are about equal, either way. They are being turned out of the Great Mill, true to pattern. Millions of little cowlick Henrys and millions of little Nancys and millions of Lilys, all alike. Only Pete and Bertha are in danger. In spite of the bureau of education, in spite of everything, they're going to be themselves!"

Pete wouldn't study. He preferred Tuerta's stall, the orchard, the pasture, to the schoolroom where he was one of a

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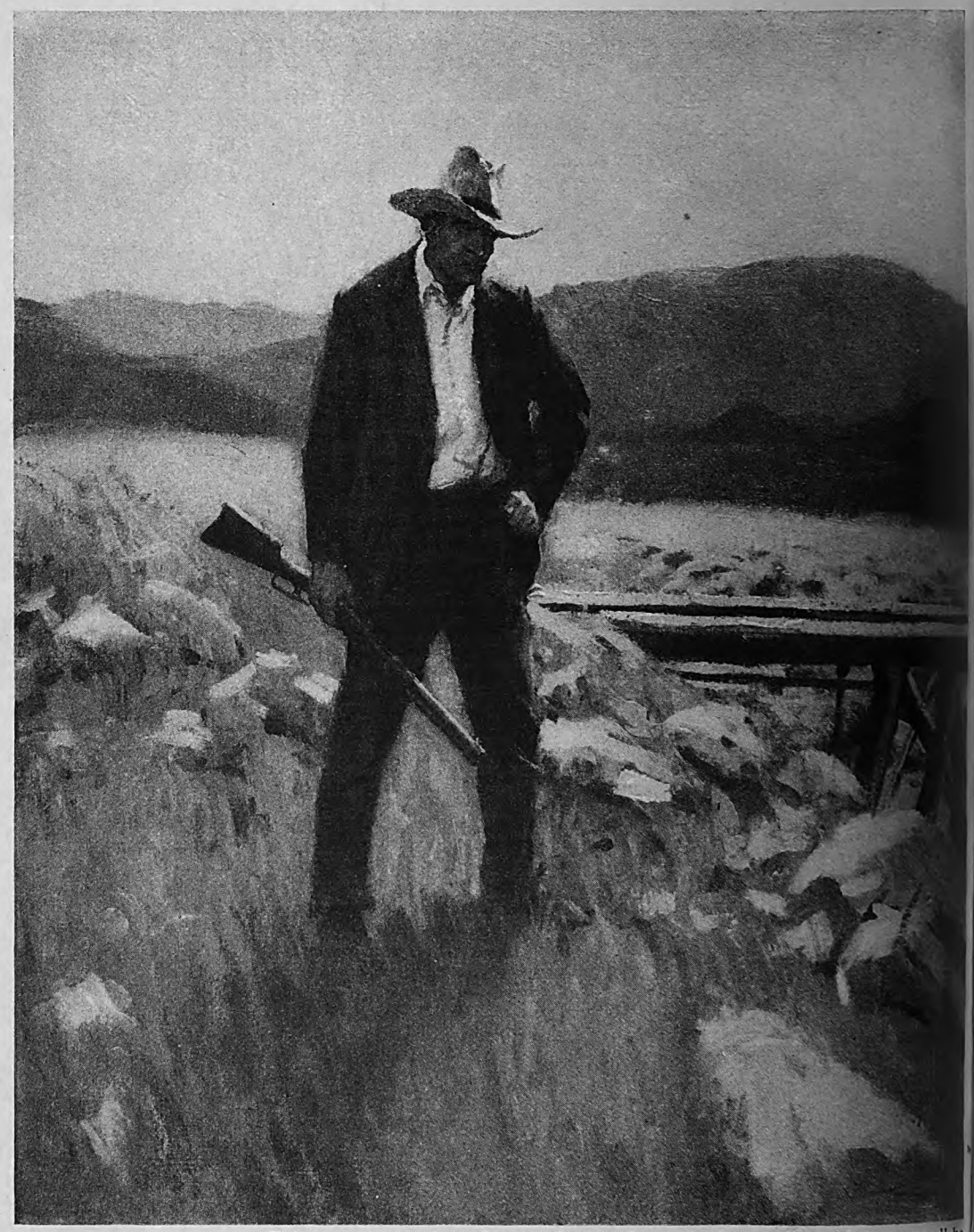
crowd, to be disciplined and pounded, threatened, beguiled, and taunted into the shape of an American. Gladden, watching, both pitied and envied him. He was to be an outlaw, a protester, an original, fighting single-handed for his impossible, incredible dreams.



Pelgram appeared at the trestle crossing, carrying a rifle. "I warn you," he

THEN, one night, they woke out of silence to hear the faint rustle of rain on dry leaves. The first rain. The first drink for the thirsty earth.

The rain fell softly at first; but Gladden detected in the murmur of little splashes a note of insistence that deepened, becoming before dawn the steady thunder of water. Wind, high in the trees, lashed the eucalyptus, and a sound like the brittle whishing of great faggots split through the roar of the rain.

Gladden got up at daybreak to feast his senses on the fact of rain. He went out on the porch and held his hands cupped, to catch what he could from the eaves. The dog would not venture down the steps. He sat, shivering, unable to comprehend the mystery.

Great strips of bark hung from the trees; they peeled like sunburned noses, revealing the satin-smooth yellow bark beneath. The yard was littered with fallen leaves, twigs, and pungent, scented cones. There was such a sweetness and freshness about the drenched world that everything looked new and different. Gone the dusty landscape. In its place, dark brown and purple hills, a clean horizon, sharpened, intensified.

As Gladden watched, the rain diminished, became a driving, fine mist; stopped altogether. Clouds raced in from the sea, gray streamers, tangled and ragged, that fled before the sun. Already there was a trickle of water in the river bed.

Gladden went down to look at it. The bone heap had become a stream again. And this was more wonderful than anything that had happened.

While he stood there, he felt the beauty, the promise, of the land. "Lord," he thought, "before long there'll be grass! The hills will be green. The orchards will blossom!"

"We'll have the picnic Saturday," Gladden said. "That will give you all day Sunday to get over it."

"Is Olive Smith coming?" Bertha asked.

Gladden hadn't thought of inviting Olive. So he said promptly, "Of course."

HE DROVE up the Valley toward the Smith wells. The road was already rutted and pitted; mud sluiced off into the river bed, thick as a flow of lava. Soon the guards were caked, the windshield plastered.

When the sun broke through, the earth dried and hardened like a sculptor's mold. Only the sweetness remained, and the new color of the hills: wine-brown and purple against a clean blue sky.

Olive Smith lived in an unpretentious frame house facing the wells. Gladden didn't know what he had expected: a palace, perhaps; a rococo atrocity, a plate-glass show case. He had seen too many artless dreams realized in brick and stone to look for excellence. Perhaps this explained why he had remained at the ranch, staving off disillusionment. He wanted to walk into love with his eyes open.

This was an ugly house; but it was at least honest. A hedge of tall cosmos bloomed behind a wire fence. Chickens scuttled and picked on the lawn.

Gladden inquired for Olive. A woman in a gingham apron directed him to the offices, a small brick building across the road.

"I'm Mrs. Smith. You Mr. Gladden? Olive's told me about you. You're a mighty stubborn young man. But I'm glad to hear things have turned out right for you."

Gladden thought: "For a mother-in-

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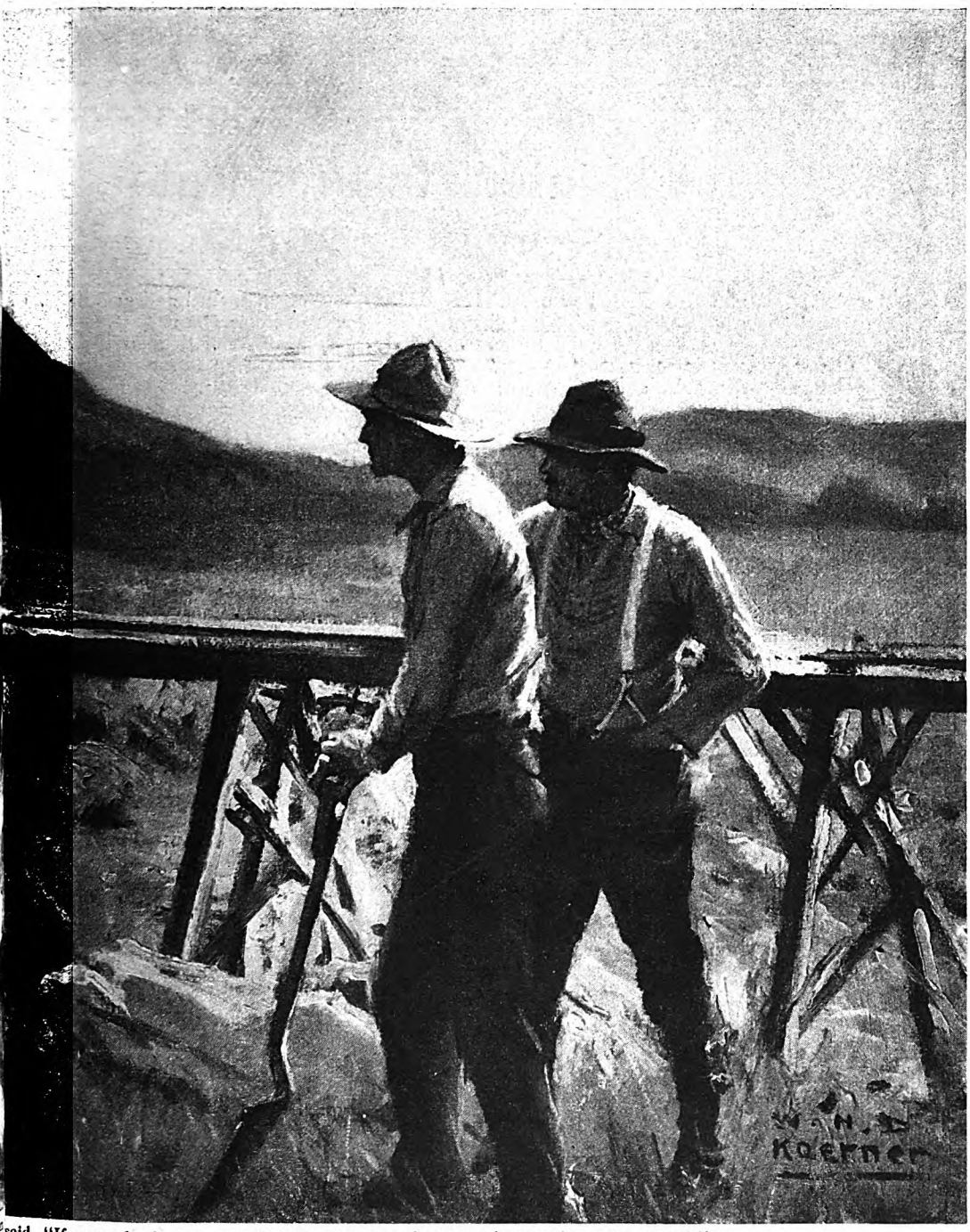

said. "If you calculate on getting water at my dam, you're on the wrong track"

aw, I could go far and fare worse. Wouldn't it be fine if I could really like her? It *has* happened! What's the Latin for it? *Mirabile dictu*, or you never can tell."

Here before him was a candidate for a life job. She was as different as possible from his own mother, whom he remembered as a misty figure in floating chiffons, and whose hands were always a frosty sparkle of diamonds and platinum.

Mrs. Smith was frankly rotund and frankly uncorseted. Her cheeks were all an explosion of tiny broken veins, her eyes as blue and as clear as ice. She had the broad cheek bones of a Slav, the capable, short-fingered hands of a farm woman, and she wore no rings save the broad gold wedding band that had sunk deeply into the encroaching flesh.

"You're wondering," she said, "how I happened to be Olive's mother? I was a beauty, myself, thirty years ago! My oldest son's twenty-nine."

"I was wondering how to make you like me," Gladden said.

She laughed and with one accord they clasped hands. Gladden drew her toward him, stooped quickly, and kissed her cheek.

OLIVE would come. "A picnic! Hurrah! I like picnics. They're so dangerous!"

She gave him one of her level, challenging looks. "Would you care to see the wells?"

"No," he said, "not now. They might scare me off."

She shook her head. "The money belongs to Mother, not to me."

"But I'm afraid of it, all the same."

"Don't be an ostrich!"

They were sitting in the small waiting-room of the office building. Beyond the polished redwood barricade a clatter of typewriters advertised the presence of the staff. Olive glanced up at a panoramic photograph of the oil field, which hung, brightly framed, on the wall.

"I'm pinching myself all the time to make certain that I'm not dreaming. When my father went to the war, no one knew whether or not the first well would bring in oil. He put everything he had into it. He left us, because he thought it was his duty to fight. He was like that. He could see only one thing at a time. The oil came in. And a week later we heard that he was dead."

She met Gladden's eyes again. "You can't blame me if I don't take our luck seriously."

"You're all right," Gladden said.

BUT he didn't see the wells. Somehow, it didn't appeal to him to be led from one fountain of wealth to another by a girl with whom he intended to fall in love, and to have it driven home that he had nothing of his own to offer except a large family, a second-hand car and a blind horse!

"Saturday," he thought, "I'll fall definitely in love; and then I can map out my campaign."

In the meantime it was highly satisfactory to look at her. She was like a fine symphony, or a deft drawing, or a paragraph of flawless prose, or a strong, graceful bridge, or a neat dance step by Pavlowa. She had the proportion, the excitement, the style of a work of art.

But the best part of it was that she remained unaware of all this. No one in Scotch Valley had thought to tell her that she might have been imagined by Arthur Symons and executed by Paul Manship, with music by Respighi.

The picnic began on schedule early Saturday morning. Olive arrived in the roadster, and Gladden noticed with a pang of annoyance that she was wearing red. It was a giddy red, at that, as uncompromising as the brazen gold of her hair. Bertha gave Gladden a queer look. He knew, then, that it is worse than useless to argue with women about clothes; they wear, not what (*Continued on page 74*)

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INTERESTING PEOPLE

He Has Been Chauffeur to Presidents And Kings

FOR years Fifth Avenue's parade-gazers have known Ray Nunnally. They have come to accept him as New York City's special motor driver for her most fêted guests. Not one in a thousand knows his name perhaps, although they all recognize his erect figure and square, Celtic type of face under the angle of his cap. But to police, military and naval aides, secret service men, and all the rank and file of guards and attendants who surround the great, he is as much a part of the panoply of high occasions as the celebrities he pilots.

Taft, Wilson, Coolidge have sat behind him to receive the cheers of the crowd. The Prince of Wales has many times been his passenger. King Albert of the Belgians and Marshal Joffre of France have saluted New York from Ray's car. On other occasions, Ray has been chauffeur for Marconi, Carnegie, Viscount Ishii, the late Senator William A. Clark, and Mary Garden. Mrs. Harding often did her shopping with him. He has driven both Mrs. Wilsons.

For twenty-four years Nunnally has been driving automobiles. Practically all that driving has been done in New York City. Yet, in nearly a quarter of a century behind the wheel of a car, Ray has never got a summons and never had an accident.

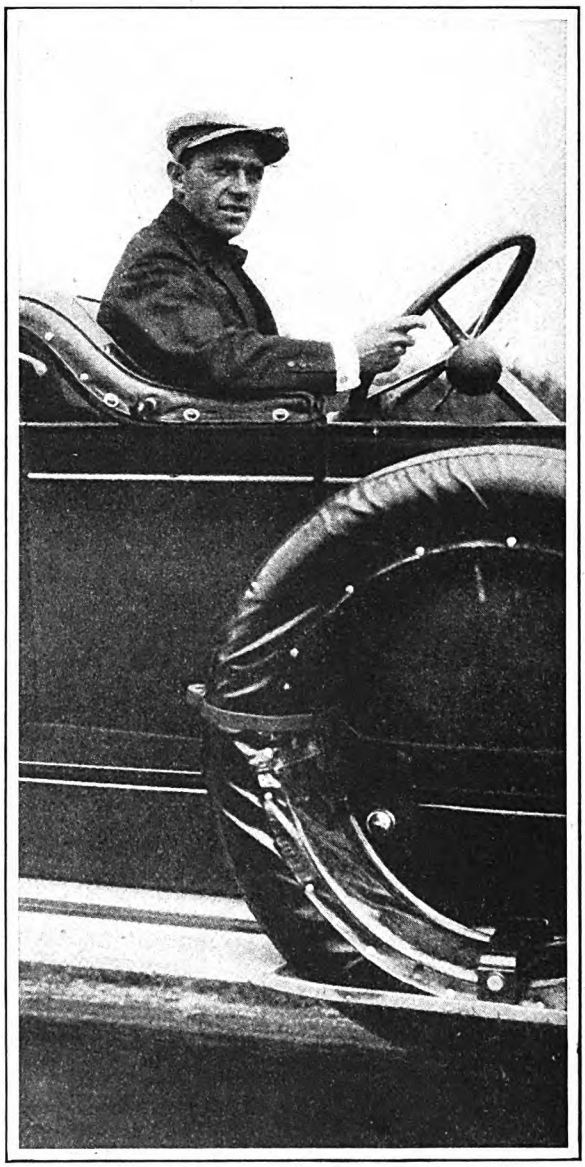
Such a record is perhaps sheer luck. Nunnally says it is. Luck also accounts, in a way, for his unique standing among New York's three hundred and fifty thousand-odd chauffeurs. For years it has been the custom of the big automobile companies to place cars at the disposal of notables on special occasions. And Nunnally is the star driver of one of these companies which has won special favor from Presidents and Kings.

Of these distinguished passengers, Nunnally's first White House patron was President Taft.

"I've never driven too fast for Mr. Taft," says Nunnally. "Of course, on all big occasions, we have to work on a strict time schedule, and there is always something to interfere with it. So the usual custom is to make up the lost time on the road between appointments by driving rapidly.

"That is where a little trick driving comes in. One has to get through traffic fast without appearing to do so. But when President Taft got into my car, I knew we were going to be on time.

"The first time the Prince of Wales visited New York, he worked everyone to death," says Nunnally. "He had to keep going all day. At midnight he would find he was expected to drop in at one or two parties that had been arranged for him. So he often got to bed at four o'clock in the morning; but at nine o'clock he would step into my car, fresh as ever, and ready for another day of it.



Ray Nunnally is the crack driver for an automobile company that places cars at the disposal of distinguished visitors to New York City. During his twenty-four years of service he has driven many notables, including President Wilson and the Prince of Wales

"The Prince of Wales liked my driving too. The last time I saw him he shook hands and said, 'You're a very clever driver, and I wish you'd accept this.' He gave me an enamel and gold tie pin with his coat-of-arms on it."

King Albert of Belgium is a motor enthusiast, and an admirer of good driving. One morning on his New York visit, His Majesty called up Ray's headquarters and suggested that they take a little spin out into the country.

"The King drove, and I sat beside him," says Nunnally. "He is a good driver and he likes to 'step.'

"By the time we were in the country, the King was so interested in the car that he wanted to stop and look at the motor. So we pulled into the driveway in front of a roadhouse and the King got out and examined the car from end to end. He crawled in under the car on his back so that he could see how the brakes were connected.

"When he went away he said to me, 'Nunnally, you're a wonderful driver. I've driven with a good many, but you're the best.' He bought one of the cars we had been using and had it shipped to Belgium."

President Wilson was one of Nunnally's favorites. The President always stopped and shook hands with him after a drive. Once at the Pennsylvania Station in New York Mr. Wilson forgot this attention and started for his train. Mrs. Wilson reminded him of the oversight, and the President immediately came back, shook hands and thanked him.

"I drove President and Mrs. Wilson in the worst crowd I ever saw in New York. It was the night of Wilson's speech in Madison Square Garden, in November, 1916. There was such a mob around the Waldorf that the car could move only a foot at a time."

While Nunnally's job of chauffeur for celebrities is no easy one, he says most of his trouble comes in trying to protect his automobile from enthusiastic crowds. There is a fascination about the car in which a king or prince rides that is irresistible to some people.

"Girls are the worst," says Nunnally, "and next to them come the souvenir hunters.

"A few people always want to jump in and sit for a moment on the seat. Others want to pat the seat, or even touch the car. If there are flowers in a holder, the souvenir hunters try to get them. They will even take metal fixtures from the inside of a limousine.

"Then there are people who seem to think I can introduce them to whomever I am driving. Three young girls once of-

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fered me twenty dollars apiece if I would fix it so they could shake hands with the Prince of Wales."

The automobiles that royalty uses have a very fair sale demand. After each visit of a king or other notable, the motor that conveyed him is eagerly sought out by buyers.

"I've probably had three hundred jobs offered me," Nunnally told me, "jobs with winters at Palm Beach, and summers in Europe thrown in. Tips? Plenty of them. I figure they amount to more than five thousand dollars. The biggest one I ever got was fifty dollars."

Nunnally is married, and lives in New York City. When he is not using his driving skill on state occasions, he is an automobile salesman.

The greatest fault of the ordinary driver, in Nunnally's opinion, is his tendency to uneven pace and direction.

"Most people drive with their eyes on just one car—the one that's ahead of them. They don't pay any attention to the general pace of traffic. They are never traveling at the right speed, and so their cars are never really under control—and that means accidents.

"I can take a car through traffic in an almost straight line and make as good time as the next one. But to do that I can't keep my eyes on only the car or the two cars just ahead of me. I've got to have an idea of what the cars fifty yards ahead of me are going to do." W. S. ABBOTT

American Women See Paris in Mary Bendelari's Shoes

AS YOU loiter along that street of small shops in Paris, the rue Saint Honore, you come upon a high arch between two buildings through which you catch a glimpse of an open courtyard just beyond. Across its cobblestones at its very back stands a small square building with yellow trimmings and window boxes filled with green. It is more like a small, gay bird cage than a building.

In the large high display window are slippers—fairy slippers of woven gold, slippers with toes all stitched in colored raffia, blue satin slippers painted with delicate black and gilt designs and set with rhinestones. Slippers, indeed, such as might have come into being for the Princess Cinderella by the magic of her Fairy Godmother's wand.

And through the glass door one catches glimpses of other gay, attractive things to make glad the feminine heart and foot. They rest on shelves in glass cases against the wall, shut in like bright-colored birds.

It was the idea of Mary Bendelari, an American girl from Joplin, Missouri, to take over the drab little building at the back of the courtyard and paint it up with pale yellow and touches of lavender, both inside and out, and line its floors with lovely soft mauve carpets, and turn it into a place where tired American women sight-seers could come for shoes that would really fit their feet.

Though the enchanting shop was born only last summer, it has already become one of the places which American women visitors to Paris often visit. For it was almost solely for her countrywomen that Miss Bendelari opened it, just as it was for them that she began manufacturing hand-made shoes in Paris four years ago, and now has a factory, employing one hundred and fifty workmen, on the edge of the city.

French shoes do not fit American feet, as every American woman knows who has tried to buy shoes in Paris. The foot of the French woman is short and broad, while that of the American is longer and more narrow.

But there are thousands of American women who have to buy shoes in Paris, for even the stoutest soles wear out under the strain of tramping the galleries and seeing the sights.

Mary Bendelari believed she could earn a good livelihood by going into the business of supplying shoes made on American lasts to the tourist trade. No one with uncomfortable feet can appreciate the Venus de Milo, or the other treasures of the Louvre.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BONNEY, PARIS

Mary Bendelari, formerly of Joplin, Missouri, with her mascot, a peasant shoemaker made of yarn. She has her own shop in Paris, where she sells shoes to fit the American women tourists

She was of an artistic nature, and, when she finished school and went to New York to study costume designing she secured a big and important position designing creations for a smart New York dress firm.

Miss Bendelari's costumes were so successful that she was asked to design for several of Broadway's best productions. And this she did—working out every part of the elaborate ensembles down to the most minute detail, which included shoes.

Miss Bendelari had always been a skillful fancy skater from the time of her boarding-school days in Canada. She was just becoming well established in her work when she hurt her foot one day on the ice.

While she was lying in bed with far less use for shoes than she had ever had in her life, she began reading about them, and studying their history. And, just to while away the long hours she designed the kind of shoes she would like to wear herself.

After a time, her walking was restored, and the first thing she said, after she found that she was going to be able to go about again, was "I am going to make shoes."

But it was not until after she and her mother and her sister had gone to Paris that she really decided to do it. In searching for shoes, she came upon a small group of shoemakers who had been driven from their home in the Balkans by economic pressure, and were plying their art of making hand-made shoes in Paris.

Among other things, they were making the woven sandals worn by the natives of their own land. The possibilities of adapting these sandals to shoes built on American lasts appealed to Miss Bendelari at once.

It had been through the friendly offices of a young woman of her acquaintance that Miss Bendelari had found the peasant shoemakers. The other girl was also interested in making shoes. Together they decided to experiment, hired a small room and an experienced shoemaker, got what machinery was necessary and started in. Miss Bendelari financed the venture.

And then the girl friend withdrew. But just at that time, Mary's father came to Paris from Joplin, and invited Mary to go on a trip with him through Italy. She asked him to give her the thousand dollars the trip would cost, and let her put it into her business.

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Gradually she added more workmen to her staff—shoemakers from Russia, Bohemia, Czechoslovakia, Serbia, and other countries. One knew how to enamel Russian designs on leather. Another had the secret of painting gilt slippers with roses of powdered glass.

Miss Bendelari sought larger quarters, and undertook production on a larger scale. She began exporting her shoes. People in the shoe trade began watching her, and consulting her, and copying her styles. In 1925, the Shoe Congress invited her to talk to them.

A few days after the opening of her present shop, a very noted dancer came in and took away with her ten pairs of shoes. No one in the world is more fussy about the fit and quality of her shoes, as everyone knows who makes shoes. It thrilled Mary Bendelari. And thrilled even more the sales girl in the Bendelari shop who fitted the dancer to her ten pairs. She is an American college girl from St. Louis. All the girls who are helping Mary Bendelari run her shop are old school friends. They think selling shoes in Paris is a great adventure and are taking courses in art and going to opera in their spare hours.

BETTY SHANNON

Rice is the Man in His One-Man Town

RICELAND, OHIO, is a town boasting of a good hotel and restaurant, a piano store, an automobile accessories store, a gasolene filling station, a large garage, a nine-hole golf-course, and a real-estate business; but it has little population. Apparently it does not need any. The gross revenue at Riceland is already in excess of $50,000 a year, and next year is expected to reach $75,000.

Riceland is located on the Lincoln Highway between Massillon and Wooster, Ohio, at the intersection of a road to Orrville, Ohio, Akron, and Cleveland. From Massillon it is fourteen miles; from Wooster, nine; from Orrville, three. All around are the rolling, rich corn fields of Wayne County, with occasional farmhouses and villages of three or four hundred inhabitants.

The proprietor of the town is T. E. Rice. His enterprise constitutes a distinctive method of merchandising.

Until after the war Mr. Rice conducted a music store in Wooster, Ohio. Much of his business was with pianos sold on a basis of "pay while you play"; that is, with a small sum down, and the balance on time. Before the war the scheme had worked well; after the war it did not.

The deferred-payment plan seemed to have been applied to all possible products. The collector who got around first was the one who got the money. If the purchaser had only enough for the radio man, the piano dealer had to wait, or take back his piano. Besides all that, the landlord, complaining of much higher taxes, demanded one hundred and fifty dollars a month instead of seventy-five dollars.

Whereupon, Mr. Rice did a usual, and then a very unusual, thing. He held a removal sale, and, that over, went nine miles into the country and started a town of his own. He wanted a new class of customers; he wanted freedom from rent.

At the point where the Orrville road runs to a dead end at the Lincoln Highway Mr. Rice bought a seventy-acre farm. To this he afterward added twenty-six acres. The brick building he put up at the corner is seventy feet wide, with storerooms below and hotel rooms above. Back of that is the brick garage.

In the center of the main building is the restaurant and hotel entrance. At one end is the piano store, at the other the accessories store. The gasolene station is in front, the golf course across the highway.

Mr. Rice, with his wife and son, conducts all the different enterprises, except the restaurant and garage. The space for these he rents for $102.50 a month, or $1,230 a year, the sum in itself a reasonable return on the money invested in the two buildings, approximately $25,000.

The hotel is to be enlarged. It has nine rooms now; but hardly a night passes, except in winter when automobile travel is slack, that they go unoccupied. Tired motorists driving out of the darkness on the transcontinental highway are startled by the brilliantly-lighted citylike building in the open country. Enough of them stop and enter their names in the hotel register to yield net profits of one hundred dollars a month, which is a very fair return on the investment.

The cross-roads golf course run by Mr. Rice is as trim as that of a country club. The country-club idea prevails, in fact, for one hundred and fifty golfers pay twenty-five dollars apiece for season tickets to play on it. They live in nearby towns that have no course, or in small cities where a golfer, to play, must own stock in a country club. Outsiders are welcome if they pay a greens fee of one dollar.

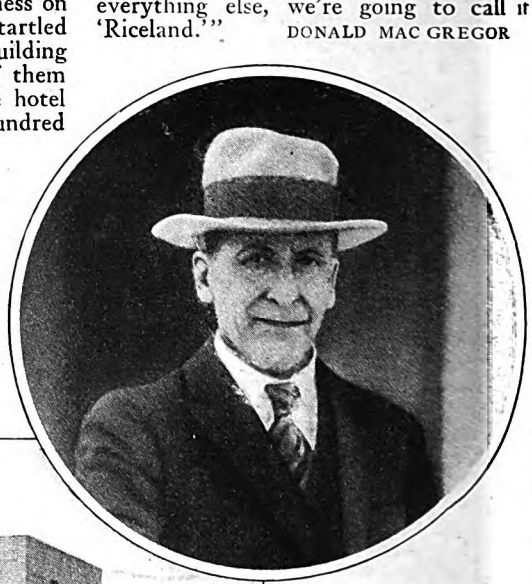
Mr. Rice evolved the golf course idea to interest his son, who prefers outdoor life to music-store routine. Two workmen keep the place in shape. The cost of maintenance comes from the sale of tickets; the profits from the greens fees.

Mr. Rice, along with his other work, sells building lots in town. Incidentally, an acre that cost $500 two years ago makes three lots now, at $500 apiece.

The music store is what might be expected in a small city. Besides phonographs, records and sheet music, it holds twenty-five or thirty pianos of various values and styles. The store sells about seventy a year.

"When I got the idea of coming here, my family thought it a joke," said Mr. Rice. "Yes, there may be a town on this corner some day. I suppose there will be. Getting a name for the place worried me at first. Finally, since this is a location of Rice's piano store, Rice's automobile store, Rice's hotel, Rice's golf course and Rice's everything else, we're going to call it 'Riceland.'"

DONALD MAC GREGOR



THE GREEN STUDIO, NEW PHILADELPHIA, OHIO

T. E. Rice, who ran a music store in Wooster, Ohio, until the taxes went up and his landlord raised the rent. Then he went out on Lincoln Highway between Massillon and Wooster, and built a town of his own. Riceland contains stores, a hotel, garage, and a golf course. Rice, with his wife and son, runs these enterprises

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Even the Men She Sentences Learn to Like Judge Ker

THREE HUNDRED dollars fine—that's the maximum. And I'm not fining you the limit because of having liquor in your possession, but because of your attitude in this court-room. Your children are entitled to a good example. If you smile sarcastically at the power of the law, then you need an awakening. But," and this was added kindly, "you may pay your fine in instalments, if that will make it any easier."

The speaker was Julia Waldrip Ker, woman police judge of Olympia, Washington. As she addressed the man before her, his smile faded, giving place to an expression of marked respect. Mrs. Ker has won the respect of everyone in Olympia, not only because she is the woman police judge, but also because she is an extremely able lawyer.

This I discovered when I tried to interview her, for I had to wait my turn among a crowd of men and women who confidently expected her to right their wrongs or straighten out their difficulties. She had three traffic violators and four liquor offenders coming up on the police court calendar that afternoon, and in the morning a personal injury suit, in which she represented the plaintiff, opened in the Superior Court.

Mrs. Ker was brought up in the state of Washington. She was married when she was a young girl. A few years later, she was left with two small children, hardly more than babies, and no way of providing for them. But she didn't give herself time to worry about the future. She took a course in stenography and typewriting, and went to work in a lawyer's office in Shelton, at a salary of forty dollars a month.

"My employer kept telling me I had a legal mind, and finally I began to believe him," Judge Ker told me. "And of course I knew that I could never pay for the education I wanted for my children on a stenographer's salary. So I started digging into law books."

She worked all day at the office, tried to keep house and care for her babies after she got home, and when the babies were safely tucked in bed she studied law. The thought of those sleeping children was a great inspiration to her while she sat with the big books propped up in front of her on a dry-goods box, and plugged away by the light of a kerosene lamp.

She had never been to high school, and had to pass college entrance examinations before she tried for those that would admit her to the bar. It took her just three years to pass both.

Mrs. Ker was admitted to the practice of law in the state of Washington in 1912. She served her apprenticeship as law clerk and secretary to several Supreme Court judges of Washington, and in 1915 entered the active practice of law in Olympia, the capital of Washington. In November, 1925, she was appointed police judge of that city, an honor that had never before been bestowed on a woman.

As police judge, she handles only criminal cases, these numbering about ninety a month. Seventy-five per cent of these are violations of the liquor law, for the thick wooded hills back of Olympia are frequented by moonshiners.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MAUDE JAY WILSON, OLYMPIA, WASH.

Mrs. Julia Waldrip Ker, lawyer and police judge of Olympia, Washington, with her little granddaughter, Shirley. When a young woman, Mrs. Ker was left with two children to support. She worked in a law office and studied at night to pass her bar examinations

"I'm not satisfied when I fine a man, or put him in jail," Judge Ker says. "I want to help the bootleggers and moonshiners break away from this new 'business' that has spread so rapidly in recent years. Every time one of these men comes with an instalment of his fine, I have a little talk with him. Pretty soon he tells me about his wife and family. I try to show him that his children will be looked down on, or his wife avoided, because he is a bootlegger. And that gets a man sooner than any jail sentence or fine in the world.

"If the law is to be administered well, we must consider each case personally, make offenders see the purpose of the law, feel the seriousness of breaking laws, and instill in them a desire to do better next time.

"I make it a rule always to stand by my officers. If they say a man was speeding, I'm pretty sure he *was*. The officer's speedometer is tested, his word is tried daily, and he must have the backing of the court if respect for law is to be maintained."

As a lawyer, Mrs. Ker specializes in non-contestant cases. She has many divorce suits and some probate work. She draws her practice from half a dozen large counties.

Judge Ker secures divorces for only about half of the couples who apply to her. "Where there is any affection left," she says, "I always try to bring husband and wife together again, especially if there are children. It cuts down my bank account; but I get it all back in personal satisfaction.

"Sometimes my efforts at a reconciliation are misplaced. Not long ago two sisters came to me for divorces. After several weeks of conferences between husbands and wives, they returned home together. It looked as though they were going to live as happily ever after as the prince and princess in a fairy story. Just three weeks later, another lawyer got the divorces, and a nice fat fee for the job. But I wasn't sorry—I had done what I could to straighten things out.

"I believe there would be fewer unhappy women to-day, and fewer child delinquents if a woman who has made an unfortunate marriage would strive for economic independence. Too many wives are so terrified at the prospect of an unpaid grocery bill that they endure cruelty for years, rearing their children in an atmosphere of bitterness and hatred. It's easier for women to break away from unhappy homes in these days. There is another even more important result of the increased economic independence of women; that is, girls no longer have to get married because there is no other bread-and-butter job open to them. I believe that this condition is gradually making far wiser and happier marriages."

Mrs. Ker lives with her mother and her little granddaughter. She swims, plays bridge, and goes to the movies for relaxation, and she's very fond of detective stories.

MARIE ROSE DUNBAR

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This Parson Raises Strawberries to Pay For His $50,000 Church

AWAY down in the hill region of the Ozark Mountains of Missouri, in a town named Ozark, which has some eight hundred inhabitants, there is a big church, and a preacher who also is of considerable size, Rev. J. J. Parten by name. Out in the country a few miles there is a ten-acre strawberry patch. It is the connection between the church and strawberry patch that this story is about.

Preacher Parten belongs to the hill region. He was born there, grew up there and, by every token, is a native, yet not so different from other preachers to be found in the small towns far removed from the Ozarks. He doesn't slick up much. It isn't required in the hill country. They say he never waxes eloquent in the pulpit, nor gets excited over petty civic problems. He goes quietly about his business, never taking upon himself any of the credit that is due him.

Years ago, when Reverend Mr. Parten was called to the pastorate in Ozark, he found his church house greatly in need of repair—with the usual lack of funds for such labors. As a result, his people were not attending worship with any regularity.

To make matters worse, the State Highway Department began its extensive plan of road-building down in the hills, which gave the autoists new avenues of entertainment. Mr. Parten saw all of his young people leaving the church and Sunday-school for other activities, until finally he faced possible abandonment of his church, because of the lack of funds. So he called in the members of the board and told them to make arrangements for a new church building, and he would contrive to pay for it somehow.

Soon the old building was removed from its place on the public square, and carpenters began the new structure. No one knew how much it was to cost, since no definite arrangements had been made about the means of raising the money. But they went on working and borrowing money, until the job was finished, and then a final check-up showed that, including fixtures both up-stairs and down, their institution had cost nearly fifty thousand dollars, with an indebtedness for almost the full amount.

Just as the preacher had predicted, the church began to grow and prosper. New faces appeared in Sunday-school and church. More funds drifted in than had ever before been found in the contribution boxes; but with all the added income the board could not see its way out of its indebtedness. And here is where Preacher Parten jumped into the breach. At one of the board meetings he suggested that he help pay for the building by growing strawberries, and asked for ten acres of land for a period of five years.

A member of the congregation who had a rough hill farm covered with a mass of small stones offered Parten the required amount of ground, and he gathered a bunch of boys to help him roll stumps and brush off the patch. They prepared and planted it to berries in the spring of 1922. The preacher and the boys kept the weeds pulled during the first summer, and when spring came in the second season of their history, the plants blossomed, and bore a wonderful crop of fruit.

Picking gangs were organized in the church. Men and women and young folks all joined the crowd that donated its time in preparing the berries for shipment. All of the first-grade strawberries were sold through a marketing association in another section of the state, which made room in refrigerator cars that were consigned as far away as New England and Canada.

Because Ozark berries are firm, and ripen early with a luscious flavor, high prices rewarded the growers. All of the fruit not shipped was sold locally for home canning. A final summary of the first year's profits netted the church close to $226 per acre, which gave them over two thousand dollars to apply on the indebtedness, a sum the bankers received as the initial payment.

It was a great lesson to the large and small land owners near by, who had been cultivating grain crops on the stony hillsides, with little if any profit. Immediately scores of them set about to grow berries in a small way.

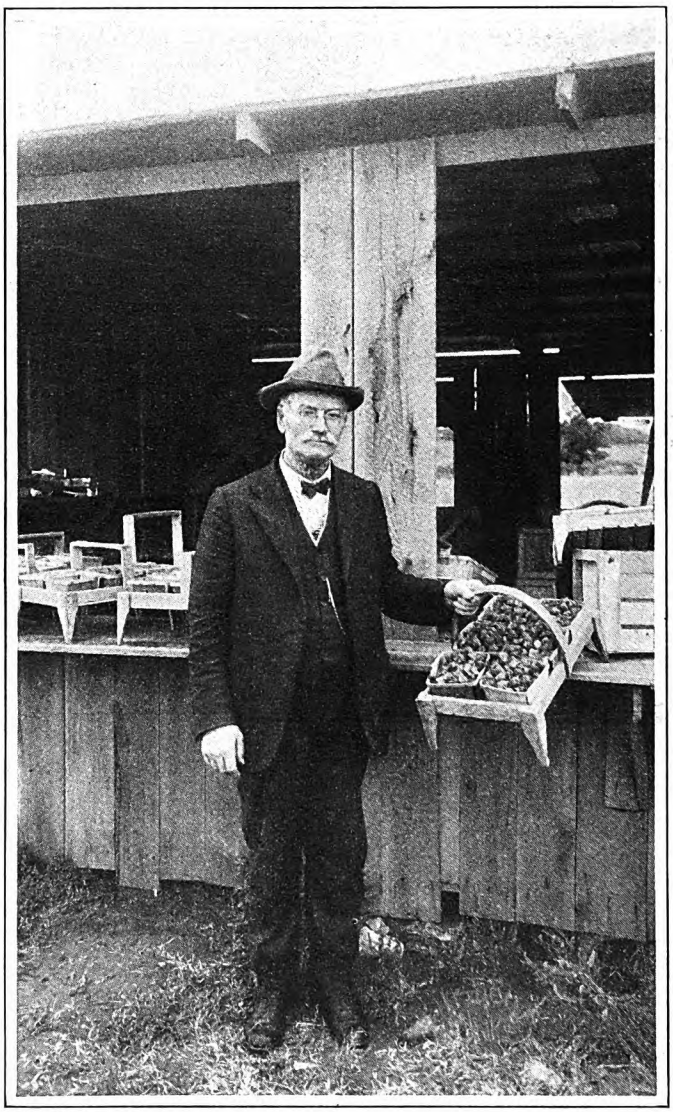
The second picking season for Reverend Mr. Parten brought greater rewards than the first. Notwithstanding the fact that he had to pay men to pick and pack their crop, the church netted over $378 per acre from the patch.

In the spring of 1925, their efforts netted them a total of $417 per acre. This last spring a late dry season cut their net returns down to $312 per acre. The slight let-down last spring did not, however, deter the farmers the least bit. In addition to the grand total of hundreds of plots already given over to strawberries near Ozark, over eleven hundred acres of new patches were set out, and it would seem, from the number of new settlers who have bought cheap land back in the hills, that an even greater acreage will be planted this coming season.

All of the first-grade berries have been marketed through the coöperative association that handled their first crop, and who have since established grading bureaus and loading stations near the little hill town of Ozark. A total of some $10,000 has been paid on the church debt in four bearing seasons; but in the future that debt will melt away faster than ever, because the "hill" preacher, besides directing the picking and packing of last season's crop, also directed the planting of another patch that will double their acreage, and, they hope, their annual profits.

And Mr. Parten now has a successful church. Everything in Ozark seems to center pretty much around it. All sorts of horticultural, agricultural, and civic gatherings, to say nothing of basket suppers, are held in the spacious basement of their building.

LON SCOTT



SCOTT FEATURES

When Mr. Parten took a pastorate at Ozark, Missouri, the congregation was scattered and the church in disrepair. So he went into debt to build a $50,000 house of worship, and he's raising strawberries to pay for it

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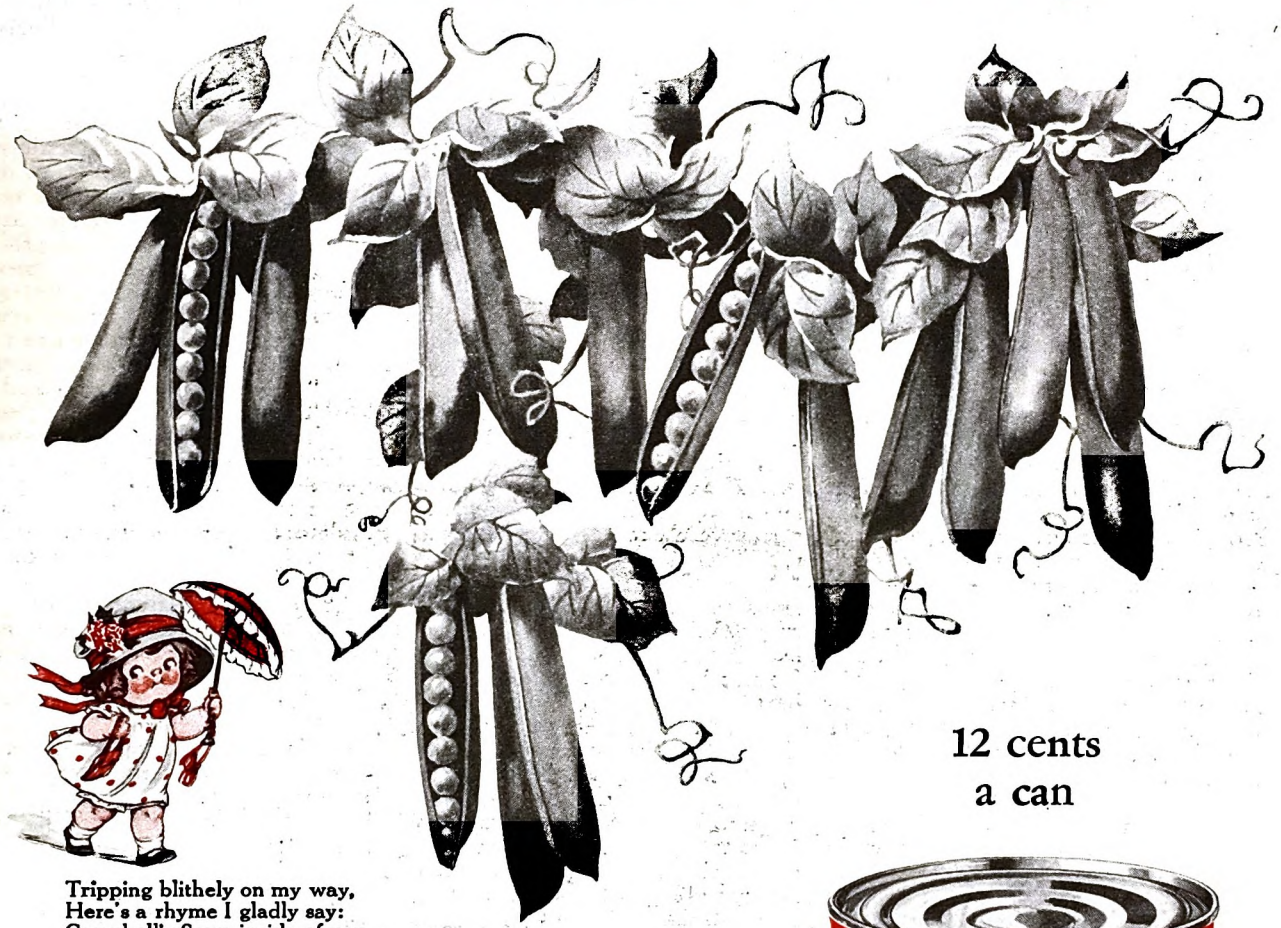
Rich vegetable nutriment in this delicious Pea Soup!



Tripping blithely on my way,
Here's a rhyme I gladly say:
Campbell's Soup inside of you
Makes you happy through and through.

12 cents a can

It is a wise mother who serves good pea soup as a regular dish on her table, not only for the sake of her children but for every one in the family.

Campbell's Pea Soup is pure, rich, wholesome vegetable food—the kind of food that contributes so much to rosy, vigorous health.

Sweet delicious peas are blended by Campbell's in a smooth puree, with golden country butter and delicate seasoning. A soup that mothers can trust for its strict quality and that all enjoy for its appealing pea flavor. Especially attractive prepared as Cream of Pea Soup according to the simple directions on the label.

Campbell's SOUPS

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

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"Scotch Valley"

(*Continued from page 67*)

men prefer, but what they themselves consider becoming.

Bertha was going to the picnic in the new dress with the patent-leather belt; she wore the new silk stockings and a pair of high-heeled slippers. Olive's shoes were rubber-soled. She moved with typical grace and ease, balanced on earth like a young animal.

She said to Bertha, "How pretty you are!" And to Gladden's surprise, Bertha answered, "Not as pretty as you!"

"Well," he thought, "they'll be friends. That's that. They'll get along." His spirits rose. He forgot both of them in the pleasurable excitement of stowing the portable part of the picnic into the car.

THE children's faces were transfigured. Pete was pale with anticipation, restrained, on the verge of that nervous elation which slips easily into depression. Pete enjoyed happiness anxiously and seriously; he was afraid of dropping and cracking a single precious instant.

Nancy and Henry were frozen into their new respectability, conscious of starched skirts and clean khaki pants, stiff shoes and brown-ribbed stockings. Some gypsy element in Lily's blood broke free. She was a new soul making footprints in experience. She was mischievous and diamond-eyed and fearless. She was exquisite. She made of the picnic a primitive occasion, a feast, and a romp of godlings.

Gladden thought, "I wish we could have a picnic every day. It sensitizes the mind. It knocks all the old stale ideas into a cocked hat. Already, I'm free. I don't care what happens. You'd think, at my age, that the cheerful business of being young would begin to wear a little stale. But for heaven's sake don't stop to analyze anything!"

"Here, Pete," he bawled, "give me a hand with this box!"

Everything was different, because it was Saturday and because this was a picnic. Already the ranch had receded into a rather wistful distance. If you thought of Tuerta, the cats, and the goat, you wanted to cry, only you were too happy to manage it. Billoo was a member of the party. He ran heavily through the sand, chasing sea gulls and barking. From the top of the dunes, where the cars had to be left, Billoo looked like a strange dog. But everything was strange.

Even the sky, which was threaded with tissue-like clouds. And the earth, which was white and sang beneath your feet, and dragged at your heels and seeped into your shoes. Even the trees, squat cypresses that flattened themselves out to escape the wind, trees that crawled and twisted and unjointed themselves, like contortionists on a square of carpet.

The children ran down the dunes toward the sea, arms outstretched as if they could embrace everything. The warm sea in this place stole softly upon a vast semicircle of white sand, the waves dissolving into a hiss of bubbles that ran up a little way and broke in the sun. Far out, an invisible reef foamed and surged. And farther still a ship trailed an enormous banner of black smoke that reached from one end of the horizon to the other.

The children squatted on the rim of wet sand and took off their shoes and stockings. Bare toes curled away from unaccustomed wetness. Heels sank deep, pressing out moisture. The children's legs, brown and covered with a fine silvery down, splashed into the waves that hissed up and hissed back again. "Cold! Cold! Cold!" They ran out, capering and shrieking. Even Pete forgot himself. Olive waded too; but Bertha would not.

"Don't be silly, Bertha," Gladden said, digging his own toes into the gritty coolness.

But she shook her head, and left them, a small red figure growing smaller and smaller in the great white globe of sea and sky. Her going worried Gladden; it made him mad. "I don't see why she has to sulk, when the rest of us are having a good time."

He found it hard to concentrate on the fact that he was alone with Olive, and that now was the time to let himself fall headlong into love. It wasn't fair of Bertha. He watched her until the glare of light hurt his eyes.

She had been so quiet lately. Actually, she had tried to reform. He had come upon her sweeping out the arbor, or washing and ironing the younger children's clothes. Unconsciously, perhaps, he had begun to depend on her to make the beds, to keep the kitchen in order, and to bathe Nancy and Lily. Awkward, absorbed, bewildered, she tried to help him.

Now that he thought of it, Bertha, for Bertha, was transformed. The change had taken place under his eyes, and he had failed to notice it until now. Trifles occurred to him: Bertha, covered with defacing smudges, trying to black the stove. Bertha, scrubbing the back of her neck. Or flapping the ragged blankets out of the window. Or crooking a little finger delicately at dinner.

"Confound it!" he thought. "She's growing up. She's ashamed. As if bare legs—"

Olive's bare legs were like silk: warm brown fading upward into milky white. The wind lifted the thick, brazen hair away from her forehead, showing the smooth brow; she looked like a little girl, startled, innocent, and gay.

THIS was a lonely place. Wherever you looked, there were no houses, no people. Only Billoo, chasing sea gulls, and the children, seeming to walk in a glass sphere, bright little figures infinitely brave and dear. They were part of the loneliness, and yet apart from it.

Later, they would go back to houses and beds, while all this world of sea and birds and beach would be alone under a dark sky. The tide would reach in, leaving slippery kelp and stranded shells. There would be a whisper and murmur of voices over the dunes; wind, blowing the sand, twisting the coarse grass, nudging the cypresses. Far out, the reef would reach up and sink down, white, white and silent under a crystal arch of stars.

"Catch me! Catch me!" Olive cried. The children gave chase, in and out of the water, splashing and shrieking. The momentary shadow of loneliness had passed. They forgot Gladden, the everlasting grown-up, and were themselves.

Gladden sat down to watch them. He put his stockings and shoes on again, wondering why he had wanted to imitate these small, thoughtless, pagan humans. He lay back on the sand, stretching his arms above his head.

He was startled by Olive's voice, her face just over his, upside down. "Lazy! Lazy! We're going to have lunch!"

"Lunch!"

"Lunch!"

They swarmed up the dunes to the cars. Gladden tumbled the boxes out. "Everybody gather firewood!"

He found a hollow behind one of the dunes, a scooped-out place filled with warm sunlight. Here, he made a fire of smooth gray cypress sticks, very old and powdery and fragrant. He enjoyed showing Pete how to lay the foundation. Then the cone of large branches, built like a wigwam.

"Indians used to be here," Pete said. "Gosh, I wish—"

He retreated behind his dream of smooth brown warriors, of *conquistadores* in metal helmets and velvet doublets, of priests and tawny topaz galleons drifting on oily seas.

OLIVE set the table. The sandwiches were gritty, of course. The coffee pot, scorched like a burning brand, sizzled and sputtered. Olive crouched on her heels, laughing at Pete, who had bitten off more than he could chew.

How lovely she was, how desirable. Gladden imagined himself married to her. She was real, clear, and flaming, close to him. He wondered whether it was essential to feel more than he already felt before asking her to marry him. He had planned all this: the picnic, the jubilee of sunlight and laughter; now, he was impatient of the very thing he wanted.

Here was beauty, and it was enough. If he spoke to her, demanded that she love him, he might shatter the clear crystal of the moment. "I love you. I love you." He said it over to himself, while he ate gritty sandwiches and drank scorched coffee without any sugar. Someone had forgotten. . . .

"Where's Bertha?"

They all looked up, startled.

Nancy's face quivered, her lip drooped. "Bertha!" As if they could forget Bertha. But happiness had made them forget.

"I'll go!"

Gladden raced over the top of the dune and down. At first he could not see her anywhere, there was such a glare of light, so faint a tracing where sea and sand met. The wavering line of surf, shallow, tepid, lazy, broke into his vision and bewildered him.

When at last he saw her, he began to shout and to run. The little fool. The

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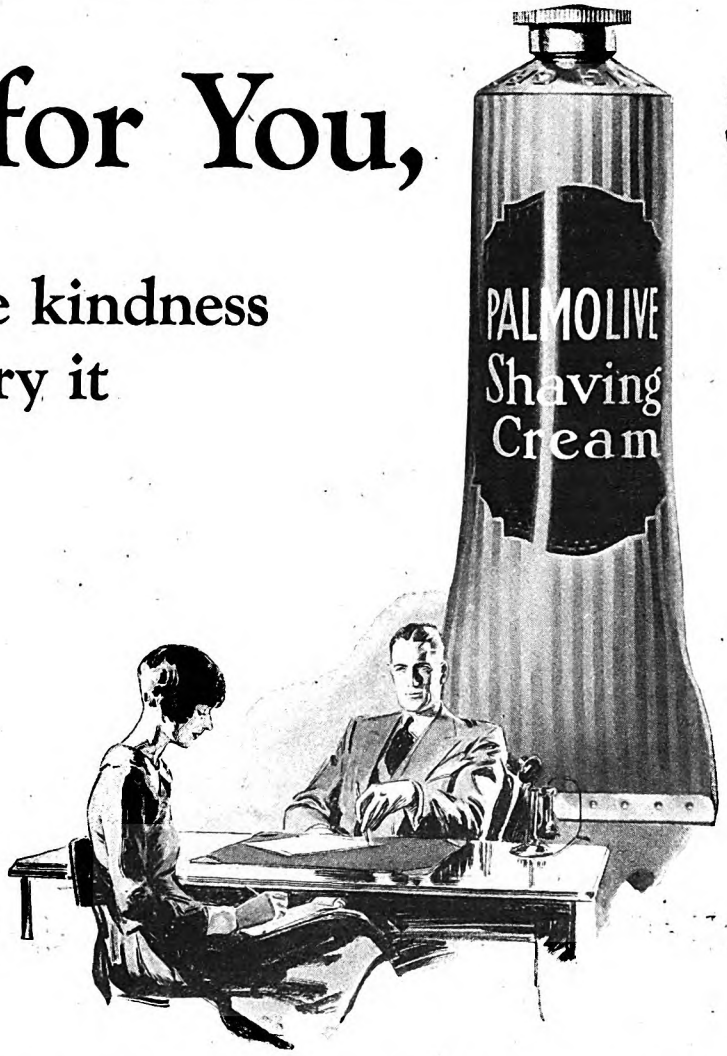

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little fool. She was wading out into the water. Alone. Purposefully. As if she intended to walk in, over her head. Gladden tried to hold her back. She either could not or would not hear him. The red dress sank into the water as step by step she advanced.

Gladden stumbled to his knees, and when he got up again the water had reached her shoulders. He began to swear. He knew now why she was frightening him. She was jealous. Maybe, after all, she loved him. Not love. Maybe she was fond of him. It was his fault for not having known that jealousy is a dark and bitter suffering, a dangerous poison.

Suddenly she disappeared.

Gladden ran, but he could not make any speed; the ground moved backward. His teeth were chattering. Everybody has a pet fear, and Gladden's was the fear of drowning. That was why he made such an extraordinary swimmer: he was swimming away from his fear.

Now he ran with fear at his heels. The water took him. Cold. Not tepid. Cold. It bubbled and hissed past his ears. Groping down for her, his hand touched her dress. Dead? He pulled hard and brought her to the surface. Limp dress. Limp, streaming braids. Suddenly she shook her head, struck away from him and laughed. He saw her eyes, full of a bitter, adult mischief, a ferocious and tender suffering.

"Catch me! Catch me!"

And she swam away, hand over hand, straight out to sea.

Later, Gladden found her slippers on the beach. She had kicked them off when she saw him running toward her, had tried deliberately to frighten him.

She swam like a boy, with swift, strong, overhead strokes. It was all Gladden could do, in his heavy clothing and waterlogged shoes, to overtake her. When he did, he shouted at her, "You ought to be ashamed! I didn't know you could swim."

She circled around him, puffing and laughing. "Pop taught me, when I was a little kid. We used to come over here, just him and me."

"He and I."

"It sounds queer."

"It's correct, nevertheless."

Gladden started back, riding the smother, that hissed like siphoned water and was infinitely smooth and warm. "Let her drown," he thought. "I guess she can follow me." He plunged under, and opened his eyes.

THE picnic was spoiled for everyone except Bertha. She had taken the center of the stage away from Olive and Gladden. An unexpected audacity had made of her a potential creature of mystery. She was at Gladden's side when he touched the shallows, and she waded out, molded in red, with already a little spark of victory in her eyes.

Gladden saw then that she was possessed of something brave, ruthless, and fatal. For a moment he was afraid, not for her but for himself.

They climbed the dune in silence. The sand weighted their wet clothes, stuck to their legs. They grew heavier with every step.

"Did I scare you?" she asked presently.

"It would have served you right," he said darkly, "if you had drowned!"

"I can't drown," she assured him.

"No," he thought, "you can't; you swim like a young seal. But I'll be hanged if I tell you so, because you want me to! How can I make love to Olive after this?"

With a feeling of angry frustration, he delivered Bertha to her triumph.

They surrounded her. Their voices were shrill with excitement and fear. They looked at her as if she were a stranger, a fascinating newcomer. They dried her out before the fire. They gave her hot coffee. They slapped her hands and rubbed her arms and unbraided her hair, spreading it across her shoulders. They questioned her, and cried over her.

She had one more weapon, however. She turned blue. She began to chatter. Worse, she sneezed.

"We must take her home at once," Olive said to Gladden. "She's catching cold!"

They stamped on the fire, scattering the charred wood, packed the boxes again.

The picnic was over.

A WEEK later, Hansen drove out from Vaccatown and advised Gladden to relay the pipes to the dam. "Why take it to court? The law's on your side. If Pelgram interferes again, you've got him."

"I'd do it like a shot. Only, I can't pay for the material."

"I know a man who'll help you out. The day you came to Scotch Valley, you spoke to a man who was driving a small coupé. You remember?"

"Yes. But how—"

"He didn't forget you. He came in to see me yesterday. His name's Beale. Charlie Beale. He's a scout for one of the oil companies."

Gladden looked uncertain. "A scout?"

"He makes his living tracking down oil. Not with a willow wand; it's not as easy as that. He has a certain amount of scientific knowledge and a sixth sense where oil is concerned. Sometimes he finds it; sometimes he doesn't. He spotted the Smith wells up the Valley. He might be induced to take an oil lease on this property for his company."

"A lease?"

"It amounts to this: The big fellows aren't interested in you, personally; they are concerned only with the possibility of oil on your property. They don't want it now; but they might want it in the future. So they lease your property. You retain a nominal interest, and if oil is found you benefit. If not, you still have your land, your orchards. They won't touch the trees."

"Why not do my own drilling? Look at the Smiths!"

"Leased! To Beale and his crowd. The Smiths are living on royalties. They had four hundred acres, all of it good land. Either way, they were lucky."

Hansen rose, a mountain of good-humored flesh. "The time's coming when we'll need all the oil we can get. The earth is being sucked dry. Her ribs are being picked of coal. Her timber's going fast. Against that eventuality, Beale is crawling on his hands and knees all over California, sniffing for the precious essence."

"What makes him think there is oil on this place?"

"There's oil everywhere in the Valley."

"I'd like to drill my own well!"

"You'd need at least fifty thousand. Better cultivate your garden. And leave the rest to Beale. I'll send him out to see you."

Beale appeared a few days later.

He had exchanged the frivolous coupé for a white-enameled roadster. "How d' you do? My name's Beale. Perhaps you remember me."

"Of course."

"You found the children, eh? Hansen says you're doing mighty well out here."

Gladden smiled. "We aren't hungry," he admitted.

Beale glanced around the yard. Gladden had repaired the broken fences. He had raked and burned the fallen leaves.

"Looks pretty shipshape to me. I see you've plowed. You must intend to improve the place. You don't want to sell, do you?"

"I can't. The property belongs to the children."

"But you might lease, eh?"

"I might."

"*H-mm.* Would you mind letting me walk around a bit? I'd like to see the view from the top of that hill over there—where the horse is grazing."

On the way up the hill, Beale stooped to pick up bits of rock, which he examined with the aid of a pocket magnifying glass. He crumbled clods of earth between his fingers, and sniffed at them, staining the end of his long nose. But he seemed most deeply concerned with the slope and the form of the land, the shallow hollows, the smooth contours, the broad depressions.

THEY gained the summit of the hill, and sat down. Gladden liked this spot, since it afforded a view of the mountains, the sea, and a great checkerboard panorama of farm lands, orchards, towns. Far off, a little train—engine, cars, caboose—moved like a toy in and out of groves and culverts.

"Freight," Beale said. He made a vague gesture. "This is a great country. A great state. Things moving. Growing. There's no end to it. I'm glad to be alive, and to be a part of it. When I get up above it, like this, I feel small, but I feel proud. It's mine, just as it's yours and the next fellow's."

Without further preamble, in a dry, emotionless voice, Beale made an offer. So much down and so much a year, and royalty.

Gladden accepted. He reminded himself that it was his duty. In no other way could he be certain of saving the orchards. In no other way could he put Pelgram to the test, and either conquer him or surrender to him.

He had not seen the rancher since the trial. But Pete had been ordered away from the wire fence, threatened by one of Pelgram's men, who patrolled the barrier with a rifle under his arm, on the lookout for any attempt to bridge the canyon.

Gladden decided that a fight was just about what he needed to restore his self-respect. Bertha had made a fool of him, and he had made a fool of himself by not letting her sneeze her head off while he took Olive aside and asked her to marry him. That would have clinched matters. Either he would have been engaged, or not. It looked now as if he had lost his

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best chance for a romantic setting and a spirit of joyous freedom. He was too busy for any more interludes.

The roof leaked, and had to be repaired. The trees had to be pruned. He had to make preparations for a possible frost. There was wood to chop and stack. The windbreak needed attention. The goat was sick. Tuerta lost a shoe, and had to be led all the way to Vaccatown to the only blacksmith in the country. The barn required cleaning. The well . . . the car . . .

The daily need of food, more food, to fill hungry mouths. A garden to be fertilized and planted. And Christmas only a few weeks away. The dawning wistfulness of things, incredible things, wanted. Roller skates. Dolls. Boats. Bicycles. No money. No money.

"I accept," he said to Beale. "If you'll meet me at Hansen's office to-morrow, we can conclude the deal. The land, or, rather, the oil, is yours." He added, to placate his own feeling of uneasiness, "If any!"

Again he deposited money in the Vaccatown bank, and recovered his lost balance, both financial and moral. He felt now that he could challenge Pelgram openly, and determine for once and for all whether the rancher was bluffing or whether, through some obscure twist of the law, he could claim all the water in the creek for his own purposes.

The pipes were ordered, and delivered just before the second hard rain made the ford temporarily impassable. A rush of water carried the planks away, cut deeply into the banks and, in places, overflowed the road. The children were excited and stimulated by the pounding roar on the roof, the gushing torrents that poured straight out from the eaves like tea from a kettle's spout. They relished the novelty of isolation, the mild danger of encroaching floods, the new, threatening voice of the creek that had become a river, foaming and roaring over the rocks.

When the sun came out, the great tumble of water receded. Soon the rocks emerged, and Gladden was able to jump across. Pete followed.

IN THE morning, Gladden carried the younger children to the bus; but Billoo, howling, refused the hazard.

An Italian came out from town to help, for a consideration of eight dollars a day, with the work of laying the pipes. His name was Calabri. Born, he said, in Prato, near Florence, forty years ago. But he had no memories of it; for him the old city had neither associations nor meaning. He preferred the New World.

Yet Gladden suspected that he remained at heart a Florentine. He had the Tuscan's gift of mockery and quick, cruel wit. And his lunch consisted of veal, romanello cheese, black bread and spaghetti! He washed it down with dark red wine from a milk bottle.

Gladden explained that they might meet opposition. He displayed Manuel's revolver.

"I carry this—in case—"

"Sure!" Calabri slapped his coat pocket. "I'm already ready. I don't shoot, if I don't have to. But sometimes I have to. Plenty bums. Even in Cal-i-forn-ia."

"Don't shoot unless you're shot at. That's a good rule. But I thought I'd warn you."

It was slow work. Day after day, the Italian drove out to the ranch in his battered car, that ran, apparently, from force of habit, since it had no care and stood unprotected in any weather, like a neglected horse.

They repaired the trestles, shifting them so that the pipe line would bridge the canyon at its most shallow point. Thereafter, the line was to cross the river, avoiding Pelgram's property, as far as the dam, where in the old days of the Sandow's tenancy both ranches had drawn their supply.

Snow had fallen in the mountains. Melting, it poured into the valleys, joining the swollen springs, the rivers, the rain-flooded gullies and canyons. Where no water had been for so long, now there were leaping, yellow torrents. Rain fell only to rise in vaporous clouds, and to fall again.

The gradual deepening of green crept across the earth. So slow it was, so sure, it was there before you knew! This curious spring in winter, when the soil flowers and the wind is cold. Soon grass and oats were ankle-deep. "Early, this year," Calabri said.

Mountain peaks had a pure, unearthly glow, translucent and pearly: they seemed to float like clouds.

PELGRAM kept out of the way; his absence was both gratifying and ominous. Nor was there, thank heaven, any sign of Mrs. Pelgram. Gladden heard that she had gone away—to Sacramento, perhaps, to flaunt her red hair and provocative loveliness.

Gladden wondered whether he would ever again live in a city. He tried to imagine himself a rapt habitué of the Manhattan or the Metropolitan. At his club. Elbowing his way along the crowded streets.

He tried to recapture the brazen poetry of the incredible city. Tubes and tunnels, bridges and ferries. Faces. Humanity pressing close. Stimulus and satiation. Rooms where he was always welcome: women of elegance, of a certain worldly, complicated fascination, in attitudes of languid attention: wit, analysis; the patter of their kind. Then, people he had known and liked: actresses, producers, and musicians. Faulty and generous.

He tried to see himself, intact, unchanged, as he had been in the first flush of experience before the war. He failed. He had changed beyond recognition. He doubted whether he could meet those people, any of them, on their own ground. Certainly, they would find him too different to be understandable.

He knew that some day he would go back and round out the broken circle. Not now. Some day. Now was enough.

He was engaged in a primitive struggle: it absorbed him. To pipe the water down. The orchards could not survive another drought. In January and February he would plow again. Early in the summer, he must irrigate.

An order from the court gave him a feeling of security and justification. He carried the pipes across the river without interference, and started toward the dam.

"Perhaps," he thought, "Pelgram's had a change of heart. Or perhaps he has ceased to covet. I don't much care which, so long as he leaves me alone. I have a right to the surplus; tradition says so; the court says so; nature itself says so."

It was on the fourth week of the work that trouble began.

Pelgram appeared at the trestle crossing, carrying a rifle. "I warn you," he said. "If you calculate on getting water at my dam, you're on the wrong track. I'll blow this pipe to hell. I did it once. I'll do it again." He added politely, "I'll blow you to hell at the same time."

"Go ahead," Gladden said.

"Is that an invitation?"

Calabri, who had hurried down from the dam, answered, "You bet your life!"

"Well, I advise you: Watch your step!"

Calabri whistled. "What you think of that? Boss, let me shoot!"

"You'd better not. He's probably bluffing."

The Italian's broad, rough hand relaxed. He shrugged his shoulders. Then, as Pelgram turned away, he made a gesture dear to his race, an insulting flip of the hand beneath the chin.

"We'll call his bluff," Gladden said. "We'll have the water coming through in a fortnight."

But he was uneasy. That night he sent the children to bed earlier than usual and, leaving Billoo on the porch, went himself to the canyon. Calabri, who was a skilled mason, had built a small aqueduct, strong, well-spaced and reliable, across this shallow gully. The pipes were already in place.

In a smother of darkness, Gladden crept on hands and knees to the rim. At first he could see nothing. He was ashamed of his anxiety. It was hardly possible that Pelgram would risk arrest for a mere matter of spite. When he heard a murmur of voices, he blamed his imagination. Then he saw a round spotlight, quick as a moth, flutter over the concrete supports, sweep along the ground and snap out.

"Tramps," he thought. "I don't dare to shoot. And if I speak, they might shoot me."

He was in full view, in case they turned the flash his way. He dropped cautiously, and wriggled forward until he could hear their voices: Pelgram, and, he judged, one other!

GLADDEN heard Pelgram say, "Be careful. He's likely to be watching at the river end. Better go over the hill and through the pasture. Go to bed, soon's you get home. I'm driving to town. I'll be at Freer's, if anyone wants me. I've been there all the evening, remember! Come on. We'd better set her off."

The men down in the canyon shuffled and coughed. "All right?"

"Sure. Only mind the wire. Better use your flash. We don't want to blow ourselves up."

They would be armed, of course.

The light showed again, and without waiting Gladden fired six feet above it. Manuel's gun was noisy and vituperative. A red flash stained the darkness, another and another.

Gladden rolled sideways, over and over, face down in the mud, face up to the sky, holding the revolver at arm's length.

A rattle of loose earth. A scramble and a sound of heavy breathing. Gladden

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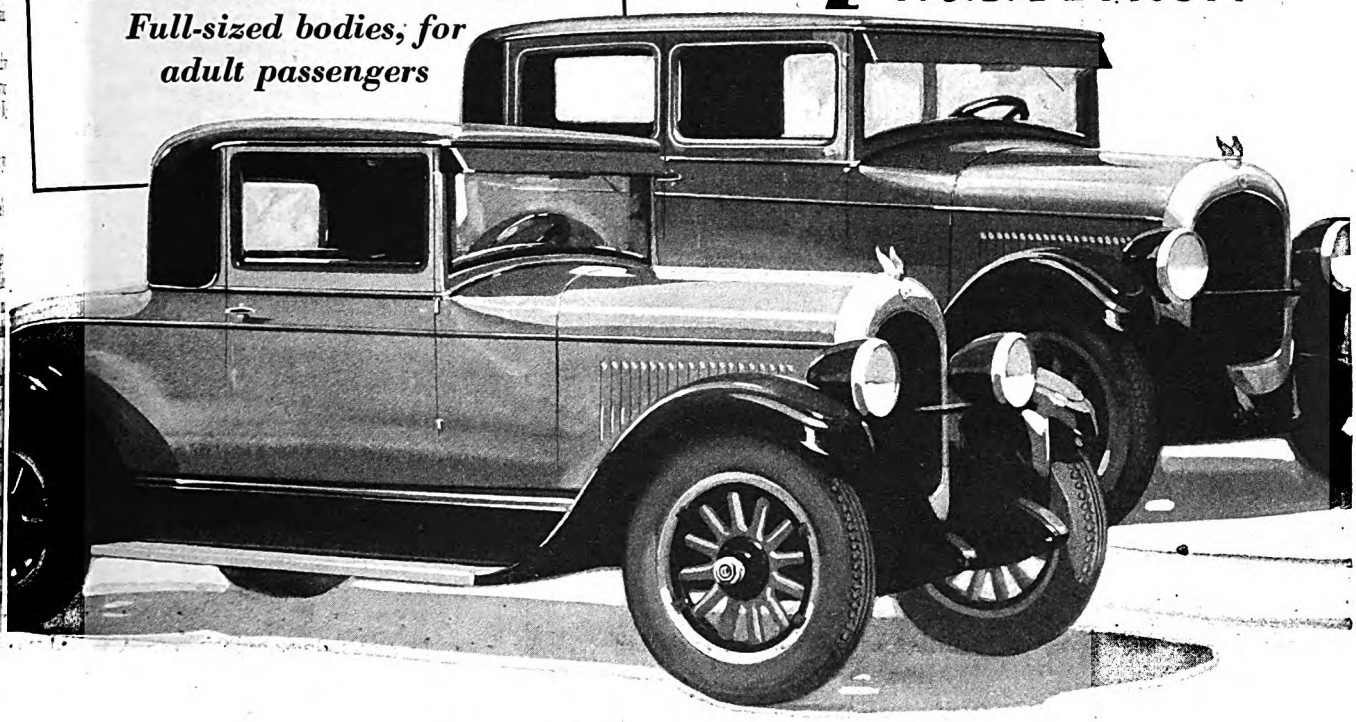

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fired again at random. Rolled again. Doubled back. Rose to his knees. Stood and ran.

The explosion knocked him down. A small geyser of rock and concrete, broken pipe and dirt showered both sides of the canyon. The descending crash of splinters sounded like a particularly vicious fountain. . . . Gladden lay where he was.

"That's that," he said. "Now for a feud or a trial, or both. More work. More dynamite. And in the end a lot of dead trees. And failure."

Another explosion at the river startled him out of his weakness. And he got up, shook himself, and ran back to the house. They had dynamited the carry across the river.

THE children were awake. Gladden took Lily from Bertha and comforted her. Some of his own bitter anger seemed to have shaken the others. They knew without asking what had happened, and what the destruction of the pipes meant to Gladden. Pete stood at the window, staring into the darkness, his back turned, his hands clasped rigidly behind him.

Bertha touched Gladden's arm. This was a new, gentle Bertha. "I'm sorry, Jim!" she said. "What are we going to do now?"

He told her to put the children to bed again, and to blow out the lights.

"You won't go over to Pelgram's?"

Pete turned sharply. His face was white and his lips were drawn, puckered by a violent, transforming emotion. "You killed him, Jim?"

Gladden shook his head. "No. I didn't kill him, Pete. He got away."

"Then he'll kill *you*," Pete said bitterly. "He tried to kill my father. He ain't afraid of anything!"

Bertha turned on Pete. Her anger burned through her. "You shut up! Shut up, d'you hear! He dassn't!"

Lily, who had been holding her breath, let it go again.

"Here, take her," Gladden said. "I'm going up to the dam!"

"Can I come?" Pete asked. Resolve hardened behind his eyes and for a moment he looked old.

But Gladden shook his head.

Then, at the door, he looked back at them. He had not been thinking of the children during the last violent half-hour. Now, facing them from the threshold, he saw their bravery for what it was. They had been taught to believe in the rightness of the world; they were just beginning to find out the sort of world it is. Poor childhood, made of credulity and expectancy, faith and appetite! Strange state of dawning wisdom, of exquisite experience and vast, self-conscious importance!

He realized how far he, how far all men, are removed from children. A pat on the head, a promise, a lie, and dismissal. He was leaving them alone in the house, late at night, because of an adult malice, complicated, ugly, and threatening. It was his ridiculous need to avenge himself, not them.

Bertha held Lily awkwardly. The baby's head had fallen against her shoulder. The little hands, relaxed, hung limply. Bertha's eyes, grave, as he had never seen them, questioned him and held him. He had time, in that brief pause, to be thankful for her innocence. He said awkwardly, "Don't worry about me. I'll come back. Pete, hold Billoo."

He knew that Pelgram had not gone to Vaccatown. The four shots must have convinced him that he had been seen, and that it was useless to attempt an alibi. He would be at home, perhaps waiting.

Gladden crossed the ford easily: he knew by heart the distance between the stepping-stones; even in the dusk he found his way. He remembered the first time he had come to this place. How long ago? Five months. It might have been a lifetime. Already, the very contour of the earth was familiar. Did he love it? Something very close to love, beginning.

He turned along the road toward the Pelgram ranch. Unconsciously, as he walked he loaded the revolver, slipping in the charge with a vicious, angry thrust. He was moving without purpose. His mind hurt. He thought of everything except the thing he was going to do.

"What *am* I going to do?"

With a backward jerk of his arm, he tossed the revolver as far as he could into the brush at the side of the road. He felt better.

The ranch-house was dark. A wind had come up, bitter cold, from the north, and the windmill behind the barn squeaked and rattled. The dog flittered along the fence, cowering, in silence.

GLADDEN opened the gate, mounted the short flight of steps to the door and knocked. He made as much noise as he could.

At once, a light flashed on in the dining-room. He could see Pelgram, and, worse luck, Mrs. Pelgram. Her red hair, like little flames.

"That you, Freer?"

"Yes," Gladden said.

Pelgram opened the door.

"Oh," he said, when he saw Gladden. "It's you!"

Mrs. Pelgram was just behind him. Her eyes, dark and frightened, stared over his shoulder.

Then a new look came into them. She thrust her husband aside, and darted past Gladden, down the steps to the gate. He heard her running along the road.

(*To be concluded*)

Have You a Budding Genius in Your Home?

(*Continued from page 37*)

Jefferson, John Milton, and Daniel Webster rated at 145; Voltaire at 170; Pascal, the mathematician, and Macaulay, the historian, at 180; Goethe, the German poet, at 185; while the highest rating of all was that of John Stuart Mill, the economist, at 190.

"This does not mean we really believe that Charles Dickens and Daniel Webster were actually smarter boys than George Washington and General Sherman, or that they in turn were smarter than General Grant and Andrew Jackson. It simply means that the material we could find about each one of them would indicate the IQ score of each one of these boys to be at this level, provided this material were all that was ever known about him.

"But as a rule the more material we could find about a boy the higher was his estimated IQ. And we believe the reason why the average of sixteen to twenty-six IQ is higher than the first is because we had more and better material to work on for judging the later years of our geniuses.

"It is generally conceded that your IQ does not change much as you grow older. For instance, if we could have tested Abraham Lincoln as a boy and tested him again as President, his rating would probably not have shown much change.

"But we drew blanks on the childhood of a number of the greatest geniuses. We couldn't find enough material on Shakespeare, for instance, to give him a rating. What a bright light would have shone on the study of genius if his early traits had been recorded!

"From the evidence at hand we came to the conclusion that the scores of these three hundred young geniuses in an actual intelligence test would have averaged at least 165. A few, such as Goethe, Emerson, Franklin, Jefferson, Milton, and Coleridge, might have rated from 170 to 200 or even higher.

"THERE are undoubtedly many thousand children in the United States whose intelligence tests would rate above 140. And I believe that modern methods of psychological measurement make it possible to discover many of these peculiarly gifted children in their early school days.

"This means that the high-score children, who were formerly kept down by lack of training or by unsuitable training, will now, with the greater educational opportunities afforded them, be able to make the truly great achievements that we have a right to expect of them. It is quite possible that just as many geniuses have been suppressed and remained 'mute, inglorious Miltons' in the past as have actually come to light.

"But even intelligence, important as it is, isn't all," continued Doctor Cox. "And I came out of the investigation with the firm conviction that, while a child must score pretty well up on the intelligence scale to make great achievements in later life, personality is of prime importance in determining a man's worldly success.

"One of the very first things to notice about a child as a sign of real ability is how old he is when he says and does bright things. For example, many children write good school essays in the fourth or fifth grade; but the great statesman, Mirabeau, at the age of five years and six months, wrote the following composition addressed to himself:

MONSIEUR DE MIRABEAU: I beg you to pay attention to your writing and not to make blots on your copybook, to take notice of what is done, to obey your master, your father, your

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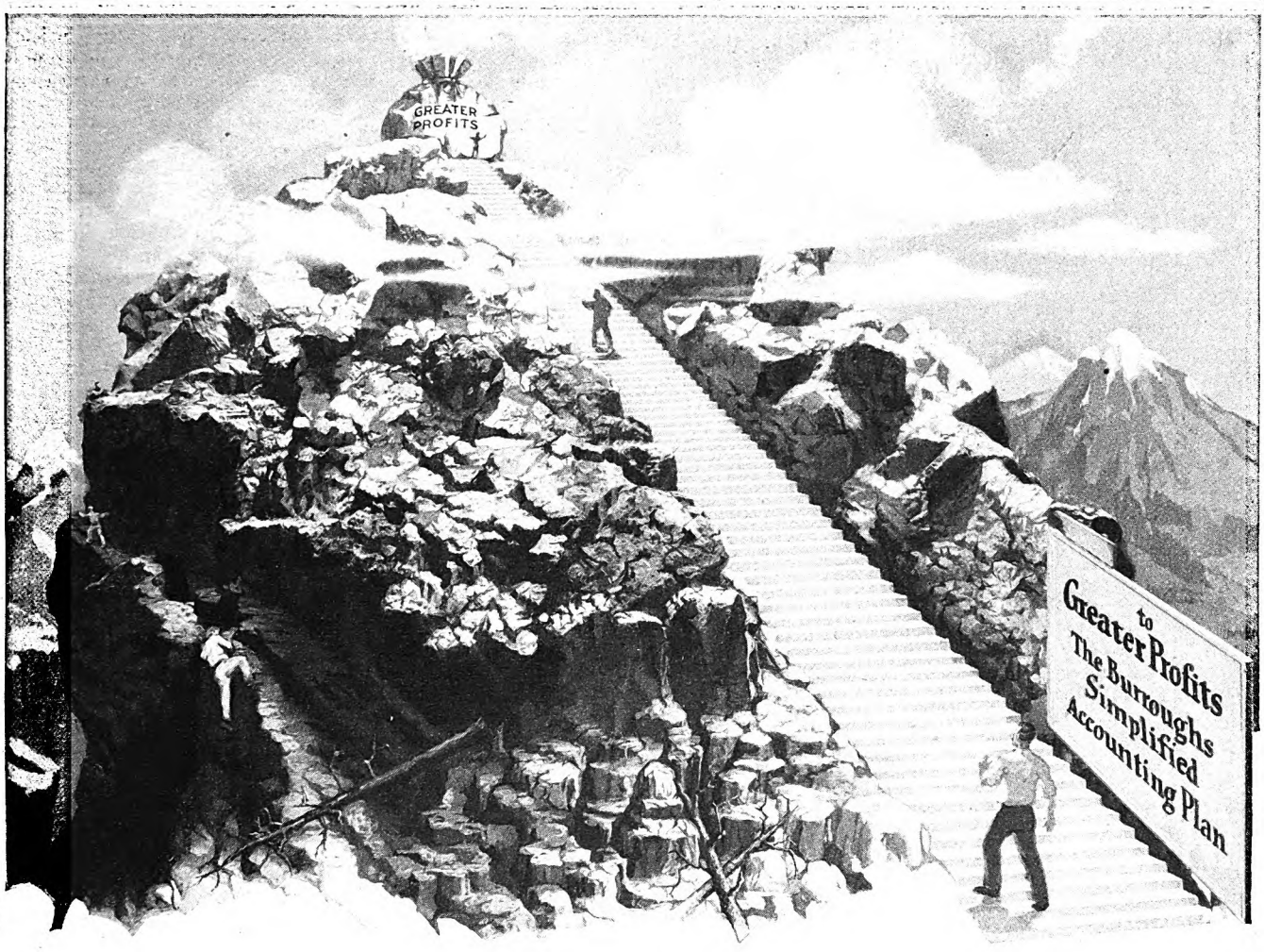

Take the Straight, Sure Road to Greater Profits

With so simple a path before you, why remain one of those who scramble along, uncertain as to the proper route to take, and who never from day to day can tell where their business is going?

Thousands find the Burroughs Simplified Accounting Plan the straight, sure road to greater and easier profits.

It brings to them each day a clear picture of their progress. It enables them to plan and direct their buying, their selling and their collections. It eliminates the guessing, the mistakes and the worry of uncertainty.

Yet this plan costs less to adopt and maintain than your present methods. It saves while it earns.

Give the local Burroughs man an opportunity to prove these statements in your own business. There is no obligation. Call him now.

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Men win with FACES that are FIT

BEGIN the day with Williams. Keep *your* face FIT! 87 years of research, three generations of intensive specialized study have gone into every tube of Williams. It will give a shave that's easy, smooth and sweet.

More—a daily treatment of Williams lather leaves your face *fit*. Williams Shaving Cream is ultra-pure; absolutely without trace of coloring matter; its major ingredients triple-distilled. It thoroughly cleanses the pores, tones up the delicate skin structure, helps toward a buoyant, youthful fitness.

The drug clerk doesn't know how it's made, but he knows what it does. *"Oh, yes . . . . . but they all come back to Williams!"*

Next time say

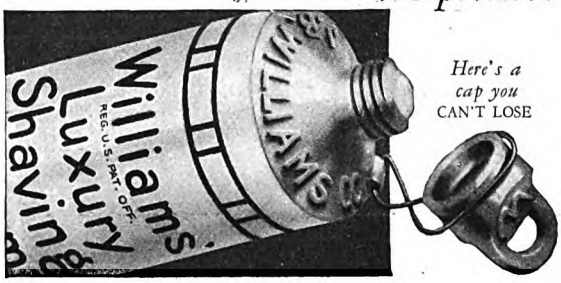
Williams Shaving Cream

please!

FREE TRIAL SIZE

WRITE "Shaving Cream" on a postal and address:
The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 19, Glastonbury, Conn., U.S.A.
(Canadian Address: 1114 St. Patrick Street, Montreal.)

If you don't like to bother with samples, buy from your nearest drug store; two sizes, 35c and 50c.



Here's a cap you CAN'T LOSE

Afterwards, a dash of Aqua Velva. FREE sample of this, too, if you say so on your postal.

mother; not to be obstinate; no evasions, honor above everything; attack nobody unless you are attacked yourself; defend your country; be not disagreeable to the servants, nor be familiar with them; conceal the faults of your neighbor, because that may happen to you yourself.

"Perhaps your boy or girl does not care for writing. Maybe he is interested in mathematics. Many children do well at figures; but how many can do what little Blaise Pascal did? He actually 'invented' geometry when he was twelve, and worked up to Euclid's thirty-second proposition before anyone knew what he was doing.

"Perhaps your boy likes to make things. How does he compare with Robert Fulton, inventor of the steamboat? Before young Robert was thirteen he pounded out lead for a pencil, performed experiments with quicksilver; drew designs for firearms, and became expert in determining the carrying distance of different rifle bores and balls.

"Perhaps your little girl is musical. Does she, like Mozart at three or four, begin to invent musical ideas? Does she sit at the piano and pick out thirds, and does she write out her own first compositions at seven?

"These are only a few of many outstanding examples," said Doctor Cox. "What I wish to get across to parents and all those who deal with children is the importance of noticing *at what age* these things are accomplished.

"We often hear it said that Johnny or Mary is slow; but will wake up later on. Many great men are reported to have been very dull as children. The poet Goldsmith's teacher said of him, 'There never was so dull a boy.' It was recently stated that Daniel Webster was also slow as a boy. Now, let's look at the real facts: Goldsmith had shown signs of genius at an age when he could scarcely write, and he was distinguished for his verse before he was ten years old. Webster was poorly prepared in Latin and Greek when, at fifteen, he started to Dartmouth College; but this merely indicated he had had poor schooling.

"I FOUND all through my investigation that poor schooling and poor home training, where they occurred, were undoubtedly a handicap to these geniuses. In some cases too, it seemed as though chance opportunities had played a major part in their success. The impressive thing was, however, that these boys and girls *took advantage of whatever opportunity occurred.* Their schoolmates, when offered the same opportunity, did not respond. Daniel Webster is a good example of this. His early schooling was often interrupted, because his father needed his help on the farm; he had one year only of actual college preparatory work; but when he did get to college he soon won a reputation for scholarship, and at eighteen was selected to deliver a Fourth of July oration. Webster's memory was always excellent. When he was only eight years old he read the Constitution of the United States, printed on a handkerchief which he bought at a county fair, and remembered it almost verbatim all his life.

"Things like that are significant in every boy as well as in Daniel Webster. They show not only a good memory but also a memory that *retains things of im-*

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Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

Galloping progress —but how about lubrication?

Change fills the air. The war of competition spurs automobile manufacturers to a gallop of progress. Many changes in engine design call for marked improvement in lubricating oils.

One car manufacturer employs 432 men for engineering and experimental work alone.

Every week another Detroit automobile manufacturer receives about 500 letters from inventors and others. The Gargoyle Mobiloil Engineering Board is in constant contact with practically every automobile manufacturer—working on the same problems of design and lubrication—conferring about new lubrication needs.

It is a rare relationship—one which could exist only between the automobile manufacturer and the recognized leader in scientific lubrication.

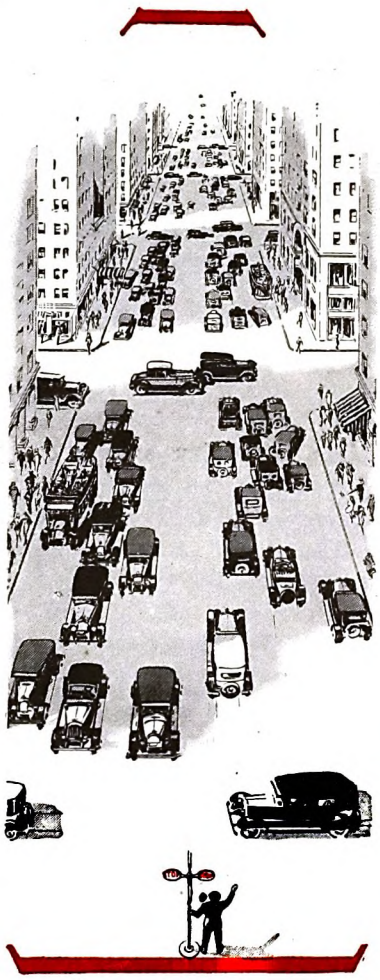
Recent changes in engine and chassis design have been especially numerous.

Changed engine designs have brought higher heat, swifter engine speed, and higher compression. A new margin of safety in your lubrication is imperative.

Congested traffic has multiplied starts and stops. Quicker and more frequent acceleration is demanded. Both conditions put heavier loads on your engine and your lubricating oil.

Improved highways have brought faster, longer driving. Many "good" oils of yesterday now fail to meet the new load which is thus imposed on lubrication.

Has your lubrication the new margin of safety necessary to meet these changed conditions? Yes; if you use the 1927 Gargoyle Mobiloil.



GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

Mobiloil engineers have studied every one of these changes and their effect on lubrication. Steadily, steadily, step after step, Mobiloil has been improved to meet new problems as they arose.

During the past year alone, improvements of the utmost importance have been made in Mobiloil. To use the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil is to protect your engine with an engineering margin of safety which can never be secured by asking merely for "a quart of oil."

Remember that when you need oil.

YOUR guide—If your car is not listed here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's and remember that . .

182 automobile and motor truck manufacturers approve it!

The correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1927		1926		1925		1924	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chandler Sp. 6	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
" *other mods.*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler 60, 70, 80	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" *other mods.*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Dodge Bros. 4-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jewett	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Overland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
" 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Paige	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Star	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Velie	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight 4	....	....	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
" " 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....

VACUUM OIL COMPANY MAIN BRANCHES: *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas*

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

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Do you use . . .

a dentifrice because you are *scared*

or because you want your teeth to be

CLEAN?

PICK up the package of dentifrice that is in your bathroom now and try to remember why you bought that particular kind.

Was it fear? Did you buy it to cure or prevent some ugly mouth disease that you had been frightened about?

Or did you buy it simply because you wanted your teeth to be *clean?*

It is a very wise thing to keep the teeth clean, and a very foolish thing not to. There is no doubt that neglect of the teeth is dangerous and that you ought to do all you can to protect the health of your teeth, mouth and gums.

But how much can you do?

You can get the best answer to that question from your dentist. He will tell you just this: "The most that we in the dental profession expect of a dentifrice is that it will *clean* the teeth safely and thoroughly. More than this, we feel, a dentifrice cannot be logically expected to do, nor can it actually do.

"Keep your teeth clean and don't be afraid, for in keeping them clean you are doing every possible thing that anyone except a dentist can do to avoid dangers of tooth decay and other dental troubles."

It is better to rely on *cleanliness* and be confident, for in using a dentifrice that *really* cleans, such as Colgate's, you are doing the utmost you can do to keep your teeth healthy and beautiful.

Colgate & Co. Est. 1806

portance. There are people of very moderate intelligence who can remember telephone or automobile numbers or all the cards played at bridge; but try them on remembering the Constitution, or a newspaper editorial, and they are lost.

"Charles Darwin is another boy who was labeled slow and dull. He himself said that his younger sister, Catherine, learned faster than he, and that his father and teachers considered him very ordinary. But what are the facts? When little Charles was only eight he made a large and very careful collection of coins, plants, shells, stones, and other natural objects, and at ten he had classified them. He did not care much for Latin, but spent many hours working with his brother Erasmus, who had a little chemical laboratory. And by the age of twenty-two Darwin was looked upon as a coming man in science.

"ANOTHER fact that my investigation brought out very clearly," continued Doctor Cox, "is that every step in a child's life explains the next. For instance, nearly all children make collections. Some collect the tops of milk bottles, some collect cigar wrappers and other insignificant objects. But if a child collects and classifies things of *real* importance, as little Charles Darwin did, there is scarcely any better sign of true mental power.

"It is this sort of thing that gives a child his background for later achievements. Whenever you hear of a man doing a great thing you may be sure that behind it somewhere is a great background. This background may be a mother's training, a father's example, a school-teacher's inspiration; but it has to be there, or else the great achievement does not come, no matter how favorable the opportunity.

"However, some boys are constantly developing their own background, even against obstacles. Parents should observe closely how their children meet obstacles. Obstacles give some people just the fighting stimulus they need, while others are discouraged by them. Liebig, the great German chemist, who is best known to us by his beef extract, is an example of the first kind. Liebig's teacher said to him: 'What do you think you will amount to if you don't study your Latin and Greek?' The boy replied, 'I'm going to be a chemist,' and the whole school laughed in derision. Even the teacher did not know what a chemist was. There was no such thing in those days.

"Liebig's father, however, was an apothecary, and the boy and his brother got some chemicals and began experimenting in the back of the shop. They blew the roof off one day; but even that obstacle did not deter young Liebig. He went on, and became the father of modern agricultural chemistry.

"Another point of extreme importance in every child's education I should like to bring to the attention of every present-day father. Liebig's father took the boy about to see all sorts of manufacturing operations. Benjamin Franklin's father did the same thing. This gave these boys an opportunity to see a variety of activities, and familiarize themselves with all sorts of interests and occupations. They also met mature people and saw them at

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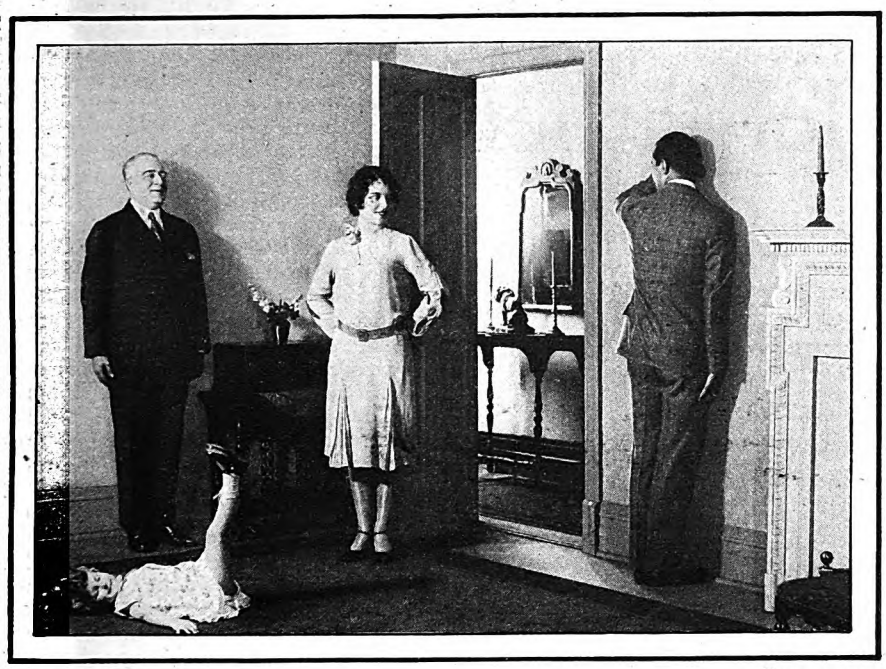
Try This At Home



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Can you touch the wall with the back of your head, shoulders, hips, calves of your legs and heels, and hold this position as you walk away from the wall?

Or grasp the two knobs of a door and make every inch of your spine touch the edge of the door?

Or touch the wall only with chest and toes, then step back and hold your body in the same position?

Now stand naturally and ask some candid member of the family whether or not you stand correctly with head up, chin in, back straight, shoulders flat, abdomen in, weight on the balls of your feet.

WHY stand straight? For better appearance? Yes, partly. For added poise and dignity?—That also. For the stimulating effect upon self-confidence and courage?—Still another valuable benefit. But—most of all—because erect posture is an immediate tonic with no bad after-effect. Good Posture makes one feel more buoyant, gives a physical sensation of freedom and ease in the body.

But there is more than that to be gained from good posture. A straight body, carried correctly, gives one better health and added strength—it frequently corrects physical troubles that no amount of medicine will cure.

Those headaches of yours, those spells of indigestion, that dreadful feeling of depression—that the world is against you—may easily have resulted from the way in which you are carrying yourself.

Much of your nervousness, your fatigue and your backaches, your "rheumatic" pains and the possible poisoning that comes from intestinal sluggishness, often may be traced to faulty posture.

Your heart, lungs, stomach, kidneys, liver—working machinery of the body—are meant to be free and uncrowded.

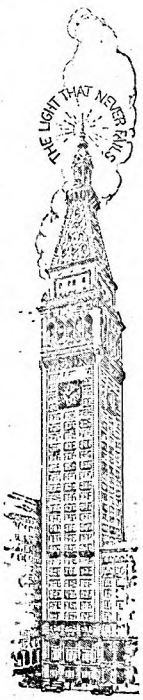
When you "stand tall" and hold your spine straight, these organs have sufficient room to carry on their work.

When you slump over with rounded shoulders or spine curved in at the waist, you squeeze the organs together. The free action of your heart is threatened. Your stomach and liver cannot do their work so well. The kidneys may be forced out of place. Your blood cannot circulate so freely—some parts of your body may get too little blood, others too much.

When your chest is contracted your lungs cannot expand. Shallow breathing starves your blood for the life-giving oxygen which every part of your body must have.

The first lesson in singing, in public speaking, and in athletics is correct posture to insure deep breathing. It is not necessary to have a perfect figure to stand or sit properly. But a perfect body can be ruined by bad posture.

Stand tall—stand correctly—stand straight.



Progressive Boards of Education, all over the country, recognize that pupils must sit properly during study hours. Curvature of the spine is sometimes caused by desks and chairs which do not permit the child to sit straight. Posture is taught in the daily calisthenics classes. Fatigue and malnutrition are guarded against, as frequent causes of bad posture.

Magazines and newspapers, more and more, are urging their readers to learn not only the advantages of correct posture, but also the dangers that attend bad posture.

In the Home Office of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company striking physical improvement among our employees has been brought about by our Director of Posture. Bent bodies have been straightened. Headaches and other ailments of obscure origin have been made to disappear. Low spirits have been raised. Learning how to stand and sit correctly has added to health and happiness.

A valuable booklet on the subject of posture has been prepared and one copy will be mailed free to each person requesting it. Send for "The Importance of Posture".

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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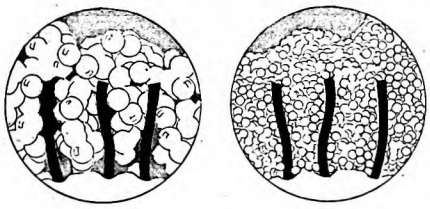
ORDINARY LATHER
This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against whiskers.

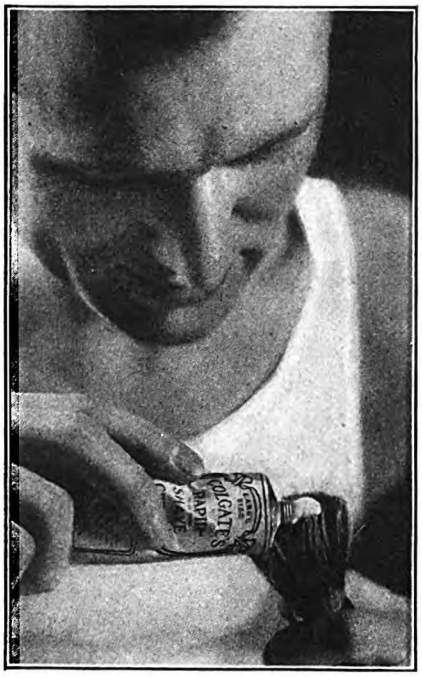


COLGATE LATHER
This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where razor works.

"Small-bubble" lather *teems with water*

Softens each hair at base—whiskers come off easily

BUBBLES are "shells" of water. And water, science says, is what really softens beards. Therefore Colgate has made this "small-bubble" lather. It contains thousands more of these water-shells, hence holds more moisture, as the lather pictures above prove.



How "small-bubble" lather works. The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each hair.

2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

Because your beard is properly softened at its base, your razor works easily and quickly. Every hair is cut close and clean. And your face remains cool and comfortable throughout the day.

A WEEK'S SHAVES—FREE. Try this unique "small-bubble" lather at our expense. The coupon below will bring a generous trial-size tube—free.

EXTRA DIVIDEND! We will also include a sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men—the new after-shave powder that *keeps* your face looking freshly shaved all day long.

Colgate & Co. Est. 1806

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 501 I, 595 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me the FREE sample tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. Also sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men.
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

work. It is a great mistake to look down on children and exclude them from adult interests."

"All that you have told me up to the present," I said to Doctor Cox, "seems to indicate that these children had a natural bent in some one direction. Are we all born with these natural bents, or at least a trend in a definite direction?"

"Well, in all these children whose lives we investigated," she replied, "our information indicates an early trend in the direction of their future achievement. The child in every case seemed to be father to the man. Lincoln as a child was always asking curious and important questions. Watt, inventor of the steam engine, stood for hours at a time holding a spoon in front of the teakettle spout, while his aunt scolded him for not doing something instructive. The poets wrote verses before they were ten; several composed before they could write. The artists, musicians, and inventors were drawing, extemporizing, or inventing before their teens. Ulysses S. Grant showed unusual organizing capacity even as a farm boy, and was a famous horseman. He was later the finest horseman at West Point. Andrew Jackson was an unconquerable fighter in school.

"William Herschel, the astronomer, was trained by his father as a musician; but when not much more than ten, he and his father would sit up far into the night discussing astronomy and mathematics, while an elder brother, who had had the same opportunity, was snoring in bed near by. Finally, William's passion for astronomy proved the stronger; he abandoned music, and at thirty-five was a famous observer of the stars.

"Some parents have tried to force their children into a special pattern, but there is a limit to their success. Karl Weber's father tried desperately to make him a second Mozart, who at the age of five was being exhibited as a pianist all over Europe. When little Karl was nine the father gave up the experiment. What happened? Some years later the boy, this time of his own accord, went back to music, and at eighteen was a distinguished composer.

"Parents should hold up models and heroes before their children, but should not try to make them into cheap imitations. The great thing is to bring out the *individuality* of each child.

"I WISH to emphasize one thing here: Parents cannot create talent or genius, but they can greatly discourage or even suppress it. A child may be another Lincoln or Longfellow, and yet be ruined for lack of opportunity. I don't suppose there is any one thing that acts as a complete obstruction; but adverse circumstances, especially lack of education, often act as a gradual hindrance all along the line, while education and opportunity continuously act as accelerators.

"Take the case of Victor Cousin, the French philosopher. He was a street urchin; his parents very poor and ignorant. His mother worked out by the day. One day little Victor rescued another boy from a dreadful street accident. The child's mother happened to be well-to-do, and as an expression of her gratitude she gave Victor an education. At eighteen, he was carrying off all the prizes in his

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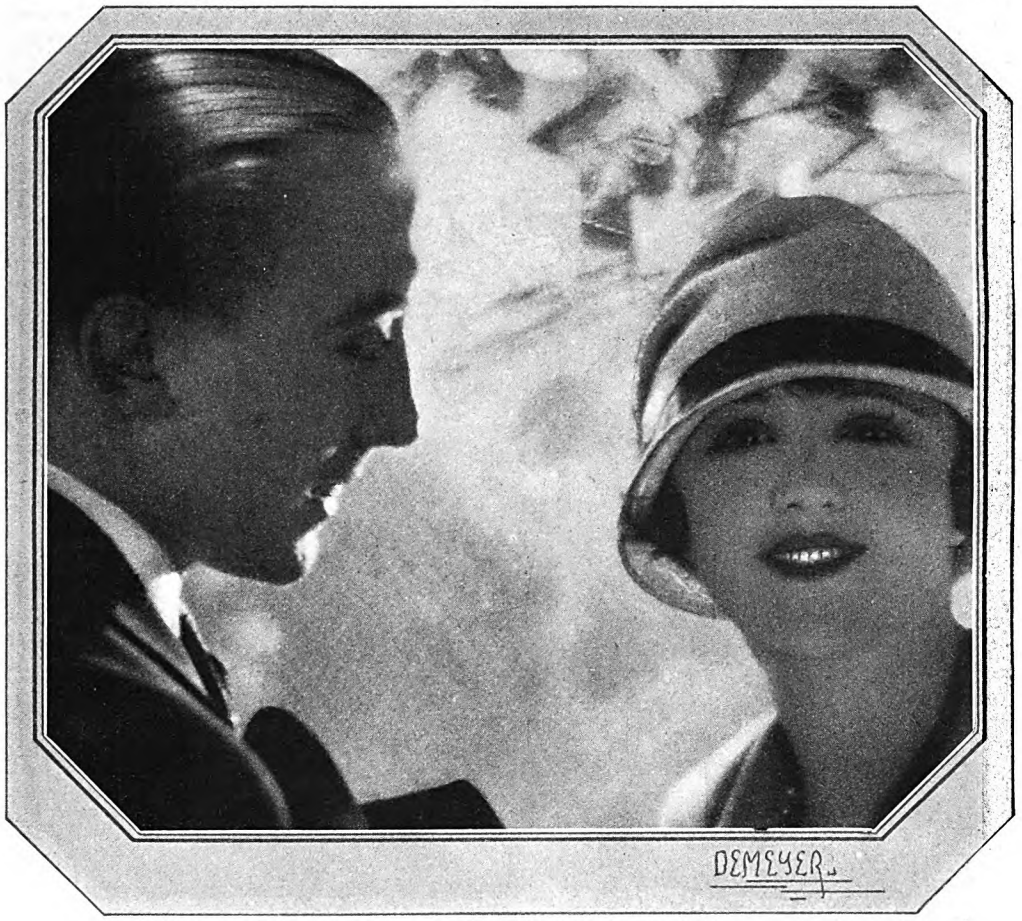
The numbers show where the tiny mouth glands are located, three on each side of your mouth. From our earliest years, soft foods are slowing them for lack of exercise in hard chewing. Pebeco contains the special ingredient that daily renews the youthful action of the mouth glands.



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You are so proud and happy when you know your smiles are beautiful to others. All day long you are confident and gay.

Everyone loves the gay and laughing *MOUTH of YOUTH*

TEETH are gleaming white, gums healthy when the six tiny mouth glands are active.

But the soft foods we eat require so little chewing that the mouth glands are not exercised enough and decay begins.

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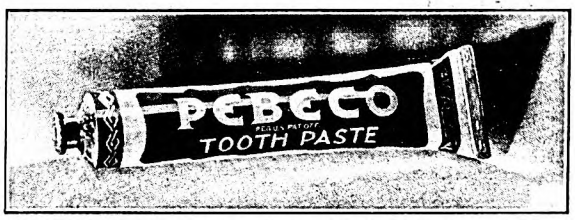

At the sharp, clean tang of Pebeco the mouth glands waken. Daily use keeps the whole mouth wholesome and sweet

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Send me free your new large-size sample tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste.

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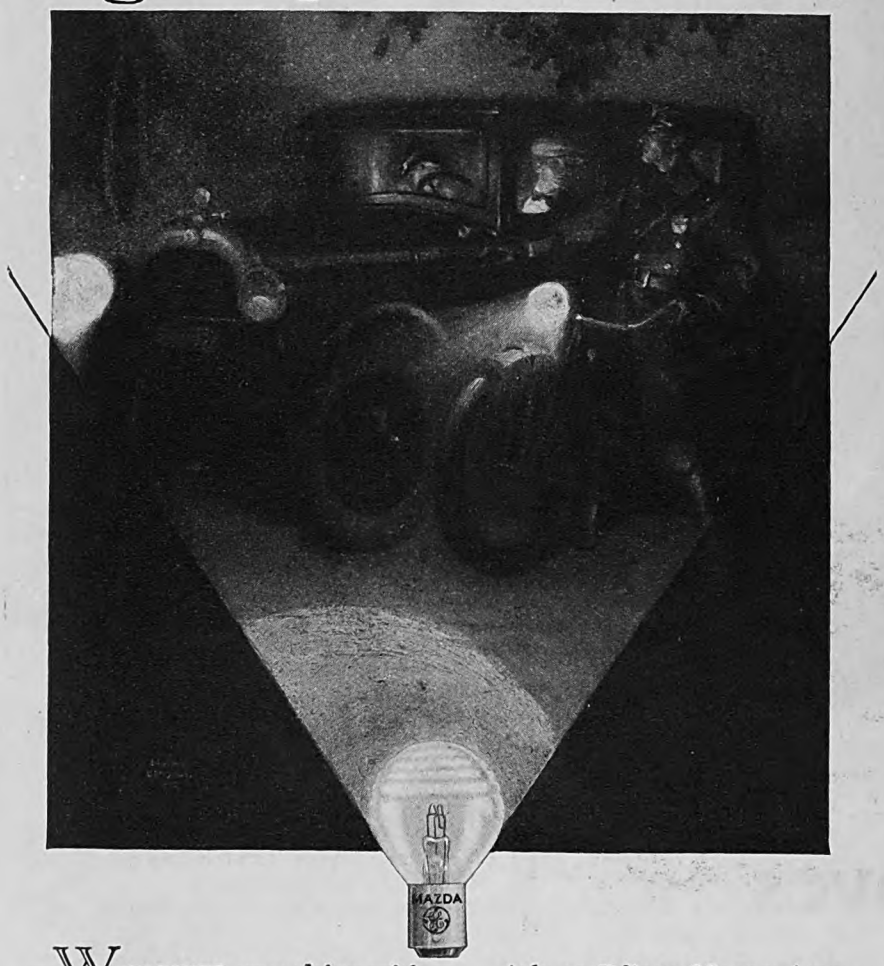

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Light up for security with the improved Edison MAZDA* Lamps. They are the product of MAZDA Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to use the name MAZDA.

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school in Paris. How could he have made a great philosopher without this education?"

"Would you say, then," I inquired, "that a great many famous men and women owe much of their success to their mothers or fathers or to some teacher or relative?"

"There can be no doubt of it," rejoined Doctor Cox with emphasis. "Take the story of Alexander von Humboldt and his brother William. There are probably more towns, rivers, and mountains in different parts of the world named in honor of Alexander Humboldt than of any other person in history. The father died early, and the mother, who was a noblewoman, supervised her boys' education. She secured the ablest instructors, twelve teachers in all, eleven of whom are still found in the German encyclopedias. Thus from childhood the boys were brought into touch with great men. The mother also sent them on journeys to meet distinguished persons in other countries. Moreover, very early in life they were given important responsible tasks to perform.

"NOW, here are three interesting things to note: The first is that, while these boys had the same instructors and education, yet William very early took to literature and Alexander to science. They both became eminent statesmen, but in different lines. William became the foremost literary critic of his day and was the father of the educational system of modern Germany. Alexander, although very frail as a child, later became a great mountain climber and explorer, and is famous in many fields of science.

"The second thing is that it was this wide education which made the vast range of their achievements possible. Had they had a meager early training, such as that of Bobbie Burns or Antonio Canova, I think they would have achieved success in some *one* line; but the enormous range of their achievements was doubtless largely due to the wide opportunity and education their mother gave them.

"Then comes a third thing which is of importance to every parent. The Humboldt boys early formed the habit of unhesitatingly undertaking important tasks and carrying responsibilities.

"I feel it is of the greatest importance to teach children very early—the earlier the better—the *habit* of undertaking difficult tasks and the habit of carrying them through to a satisfactory finish. Of course this thrusting of responsibility on children while still very young must be done with caution and judgment.

"Another fine example of a boy shouldering responsibility is Admiral David Farragut. A friend who was in the Navy said to the family that he would like to take one of the Farragut boys on his ship. David at once said, 'I'll be the one.' He was made a midshipman at nine and placed in command of a boat at eleven. During the war of 1812, although not quite thirteen, his captain placed him in command of a captured ship with the enemy captain and crew on board. The enemy captain tried to take the command away from the boy, but young Farragut enforced his own orders and brought the ship safely to port.

"Of one thing I'm quite certain, and

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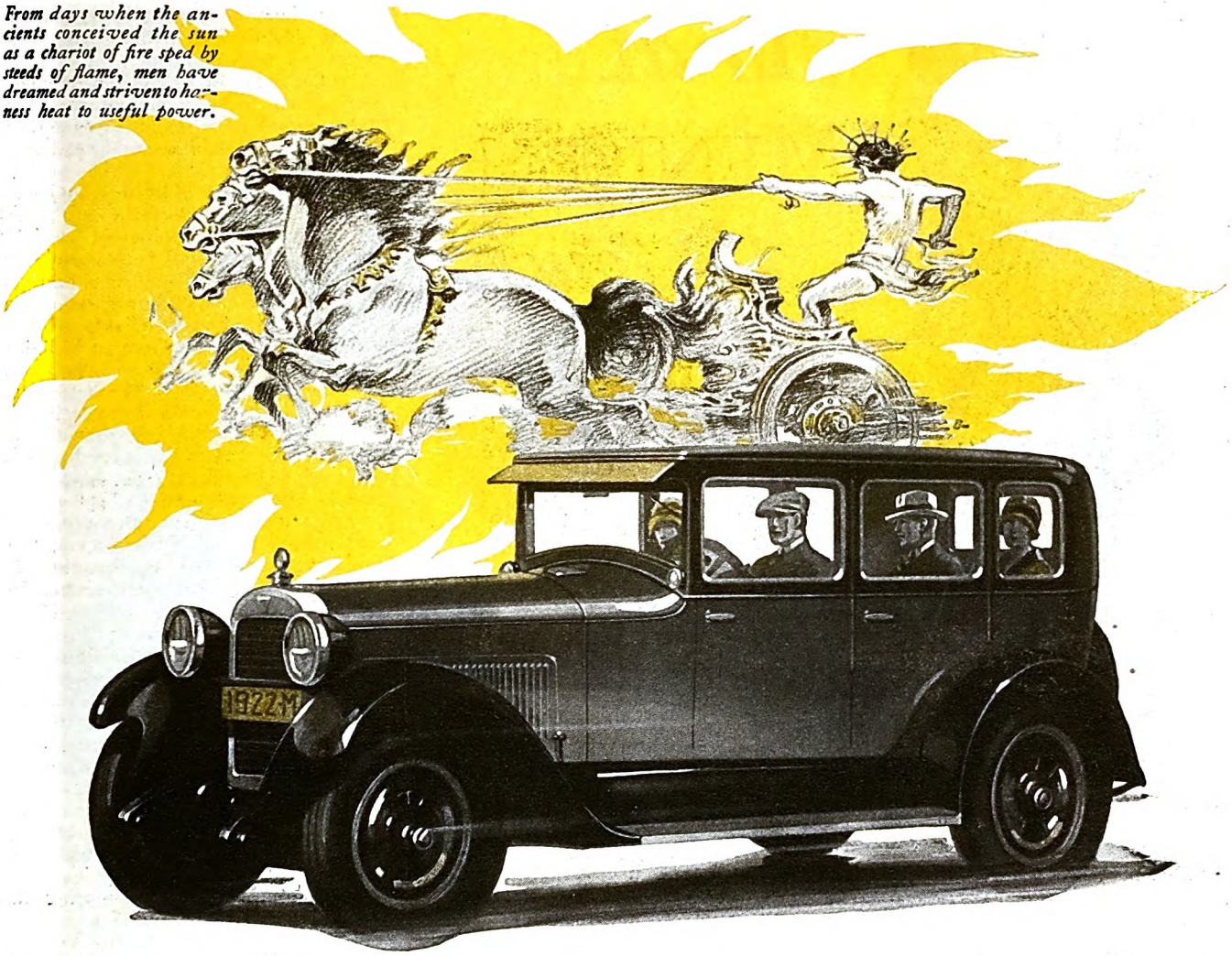
From days when the ancients conceived the sun as a chariot of fire sped by steeds of flame, men have dreamed and striven to harness heat to useful power.



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Turns waste heat to power

This new companion invention to the Super-Six principle converts heat wasted in all other types, into useful power.

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The new Hudson motor delivers a flood of rugged power from standing start closely resembling the mighty and elastic power of the steam engine. It eliminates spark knock. It prevents oil dilution. Ordinary gasoline gives the results sought through special high-priced fuels.

And at all speeds this power is buoyant, vivacious and instantly answerable to the slightest throttle touch.

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That MENNEN *touch!*

Every hair on your face offers a hurdle to the razor blade, an obstacle in the shape of a minute skin peak at the base of the hair which the razor ordinarily must jump or nick. But the Mennen process of *Dermutation* relaxes and levels these humps, softening and mollifying the toughest beard so that the blade glides fast, close and clean without a hitch or scrape. *Dermutation* starts the minute you touch the brush to your face. It works just as well in the hardest and most alkaline waters as in the softest that ever filled the old home rain barrel. The lather never dries or smarts on the face.

It's an all-day shave, too. Five agreeable emollients in Mennen lather prolong the comfort and smoothness of the Mennen shave. Twenty-four hours of knowing you look and feel your best. Everybody notices the difference.

Mennen Skin Balm—Try this brisk lotion that comes in a handy tube. There's a reviving tingle to it, like a rub-down after a cold shower.

Mennen Talcum for Men—For a non-shiny finish to top off the perfect shave, flesh-colored and doesn't show.

There's nothing to it, once you know the complete Mennen shave. I look for a million more happy faces by convention week in '28.

Jim Henry
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MENNEN

The Improved

SHAVING CREAM

that is that the mother or father who tries to shield the child from all the hard things and holds him back from shouldering a fair share of responsibility in proportion to his strength is taking away one of the greatest educational opportunities."

"Can you think of any other parents or relatives of these remarkable children who exerted strong influences upon their careers?" I asked Doctor Cox.

"Well, take the Wesleys, John and Charles. In their case both parents did their utmost to give all their children an all-'round education. The fathers of John Stuart Mill, the economist; of Goethe, the poet; of Niebuhr, the German historian, and of John Adams, the statesman, are famous examples of fathers who gave an all-'round intensive training to their sons. John Adams took his son John Quincy abroad as his special secretary before he was twelve, and introduced him to the eminent men of Europe.

"Edward Jenner, who discovered vaccination, was reared by an older brother, who gave him every opportunity and inspiration. One day the boy heard a country woman say that she could not take smallpox because she had had cowpox. This simple remark is said to have led Jenner's mind to the discovery of vaccination. But without the scientific education provided by his elder brother it may well be doubted if Jenner's mind would have been led to his great discovery.

"In the case of Jacob Grimm, it was a maiden aunt who gave the boy and his brother their education. Without this careful training I doubt that we should ever have had Grimm's Fairy Tales. It was Abraham Lincoln's stepmother who perceived the boy's remarkable gifts and was his boyhood inspiration. You will nearly always find mothers and fathers, uncles and aunts and teachers, oldest brothers and sisters in that great background which is so important in the preparation of a genius."

AT THIS point I said to Doctor Cox, "I wish you would bring out for our AMERICAN MAGAZINE readers how much importance you attach to such personality qualities as will power, ambition, hard work, perseverance, self-confidence, and similar traits."

"Practically all the geniuses I classified," replied Doctor Cox, "displayed these traits early and very strongly. Of course they may be inborn qualities, just as unusual intelligence is inherent in some and not in others. However, we believe these personality qualities can be cultivated more readily than intellectual ability. And one thing is certain—that, without them, intellectual ability will never get very far.

"We found that in the case of statesmen, such as Burke, Jefferson, Peel, Webster, and among religious leaders, such as Calvin, Luther, Wesley, and Penn, force of character, desire to excel, and general balance and evenness, seem to have played a somewhat larger part than in the lives of artists and writers. Richard Cobbett is a fine example of what indomitable will, with only moderate mental brilliancy, can accomplish. He was a prodigy of hard work. As a boy of eight or nine, after working long hours as assistant to a gardener, he would study far into the night. Bobbie Burns did this

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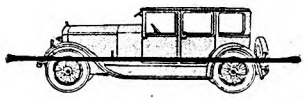
Where Franklin has pioneered and the motor world has followed

THE most perilous air plane achievements of recent history have all been made with *air-cooled* motors. Franklin pioneered air-cooling for the world. Such an endorsement of a Franklin principle is not unusual.

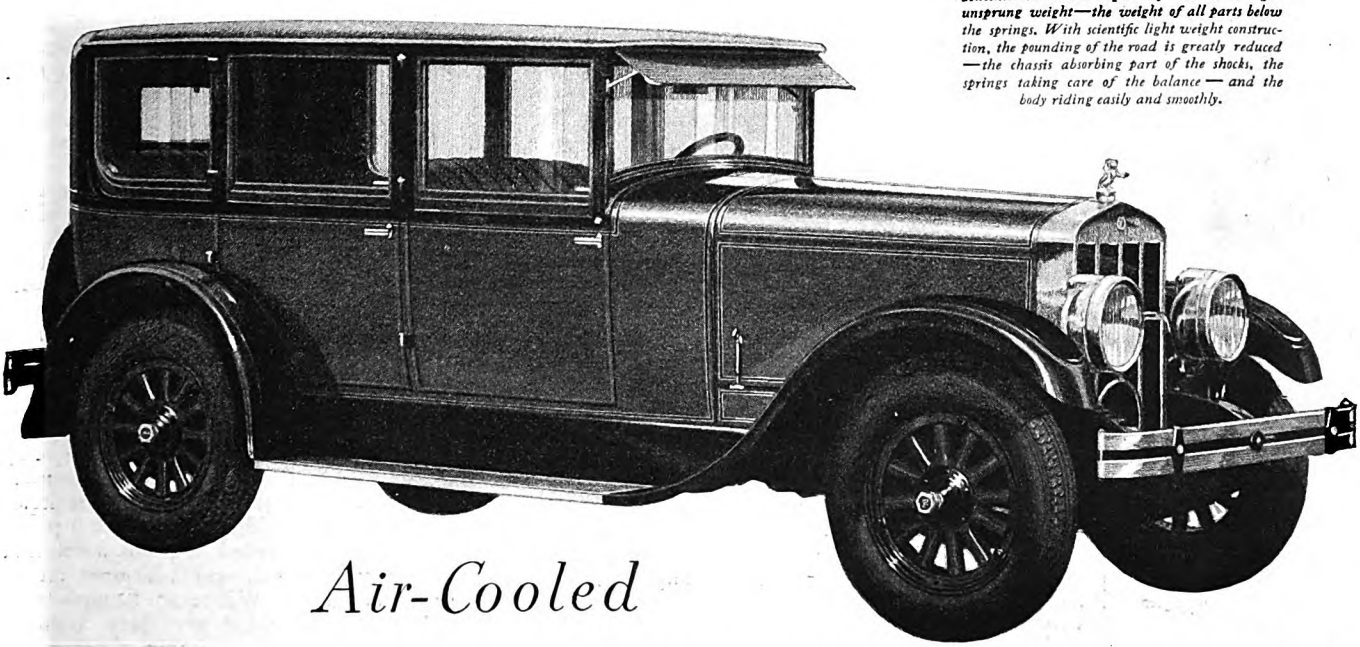
The first four-cylinder car was built by Franklin. Also the first six-cylinder car, the first valve-in-head cylinder and the first closed body. In a dozen such matters Franklin pioneered and the motor world followed.

Newly initiated Franklin owners tell us they had never imagined it possible to travel so far in one day *without fatigue*. Others say they had never known the real meaning of trouble-free motoring until they abandoned water-cooled cars. Any owner will tell you amazing facts on Franklin economy. And the reasons for Franklin's *different* performance are fundamental—scientific structural features built into the car—all as advanced and important as air-cooling.

A demonstration reveals a degree of motor car performance *ahead of the times*—an illuminating experience which you owe yourself today. You then appreciate why the Franklin owner's next car is so generally another Franklin.



***Another Exclusive Superiority Feature — light unsprung weight—the weight of all parts below** the springs. With scientific light weight construction, the pounding of the road is greatly reduced —the chassis absorbing part of the shocks, the springs taking care of the balance — and the body riding easily and smoothly.*



Air-Cooled

FRANKLIN

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R. H. Reiss
Treasurer and General Manager, International Tailoring Company of New York and Chicago, says he could not tend to all his numerous duties without The Dictaphone in his office and one at home

"My Dictaphones *made* me—"

"And that's true for my Secretary, too."

See what The Dictaphone can do toward making you. Read coupon offer below.

"IT'S hardly too much to say that The Dictaphone has been my making. At any rate, I should be at a loss without its help to manage the four concerns which look to me for executive guidance."

The speaker is R. H. Reiss—and his chief position is that of Treasurer and General Manager of the International Tailoring Company, the world's largest producers of men's made-to-measure suits.

"I find The Dictaphone indispensable for memos and instructions. It is so much handier than shorthand. Often I dictate only outlines, leaving my Secretary to complete the job.

"Frequently I turn directly from telephone to Dictaphone and record oral agreements or orders needing prompt attention.

"At home my second Dictaphone records memos, or conclusions reached by study of business problems. Sometimes a department head spends an evening with me there and we agree on certain policies. My advertising manager, for example, came out last week and with The Dictaphone we crystallized a season's advertising policy.

"Only by Dictaphone can I maintain the intimate contact needed with some 30 department heads in our three plants making thousands of suits daily. I should be handicapped in other duties without my Dictaphones."

Helen Delahanty
Secretary to Mr. Reiss, avers she simply couldn't organize her work without her Dictaphone

Helen Delahanty, Secretary to Mr. Reiss, dictates to her dictating Dictaphone many letters and instructions for his signature. She oversees salesmen's letters, keeps contact between factories and Mr. Reiss, and handles most of his personal business.

Miss Delahanty says: "I could not organize my work without the dictating Dictaphone. It enables me to make every moment at my desk count."

Hundreds of other executives and secretaries say much the same thing. They never dreamed how much The Dictaphone could do for them. How long will you deny yourself its advantages? Use the coupon *now*.

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and double your ability to get things done

What's Wrong With Shorthand?

Secretaries say:—

"He talks so fast, I'll be getting writer's cramp soon."

"No one else can read my notes."

"I'm nothing but a bell-hop."

"Yes, I do mind staying late."

"Those awful waits while he chats over the phone."

That's enough! I'll show him this trial offer right now.

MAIL WITH YOUR LETTERHEAD

Dictaphone Sales Corp., 154 Nassau St., New York City

☐ Please notify your nearest office to let me try the New Model 10 without obligation.

☐ I want to read what leading executives or secretaries say about increasing their ability with The Dictaphone. Mail me FREE copy of your booklet, "What's Wrong with Shorthand?"

I am a Secretary ☐ Executive ☐ *(Check One)*

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A-4 *World-Wide Organization—London, Paris, Brussels, Sydney, Shanghai, etc.*

too; but Burns read Shakespeare, while Cobbett studied only practical things. By developing his moderate abilities to the utmost Cobbett became a powerful English leader.

"It is difficult to state in a few words the relationship between the character and personality traits and the purely intellectual abilities in producing great achievement. I should say that you can cultivate, in a very well-balanced and capable youth, those characteristics that make a statesman more readily than you can those seemingly more distinctive things that make a great musician or an artist.

"Take George Washington as an example. Even as a boy, he was described as being 'level-headed.' He did not show extraordinary gifts in any one direction. He had what we might call general capacity, balance, and judgment. Are not these just the things that make a statesman? They make the people feel they can rely on them in an emergency. Young George Washington was hard-working, careful, accurate. No one would have made the mistake of thinking he was going to be a poet; but as you read about his childhood you find everywhere the portrait of the future man painted in the traits of the boy."

"WHAT would you say about the physical health of your famous children? A great many people think if a child is long on brain he's short on brawn."

"It is true," said Doctor Cox, "that there is a popular impression that precocious children are likely to be frail and sickly; but we found these boys averaged *better* in health and vitality than boys in general. There were a number out of the three hundred who had poor health. But that is also true in any group of three hundred children. And, remember, many geniuses probably went through life handicapped by some disease or defect which would nowadays be prevented or cured in childhood.

"Since five times as many of these geniuses were still living at the age of seventy as we find among people in general, it surely indicates that bright children are not lacking in physical stamina because of their high ability or intense mental activities. The amount of work they turned out in itself indicates that they must have had pretty powerful constitutions.

"And I'd like to break through another popular delusion. Many people imagine geniuses have usually been dissipated and dissolute. This is true only in rare cases."

"That brings me," I said, "to my final question: Did you make any effort to estimate the personality traits of these children of genius? What can you tell us about their temperaments? Were they self-willed or strong-willed? Were they the type of children that make an old bachelor glad or sorry he didn't marry?"

Doctor Cox smiled. "I took a long list of mental, moral, and volitional traits, worked out by Webb, an English psychologist, and rated my three hundred geniuses by it. Sixty-three of the traits on that list are those which we deem especially desirable in present-day children. They furnish a pretty complete picture of a girl or boy, and show what sort of stuff the children are made of. If parents would make accurate and careful

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"I Was Never So Embarrassed!

Just when I wanted to be so proud of you, you sat there all evening without saying a single word"

"AREN'T you a bit harsh?"

"Not in the slightest. Couldn't you think of *anything* to say?"

"No, I couldn't. How was I to get in on that kind of conversation?"

"And what did you expect them to talk about—business?"

"Really, Ja——"

"Oh, I'm so ashamed! I wanted to be proud of you, Ted. You are cleverer and more successful than any man who was at that dinner tonight—but you acted as though you were afraid to open your mouth."

"I was, dear! What do I know about that philosopher they were talking about—what was his name?—Nietzsche. I couldn't even follow their conversation, half the time . . ."

"You should read more. It's pitiful! Why, you didn't contribute one idea or opinion all evening. I was never so embarrassed!"

"I'd like to read more, but you know how much time I have!" He helped her into the cab, then turned to her with a smile. "But you made up for both of us tonight, Jane! You were wonderful! How did you ever find out so many things to talk about?

Busy People Enjoy This Way of Becoming Well-Informed

Jane glowed, flattered by her husband's praise. "Do you really think I made a good impression on those people, Ted?"

"I should say you did!" he laughed. "You seemed to know about everything. Well, you have plenty of time to read."

"Is that so!" she retorted. "I have even less time to read than you. I found all that information in Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book."

"What's that?"

"You must have heard about it. It's quite famous. Now don't tell me you don't know who Elbert Hubbard was! One of America's most versatile men—a writer, craftsman, orator, business man—a many-sided genius. Well, when he was quite young, he started reading the greatest thoughts of all the greatest men of all ages. He marked the passages which inspired him most—the *highlights* of literature."

Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book Selections from 500 Great Writers

"Imagine, Ted! In that one great Scrap Book are all the ideas that helped Hubbard most, all the wonderful bits of wisdom that inspired him—the greatest thoughts of the last twenty-five hundred years! He did all your reading for you! You don't need to go through long, tiresome volumes—you can get at a glance what Hubbard had to read days and days to find. Promise me you'll read in it every day for five or ten minutes, dear! It will make you so well-informed—you'll never need to feel embarrassed or uncomfortable in company again."

"It sounds great," he said, as the cab drew up at their door. "Why didn't you tell me about it long ago!"

Sent FREE for Examination

The Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book is a unique volume made up of ideas, thoughts, passages, excerpts, poems, epigrams—selected from the master thinkers of all ages. Selected by *Elbert Hubbard*, himself a master thinker. There is not a commonplace sentence in the entire volume. Only the *best* of a lifetime of discriminating reading has been included.

This Scrap Book is a fine example of Roycroft bookmaking. The type is set Venetian style—a page within a page—printed in two colors on fine tinted book paper. Bound scrap-book style and tied with linen tape.

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We urge you to act now. We want you to *see* the Scrap Book and judge it for yourself. Mail this coupon TODAY to Wm. H. Wise & Co., Roycroft Distributors, Dept. 339, 50 West 47th Street, New York City.

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You may send me for five days' free examination a copy of Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book in cloth-lined butcher paper binding. Within the five-day period I will either return the Scrap Book without obligation, or keep it for my own and send only $2.90, plus few cents postage in full payment.

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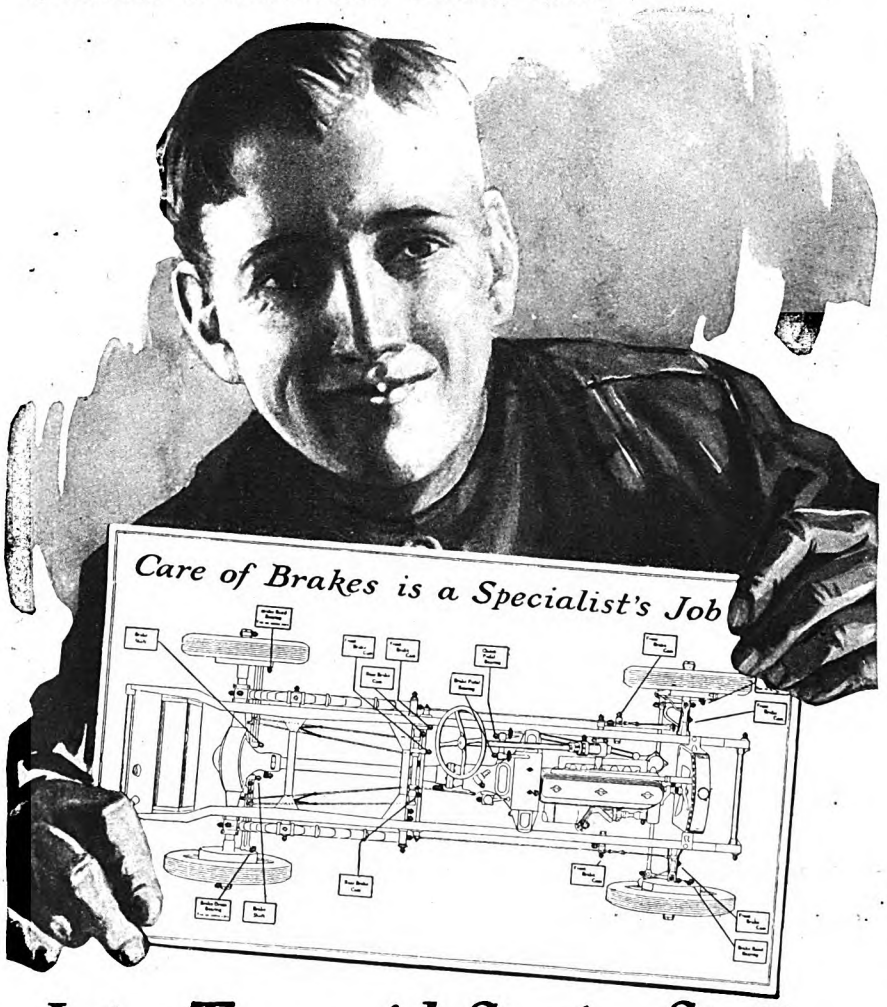
"Consult a Thermoid Brake-anic"



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Let a Thermoid Service Station line it with a brake lining that is a-b-s-o-l-u-t-e-l-y DEPENDABLE. Let them keep that brake properly adjusted and oiled. Let them tell you what you ought to know about keeping good brakes good.

This specialized service never costs you more. It may cost you less. Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Brake Lining is one of the most-expensive-to-make on the market. Yet its list prices to the car owner are much lower than those charged for many inferior linings.

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ratings of their children on these traits they would perhaps see where their training had been successful, and perhaps, too, where it had been misdirected.

"The inspiring thing is that the geniuses, even as children, passed this test with flying colors. Taking them as a group, they were certainly fine children. This does not mean that all of them were always obedient children, or easy to manage. But on the side of the *positive* moral and personality traits they scored distinctly above the ordinary.

"The scientists stood very high in force of character, balance, desire to excel, originality, tendency not to be changeable, quiet determination, and persistence of motive. Boys who achieved eminence as artists had, we noticed, several strong personality trends: Their degree of esthetic feeling and desire to excel were highly developed; they believed firmly in their own powers, and possessed a great deal of originality in their ideas. They were also very intelligent and persistent.

"Boys who later became poets, novelists, and dramatists, rated high on the following: A desire for leadership, originality of ideas, memory, keenness of observation, and the amount of mental work they bestowed upon pleasures. Moreover, they estimated their own special talents correctly. But they rated a little lower in persistence, balance, soundness of common sense, and where action and thought are dependent upon reason they fell short.

"The future essayists, historians, critics, and scholars, ranked high in desire to excel, memory, trustworthiness, conscientiousness, absence of conformity, profoundness of apprehension, and rating their own abilities correctly and working toward a distant goal.

"As was to be expected, the soldiers ranked high in desire to be leaders, in physical bravery, persistence in the face of obstacles, and quiet determination.

"SUMMING up the whole matter, it is evident that both heredity and environment play their parts in the lives and successes of geniuses just as they do among ordinary people. Young geniuses, however, do display in childhood superior intelligence, superior talents, and superior traits of character. I should say that if your child shows good general ability, combined with seriousness of purpose and indomitable persistence, you may well greet this as indicating a capacity for fine adult achievement. If these qualities are of the highest degree in your child, especially if coupled with some outstanding special talent, they indicate the possibility of those extraordinary achievements which mark the true genius.

"It is through education, determination, and persistence alone that the humblest or the greatest man can ever reach the highest development of his inborn worth."

EDITOR'S NOTE: From the comparisons given in this article, parents can get a good line on their children, and also, if they wish to analyze their own characteristics, a line on themselves. Unfortunately, space will not allow us to publish the list of sixty-three traits of character upon which Doctor Cox rated her young geniuses; but anyone interested in rating children, or themselves, on these traits may obtain a copy of the list, with scoring directions, by writing to THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, and enclosing two cents for postage.

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Mrs. Pauline Siegenthaler and her three lovely children enjoying a picnic lunch at a pleasant spot near San Francisco

IRVIN S. COBB, *famous author*

"'Just what you need'— my doctor said"

"IT HAD COME *almost to the point of a breakdown. Stubborn constipation and indigestion kept me continually wretched.*

"For some time I had not even been sleeping regularly. I was told I must watch my diet or I would never get well.

"Finally I asked a doctor what he thought of Fleischmann's Yeast. 'Eat all the yeast you want,' he said, 'It's what you need.'

"I began. To my surprise I felt a change for the better. Now my constipation has disappeared and with it all the other troubles. My appetite is good. I sleep well. And I have a wonderful new store of energy."

MRS. PAULINE SIEGENTHALER, Oakland, Calif.

"TWO YEARS AGO a severe case of influenza left me extremely run down. I suffered especially from indigestion. I was weak, nervous—tired all the time. Remembering the success I had had with Yeast once before, I began again, taking a cake in a glass of milk three times a day. Soon my energy and endurance were greatly increased. In five weeks I was entirely *well.*"

ELIZABETH M. CROW, Birmingham, Alabama

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST keeps the whole digestive and intestinal tract clean.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake are grown in a rich extract of malt and grain. They counteract the poisons of putrefaction. They strengthen the intestinal muscles.

Then your skin clears, constipation and digestive troubles vanish, the energy that is your birthright is yours again!

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast regularly. You can get it at any grocer's. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool, dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. J-44, The Fleischmann Co., 701 Washington St., New York.

"IT WAS MY WIFE who converted me to yeast cakes. Before she successfully overcame my counter-arguments, she had convinced all the other members of the household.

"I insisted that there was nothing wrong with me. She insisted that no matter how well I felt I'd feel better if I tried yeast cakes. She pointed to her own case and to the cases of several about us as evidence. So, I decided that I might as well humor the woman.

"I promised to try yeast for a time regularly—dissolved in water. I kept the contract faithfully.

"Soon I had to confess that daily yeast—or something—was giving my system a desirable stimulation. It seemed to me that my head was clearer, that I had more zest for work, I had more zest for play, more zest for everything that entered into my life. So, on my own motion, I elected to continue the treatment.

"I have continued it ever since. I expect to keep on continuing it. I do not pretend to know just what desirable effects a yeast cake produces in the body but, so far as I am concerned, I know that it does produce them—that I have greater bodily vigor, greater capacity for working at my trade, greater enthusiasm for the job of living, greater fervor for enjoyments than I had before."

IRVIN S. COBB, New York City

This Easy Way to have your rightful health

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal. Eat it on crackers, in fruit juice, water or milk, or just plain in small pieces. For constipation physicians say it is best to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

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A Pipe Smoker in Australia Speaks Up

It cannot help but give us a thrill to have someone on the other side of the world write to us in the same pipe-smoker's language that we hear at home.

Hear what the gentleman in South Australia says:

Mount Barker Road
or Crafers P. O.
Sterling West
South Australia
November 18, 1926

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

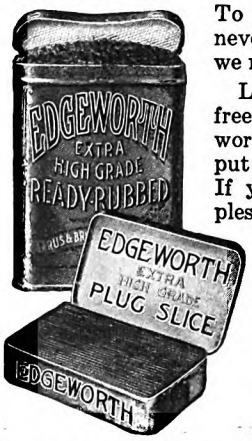
Having been a smoker for the past twenty-six years, I have never come across any tobacco to compare with your Edgeworth. It is a pleasure to smoke, does not affect the health in any way whatsoever, and is most cooling and tasty to the palate.

Everyone I come in conversation with that is a smoker, I always introduce your Edgeworth and if possible offer them a pipeful.

Once more I say it is a tobacco fit for anyone to smoke.

Yours faithfully,
W. A. Jones.

Pipe smokers prefer Edgeworth for various reasons. Some like it because its quality never changes. Some like it because of its flavor. Others smoke it because they can buy it wherever and whenever they like. Perhaps after you try Edgeworth you will discover still another reason for the popularity of this tobacco.



To those who have never tried Edgeworth we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 3 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length (254.1 meters) 1180 kilocycles.

Men and Women

(*Continued from page 15*)

a sublime mystery to her (and perhaps in this humble inability to understand she is closer to nature's secret than our mechanistic science). Instinctively, she worships where the man might seek scientifically to investigate. Physically dependent, she yearns for omnipotent protection; mentally bewildered by the world, she prays for heavenly guidance; fearing solitude and loving society, she thirsts for the Divine presence, and peoples the air with spirits that will befriend her in her loneliness and her need. She is the first to welcome new forms of belief, and the last to relinquish the old. Man, in despair, may kill himself; but woman, when every other hope is lost, finds strength and solace in God.

13. THESE, then, are the fundamental instincts of man and woman. But it must not be supposed that such elemental dispositions remain unchanged by experience and education. There is in both sexes a development of intellect upon the basis of these propensities. How does this intellectual superstructure differ in men and women?

It is wider and higher in men. For men have, through many generations, been drawn out of the traditional home into the varied world; they have had to meet new situations and new stimuli, to which the old instinctive reactions proved inadequate; of necessity they developed that flexible capacity for successful response which constitutes the intelligence of the intellect. But instinct too can be intelligent. Let the stimulus or situation be of a traditional kind, such as humanity has faced for many centuries, and instinct is likely to suffice, or even to prove more intelligent than the precarious processes of thought. Until recently, the central tasks in the life of woman were to find a mate and to rear a child; and this still holds true to a considerable extent. And these were ancient problems: every woman had faced them as far as memory could record; and for these situations nature had built up instinctive responses, occasionally disastrous, but normally beneficent and intelligent.

14. HENCE, woman, generally speaking, excels men in the unity, thoroughness, and precision of instinct. Man is more critical and skeptical, "more sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;" his instincts have been broken up for flexibility, and have lost immediacy and assurance. In the presence of woman, he is at a loss; she is always the more self-possessed and practical, the cleverer to plan and the quicker to execute, wherever the problem in hand has to do with snaring a mate, keeping a lover, or making a home. No man under thirty is a match for a woman of twenty in the gentle art of love. There are some things that woman knows before she is born, by the divine right of the chromosomes; but man can learn them only by hard experience and disillusionment. Woman sees more than she can formulate; man formulates more than he sees. Woman thinks without thought, and lies without premeditation; she far outdistances man in inventive mendacity; in any crisis of detection it is she who imperturbably explains.

15. BEING better equipped at birth for the normal tasks of life, woman matures more rapidly, and has a shorter adolescence. Some men have, therefore, classed her as a lower species; but this is to be precipitate—on such a basis the elephant and the turtle would be the masterpieces of God. Adolescence is of the mind as well as of the body, and admits of many variations; some men mature early, some late, some never. Visibly, our human adolescence lengthens; our helplessness grows against a world that becomes daily more involved and more uncongenial to our native aptitudes and arts. Few men in our time achieve mental maturity before the middle point of life.

By comparison, woman, whose life has the simplicity of profound and natural things, ripens in body and mind at an early age. She learns more readily the amenities of social behavior; she is cleverer in school than the boy of equal years; at Radcliffe College recently she showed herself superior, in intellectual tests, to the learned lads of Harvard.

But this rapid development tends to complete itself sooner than in the male; the woman does not grow so far from what she is at birth as the harassed and experimental male; she clings to heredity as he ventures into variation; she is the organ and seat of racial stability, as he is the agent and herald of change. She is the base and trunk of the human tree, tenaciously clinging to the soil in which it grows, and widening its roots securely as its branches adventure in the sky.

16. THE other side of this stability is a certain conservation of feeling and an inadequacy of thought. Woman's interests are familial, and normally her environment is the home; she is as deep as nature and as narrow as four walls. Instinct adapts her to the traditional, and she loves the traditional, as any expert loves the sphere which reveals his excellence. She is less experimental in mind and morals than man.

Even if, in younger years, she thrilled to the shibboleths of political reform, and spread her affection thin over all humanity, she withdraws these tentatives when she finds an honest mate; and gradually she weans him and herself from this universal devotion to the intense and limited loyalty of the family. "I would give the world for you," the youth had said in courtship's ecstasy; and when he marries she takes him at his word.

It is just as well. The woman knows, without needing to think of it, that the only sound reform begins at home; she serves as agent for the race when she transforms the wandering idealist into her children's devotee.

Nature cares little about laws and states; her passion is for the family and the child; if she can preserve these, she is indifferent to governments and dynasties,

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Will You Be Clerk or Manager Ten Years from Now?

SURELY, this could never happen to *me*," you say—"that I should be sitting at the same desk—be doing the same work—*for ten straight years!*"

But wait a minute—

Exactly that same thing is happening to thousands upon thousands of men thru-out the country. It has probably happened to men right in the company you now are working for. *And—unless you deliberately fit yourself for a better job—there is a very good chance that it will happen to you!*

Unthinkable? That's what R. M. Whitney, of Rochester, N. Y., said to himself. Yet lack of training kept him slaving away at low wages for more than twenty years . . .

Trebled His Salary in Three Years

—For more than twenty years, till finally, at the age of 47, *and still receiving only thirty dollars a week*, R. M. Whitney resolved to be a bookkeeper no longer. He enrolled with LaSalle for training in Higher Accountancy, and completed the course. Almost immediately came the offer of a bigger job.

Less than three years later, the Davenport Machine Tool Company—*the very company he had worked for as a clerk*—invited him to come back. He returned as Auditor, at a salary-increase of better than 300 per cent.

Today, he is Treasurer of this great company; and in a letter to LaSalle, after commenting on the opportunities LaSalle affords to men in their forties or early fifties, he adds, "And for the *young* man, who is just getting a foothold in the business world, LaSalle Extension University training is the most profitable investment he could make."

Says Good-bye to Clerkship Now Heads Successful Firm

We have told you about a man who *waited*—at a cost to himself of probably not less than $100,000. Now consider the experience of a younger man—G. Roy Eshelman, of Decatur, Illinois—

Eshelman was occupying a subordinate position in the purchasing department of a manufacturing concern—salary $16 a week—

Visualizing the opportunities for skilled accountants, he enrolled with LaSalle for training in Higher Accountancy.

"Thru this training," writes Mr. Eshelman, "I became interested in the Auditing Department and often remained after working hours watching the Auditor at his work. Observing my interest, he soon placed me in his department at a 50% increase in pay, and as I progressed with my LaSalle work, I was shortly rewarded with an additional 40% increase.

"My studies rapidly equipped me to strike out for myself, and at present I have an extensive practice as a Public Accountant, employing four accountants. It is sufficient to say that my present income is *many, many times greater than when I enrolled.*"

Send For These Two Books and Start Toward Real Success

Need you hear more before you investigate the opportunities in Accountancy? Shall we tell you about Pentland—or Gray—or McDuffie—all of them commanding incomes better than $10,000 a year *and all of them still in their thirties?*

Or will you face the problem of your future NOW—and send to LaSalle and get further facts and particulars?

Without cost or obligation, the coupon will bring you two books—one a 64-page book entitled, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays;" the other "Ten Years' Promotion in One." "Your book, 'Ten Years' Promotion in One,' gave me the inspiration that decided my future career," writes B. J. Mertz, Comptroller of the Buckeye Union Casualty Company, Jackson, Ohio. In the space of only seven years, LaSalle home-study training multiplied his income seven fold!

How about those next ten years—will you wait or will you START TODAY to realize the tremendous opportunities that lie ahead of you thru sound and practical home-study business training?

Measure your grit and ambition by what you do with this coupon—NOW.

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTION

Find Yourself Thru LaSalle

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 933-HR CHICAGO

Opportunities in Accountancy—Check below and we will send you copy of "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays," also copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

☐ **Higher Accountancy:** Leading to position as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.

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- ☐ Expert Bookkeeping.
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- ☐ Modern Salesmanship.
- ☐ Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic: Traffic Manager, Rate Expert, Freight Solicitor, etc.
- ☐ Railway Station Management.
- ☐ Law: LL.B. Degree.
- ☐ Modern Business Correspondence.
- ☐ Industrial Management.
- ☐ Modern Foremanship.
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Announcement to Executives

Introducing Ref-Ex

a scientifically-planned card-indexed, self-check reading, reference and consultation service for executives

LaSalle now offers to executives a new, unique and invaluable service known as Ref-Ex.

Ref-Ex is card-indexed, "brass tacks" business information built especially for the convenient use of the busy executive. It affords instant access to fundamental facts, analyses and principles that underlie all successful executive work. It is supplemented by current business surveys and carries the privilege of confidential consultation on specific business problems. Write on your business letterhead for full particulars.

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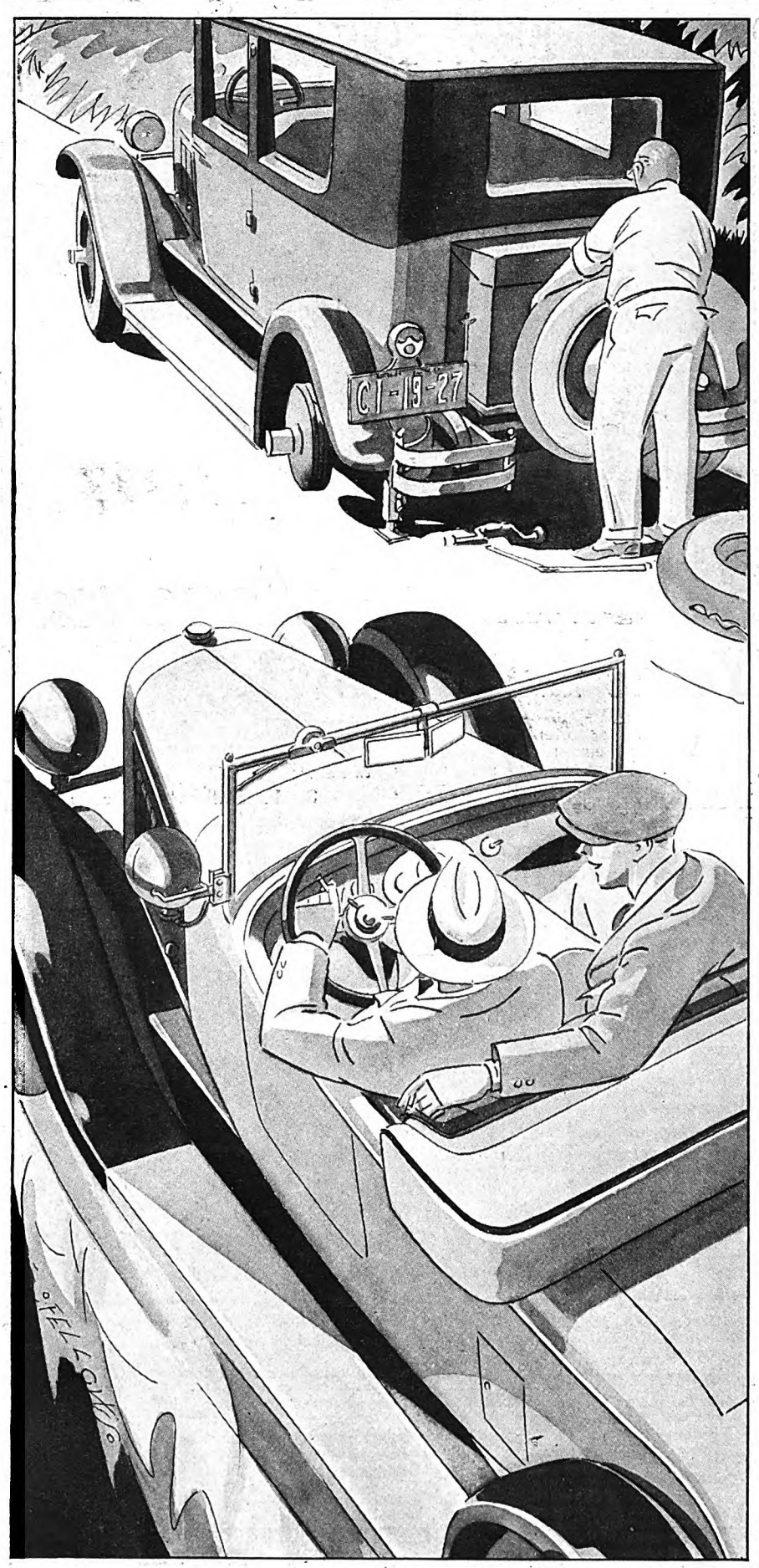

"It's a wonder some of the insurance companies don't issue a policy against blowouts."

"What's the use, when you can buy Kelly-Springfield tires?"

and smiles at those who busy themselves with transforming constitutions. If Nature seems now to fail in this task of protecting the family and the child, it is because woman has for the while forgotten Nature. But Nature will not be long defeated; she can at any time fall back upon a hundred reserve expedients; there are other races and other peoples, greater in number and extent than ourselves, through whom she can maintain her resolute and indiscriminate perpetuity.

17. WOMEN are born with intelligence; some men achieve it, most men have it thrust upon them. Under the chaotic changes of the Industrial Revolution, life has been for the male a kaleidoscope of enlargening responsibilities, unchosen and unforeseen. Many men have broken under the strain; many others have developed a range and brilliance of mind which uses all the reserve energies of the nervous system; they produce geniuses and madmen, as never before. As industry sucks them in, women are being subjected in like manner to this forcing process of intellectual development; but, rapidly as they change, they still retain some mental differences from the male.

Woman seems to be less at home with abstract thought; she has a sharp eye for facts and a good memory for them, but she is not adept at generalization or original interpretation; and she may lose herself and her purpose in details. She is interested in persons rather than in processes or things; and argues always from the personal viewpoint. It is her lot to be occupied with persons—with husband and child; it is man's fate to be flung into the maelstrom of commerce and industry, and to deal with causes and processes and effects, as well as with women and men.

It is easier for a man to interest himself in a book which propounds an idea; whereas a woman's book must tell a story. She is still an animist, and sees divine personalities and heroic wills, where perhaps there is only an impersonal process of economic and social change.

IT HAS always comforted male students of the mental differences between the sexes to observe how little genius woman has given to the world. Even in art, which might be supposed to have some relation to beauty, and in music, which thrives on emotional sensitivity, woman has produced less than her efforts and opportunities would appear to warrant. More women play music than men, and more men compose music than women. Where men acknowledge intellectual or artistic genius in women, it is only to recapture it for the male by pronouncing these geniuses "masculine." Schopenhauer assures us that there is a war between genius and motherhood; if we believe him, we shall conclude that no woman can be mentally superior without being as dangerously abnormal as Schopenhauer. George Sand smoked a very masculine cigar, and Spencer found George Eliot too male to thaw his glacial soul.

The causes of this infrequency of genius in women are multiple and elusive. Perhaps we define the term with prejudice, and forget that there may be as much genius in motherhood as in politics, or literature, or war. Equality in genius

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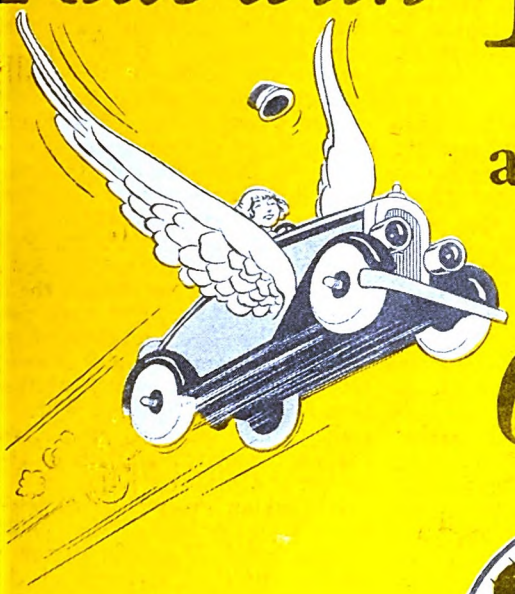
Ride with ETHYL



and get the benefits of *High Compression*

ETHYL
BRAND OF
ANTI-KNOCK
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CORPORATION
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Knocks out that "knock"

MORE than a million motorists are now enjoying the benefits of high compression through Ethyl Gasoline. In two ways:

1 *Through high compression automobiles.* The advent of Ethyl Gasoline has at last given car manufacturers the opportunity mechanically to raise the compression of their engines. For cars now in use they can offer special high compression cylinder heads which greatly increase performance.

2 *Through carbon formation.* By letting carbon form in the cylinders of a car of ordinary compression, you automatically increase compression. And since Ethyl Gasoline is a high compression fuel, those deposits which heretofore have meant "knocking" and power loss become a source of *extra* power and driving satisfaction.

Ethyl Gasoline is motor gasoline containing Ethyl brand of anti-knock compound, the ingredient which eliminates the "knocking" characteristics of ordinary gasoline and makes it a high compression fuel.

In terms of you and your car, high compression and Ethyl Gasoline mean a more powerful and flexible car, less gear-shifting, faster pick-up, less vibration and lessened depreciation. In short, a performance and economy impossible with ordinary compression and ordinary gasoline.

Ethyl Gasoline is distributed in the United States and Canada by responsible oil companies. *It has absolutely no ill effect on the motor or its parts.*

The first tankful will prove every claim. On sale at pumps which bear the "ETHYL" trademark shown on this page. There's one near you.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
25 Broadway, New York City

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If you get at the cause headaches will go

WE all know the woman who "always has a headache."

She can't make any plans. Time and again she has to disappoint her friends and family—for any minute the familiar ache is liable to start its dull throb.

Nothing is so enervating as a headache. Nothing is so aging—so nerve racking!

There are scores of ways of deadening a headache—but to really correct a headache you must get at the cause of the trouble. And the natural way to do this is by the use of Sal Hepatica, the standard effervescent saline.

Most headaches are due to congestion in the stomach or intestines. Congestion produces excessive blood pressure—and results in dizziness and headaches. *Sal Hepatica defeats a headache by promptly and effectively removing this congestion.*

Sal Hepatica combines the same health-giving salines that draw thousands to European Spas. It is efficacious not only in relieving headaches, but in the treatment of many other ills.

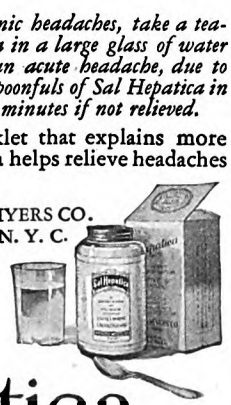
For Sal Hepatica flushes away the poisons set up by foods retained too long within us. These poisons affect different people in different ways, causing stomach disorders, bad complexions, hyper-acidity, rheumatism and even serious organic troubles.

Keep free of headaches—keep free of the poisons of waste. Take Sal Hepatica when you need it.

To help prevent chronic headaches, take a teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a large glass of water before breakfast. For an acute headache, due to congestion, take two teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in water and repeat in 15 minutes if not relieved.

Send for our booklet that explains more fully how Sal Hepatica helps relieve headaches and other ills.

Please address BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. L-97, 71 West St., N. Y. C.



Sal Hepatica

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should be judged not by ability to do all things with equal skill but by the ability to perform with competence the tasks and functions natural to each age and sex. We are inclined to see less genius in our age than in some time to which distance lends enchantment; we tend to look for genius to-day in those same fields in which it flowered in the past; whereas, it may well be that some of the mental force that once made literature and art is now absorbed in the widened realm of industry. We are consumed at present in our effort to remake the physical world with our new knowledge and our new power; we have great inventors and scientists, executives of international business, and world-compelling financiers; we must not also expect, in the same age, Platos and Shakespeares, Leonardos and Beethovens.

18. PERHAPS men have surpassed women in genius because geniuses usually appear among the educated minority of each sex; so that comparisons will be unfair until the proportion of persons receiving higher education is equal in both sexes. Perhaps, too, women lack the sheer physical vitality which artistic work involves; and perhaps they are less gifted than men with that sense of beauty which lures the soul to spiritual reproduction. Woman forfeits something of the esthetic frenzy because she desires not to possess but to be possessed. Hence, she inspires art more than she produces it; perhaps she does not find in man, proud, ridiculous man, the beauty that stimulates creation. And why should she seek beauty when she embodies it?

19. THERE is but one thing more to ask. Are these mental differences hereditary or acquired? It is hard to say; for this is a field where science rivals philosophy in uncertainty of knowledge and fertility of hypothesis. One might hazard the presumption that though these differences are readily and intimately associated with native differences of structure and function, they are for the most part socially transmitted and individually acquired. They depend over a large area upon the ideals which men, for their own utility and satisfaction, have formed of women, and imposed upon them through a thousand environmental influences. As a woman professor protests: "Boys are encouraged to individuality. They are trained to be independent in thought and action. . . . They are encouraged to experiment and make things for themselves. Girls are taught obedience, dependence, and deference. They are made to feel that too much independence of opinion or action is a drawback to them—not becoming or womanly. A boy is made to feel that his success in life will depend upon his ability to accomplish something new."

IN a sense we are enabled, as the result of a vast experiment, to give a scientific answer to the question whether the mental and moral differences of men and women are innate. Economic circumstance has conducted the experiment, and life itself has been the laboratory. It is as if Nature had put to herself the problem which puzzles us, and had decided to solve it by an almost cosmic test.

Men were intellectually superior to women: Was it by birth or by environment? To settle the question, it was necessary to submit a large number of women to the varied and changing economic life which was forming men, and to observe how quickly and fundamentally these wider occupations transformed the mind and character of the women who were involved. England and America became the scenes of the great trial. Factories and offices and professions were opened to either sex; economic exigency drew millions of women out of the home and flung them into industrial and commercial rivalry with man. What was the result of the experiment?

The result was so rapid a transformation of woman that all the world stood agape. Within three generations, these new servitors of industry had made their way into every field where physical strength was not indispensable; and in every field they had acquired enough of the intellectual and moral qualities of the male to make every moralist in Christendom deplore the masculinization of the once gentler and weaker sex.

Women lawyers, physicians, governors, bandits, demonstrated the ability of women, within their still narrow opportunities, to rival the arts of the pre-established male. Colleges graduated women whom no man would marry, because their intellectual superiority excluded certain masculine pretensions to leadership which are among the prerequisites and casualties of marriage. The mental and moral gap between the sexes decreased as rapidly as shops and factories replaced farms and homes.

IT MAY be taken, then, as a reasonable conclusion that if women should choose to live in utter completeness the occupational life of the male, they would rival him and be assimilated indistinguishably with him in mental and moral traits.

But probably women will show better sense. Their present period of imitation will pass; they will discover that men do not deserve this flattery; they will perceive that intellect is not intelligence; and that happiness, like beauty and perfection, lies in the fulfillment of our natural selves. Those women who carry emancipation onward will seek not to be imperfect men but to become perfect women; they will make motherhood an art involving as much preparation and intelligence as the manipulation of levers and pulleys and throttles and wheels. Who knows but they may come to understand that it is the greatest art of all?

Women's new freedom has brought them problems as complex and crucial as those that lay in their old slavery. Men cannot help them here, for the intellect of man is too mechanical and crude to permit him to understand with delicacy and sympathy the critical changes which are disordering the life and mind of woman. Only her own new knowledge can cope with this new situation. Probably she will succeed. The energy which achieved her liberty will meet the issues which her liberty has raised. She will find a way to unite that radiant beauty and alert intelligence which distinguishes her to-day with that modest tenderness which flowers in loyal love and perfect motherhood.

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Up Where the Blue Begins

(*Continued from page 55*)

emergency flask of oxygen, connected it with the tubing of his helmet, and soon was getting his full quota of the life-giving gas.

But the emergency flask was not large and would scarcely last the trip, so the major thought he would try to restore the feed of the large oxygen tank by making an adjustment. In the moment of lifting his begrimed goggles to see the adjustment, he lost connection with his oxygen flask, and breathed the thin air of the stratosphere. In a second he was unconscious. With no hand at its controls, the plane began to drop, and it fell through the blue nearly six miles with that unconscious man strapped in the seat.

It is doubtful if history records a more miraculous escape. When the falling plane was less than a mile above ground, the larger content of oxygen in the denser air partly revived Major Schroeder. He was only semi-conscious, but his hand somehow grasped the controls, and he was able to right the plane and make a safe landing. Icicles hung from his eyelashes and eyebrows, as he was lifted out of the plane. The exposure to cold during the long fall temporarily blinded him, and he was laid up in a hospital for weeks. But he survived, and, to the best of my knowledge, is the only man who has fallen from the second story of the atmosphere, and lived to report the experience.

However, the second story is by no means the top story.

"ABOVE the stratosphere," continued Professor McAdie, "is a third story, which we may call the region of meteors. It is in this area, which begins about thirty-six miles above the surface of the earth, that the so-called shooting stars make their appearance. These, of course, are not stars, but are fragments of matter from space which rush into our atmosphere at high velocities and burn up through friction with the air.

"Beyond the region of meteors we come to a very peculiar layer of thin air. It should be of special interest to those who use the radio, for this fourth floor of the atmosphere has the quality of reflecting radio waves. This reflecting layer of air seems to be elastic, for it rises at night to a height of about seventy-two miles, and at sunrise drops to about forty-two miles above our land level. This region is called the Kennelly-Heaviside layer, from the names of the two scientists who, working independently, discovered it at the same time."

Thus we have gone up through four stories of our atmosphere. There is still the fifth floor, the auroral region, which seems to be the attic or skylight apartment, according to Professor McAdie. "Its floor is about sixty or seventy miles above the earth, but as to the height of its ceiling we are not sure. It certainly extends upward another forty or fifty miles, and maybe twice that, making the roof of the atmosphere from one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles above sea level. Wherever the upper limit of the auroral region may be, we are safe in calling it the Empyrean—beyond it is empty space and the stars."

There has been much speculation as to the origin of the aurora, the brilliant, delicately-colored lights which are seen at times over the poles of the earth. Because they are illuminations in this topmost story of our atmosphere, they can occasionally be seen as far as two thousand miles from the poles. Thus, the spectacular aurora borealis of October 15th, 1926, was clearly seen in New York, Boston, Ottawa, and many other places in the same latitudes.

It has been observed that the aurora puts in an appearance at times of great sun-spot activity, when the sun apparently is in a tumult of solar outbursts. The aurora seems also to be related to electrical disturbances; for whenever the Northern Lights begin to arch the sky, fuses in telegraph and telephone stations burn out, wires go dead, and in some instances switchboards and instruments have been destroyed. The aurora of May, 1921, was blamed for setting fire to the Union Railroad Station in Albany. Precisely what the aurora is no one knows, but undoubtedly stupenduous currents of energy are loosened when it signals with its delicate greenish rays.

"The filmy, delicate clouds which float highest are accumulations of particles of frozen water vapor," said the aërographer, "and in fact may be called clouds of ice. The ice, of course, is of a microscopic fineness, many times smaller than snow particles. These high clouds sometimes scrape the ceiling of the troposphere, and the temperature at those heights is so cold that water cannot long exist as vapor—it freezes instantly into ice crystals. These ice clouds are known as cirrus clouds, meaning feathery. I have heard it said that they make rain, but that is not so. Our rain comes from lower layers of the air where the temperatures and other conditions are more favorable for liquefying clouds into water.

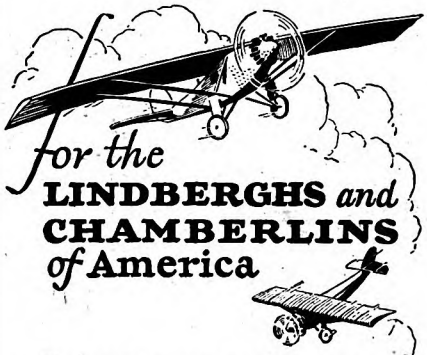
"STUDY of the clouds reveals that in addition to these major stratifications of the atmosphere which make our five-story structure of air, there are definite stratifications within the first story. In fact, our troposphere may be said to have a series of mezzanine floors or galleries.

"In the top gallery, five to six miles above us, near the ceiling of the troposphere, are the cirrus clouds.

"For the second gallery, we must drop to an intermediate level, about two miles above the ground. Here float the great, lumpy, cumulus clouds and the thunder clouds (known as cumulo-nimbus clouds). Some of these are mountainous in size; they may be two miles from base to peak, and even wider. It is in this second gallery that most of our rain, thunder and lightning, hail, sleet, and snow are manufactured.

"The bottom gallery is only a few hundred feet above us, and is the region of high fogs and layer-like clouds known as stratus clouds.

"Finally, we come to the ground floor



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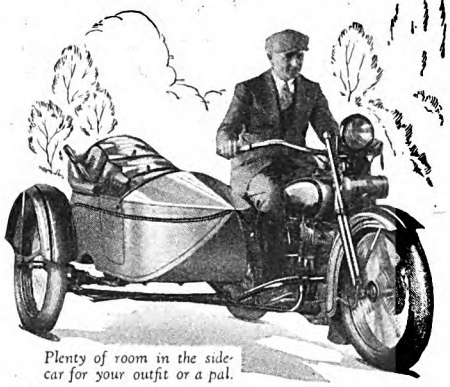

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of the whole edifice, the surface of the earth. Even it is not free of clouds—for fog is a cloud.

"The winds as well as the clouds seem somewhat to follow this structural arrangement of the troposphere. The prevailing wind in the United States, and, in fact, in the Northern Hemisphere, is the west wind, called by the ancient Greeks Zephyrus. This strong wind, which is in reality a permanent river of air, is confined mostly to the second gallery of our lower story. The east wind is a shallow wind, very near the surface of the earth. Local changes in temperature cause many variations in our surface winds; but if you go up high enough you will find Zephyrus blowing steadily from the Pacific across to the Atlantic and on around the globe.

"Rainbows are confined to the troposphere, where they are formed by the action of sunlight falling on mist or rain. The moisture particles serve as minute prisms, and break the sunlight up into its constituent colors, ranging from red to blue. Airmen in flying through a cloud or a shower frequently see the rainbow as a complete circle."

BUT what actually is the air? The ancients thought the air was one of the four primary elements of which everything is made, the others being earth, water, and fire. Aristotle, however, pointed out that clouds and rain originated from the atmosphere, which seemed to indicate that the vapor of water must somehow be mixed with this other element, air. For more than two thousand years this was about all that was known of the composition of the atmospheric ocean in which man's life was lived.

Then, in 1757, a medical student at the University of Edinburgh isolated a peculiar gas from the atmosphere, which, because of its inert properties, he called "fixed air." We know it as carbon dioxide. In 1772, another student of the same university discovered nitrogen, and a year later oxygen was found. Thus, by the time of the American Revolutionary War the air was known to contain water vapor, carbon dioxide, nitrogen, and oxygen. The amount of water vapor varies, from almost nothing when the air is below freezing temperature to as high as five per cent by volume. By far the greatest portion of the air is nitrogen gas. Ignoring the water vapor, 78 per cent is nitrogen, and nearly 21 per cent is oxygen.

In 1894, more than a hundred years after the discovery of oxygen, two British physicists detected a new gas in the atmosphere, which they named argon. In total mass, argon exceeds all the other constituents of the air except nitrogen and oxygen. Shortly after this discovery, four other gases were found in slight proportions—neon, helium, krypton, and xenon. In late years hydrogen has been detected.

"In addition to the ten gases," said Professor McAdie, "the air teems with dust motes, spores, smoke particles, and other minute bodies. It has been calculated that at each puff a cigarette smoker releases four thousand million smoke particles. Volcanoes, forest fires, factory stacks, and domestic chimneys pour billions of particles into the atmosphere every day, and much of our fog and haze is caused by the suspension of these

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particles in the atmosphere. For every one of these motes becomes a nucleus, around which moisture condenses. Let me show you the influence of smoke on cloud-making."

And then Doctor McAdie performed this interesting experiment: He sealed a glass jar which was about one fourth full of water, then he compressed the air in the jar, and suddenly released the pressure. A very faint mist was seen to rise inside the jar, a delicate cloud.

"Now let us put a bit of smoke into the jar," said Professor McAdie. The jar was opened, and a wisp of smoke was blown into it. Then the jar was sealed again as before. It was impossible a second later to see the smoke, so small was its quantity. But the pressure was again put upon the air in the jar, and then suddenly released as before, and instantly a dense fog rose from the water and filled the jar. Every smoke particle had become a rallying point for vapor, and the result was most spectacular.

"MOST of London's fog is caused by smoke," said Professor McAdie. "Investigators of the Smoke Abatement League have demonstrated that. And the fogs of our American cities can be traced largely to the same cause. Smoke will create fog and produce clouds, but apparently it does not help to precipitate them. It is of no use in making rain artificially. Dust motes, however, are sometimes credited with adding splendor to a sunset."

"Have they anything to do with making the sky blue?" I asked.

"I don't think so," Professor McAdie replied. "The blue color of the sky is caused by the scattering of light. Sunlight is a blend of seven primary colors, the rainbow colors, ranging from red, which travels in long waves, through yellow to blue and violet, which travels in infinitesimally short waves.

"When sunlight reaches our atmosphere, and strikes upon the molecules of air, the long waves get by fairly successfully, but the short waves are not so successful. They are thrown to one side, tossed from one air molecule to the next one, and so reflected in every direction. Since the shortest of all light waves are the blue rays, these get mixed up more than any other rays, and thus our sky is given its characteristic color."

Thus, the blue sky is only an illusion. All the rays of light are in the air, but the bluish rays prevail because of their repeated reflection and re-reflection until they hit the eye from every direction. The blue begins where light enters the atmosphere.

Meanwhile, what has become of the larger rays of sunlight—the red rays and their companions? They are passing through the air, in straight lines. Thus, at sunset, when the sun is at or near the level of the eye, we see a red sky in the direction of the sun, and also in that portion of the sky opposite the setting sun. The thicker layer of air on the horizon line, with its greater volume of dust motes, aids this sunset effect and enriches the crimson by reflecting some of the long light waves.

Red sunsets are appropriate for horizon effects, but for the spacious dome itself who would choose anything but blue?

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

Mothers say this plan works wonders

All material free to mothers

Far better than "coaxing" the children to eat

HOW often the children say "not hungry" at the breakfast table! What coaxing it takes to get them to eat what they should! Here is a simple way out—a plan that thousands of mothers have used with wonderful results. It makes children *want* to eat the *hot* cereal breakfast which school authorities say they need so much.

We will send you these attractive breakfast posters in full colors and a supply of gold stars, free. You simply hang the posters in your children's room. Then let each one paste a gold star in the record form every morning a *hot* cereal breakfast is eaten.

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This Breakfast Poster Plan is a part of the Educational Health Service for mothers and teachers, maintained by the manufacturers of that good old cereal, Cream of Wheat. A service used today in over 50,000 schools.

In order that you may test this famous cereal itself, as well as the poster plan, we will also send you a free sample box of Cream of Wheat. It will interest you to have in mind these points which have led authorities for over thirty years to recommend Cream of Wheat as ideal for growing children:

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Over 35,000 mothers are using this Breakfast Poster Plan and already many requests are coming in for additional gold stars. Here is a typical letter:

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There's a joker in the "cheap" paint can

IN the last dozen years thousands of home owners have been fooled by "cheap" paint. But now the public is learning that "cheap" paint isn't cheap at all —for two reasons:

FIRST, "cheap" paint can't cover. It takes nearly twice as much to do a given surface as with fine old SWP House Paint.

SECOND, "cheap" paint can't stand the weather. You pay a costly penalty—in repainting expense.

You can't paint a house with "apple-sauce"!

If you want proof just compare the formula of any "cheap" paint that tempts you, with the "balanced" formula of SWP House Paint.

First look for *white lead* and *zinc oxide*, the recognized basis of all whites and light colors.

Note that in SWP Outside Gloss White the pigment content is 90 per cent white lead carbonate, white lead sulphate and zinc oxide . . . in a scientifically "balanced" formula.

These basic materials are mined and made by Sherwin-Williams exclusively for S-W paints.

We could purchase made-up materials in the open market at lower cost. But SWP standards call for extra fine quality.

Now note the "cheap" formula. Usually you will find that white lead and zinc oxide make up only 50 per cent or less of the pigment content. The other 50 per cent is made up of the cheaper materials—which in such large proportions become useless filler—mere bulk to fill the can.

Here you have the reason why "cheap" paint can be sold at a low price. Why it has no covering power —no hiding ability—no endurance. Why it often costs *two and one-half times* as much as fine old SWP.

The Master Touch

But quality of ingredients alone does not make a fine house paint.

Formula alone does not make a fine house paint.

Even formula and ingredients combined do not assure a fine house paint like SWP.

The SWP "balanced" formula is openly printed—and has been for years. Every paint manufacturer in the world, we imagine, has studied it.

Yet today there is only one SWP House Paint — the accepted leader throughout the world.

Why is this? Because there is an element in every can of fine old SWP House Paint that cannot be duplicated or imitated successfully.

It is the *Master Touch*—that inimitable touch of superiority with which the few great scientists of the world have been endowed.

Edison, the wizard of electricity, has it. Burbank, the great American horticulturist, was blessed with it. Marconi, discoverer of wireless, has it.

You can't paint a house with apple-sauce

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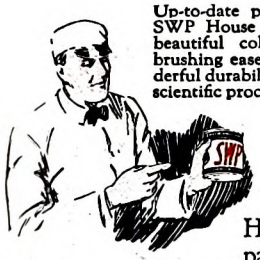


Up-to-date painters everywhere are using SWP House Paint. They realize that its beautiful colors — creamy smoothness — brushing ease—covering ability—and wonderful durability—can only be produced by scientific processes and modern machinery.

And so, too, the scientific men at the head of Sherwin-Williams' laboratories add to the fine materials of SWP House Paint the Master Touch that has set it above and apart from *all* others — as the leading house paint of the world.

This Master Touch of science is evident in the quality of the raw materials made by Sherwin-Williams. In the delicate "balancing" of ingredients. In the wonderful power-driven machines which mix and grind SWP to its creamy-smooth texture. In the critical analyzing, testing and proving which daily guard and control each step in the SWP process.

This is the vital element of SWP which no "cheap" paint even *attempts* to have—and which no paint regardless of price can successfully imitate.

Naturally no individual can equal, by hand, the scientific skill and modern machinery that produce the creamy texture of SWP.

Price per gallon means nothing in cost

A gallon of SWP House Paint covers 360 square feet of surface — two coats. The average "cheap" paint poorly covers only 250 sq. ft. — two coats. SWP costs no more by the job —*because fewer gallons are needed.*

Once the "cheap" paint is applied, the real tragedy begins. Hardly have you paid the painter's bill when your "cheap" paint begins to fade and wash away.

According to thousands of tests both in the laboratory and on the house, SWP lasts from two to five times as long as "cheap" house paint.

The beautiful colors for which SWP House Paint is famous are wonderfully durable. Neither sun, rain, hail, sleet, snow nor cold affects them. They do not fade. That is because they are made with the Master Touch in the Sherwin-Williams Dry Color Works. Long after "cheap" colors are hopelessly faded — your SWP colors will be bright and cheerful as new.

And when repainting is necessary it is easily and quickly done because the surface is in proper condition to take the new paint at much lower labor cost.

Here is where the *big saving* is made by SWP House Paint.

Again, we say — "You can't paint a house with 'apple-sauce'."

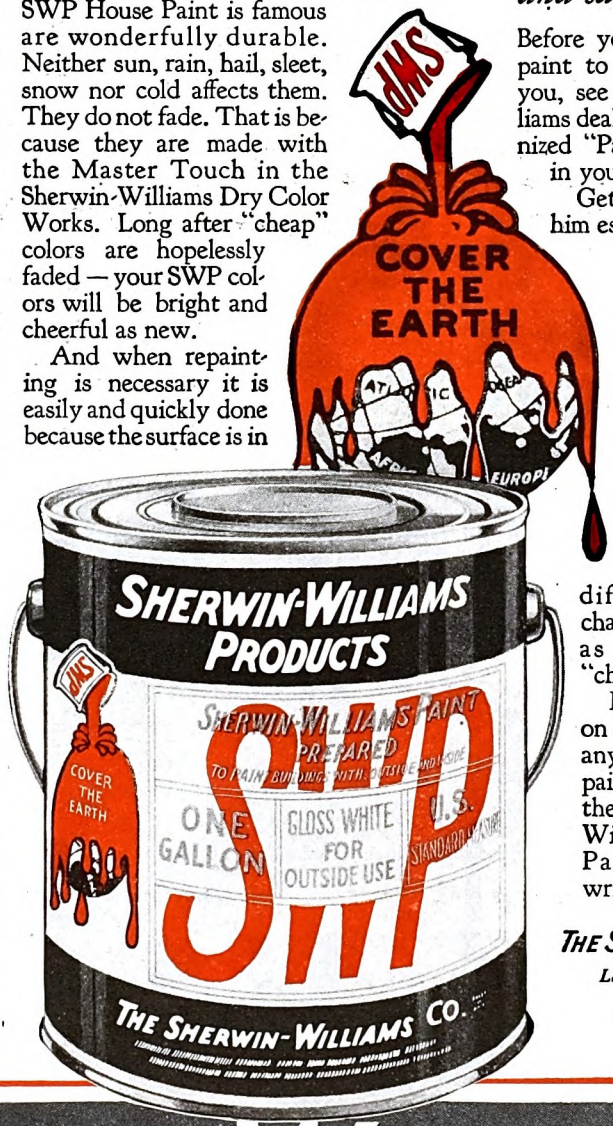
See "Paint Headquarters" and save money

Before you permit "cheap" paint to get the *laugh* on you, see the Sherwin-Williams dealer. He is the recognized "Paint Headquarters" in your locality.

Get his advice. Have him estimate what it will cost to do your job in fine old SWP House Paint. Then compare the estimate with an estimate on any "cheap" paint. You'll find out that "There's a joker in the 'cheap' paint can."

And remember: Quality makes no difference in labor charges — it costs just as much to apply "cheap" paint as SWP.

If you want advice on color schemes or on any other phase of painting, or a copy of the famous Sherwin-Williams "Household Painting Guide," write us.



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THAT WE GUARANTEE that neither *you,* nor *any of your friends,* can tell the difference between these new Olson Rugs and expensive rugs of new materials.

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Gentlemen: Please mail to me your rug BOOK, "Home Beautifying—Inexpensively," your NEW LOW PRICES—your TRIAL OFFER—COLOR GUIDE—TAPE MEASURE—and SAMPLES of rug yarn prepared by Olson Process. All to be sent FREE and postage paid.

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What! You Don't Know That? Then I'll Ask You Another

(*Continued from page 43*)

were listed alongside of "Who composed 'Cavalleria Rusticana'?" and, "Who succeeded Jess Willard as the world's heavyweight boxing champion?" They were of all degrees of difficulty and covered a wide scope of human knowledge. As I have said before, nobody made one hundred per cent on the general tests; but on the special Bible quiz, the Reverend Harry Emerson Fosdick, of the Park Avenue Baptist Church, New York, made a perfect grade. And on the sports test, Grantland Rice, the sports writer, received a hundred points.

Of the nine hundred odd who took the tests, only thirty-four were able to make a score of ninety or better. This imposing list is given below. It undoubtedly contains the names of a number of persons whom you hold in esteem. You may be pleasantly surprised to find that on your own quizzes you compare favorably with them:

Alice Duer Miller, writer	97
John Dewey, professor at Columbia University	97
Holland Thompson, professor at the College of the City of New York	96
George M. Whicher, professor at Hunter College (retired)	96
Louis Marshall, noted New York lawyer	96
Herbert Bayard Swope, executive editor, New York "World"	95
Raymond Walters, dean of Swarthmore	95
Bruce Barton, author, and president of an advertising firm	94
Frank Sullivan, journalist and humorist	94
Ray Stannard Baker, author	94
Albert G. Rau, dean of Moravian College	94
Deems Taylor, composer and musical critic	94
Henry Noble MacCracken, president of Vassar	94
Merle Crowell, editor "The American Magazine"	93
William Esty, head of Electrical Engineering Department, Lehigh University	93
William Allan Neilson, president of Smith College	92
William Lyon Phelps, professor at Yale	92
Lawrence F. Abbott, lecturer and editor of the "Outlook"	92
Irvin S. Cobb, humorist, author, and lecturer	92
W. E. Woodward, novelist	92
John V. A. Weaver, poet and critic	92
Rosamond Gilder, an editor of the "Theatre Arts Monthly"	91
H. Gordon Duval, editor "Park Avenue Review"	91
Alexander Woollcott, dramatic critic of the New York "World"	91
Franklin P. Adams, humorist, author, and editor	90
Henry Seidel Canby, editor of the Saturday Review of Literature and professor at Yale	90
Arthur Twining Hadley, president emeritus of Yale	90
Thos. D. O'Brien, professor at University of Delaware	90
F. J. E. Woodbridge, one of the deans at Columbia	90
Dr. Frank Crane, author	90
Neil Carothers, director College Business Administration, Lehigh University	90
Stephen S. Wise, rabbi of the Free Synagogue of New York	90
Sigmund Spaeth, musical critic and lecturer	90
Rupert Hughes, author	90

After interviewing hundreds of people, Spafford and Esty have reached the conclusion that if a person makes a score of fifty he may consider himself a well-read, generally knowledgeable person. But, no matter what percentage he makes, no matter how many gaps he has in his own mental equipment, the world's cleverest and most fascinating citizens also have blind spots, as the preliminary interrogation of well-known people brought out.

For instance, Alma Gluck, the great singer, made a score of seventy-seven, which is high. But when she was asked what line comes after "Maxwelton braes are bonnie," her memory seemed icebound. Undoubtedly she has heard or sung "Annie Laurie" a thousand times, but it was impossible for her to recall "Where early fa's the dew."

William Lyon Phelps, professor of English Literature at Yale, answered all of the most abstruse questions. But when it came to the simple interrogation: "From what is macaroni made?" he could not recall that the ingredients are flour and water.

Heywood Broun, columnist on the New York "Morning World," author of "Gandle Follows His Nose" and "The Boy Grew Older," presents another interesting paradox. Even with his well-known literary ability, when asked how many lines there are in a sonnet, he replied seven—instead of fourteen. Nor could he recall the simple household product which is advertised by the slogan, "Chases Dirt." Unquestionably he has seen many cans of Old Dutch Cleanser, but he couldn't bridge the gap in his memory.

RUPERT HUGHES the popular writer, took his test with great seriousness and made the excellent mark of ninety. But one question, extremely simple for a newspaper man or a writer, nearly stumped him. When asked: "What do journalists refer to as 'the masthead'?" he became confused and uncertain. And it was some time before he gave the correct answer—the standard text appearing at the top of the first column of an editorial page which gives the details of ownership, staff, subscription rates, and the like.

A certain stenographer in an advertising agency may have gaps in her knowledge, but she wins the laurel for resourcefulness. She was asked, "What is the name of the torpid state in which some animals spend the winter?"

"Florida," was her ready reply.

A taxi driver in taking his test was able to tell which two teeth a baby cuts first. True, he couldn't give the proper names of "central lower incisors," but he pointed them out. However, when it came to the question: "What do the following have in common: Browning, Lewis, Maxim, and Vickers?" it was beyond his ability to give the answer—inventors of machine guns. Here, evidently, was a man who had a baby at home but who was not interested in modern weapons of warfare.

Although men achieved far higher scores

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In all the world there is no other food like this

NO other food like Grape-Nuts! . . . The golden brown, crisp-baked kernels, that come tumbling out of this yellow package, are unique among breakfast foods. Different in form—deliciously different in flavor. Nut-like, with a delicate suggestion of malt sugar! For nearly thirty years the fame of this flavor has spread. Millions now enjoy it every morning.

But Grape-Nuts is not merely tempting to appetite. It is a food scientifically planned to supply essential elements of nutrition—to correct certain dangerous deficiencies often found in modern diet. Made of wheat and malted barley, Grape-Nuts gives to the body dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates, for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; proteins for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite. Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an admirably balanced ration.

Grape-Nuts is ready to serve. The special baking process that prepares it for your table makes it one of the easiest foods in the world to digest—and gives it its characteristic *crispness*. For here again Grape-Nuts is different from other foods. You will enjoy chewing it thoroughly. It will give to teeth and gums the exercise they must have to remain strong, healthy and beautiful.

Put Grape-Nuts on your breakfast menu. Remember, no other food can give you just this combination of flavor, food value, crispness! Your grocer sells Grape-Nuts—or you may wish to accept the following offer:

Two servings of Grape-Nuts and "A Book of Better Breakfasts"—free

Mail the coupon below. We will send you, free, two individual packages of Grape-Nuts and "A Book of Better Breakfasts," written by a famous physical director.

© 1927, P. Co., Inc.

Grape-Nuts

Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes, and Post's Bran Chocolate.

G.—A.M.-9-27

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM COMPANY, INC., Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts," by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

In Canada, Address CANADIAN POSTUM COMPANY, LTD. 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario

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Pathé News

First on the Scene First on the Screen

China seethes and boils. Columns of cable despatches on the first pages of all the newspapers in the land. The biggest news of the day, coming from a country across the world!

Yet you go to your favorite motion picture theatre and there on the screen Pathe News *shows* you the news as it happens.

How can this be done?

Only by a world-wide organization, with cameramen so posted that wherever the news is breaking a Pathe News man is there.

Only by forethought which sees in advance that which is about to happen, and provides against the day it does.

Two Pathe News cameramen were already in China with the outbreak, and another on the way.

More than Luck enters into the making of the world's best-known motion picture. It is brain power, man power, the coordination that comes from sixteen years' experience as the pioneer news reel.

Unless you see the Rooster, you do not see the Pathe News.

Ask for the Pathe News at your favorite theatre

PATHE EXCHANGE, INC.
35 West 45th Street, New York

"Sees all—knows all"

than women as a general rule, Alice Duer Miller, the writer, made as high a grade as anybody on the general tests. Her mark was ninety-seven. The only other women who approached her average were both writers: Rosamond Gilder, an editor of the "Theatre Arts Monthly," made 91; and Fannie Hurst, 88.

The question book scores show that women do not have the competitive spirit as highly developed as men. They accept a good or a poor result equally philosophically. "This may be due," Spafford says, "to a feminine balance which prevents women from wasting too much nervous energy on things which they consider nonessentials. Men are more prodigal. They will fight for the sake of winning." Then, too, a man usually reads his newspapers and his magazines more thoroughly than the average woman does. It is his business to keep posted on affairs of the day.

On the other hand, the test proved that women, as a rule, have a far greater knowledge of literature and the other arts than men have. Again, women make up for their lack of knowledge on such themes as sports, science, and politics, when they are able to supply information in fields which appeal particularly to women.

Editors, journalists and writers, it was found, received the highest scores. A natural result, you might say. It is the business of these men and women to be informed broadly. But, in like manner, it is the business of educators to be widely informed. And yet the writers achieved a better grade than the teachers. On the face of these returns, the men and women of the writing profession would seem to be in a better state of general mental preparedness than the educators.

Specialists made excellent marks in their own fields. But in other branches they fell down surprisingly. The reason for this is obvious: The specialist consciously passes up general knowledge when he selects one field to master.

Older people answered the quizzes better than younger folks. This is one of the most comforting facts which these tests brought out. Perhaps Browning had this in mind when he wrote: "Grow old along with me! The best is yet to be,—The last of life, for which the first was made." The older you grow, the more knowledge life brings to you.

THE more general reading you do, the wider the range of your knowledge becomes. This point was illustrated when the preliminary test was given to some policemen. The interviewer happened to be at his favorite restaurant, a very old tavern where one gets a good meal for a minimum price. At a nearby table, he noticed four policemen. He joined these men and asked them to take a quiz—which they did, making disastrously low scores. The interview was about to be concluded when in came a picturesque old police sergeant, an Irishman. To everybody's amazement, he ran through the test easily, making a score of 90, which brought up his brother officers' lagging grades to fifty-four per cent. The sergeant explained his high average by the fact that he has traveled over nearly all the world, and during those years of loneliness in out-of-the-way places, had found companionship in any kind of book, paper, or almanac which fell into his hands.

Americans in general, so the test brought out, are backward on questions pertaining to the arts. Some might consider this a severe indictment. But it isn't really. For the three hundred years of our existence as a nation, we have been too busy conquering our country, fighting Indians, planting corn, settling internal disorders, building cities, manufacturies, skyscrapers, and automobiles, to sit down, fold our hands, and absorb the culture of the world.

As the tests brought out, an ability to do well on such quizzes is not related definitely to your formal education—or the lack of it. A person in one of the humblest walks of life who is largely self-tutored may be better able to make a satisfactory grade than the product of the finishing school, the college, or the university.

But all alike will be interested in the six new tests which appear in this article. Mr. Spafford and Mr. Esty have prepared these questions especially for the readers of this magazine, and they have devoted considerable thought and time to their construction. The questions will give you an opportunity to test your knowledge in competition with your friends and acquaintances, and will, I believe, provide you with a stimulating game which will, at the same time, help you bridge over some of the gaps in your knowledge.

A good average—fifty or so points—means a well-ordered mind. It means that you have trained yourself to put away in the filing cabinets of your brain facts which will be ready for use when needed. It indicates, furthermore, that you have that eagerness for knowledge which is sometimes described as a "divine discontent."

IN ORDER that you may have a fair chance, regardless of your background, the compilers have avoided questions on abstruse or technical points. A high score will be a tribute to the breadth rather than to the depth of your knowledge.

Here are some rules that will assist you in scoring:

1. Since there are twenty questions to each quiz, 5 points should be given for a correct answer.

2. When a question is in two parts, and the correct answer is given to one part only, allow 2.5 credits.

3. If a question in three parts is answered two thirds right, credit with the full 5 points.

4. If answered only a third satisfactorily, allow no credit at all.

In order that you may have a definite idea of the average percentage made in the tests given to people in various walks of life—and already published—a list is given below. Line yourself up with the profession nearest your own, and see if you can better the grade:

	Per Cent
5 University instructors	86
5 Reporters	82
5 Private school teachers	81
5 Public executives	79
5 Amherst graduates	79
5 Architects	78
5 Society matrons	77
5 Lawyers	76
5 Williams' Club members	76
5 Vassar graduates	76
5 Insurance men	75
5 Women book sellers	74

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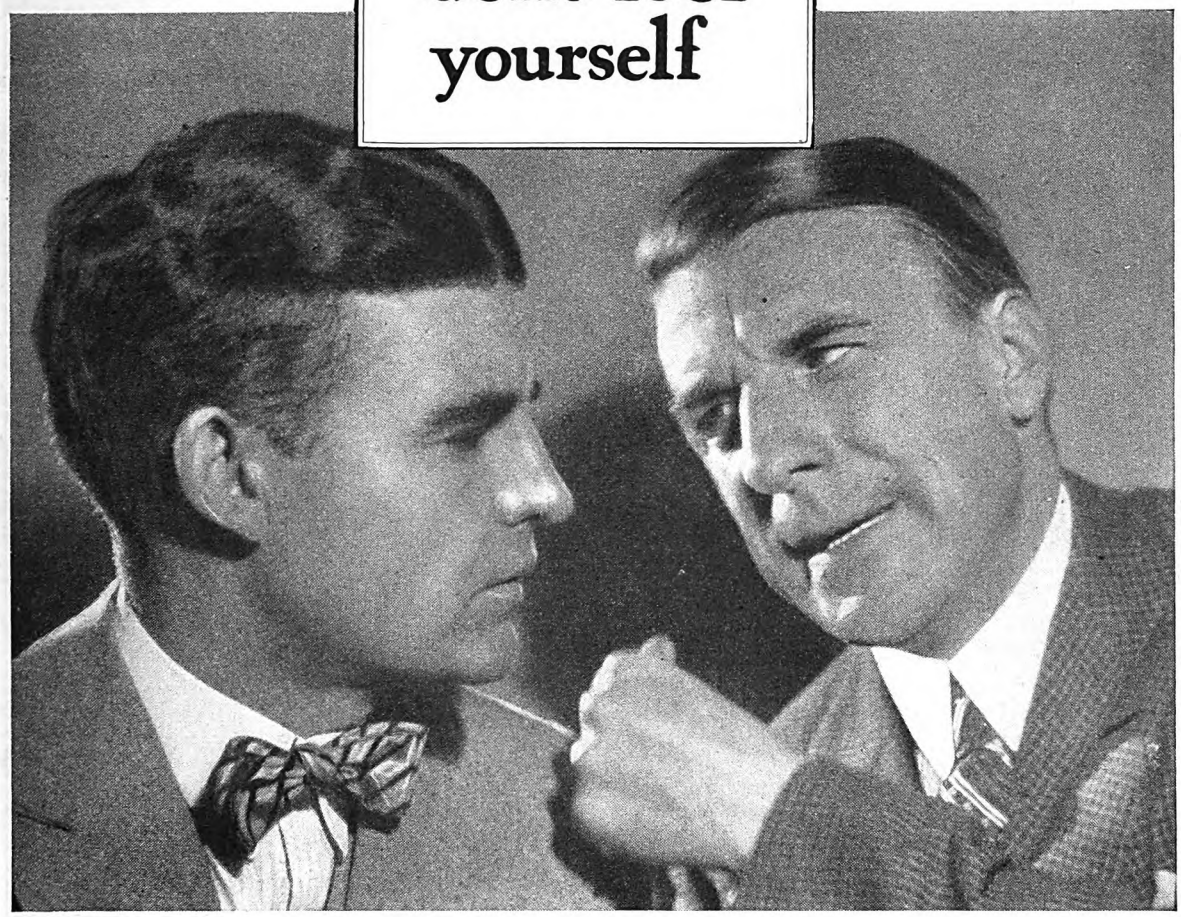
don't fool yourself



Decency demands it

Don't fool yourself by thinking that you never have halitosis (unpleasant breath). The worst offenders are usually unaware of it. You, yourself, can never tell.

Therefore, common decency demands that before meeting people, you put yourself on the polite side by the use of Listerine. You simply rinse the mouth.

1/3 Had Halitosis

115 barbers say that about every third man that walks into the shop has halitosis. Who should know better than barbers?
Face to face evidence

Immediately and effectively, Listerine combats unpleasant odors arising from teeth and gums, the most common source of halitosis. And the antiseptic essential oils combat the action of bacteria in the mouth.

Better keep a bottle handy in home and office so that you may never offend.
Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U.S.A.

LISTERINE

—the safe antiseptic

FALL IN LINE!
Millions are switching to Listerine Tooth Paste because it cleans teeth whiter and in quicker time than ever before. We'll wager you'll like it. Large tube 25c.

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A housewife writes: "The hot grease spattered up, burning me terribly. I applied Unguentine and next morning there wasn't a trace of a burn."

Pain . . .

the lurking danger of scars *overcome*

with this dressing for burns

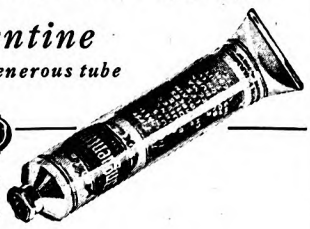
EACH week 140 people are burned to death in the United States. And all around us are thousands of living victims of burns, crucified with pain, infection, branded with scars for life.

Treat burns and scalds at once—with exactly the same dressing that hospitals and physicians use.

Unguentine eases the pain—instantly. And immediately, surely, it cleans the wound antiseptically—quick, normal healing begins. *Soon, almost invariably, not even a scar is left!*

Spread Unguentine on all burns and cuts, thick. In severe cases spread it on gauze and apply, bandaging lightly. Made by The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N.Y. All druggists, 50c.

Unguentine
FREE—a generous tube



Norwich
—a trusted name on pharmaceutical preparations

The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Dept. A-9, Norwich, N. Y.

Please send me trial tube of Unguentine and booklet, "What to do," by M. W. Stofer, M.D.

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

5 Business women executives	70
5 Bond salesmen	68
5 Columbia students	64
5 Howard University students	64
5 Stenographers	55
5 Policemen	54
5 Firemen	52
5 Restaurant waiters	52
5 Taxi drivers	43

When you have finished the six tests given with this article, you may wish to make up some of your own. Making up your own questions sounds easy. But it really isn't. It takes a peculiar sort of genius—and several reference books—to ask questions properly. Mr. Esty and Mr. Spafford discovered this.

FIRST: Your queries should embrace the three main headings which Mr. Esty covered:

1. Things you know already.
2. Things you ought to know.
3. Things you would like to know.

SECOND: Your questions should be interrogations that can be answered incontrovertibly—not just by statements of opinion. For instance, the question might be asked: "Who is the greatest musical composer that ever lived?" Many would unhesitatingly answer "Beethoven." But another group might stand up for Bach. Still another sector might cling to Wagner. And all you would have on your hands would be trouble. Such questions should not be included in your list.

THIRD: Your queries should appeal to all members of your group. For instance, if you live in Detroit, and most of your friends are interested in the automobile industry, don't ask, "What modern artist painted 'Head of a Woman'?" They are not half so much concerned with the work of Henri Martisse as they would be in some question similar to: "Give five names of automobiles no longer manufactured."

FOURTH: Your queries should be fair. If your circle happens to be literary, and you are asking questions on books, don't quiz them about a novel that came off the press a week ago. Stick to volumes a year old, and to the classics.

FIFTH: Don't ask questions whose answers you haven't checked up yourself, no matter how well you think you know them. And check them up not only once but twice. For some reference books contain errors. For instance, take the question: "Who commanded the English fleet that opposed the Spanish Armada?" Most folks would answer "Sir Francis Drake." But it was not Sir Francis Drake, as Esty and Spafford found out, even though that answer was given in a standard encyclopedia. Sir Francis Drake was the vice admiral of the fleet. The supreme command was in the hands of Lord Howard.

ANOTHER question which could raise considerable controversy would be: "What state in the United States was named after a French king?" Many people would answer Louisiana. But some reference books say the Carolinas were so called after Charles IX of France. And still another encyclopedia gives an English Charles as the name father of the Carolinas.

SIXTH: The groups which seem to excite the most interest in the greatest number of people are: The Bible; American history; geography; current events; sports; quotations from well-known authors—Shakespeare and Longfellow are most favored; and the movies. Therefore, a large number of your questions should touch on these general themes.

SEVENTH: It is always interesting to bring in some figures purely local in character, either living notables in civic circles, or dead heroes of wars and mighty political issues.

EIGHTH: Advertising questions seem popular with everybody. Such questions as, "What product is advertised by the slogan 'The candy mint with the hole'?" give all a chance, as the answer, "Life-savers," is known to nearly everyone.

NINTH: Try to cover as many subjects as possible, so if a person has no interest in the first quiz or two, his attention will soon be caught by a question in which he is interested.

TENTH: If at all possible, try your questions out on several people before you use them at a party. Often a query you consider quite in order will be found incorrect. When Mr. Spafford gave the test to Donald B. MacMillan, the Arctic explorer and author, one of the questions was: "What formation do migrating bands of ducks and geese maintain while flying?" But after speaking with the explorer, Spafford omitted the word "ducks," since Mr. MacMillan said he was pretty sure ducks did not fly in that figure.

AND now it may be, after you have prepared these homemade tests, that you will be led on still further. Undoubtedly, a panorama of information will stretch invitingly before your eyes. You may be encouraged to round out your mental equipment; to strengthen the weak spots in your knowledge; and possibly to use this method of self-education to perform your present work better, or to make yourself ready for a better job.

The question mark is an apt teacher. And well-directed curiosity has proved an asset. Lawrence Barrett—one of the greatest of America's actors, who costarred with and later managed Edwin Booth, directing the latter to a fortune, educated himself by candle light over a dictionary. An eagerness for knowledge has heightened the light of many a guttering taper. Remember the flickering ends by which Lincoln studied.

Answers to Easy Questions

1. Woodpeckers
2. Molars.
3. It is an alloy.
4. Twelve.
5. From the bark of the cork tree, a species of oak.
6. Parallel.
7. The rubber industry, especially automobile tires.
8. It falls on the first Monday after the first Sunday in September.
9. She will be the first among those present to be married.
10. Dachshunds.
11. The resistance of the filament in a vacuum to the passage of an electric current causes it to glow.
12. The Southern States of the Confederacy, which were solid in their support of the Democratic Party until 1896.
13. Poisonous carbon monoxide gas is generated.
14. Rouge is the French word for red.
15. New Year's Day.
16. (a) Water, (b) table salt.
17. In driving oxen (or other draft animals) to indicate a turn to the right or left.

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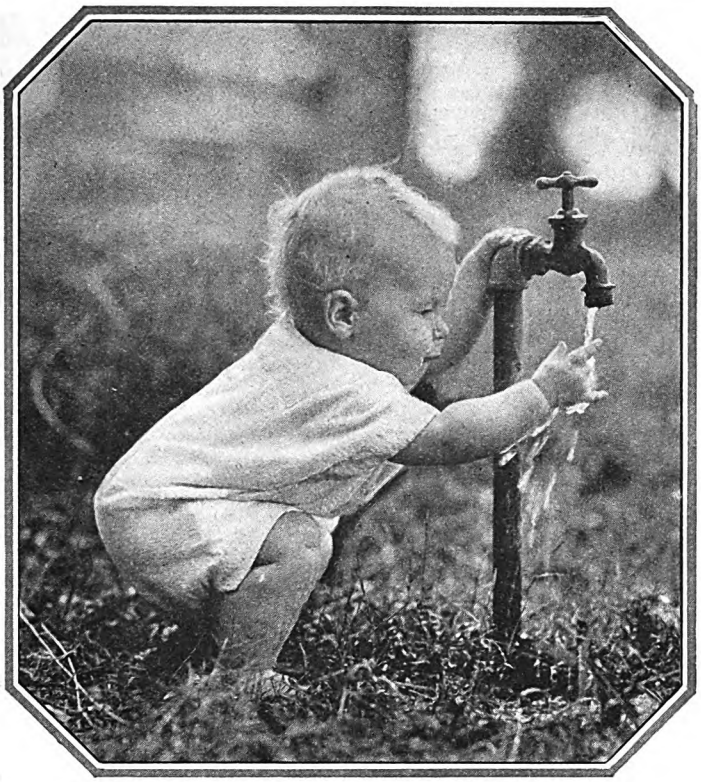
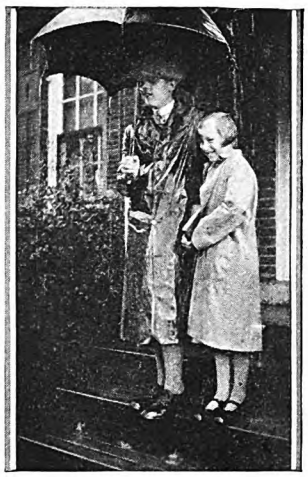
INTERIOR PICTURES—*no easy to make. This interesting photograph was made with a Modern Kodak, by an amateur just like yourself.*



OUTDOOR PICTURES—*Children playing in the shade . . . picnics in the woods . . . favorite subjects once so difficult are simple "snap-shots" now.*



RAINY DAY SUBJECTS—*Now you can make snap-shots in the rain. It's no longer necessary to have your subject in direct sunlight*

New Facts About Amateur PHOTOGRAPHY

TODAY, photography for the amateur has been made easier, simpler, surer than ever before.

No necessity now to leave your camera home on "dull" days. If it's raining . . . don't let that change your plans.

If your subject is indoors . . . hard-to-take, according to your past ideas . . . forget these hazards entirely. For the modern Kodak is an all-day, all-weather camera. Ready to use in rain or shine. Indoors or out. Daylight to dusk.

Faster lenses the rule—better pictures the result

This wonderful new development in the art of taking pictures is made possible by faster lenses on cameras of moderate price.

Thus the photographic day is lengthened for those using the less expensive Kodaks.

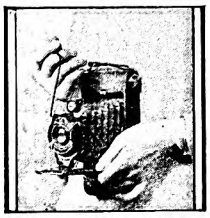
For example, on the $18 1A Pocket Kodak is now supplied a lens that in 1925 was not available on any camera selling for less than $40. Now you can take "snap-shots" in cloudy weather that would have been impossible a short time ago.

You can even take them in the rain . . . or indoors under favorable light conditions. It's no longer necessary to have your subject in direct sunlight.

Children playing in the shade . . . traffic during the rain . . . picnics in the woods . . . favorite pictures once so difficult are simple "snap-shots" now.

Picture-Making Simplified

The modern Kodak is simplicity itself. Everything possible has been made automatic. Things to adjust have been reduced to a minimum.



The camera illustrated above is the 1A Pocket Kodak, which takes pictures 2½ x 4¼ inches. Equipped with an f.6.3 lens, it sells for $18. Other Kodak models $5 and up.

On many Kodaks you'll find a simple "Exposure Guide"—a wonderful feature, created by Eastman Scientists, which practically does your thinking for you. It instantly shows you the correct speed and lens opening to suit any light conditions. Helps avoid mistakes . . . takes the guesswork out of making pictures.

In addition, Kodak film in the famous yellow box is dependably uniform. It has wide latitude. Which simply means that it reduces the danger of under and over exposure. *It gets the picture.*

"Picture ahead—Kodak as you go"

Look around you! Everywhere you go you'll find picture-making opportunities. Friends, neighbors, children. Adventure, travel, romance. There's no need now to miss a single picture opportunity—no need to wait for sunny days, or summer suns, or "right" hours.

Step up to the nearest Kodak counter and see these modern cameras. Find out how modern science has simplified the making of pictures. You can start at once . . . today, tomorrow . . . making just the photographs you want, wherever and whenever they "happen."

If you would like to receive an interesting and informative booklet about these modern Kodak improvements, mail the coupon.

Eastman Kodak Co., Dept. AM-2, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me about the Modern Kodaks.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

KODAK

Only Eastman Makes the Kodak

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Making
a name for himself

THE CAPTAIN HIMSELF—
"Say, Smitty, this Ti-con-der-oga pencil of yours is a dandy. Gee, how easy and slick it writes 'Captain'. I could write all day with it—no foolin'."

5¢ each
60¢ a dozen

Higher on the Pacific Coast

Three for a quarter in Canada

DIXON © 1927

"TI-CON-DER-OGA"

An extraordinary five cent pencil

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY, Pencil Department 161-J, Jersey City, N. J.

1827 THE HUNDREDTH YEAR OF DIXON SERVICE 1927

18. The baccalaureate sermon.
19. Mail-order houses.
20. Blue and red.

Answers to Questions Not So Easy

1. (a) Paraguay, (b) Ecuador.
2. The writing of plays.
3. The trident, a three-pronged spear.
4. William the Silent (1533-1584).
5. "Lamb of God."
6. Saul.
7. Newton Booth Tarkington (1869)
8. (a) France, (b) Italy.
9. To indicate the limit of submergence allowed by law; hence, to prevent overloading.
10. He ascended the throne in 1830.
11. William Sidney Porter (1867-1910).
12. The fall of the Bastille, in 1789.
13. The University of Chicago.
14. The Mediterranean Sea.
15. Bulgaria.
16. "A Midsummer Night's Dream," by William Shakespeare (1564-1616).
17. A post-war industrial and financial magnate in Germany.
18. "Lorna Doone," by Richard Doddridge Blackmore (1825-1900).
19. San Francisco.
20. The Orinoco.

American History Answers

1. The English settlement established in Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607.
2. Ulysses Simpson Grant (1822-1885).
3. Theodore Roosevelt (1858-1919), 26th President.
4. A member of Lincoln's Cabinet (Secretary of State).
5. New York City.
6. Major-General Edward Braddock (1695-1755).
7. Those of William McKinley (1843-1901), 25th President.
8. Virginia.
9. Geronimo and Sitting Bull.
10. The mother of Abraham Lincoln (1783-1818).
11. (a) Mexico, (b) Florida, (c) the Gulf States and the lower Mississippi.
12. John André (1751-1780).
13. Texas (also Vermont).
14. Major-General Anthony Wayne (1745-1796).
15. Citizens of other countries who fought as officers of Colonial troops in the War of the Revolution.
16. The Battle of New Orleans, January, 1815.
17. Lord Baltimore.
18. (August 24) 1814.
19. Woodrow Wilson (1856-1924), 28th President.
20. Tories.

Answers to Tricky Questions

1. No (India lies north of the equator).
2. (a) A council called in 1521 by the Emperor Charles V to try Martin Luther for heretical teachings, (b) the mulberry leaf.
3. Captain.
4. Constantinople.
5. Calvin Coolidge, 30th President (1872-——), who was christened John Calvin Coolidge.
6. A liability.
7. Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865), 16th President; *ex-officio*.
8. Monaco.
9. From the white feathers on its head.
10. They are trade names, so generally used that they have become generic terms, and are often applied to similar products made by other manufacturers.
11. As though spelled Chumley.
12. The pound of feathers, since it is measured by the avoirdupois pound, which is heavier than the Troy pound used in weighing gold.

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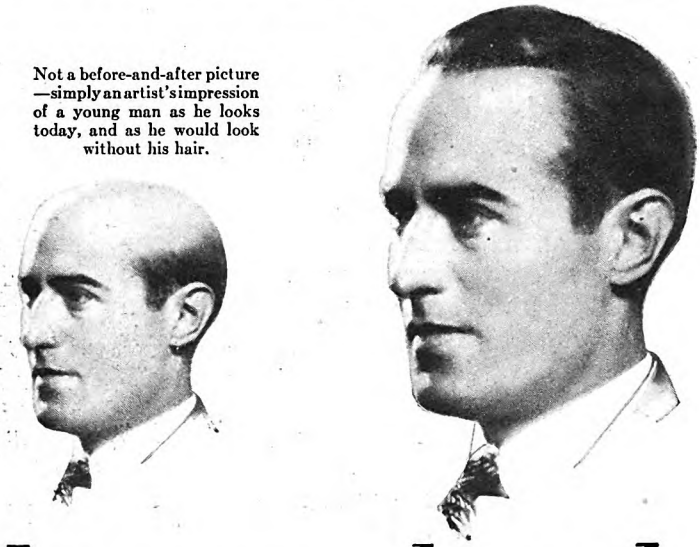
13. It would point toward the North Magnetic Pole, which does not coincide with the North Pole.
14. The Republican party (the Federalists of that time correspond to the present Republicans).
15. Tuesday at 5 P. M. Twenty-four hours are lost as the message crosses the International Date Line at 180° Longitude, while but eleven hours are gained through ordinary time belt variations.
16. (a) Countess, (b) countess.
17. No (only those even centuries which are exactly divisible by 400 are leap years).
18. During the interim between the death of President Harding and the time when President Coolidge took the oath of office as President.
19. Apollo.
20. There is a tide in both, since every body of water is affected by the tide.

Answers to Questions Men Should Answer

1. A flush.
2. Georges Carpentier.
3. (a) Smoking tobacco and (b) safety razors.
4. The World War.
5. (a) Frank or Dick, (b) Dick, Tom, or Sam, (c) Tom, (d) Nick.
6. Gravity feed, pressure feed, and vacuum tank feed.
7. They are types of pitchers' deliveries in baseball.
8. The General Electric Company.
9. B. V. D. underwear.
10. In the spring.
11. (a) Non-commissioned or warrant officer, (b) commissioned officer, (c) non-commissioned or warrant officer.
12. (a) Artillery, (b) infantry, (c) cavalry.
13. An explosive shell, usually thrown by hand.
14. The Buick.
15. The American League.
16. "Parley-voo."
17. A meeting of the representatives or leaders of a political party to determine candidates or policies.
18. They are British golfers. (All of them have held the British open championship.)
19. The America's Cup.
20. Barbasol shaving cream.

Answers to Questions Women Should Answer

1. A trimming, as a ruffle on a shirt front or lace for a dress front.
2. Rugs and carpets (they are named for the English towns in which they are manufactured).
3. As a baby specialist and author of books on this subject.
4. They are all cotton cloth materials.
5. (a) Shortening, (b) glass cooking utensils, (c) soap.
6. An ingredient to make them rise, such as baking powder.
7. A famous French maker of perfumes and cosmetics.
8. They are all authors of famous cookbooks.
9. Congoleum-Nairn, Incorporated; Colgate and Company; The Oneida Community.
10. The Hoover Apron.
11. To baste.
12. A dressing gown; a negligee.
13. An inversion of stitches (in knitting).
14. An earthenware dish used for baking.
15. Embroidery.
16. A small triangular article of women's dress worn over the shoulders or on the neck.
17. Ornamental zigzag sewing.
18. A roast of pork.
19. Colanders.
20. A sale of white goods, such as towels, table and bed linen, etc.



Not a before-and-after picture —simply an artist's impression of a young man as he looks today, and as he would look without his hair.

Your youth and your hair!

Dandruff's warning and dandruff's treatment

TRUE enough you are only as old as you *feel*. But, after all, you *look* older or younger as you lack or have hair. These pictures show that.

To keep your youth, keep your hair! And to keep your hair, get rid of dandruff. For baldness, scalp specialists say, traces back to dandruff —9 times out of 10.

To correct dandruff, special care with a special soap is advisable—with a soap, like Packer's Tar Soap, made for the hair and scalp.

A luxury sensation

Until you feel the rich, velvety Packer lather pile up under your finger-tips, you cannot fully appreciate the luxury of a Packer shampoo.

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Every well-known authority recognizes the value of *pine tar* in the treatment of common hair and scalp ills—especially dandruff. So for over 50 years leading physicians have been prescribing Packer's Tar Soap in the care of the hair.

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Every Mueller faucet is tested under 200 pounds pressure. All parts subjected to strain are reinforced. Nothing leaves the factory until it is worthy of Mueller's reputation for quality.

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One day she consulted her merchant plumber. In a short time he wrought a complete transformation. Gleaming new faucets and fittings. The bathroom is *now* a place of inviting beauty. She is proud of it . . . wants her friends to see it. Her whole home has taken on a new grace and tone. Now she is the charming hostess who *welcomes* guests!

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This Haunted House Has Only Happy Ghosts

(*Continued from page 16*)

in torture; that a child had escaped and jumped from the roof, killing herself; that dead bodies were found in the cistern.

"All of these stories were fiction," said Mr. Warrington. "Nobody had been killed. But credulous people believed the stories, and soon it was common talk that a ghost inhabited the house. Thus, the old Remairie mansion became the Haunted House, deserted, shunned, accumulating dust, and falling into disrepair. The agent was unable to sell it, unable even to rent it to respectable people, and after a few years it became a hiding place for thieves, river pirates, and counterfeiters.

"These criminals found it to their interest to encourage belief in the ghost stories, and obliged the superstitious public by putting on frequent ghostly performances. Shrouded figures were seen through the shuttered windows, mysterious lights glowed and flitted about, blood-curdling shrieks were heard.

"Eventually, the Haunted House became one of the traditions of the city. Even to-day reputable guidebooks repeat the grewsome yarns in apparent seriousness. And the fictitious horrors of the old house have been preserved in literature by such well-known writers as Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Lafcadio Hearn, and George W. Cable."

WHILE the house of his ancestors was passing through these vicissitudes, Mr. Warrington was beginning his life. He was born in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1850; but when he was five years old his parents returned to New Orleans. His mother died during the Civil War, and his father just after its close. The youth was left with large properties, though depleted somewhat by the effects of the war. While on a visit to friends in Charleston, South Carolina, the young man entered Porter Military Academy, a new school that was just being opened there, and remained two years.

"When, in 1870, I came back to New Orleans," said Mr. Warrington, "the old Remairie mansion was the very picture of desolation. Not only the house but also the neighborhood had changed. I remembered what my mother had told me of the former glories of this fine old establishment that her great-grandfather had built, and I resolved to rescue it from ruin and decay. So I took the house, had it cleaned, swept, repaired, refurnished it, and moved in.

"Here was I with this big house of forty rooms on my hands. I had no family, no dependents, no particular career in view. Our city was still staggering under the effects of the Civil War, many of the finest families were impoverished, and it seemed that I ought to do something serviceable. Finally, it came to me that the thing I best could do was to establish a school in the old house. The war had wiped out many schools; young people were coming along, education was needed.

"A faculty of teachers was organized and a day school established. Its success was immediate. Parents were glad of the opportunity, and pupils flocked in. Our enrollment increased to the limit of our capacity, and the students were of the highest type, many of the best families being represented."

THEN, in 1873, this incident happened: A servant came to Mr. Warrington one morning and said, naming two prominent students in the school, "Paul and Louis are in jail, Mr. Will."

"In jail! What do you mean?"

"Yes, sir; they stole a horse and buggy yesterday, and the police arrested them, and now they're in the parish prison."

The parish prison was a gloomy jail in Congo Square, the former slave mart.

"I put on my hat and hurried as fast as my legs would carry me to Congo Square," said Mr. Warrington. "The boys were in prison, sure enough, and presented a melancholy sight, clothes bedraggled, eyes bleary from sleeplessness, their whole appearance one of defeat and humiliation. It was the first time I had visited a jail, and it was a shock to see two beloved friends behind the bars. I was twenty-three years old, and the two prisoners were only a little younger.

"They were willing and eager enough to tell their story. When they came out of school the day before, they saw a horse and buggy hitched in front of the house next door. A couple of care-free schoolboys, eager for fun, they thought it would be a great joke to take the horse and buggy for a ride. So they got in, picked up the reins, and drove off.

"A few minutes later the owner of the rig came out and was annoyed at finding his property gone. He looked around to see if the horse had wandered off, and the more he looked the madder he got. Finally, he called a policeman, and as they started down the street they met the boys driving back. Of course the boys were astonished to find themselves seized by the policeman. They explained that they meant no harm, they were only playing a prank. But the owner had no sense of humor; he was piping mad and insisted that the officer make the arrest.

"When the parents of these two youths were notified, they refused to have anything to do with them. This action may seem unbelievable to many people, but the old-time Creole was proud-spirited, and to have it said that a member of the family had been in prison charged with theft was regarded as a blot on the family honor. To the sensitive Creole it was not necessary to inquire into the truth of the charge, it was enough that so disgraceful an accusation had been made. In the case of these two young men, their parents were never reconciled to them, and, in fact, never saw them again.

"I was glad to put up the necessary bonds for my friends' release, and when they were free they lived with me until they got established and branched out for themselves.

"From my two friends, I learned of five

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other young men who were languishing in prison awaiting trial for trivial offenses. So I helped them out, and brought them to my home to live until they could get on their feet again.

"And that was my beginning," said Mr. Warrington, with a smile. "It was, as you see, all very casual, very incidental, nothing premeditated. But that little experience started me on my real career, and I've kept at it now for fifty-three years."

FIFTY-THREE years! The school was continued only until other schools began to function. But this informal work of befriending young men has never ceased.

The Haunted House thus became the home not only of its generous young proprietor but also of many friendless young men in New Orleans. There was no red tape, no organization, no flourish of philanthropy. Policemen, magistrates, clergymen, social workers, and others, learning that the young gentleman in the Haunted House was willing to provide bed and board for young men in need, got into the habit of sending such young men to him. And soon the Haunted House—which was fast becoming known as Warrington House—needed all its forty rooms, and more, to care for its continuous stream of guests.

"What about your business interests?" I asked Mr. Warrington.

"Well, they pretty much had to take care of themselves," he answered. "This house gradually became my main interest, and in a few years I was devoting the greater part of my time to it. Endless details developed; for one thing, a large correspondence. As it got abroad in various parts of the country that I was interested in this sort of thing, parents who were looking for runaway boys wrote me for help in finding their sons. Employers turned to me for assistance in getting employees. Of course it was a slow development, but after a while all of my time was going into this work."

And all his money went into it too. At the beginning, Mr. Warrington had three country places. First the Georgia plantation was sold. In a few years it became necessary to sell the Arkansas farm. The last to go was the old home near Alexandria, Louisiana. Little of his estate is left now. A close friend of Mr. Warrington's said to me last winter, "Only recently he sold the last of his family silver to raise more funds for this work of friendship."

"In the fifty-three years more than one hundred thousand young men have passed through my home," said Mr. Warrington, "and only two of them do I regret helping. Those two turned out to be notorious criminals; the rest were simply young fellows down on their luck, and I am glad that I was at hand in their time of need. Many of these young men were from distant states and countries. Many returned to their homes or struck out to make new homes for themselves. Some have become leading citizens. One of my boys is now a prominent lawyer on the Pacific coast, another a leading business man in Colorado, another the head of the state department of agriculture in one of the Southern states.

"Occasionally a young man will come to the house, sent here by one of these former boys. And occasionally, when to get him away from bad associations I think it necessary for a young fellow to leave New Orleans, I send him with an introduction to one of my former boys, and he is assured of a friend and backer in the strange city. Thus we have gradually built up an interstate fellowship."

One day last winter a prosperous-looking stranger breezed into the Haunted House and asked for Mr. Warrington. It happened that Mr. Warrington was away for an hour. "I don't know that I can wait that long," said the stranger; "but tell him that Wild Bill of Kansas dropped in—he'll remember me then. I went through his mill fifteen years ago. Tell him I've got boys of my own now."

There are Wild Bills scattered all over this continent, fellows who went through Mr. Warrington's "mill" in a time of need, and who are established citizens now, with boys of their own.

"How do you find your young men?" I asked Mr. Warrington.

"I visit the parish prison every Sunday, and whenever I find a young man who has been taken up for vagrancy, loitering, or on some other trivial charge, I try to obtain his release. You would be surprised at the number of men who are imprisoned, and frequently held long periods, on these petty charges. I have known cases of innocent men who were held in prison ten months awaiting trial, and then released and the charge dismissed.

"The judges here know me, and are generally willing to release a prisoner in my care. In this way, many who are not criminals are removed from the degrading influences of prison and given a chance to get on their feet. I bring them here, provide them with a place to sleep and food to eat, and take care of them until they can get work. When they are self-supporting, they pass on and make room for others. Usually, a young man is here only a few days, though sometimes it is necessary to carry him for a week or longer.

"But only five per cent of our boys come from prison. The great majority of them are simply out of luck, stranded in a strange city, growing shabbier and hungrier every day as they look for the elusive job. Some fellow-miserable tells them to come here, or it may be that a friendly officer on the beat sends them here. In winter, we sometimes have so many applicants that I open the library and sitting-room, and let them sleep on the floor. I have had boys sleep in chairs."

When I repeated this to one of Mr. Warrington's friends, a big business man on Carondelet Street, he answered, "Yes, but I'll bet the old gentleman didn't tell you of the time he turned out of his own bed to provide sleeping room for two men, while he occupied a cot."

"THESE young men are not criminals, and they are not abnormal," continued Mr. Warrington, "but sometimes they are in mighty desperate straits. One cold winter day—and it can get cold here—a man knocked at my back door and asked if I could give him a job. His clothes were threadbare, and I could see his bare toes sticking out of the ragged slippers he was wearing. I didn't know just where I could put him for the night—I had sixty men in the house at that time—but I invited him to come in. He was very much embarrassed as I ushered him into

What Are YOUR Mistakes in English?

They may offend others as much as these offend you

IF some one you met for the first time made the mistakes in English shown above, what would you think of him? Would he inspire your respect? Would you be inclined to make a friend of him? Would you care to introduce him to others as a close friend of yours?

These errors are easy for you to see. Perhaps, however, you make other mistakes which offend other people as much as these would offend you. How do you know that you do not mispronounce certain words; are you always sure that the things you say and write are grammatically correct? To *you* they may seem correct, but others may know they are wrong.

Unfortunately, people will not correct you when you make mistakes; all they do is to make a mental reservation about you. "He is ignorant and uncultured," they think. So you really have no way of telling when your English offends others.

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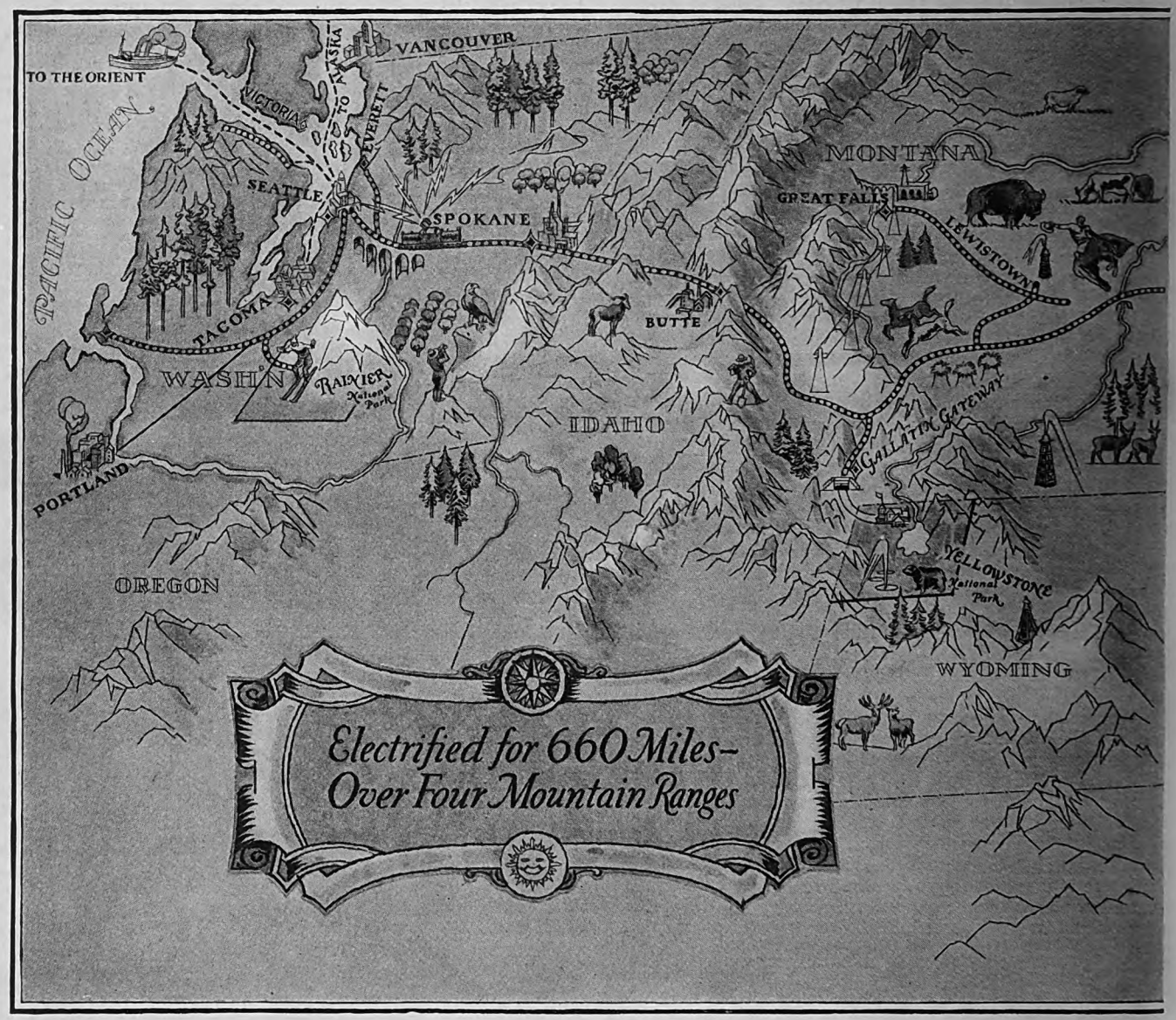

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The Northwest—roughly one-fourth the area of the United States!—is the roof of the continent. It is the birthplace of rivers whose waters reach the Japan Current, the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Hudson's Bay and the Gulf of Mexico. The Mississippi rises here amid green lush hills. The mighty Missouri is born in a broad sweet valley rimmed with mountains of jade and frosted silver. The brawling Columbia roars down from glacier-crowned mountain peaks.

Corn, the golden gauge of civilization, is sweeping far out upon the plains. Wheat is flooding the open prairie and the fertile benchland. The mountains are gorged with an inestimable wealth of minerals. Washington alone has enough coal to supply the Nation for 126 years. From one pocket in the Rockies two billion dollars' worth of copper and allied minerals have been extracted. The Northwest is a region of bewildering diversity whose resources have only been lightly touched.

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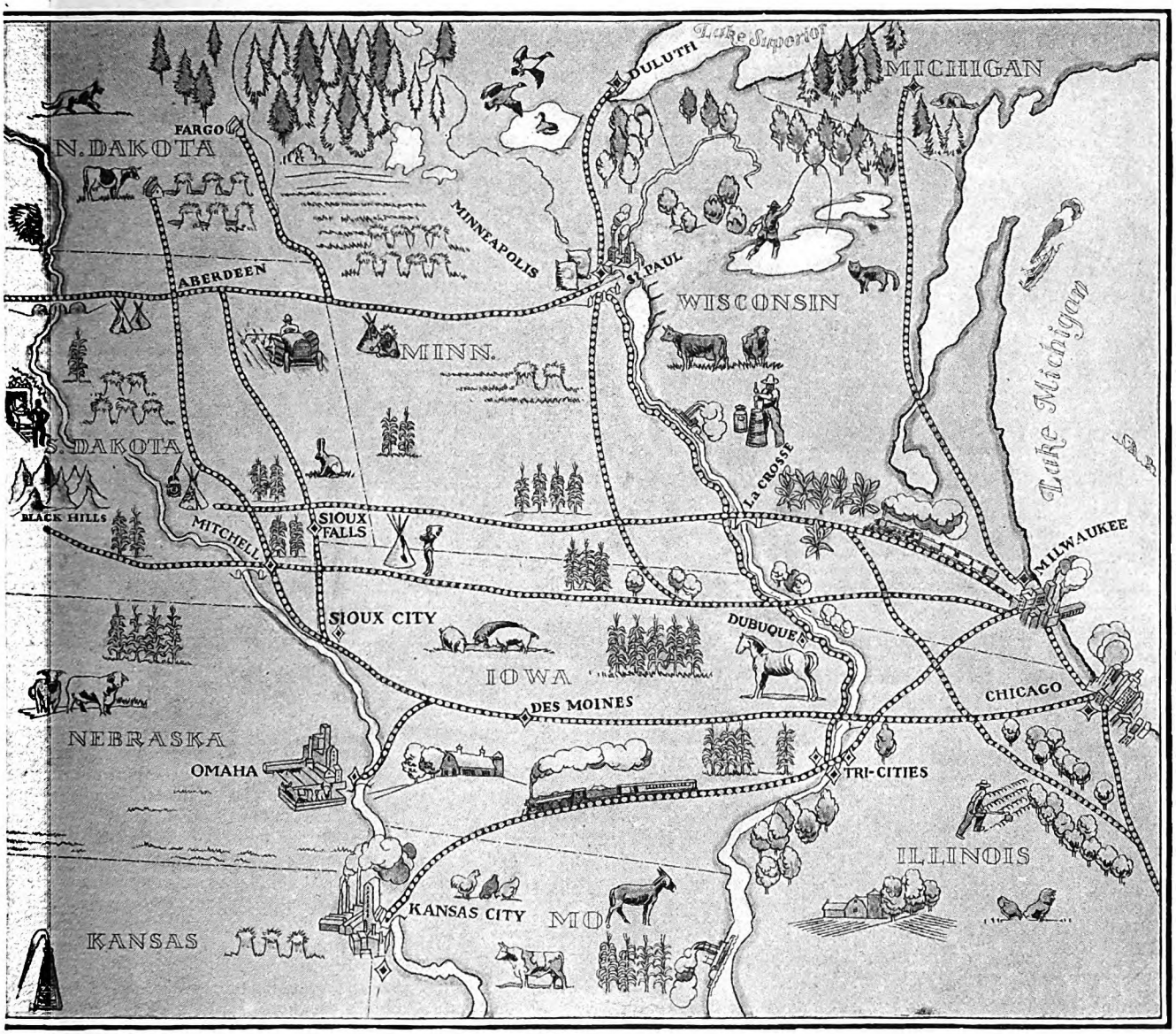

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The picture map gives only a sketchy idea of the vast extent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. The pioneer of the Northwest has a system today of over 11,000 miles, forming a network that spreads from Chicago to Kansas City, Omaha and Sioux City; to Milwaukee, Upper Michigan Peninsula, Minneapolis-St. Paul; and to Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, and the Olympics.

For 660 miles across four great ranges —the Belt, the Rockies, the Bitter Root and the Cascades—*The Milwaukee Road is electrified with power drawn from swift rivers*, the most modern achievement in railroading.

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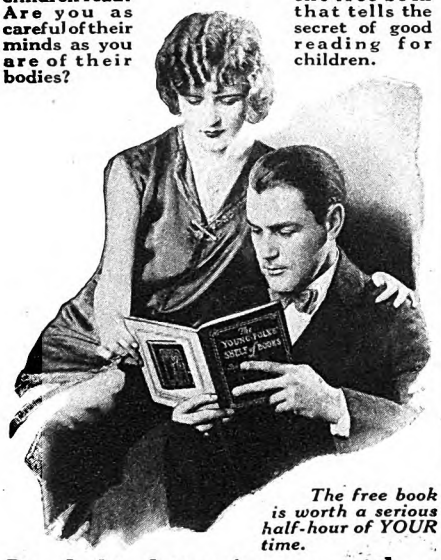

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the dining-room. He hung his head over his plate, and said very little.

"After dinner I took him back to our storeroom and got him a pair of shoes and a pair of socks. 'Sir, you are very kind,' he said; 'but I am a stranger and have asked for nothing.' I told him I would be glad if he could use them, and that he was perfectly welcome, and no questions asked.

"Then he opened up, and talked a little. He said that on the day before he had sold his shoes for something to eat, and had picked the ragged slippers out of a trash can in an alley. He had tried everywhere for work, but there was much unemployment here that winter, and he had been able to get only an occasional job at the most menial labor. He was near the end of his tether, he finally confessed, when he stopped at my back door—on the way to the river, where so many desperate failures end it all. But he saw people moving about in our house and, without knowing its reputation at all, he stopped to inquire for a possible chance to work and earn another meal.

"We outfitted that young man with a suit of clothes. He lived here a few days until he was somewhat replenished in strength and spirit, and then he went out and found work. To-day he is the trusted employee of a large mercantile concern, one of its coming men. He is a graduate of a large New England college, comes from a fine family, and there was nothing in the world the matter with him except that he was down, and nobody seemed interested in helping him up. Many, many cases are like that.

"AND then I have strange experiences with parents. Much trouble is due to parental severity. Fathers are absorbed by business; they fail to chum with their sons, and when something happens to threaten a break they are totally unprepared, unable to understand the son, and disaster follows.

"There was another New England boy who came to us, the son of a wealthy manufacturer in one of the industrial cities. This boy was about twenty years old and had been a student in Johns Hopkins University, in Baltimore. Because of a drinking bout he was suspended from the university, and his father was so outraged that he refused to allow the son to come home.

"The young man, in his distress and immaturity, didn't know which way to turn. He went down to the Baltimore water front and bought a ticket on the first outgoing steamer. The steamer was bound for Savannah, Georgia, and when it landed there he telegraphed his father for forgiveness. The telegram received no answer, and in a few days the young man was without funds. He looked for work and finally hired as coal-heaver on a steamship bound for New Orleans.

"Some laborer on the ship told him about my place, so, as soon as the vessel docked, the boy started out to find it. I happened to be in the entry when he came up, and he was so black I thought he was a negro. After he had washed and eaten, he told me his story.

"I told him I would gladly write his father and explain everything, and advise the father as to the son's attitude. We waited two weeks for a reply to that letter and then I wrote again. The second letter came back unopened, marked "Refused." The Christmas season was now only a few weeks off, and the boy was eager to spend it at home. So I put in a telephone call for the father in his home in New England, got him on the long-distance wire, and let the boy talk with him. But the father was so harsh that his son soon hung up the receiver, his face flushed and quivering.

"He left me two days later. A month later he wrote from New York. Then some months later more news, sad news. The boy had fallen in with bad companions, he had forged a check, and was under arrest. Now he is in Sing Sing prison, serving out a sentence. That boy was driven to an irregular life by a hard-hearted father."

MR. WARRINGTON'S work is all very individual and very intimate. There are no catalogues, no case cards, no red tape, no intermediaries. He deals with each young man personally, and the only records are carried in his head. Frequently, I am told, he gets up in the night to answer the doorbell himself. "If it is some boy in trouble I want him to have as cordial a welcome as possible," he explained.

The work is so dependent on Mr. Warrington's personal ministration that a few years ago some of his friends got together with him and formed a corporation known as the "Warrington House." Their purpose was to provide an organization that would relieve him of some of the details and responsibility and insure the permanency of his work. Under corporate organization, the work has been considerably extended. Recently, a new center for boys under twenty was established as the Warrington Home for Boys. Another development is the Warrington Arts and Crafts Shop, which provides employment at rug-weaving, furniture repairing, and wood-working until the men can get permanent work outside. The shop is in a separate building, across Royal Street, from the Haunted House.

Meanwhile, some years ago, Mr. Warrington lost control of the Haunted House and had to move to other quarters. Like much other property in the South, its title had become considerably involved by tax sales during the Civil War period, and there was long litigation. During this interval the old house again lapsed from respectability, and became a saloon, a lodging-house, and a notorious dive. Its proprietors revived the ghost stories, and the place became known as the Haunted Exchange. People were charged admission to its upper floors, and treated to ghostly appearances, mysterious noises, and other make-believe horrors.

But finally the title was cleared, and Mr. Warrington moved back to the old house which had so large a part in influencing his career. His board of directors bought back the property, and is gradually paying off the mortgage.

Its reputation as a haunted house is still very much alive, however, and scarcely a day passes without many tourists calling to see what they can see. They are welcomed, shown over the place, up and down its three floors, but nary a spook has yet been found. Usually, before they leave they ask questions about the present use of the old house and are always surprised to learn what it is. But few of them ever

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THAT'S THE BRAN I LIKE

A DAILY supply of bulk is important for healthful regularity, and bran is one of Nature's richest sources.

Most people have to be tempted into healthful eating habits. They demand delicious flavor in any food they eat regularly.

In Post's Bran Flakes millions have found a bulk food that is so good to eat that their appetites never tire of its delicious flavor. By eating it every day they help to establish healthful, regular habits.

Enjoy these crisp, brown flakes with milk or cream, just as they come from the package. Try them with fruits and berries, fresh or preserved. Learn how good muffins, cookies and bread can be when made with Post's Bran Flakes. In addition to flavor and bulk, Post's Bran Flakes provides valuable nourishment in the form of such essential food elements as iron and phosphorus, proteins and carbohydrates, and the essential vitamin-B.

Make this "Ounce of Prevention" Test!

Try Post's Bran Flakes with milk or cream every morning for two weeks as an "Ounce of Prevention". Each day you'll relish the flavor of the crisp, brown flakes.

In two weeks' time see how much better you feel. Then you'll be glad to make your health a good excuse for eating every day a food that tastes so good.

Don't put off starting this important health habit another day. Keep on the "Road to Wellville" by eating Post's Bran Flakes regularly.

Free! Send for the "Ounce of Prevention" Package. At your request we will send, free, the "Ounce of Prevention" package of Post's Bran Flakes—more than enough to let you discover how good this cereal is.

Postum Company, Inc., Dept. B-59, Battle Creek, Mich. Makers of Post Health Products: Post's Bran Flakes, Postum Cereal, Grape-Nuts, Post's Bran Chocolate, Instant Postum and Post Toasties. Canadian Address: Canadian Postum Company, Ltd., 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ont.

"NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN"

everybody—every day

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eat POST'S BRAN FLAKES

as an ounce of prevention

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STATE UNIVERSITY SYSTEM OF FLORIDA

The Pennsylvania Railroad carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

When the "Comet" roars by "Uncle Sam"

The hum grows loud along the rails . . . a flash of headlights . . . a wave of greeting exchanged between the crews . . . red rear lights dwindling into the morning mist.

THUS every night, just west of Terre Haute, two freight trains pass.

The "Comet" whirls its caravan of merchandise to the West. "Uncle Sam" spins east with a solid train load of green vegetables from the sunny farms of the South and West. Both are leaders of the Pennsylvania's fleet of named freights. Both are symbols of a new golden age of American commerce.

For now freight distances are measured in hours instead of days. The Pennsylvania's flying freights move with the precision of passenger trains. Freight movements are definitely scheduled.

This expeditious handling of freight has benefited all America. Factories can now count on scheduled deliveries of raw materials and keep inventories down. Retailers, sure of quick replenishment of supplies, can carry smaller stocks. Housewives can serve fresh wholesome vegetables and fruits all through the year. Business is better. Standards of living are higher.

Because of their importance and reliability, because of their part in this new era in transportation, sixty of the Pennsylvania's three thousand daily freights have won special names. They, like their cousins, the limited passenger trains, are of the aristocracy of the rails. And like them, these named freights are made possible by the fact that the loyal efforts of over two hundred thousand men — competent and trained—are united in a common aim.

4 of the 60 Pennsylvania freight trains whose regular, dependable performance has earned for them distinctive names:

"THE COMET"
Perishable—Merchandise
Seaboard Cities to St. Louis

"THE YANKEE"
Perishable—Merchandise
New England to Chicago

"UNCLE SAM"
Perishable Freight
E. St. Louis to Seaboard Cities

"GAS WAGON"
Merchandise
Detroit to Seaboard Cities

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

hear the real story of Warrington House, the absorbing interest that has kept a man for fifty-three years at one task, that to most of us would soon become a cheerless, thankless humdrum.

"No, it isn't monotonous," answered Mr. Warrington. "Why, I am always abroad through my daily contacts with these boys: they hail from every land. Then there are the letters they write, and the correspondence with parents; why, every day is new, every friendship is a fresh point of interest. Oh no, don't imagine it's a dull life. Quite the contrary. Just the other day I had a Scotch lad, whose ship sailed and left him stranded here. And right after him came a brilliant young fellow, a graduate of Heidelberg University. Another boy told me of his life in Alaska, where he was born under the midnight sun."

Mr. Warrington's friends are continually protesting that they don't see enough of him—his whole time is absorbed in his work, practically seven days every week. The greater part of his Sundays is spent visiting the prisons, but on occasions he slips away to his church, St. George's, Episcopal. And what a reception he gets! If he accepted ten per cent of the invitations extended to him he would be booked up solid for a week.

"What is the driving power back of all this application, Mr. Warrington," I asked, "your sacrifices of yourself and your money and everything?"

"Don't call it sacrifice," he objected sharply. "A man must live his years and get the use of his property, must he not? That's all I'm doing. This interests me; the driving power is interest. I've been doing what I like to do here, and I'm happy at it."

SOMEBODY suggested that Mr. Warrington would have been wiser to invest his estate in securities and depend on the income to carry on his work. I mentioned this to him.

"Do you think so?" he answered. "Do you believe it would have been better to play safe, and limit my usefulness? I don't."

"Well, you believe in spirits anyhow, don't you?"

"Ghosts, you mean," he answered.

"Call them that if you like. This house is haunted."

"Well, I have lived in it many years. I've been all over it at all hours of the day and night, and I have yet to see the slightest evidence of anything supernatural. When we renovated the old place a few years ago, I found rods, speaking tubes, wires, and whistles in the walls and ceilings. And I know one man in this city who was hired to dress up in a sheet and play ghost, to satisfy the credulous. No, sir, that story is all nonsense. I want to scotch it. I want to give this old house such a character as will erase that absurd reputation from memory forever."

But it seems to me that it is not wrongly called the Haunted House. "There can be good spirits, you know," I suggested.

Mr. Warrington's eyes twinkled and his face broke into a broad grin.

"Oh, I see! Now you're trying to make out that I'm the ghost, are you?"

"Not the ghost but the good spirit," I thought, as we said good-by.

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

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Grandfather

(*Continued from page 57*)

into contact with real molars and bicuspids, the teeth wouldn't stand a ghost of a show.

"Teeth aren't what they used to be, anyway. People brush them to pieces."

The last time he had any conversation with a dentist, the dentist told Granddad teeth ought to be brushed five times a day.

"The idea! No wonder everybody is running to the dentist all the time—just simply brush their teeth into dust and powder!

"No, teeth aren't what they used to be! Nor toothaches, for that matter. In the good old days, a toothache really *was* a toothache! But all these new-fangled contraptions have advanced to such a pernicious degree that they simply won't let you have a good old-fashioned toothache any more. And if your teeth don't ache properly, how are you going to know what diseases are down amongst the roots of them?

"The toothache they have now is a sly, insinuating, devilish sort of toothache that lulls you into a false sense of security," says Grandpap. "Men were men in the old days, and they just simply let her ache until they *had* to go to a dentist, and then she was yanked out by main force, and you wrapped her up in a small piece of newspaper and carried her around in your vest pocket for two or three months as a kind of trophy, and you knew you had been through something important."

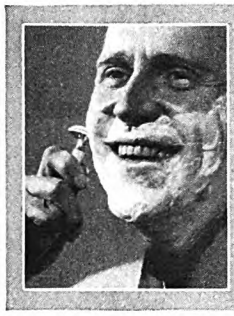
But even if teeth were what they used to be, there is nothing, Grandfather asserts, worthy to use them on.

"SAUSAGE, for instance," says Granddad. "It's been twenty-five years since I've found a piece of good old-fashioned sausage meat—that could really be called *sausage*. In the old days, we used to look over a pen of pigs along in the spring, and a neighbor who did the sausage making—he was an expert who had specialized in sausage making—would give the benefit of his wisdom and advice in picking out the Sausage Pigs."

And the Sausage Pigs, destined for a kind of glorious immortality, would be specially fed and looked after all through the year until butchering time came, around about Thanksgiving Day. These particular choice pigs would be killed with a ritual varying from the usual method, and the meat would be cut up and prepared in a manner that is now a lost art forever, so Grandpap says. Sage, thyme, and coriander seed, and other strange, wonderful herbs would be craftily blended with the meat. It was not merely the flesh of pigs, it was an aromatic delicacy.

But there really isn't any sausage meat any more, anywhere, and if there were, there aren't any buckwheat cakes or corn cakes to eat with it. What in the world has come over buckwheat in the last quarter of a century? Of course, if you did get the buckwheat you couldn't find anybody in the world capable of making the cakes right any more. The art of baking griddle cakes has gone out forever.

SHAVE . . .



SHOWER . . .

RUB-DOWN . . .

Even *then*

this pink cream rolls pore-dirt free

Tomorrow morning, *after* you lather your face, *after* you shave, *after* you shower, let this cream prove that your face is still only half clean.

Pore-dirt hides in every face. It gives you a gray, lifeless tone instead of the ruddy glow you might well show the world.

Pompeian Massage Cream will remove pore-dirt from the clearest complexion. That's our *claim*. But the *test* that convinces thousands is this:

Send us the coupon for a FREE tube. Wash your face as clean as you know how. Then massage Pompeian into the pores. What happens?

***The cream rubs in* pink, *but* ROLLS OUT DINGY GREY!**

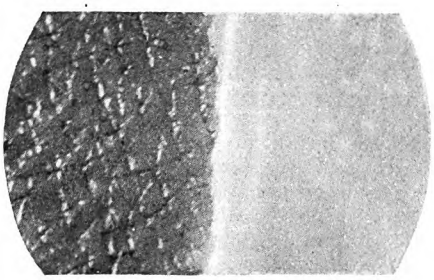
The picture below, taken under a powerful microscope, shows a section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream. The light area at the side shows the cream spread on the skin.

Compare it with the picture at the right. That's skin that is really clean! Those dark marks are the dried pellets of cream, black with the pore-dirt that has been rolled free. Dirty, aren't they? And remember, that embedded dirt could never have been washed out!

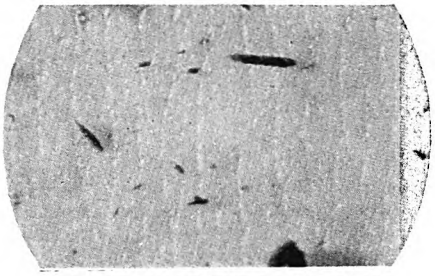
Give yourself a Pompeian Massage. Free your pores of sallow-toned dirt. Show the world a face alive with the athletic glow that clean skin boasts. A Pompeian massage is a great start for a busy, successful day!

FREE test convinces thousands

Test the benefits of Pompeian Massage Cream on your face FREE. Fill in the coupon and mail it to us—right now, while you are reading this magazine.



Photograph taken under the lens of powerful microscope showing section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream. The light area at the right shows the cream spread on the skin.



Photomicrograph of the same section of skin after using Pompeian Massage. Compare the skin tone. Note the dried pellets of cream, dark with the pore-dirt that has been rolled free.

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

The Pompeian Company, Dept. 300-I, 595 Fifth Ave., New York. Gentlemen: Please send me a generous trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream . . . enough for three facial massages.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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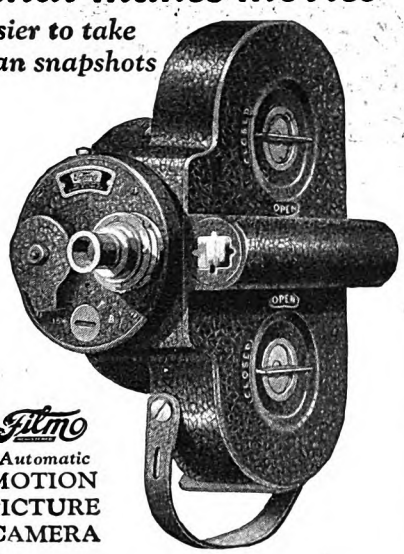
This is the Camera

that makes movies

easier to take than snapshots



Filmo
Automatic
MOTION PICTURE CAMERA

THIS is *Filmo*, the *original* automatic motion picture camera for the amateur. With it you can weave Autumn outings, football games and all other events into a scenario more fascinating than any you have ever seen on a movie screen. Because it will be *your very own* — every scene reproduced in action, just as in life.

Filmo is so simple, so easy to use, that anyone without previous photographic experience can make professional-quality movies right from the start. Simply look through the spyglass viewfinder, press the button, and the accurately governed spring-driven motor does the rest. What you see, you get, in two simple operations.

Eastman Safety Film [16mm]—in the yellow box—used in *Filmo* Camera, is obtained at practically all stores handling cameras and supplies. First cost covers developing and return postage to your door.

Then you are ready for the thrill of seeing your own movies on a wall or screen at home —easy to show with the *Filmo* automatic Projector. Write for descriptive booklet "What You See, You Get" and nearest dealer's name. Address

BELL & HOWELL CO.
1814 Larchmont Ave., Chicago, Ill.
New York, Hollywood, London
World's largest manufacturers of motion picture equipment
Established 1907

And, as far as corn meal is concerned, there just isn't any corn meal. The trouble is that it is all ground in steam mills. Meal, to be right, should be water ground. When it is ground slowly in one of the old-fashioned water mills, Granddad says, it doesn't get too hot; it is not partially cooked, and therefore the most delicate part of it is not destroyed. But there isn't any meal any more, and there aren't any cooks any more. People try to cook on these confounded gas stoves and electrical contraptions. You've got to have your food somewhere near a real, honest coal or wood fire either in a stove or a fireplace, before you can get real cooking.

Even folks aren't what they used to be. There was individuality, there was character in people when Granddad was a younger man. Everybody wasn't just all alike, wearing the same clothes and the same collars; looking the same, and thinking the same thoughts. Every city, and town, and village, and country crossroads you visited had a few people unlike everybody else; but now, Granddad says, everything in the country is just a suburb. A suburb of Chicago, or Boston, or St. Louis, or New York. Just as much alike as the motor cars they use; and if there were horses any more, horses would be all alike too, probably. Even circus horses are not what they used to be.

"WHAT'S become of the old-fashioned circus, anyhow?" asks Granddad. "I mean the old wagon show that used to go across-country. It came to town early in the morning; and all of us kids went 'way out into the country to meet it and came in with it. And they had a real street parade in those days, with the brass band blaring, and the real animals in the real cages. At one of these new-fangled three-ringed circuses I kind of got the suspicion that there *isn't hardly anything real!* Anyhow, there's so much going on all the time you don't get a chance really to look at anything.

"And the clowns ain't funny any more like they used to be. I don't suppose you ever heard of Dan Rice, did you? Well, he was the funniest clown the world has ever seen. And for all the quantity they pile into their circuses nowadays they haven't got the *quality* they used to have. What the old-time circus had was splendor and magnificence and imagination! The last circus I went to— Why, there seemed to be people actually acting as if they were ashamed they were there! There aren't any modern showmen as great as P. T. Barnum!"

Amusements generally are not what they used to be, says Grandfather.

"It wasn't so long ago I went to see an Uncle Tom's Cabin show. You wouldn't think that a show like Uncle Tom's Cabin could have been changed and spoiled, would you? Well, it was! They had just simply plum *ruined* that grand old drama by not taking it seriously! Why, the actors themselves seemed to be sort of *kidding* the serious parts of it! And that was a show that helped Abraham Lincoln win the Civil War and free the slaves!"

One trouble with arguing with Grandfather as to the relative merits of the dear old vanished days and the present is this: Grandfather insists on taking *all* of the past for himself. Not merely the past of the past sixty or eighty years, but all of the past from the creation of the world down to thirty years ago belongs to Grandfather. *You* can have the last twenty-five years, and make the best of it! But Grandfather insists that everything, from the pyramids of Egypt down to a point somewhere this side of the Civil War, never definitely located, belongs to him.

"Take the art of hand painting—I mean oil painting and water-color painting," says Granddad. "Have you got anybody in this era of the world that can compare with Rembrandt and Gainsborough and Michelangelo and that fellow that painted Napoleon Bonaparte putting the crown on his own brow? For that matter, were there any generals in the late war that could compare with either Napoleon Bonaparte or Julius Cæsar? I guess you'll have to think a long time before you get any generals in the same class with George Washington or Julius Cæsar, or U. S. Grant, or Robert E. Lee, or Napoleon Bonaparte.

"And take science, for instance. Have you got any scientists that can come up to Charles Darwin, who was just publishing his books when I was quite a young lad? Have you got any scientists that can compare with Euclid or Copernicus, or Archimedes, or Aristotle, huh? I reckon if some of you young folks weren't so ignorant and uneducated, you wouldn't try to brag up all your modern methods as compared to the good old days that I knew and lived in."

"But, Grandfather," you may expostulate, "certainly you did not live in the days of Aristotle and Copernicus and Michelangelo!"

Grandfather does not deign to notice such interruptions as this. He sweeps on in his tirade against modernity and his eulogy of the good, old, vanished times.

"HAVE you got any actors to-day like David Garrick or Edwin Booth?" asks Grandfather. "No, you haven't. Or, if you have, I haven't seen 'em! You got nothing much but moving picture actors these days—not but what the movies are all right, or they may be all right when they get to the place where they don't fry your eye like an egg after you look at 'em fifteen minutes; but where are your great actors nowadays?"

There aren't any spelling bees, which combined amusement with education. There aren't any husking bees or quilting parties. There aren't any good old-fashioned revival meetings. The last revivalist that Granddad heard didn't seem to him to be at all *sincere*. The old-time revivalist used to take you up by the slack of the pants, says Granddad, and shake you right over hell-fire! People don't seem to believe in the good old-fashioned hell the way they used to; and that's one thing that's the matter with the country. There aren't any dances any more like the Virginia Reel, and you have to pay fifty cents these days for a cigar that isn't anywhere near so good to smoke as the old-fashioned stogies that used to come three for a nickel.

I have always felt that in sport and things athletic Grandfather took a very unfair advantage. He claims everybody from Samson and Goliath down to the

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We've been pals for years

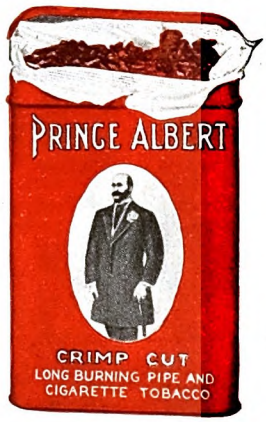
IT MUST be eighteen years or so since I smoked my first pipe-load of P. A. (When you're really *enjoying* yourself, you lose all idea of time.) But I'm sure of this—I smoked some of the first Prince Albert that hit our town. And I've never had occasion to change!

I'm not long on giving advice, but I *would* like to get over to some of you younger fellows what a really delightful smoke P. A. is. To my notion, a pipe without P. A. is like a pocketbook without money. To me, the word "pipe" *suggests* "P. A." and vice versa.

Why, the minute you open the tidy red tin and breathe that rich, natural fragrance, your mouth waters for a taste of such tobacco. Then you tamp in a load and light up. There's the big thrill, Fellows! There's the thing that has held me to this one brand all these years.

Cool as "Pull over to the curb!". Sweet as "I'll let you go *this* time." Mild as spring sunshine, with never a bit of bite or parch, yet with that full tobacco body that rounds out a wonderful smoke. Try some of this long-burning P. A. You'll make no mistake.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy smoke!

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How dainty food makes frail gums

DENTISTS, almost unanimously, blame the foods we eat for our gum troubles—these soft and delicious foods, stripped, as they are, of the natural fibre and roughage which should stimulate and "rub" the gums.

For the gums need activity and exercise, to speed an energizing flow of blood within their walls. And unless this fresh blood nourishes and sustains them, gums grow flabby, tender and unhealthy. Then "pink tooth brush" comes—a warning and a sign that more troubles, more dangers, perhaps, are ahead.

How Ipana and massage tone weakened gums

The majority of dentists recommend massage—a simple means of supplying stimulation through a few minutes' brushing of the gums every time you brush your teeth.

And because of its ziratol content, thousands of dentists recommend that the gums as well as the teeth be brushed with Ipana Tooth Paste. For ziratol is a healing hemostatic and antiseptic well-known to the profession for many years.

Make a full-tube trial of Ipana

The coupon will bring you the ten-day tube—enough to prove Ipana's delicious taste and its power to clean and whiten your teeth. But it's better to start at once with a full-size tube from the drug store—for that is a fairer test of Ipana's good effects on your gums!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. J-97
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

© B.-M. Co., 1927

time of Heenan and Sayers. He even claims John L. Sullivan. The other day I called his attention to all the world's records that have been beaten recently.

"Did any of your old friends ever swim the English Channel?" I asked Grandfather.

He had to admit that none of them had; or if they had it had never become a matter of official record. Then he considered for some moments.

"I don't believe they're doin' it fair and square," said Grandfather. "It isn't on the level. There's a catch in it."

I DID score off Grandfather just once in my life. And that was last winter. He likes to take a heated brick or a hot-water bottle to bed with him in the winter sometimes.

"Can't find any of the old-fashioned warming-pans anywhere, nowadays," he complained.

"I'll get you an electric heater," I said. "They are great things; more comfortable than any of those antiquated make hifts."

"Wouldn't have one of 'em near me," said Grandfather, promptly. "In the first place, they're dangerous. In the second place, *the heat ain't the same!* I know it isn't! Wouldn't have one of them about the house!"

I scouted around then, and finally found in an antique shop one of the real, old-time, brass warming pans. It pleased me to think how it would delight the old gentleman. I took it to his room one night after he'd gone to bed, with the glowing coals in it, safely covered, and everything shipshape. But as I went into his room, I got an inspiration.

"Grandfather," I said, "here's a new electric contraption built so that it looks exactly like the old-fashioned warming pan. I want you to see if it isn't really just as good."

And I thrust it under the covers. He grunted, but he submitted. I waited for his verdict.

"No, sir; no, sir," he said, after a few minutes. "The heat ain't the same. May look like the real thing, but it isn't. A fake's a fake—isn't like the old-fashioned warming pan at all. Take it away."

I withdrew it from beneath the covers, and opened it, and showed him what it really was: the old-fashioned warming pan he had been craving.

He sat up in bed, and laughed at himself. He can always do that. "Funny about some of us old boys," he chuckled, "the way we carry on! You know, it isn't . . . it isn't . . . that we're *unappreciative*, really. It's just a way of reaching back . . . reaching back, and taking hold of youth again. We talk about . . . about *things* that used to be, instead of about . . . of about *people*. People we used to know . . . and . . . and love . . . people that aren't here any more.

And then he hummed his little song. It must be a song connected with something, or somebody, that he doesn't talk about. I never asked him what or who; and it goes like this, the first verse:

Come all ye Merry Sportsmen
  Who love to hunt the Fox,
Who love to hunt Bold Reynard
  Among the hills and rocks!
Come with a ran-tan-tan, and a tivvy-tivvy-tan!
And a ki-yi-yi, and a bow-wow-wow and a
  bugle horn!

The Vagabond Comes Home

(*Continued from page 61*)

the same, one or two of us are beginning to realize that he isn't sixteen any longer. Before he knows it, he'll be passing thirty, and all this adventure business won't look so handsome when a man of forty and fifty comes crawling back to town once or twice a year."

The good merchant himself looked rather wistfully over the dimly lit rear of the store. "I was just wondering," he began cautiously, "if Tenny makes good with your work this summer, whether you couldn't speak to some of your friends down in New York and—perhaps next fall—you could find him some sort of a job that he'd really stick to."

"Never!" exclaimed Emily Flayne sharply. "New York is the very last place on earth for a man of that kind. There are too many others just like him to sit around and applaud him. I've seen them by hundreds."

Lem Butler nodded sadly. "Yes," he agreed, "I suppose that's about so."

Emily Flayne gave a brisk nod of her head and turned toward the door.

"At any rate," she concluded, "if we can only make him stick to *this* job until September fifteenth, that will be *something* accomplished."

"Yes," agreed Lem, "that will be something."

If, however, either Lem Butler or Emily Flayne had become doubtful about their joint experiment, a deep surprise was in store for them both. A still deeper surprise was in store for the village of Shiloh, which had greeted Tenny Tragg's usual returns to town in about the same spirit in which it welcomed the circus.

Every morning at quarter past seven, clad in his blue denim shirt and brown khaki trousers, Tenny would leave the front gate of his father's white house and start on his walk to the old Porter place. In the earlier weeks he even carried a dinner pail, and ate his lunch solemnly under a tree, just like the road menders. Every Saturday night Emily would hand him an envelope containing twenty-four dollars. He would thank her solemnly, and return again, quietly, for work, on Monday morning.

ALL through late June and July and well into August this continued without a ripple and, in the meantime, the old Porter place itself had begun to blossom like a rose.

Two coats of white paint were applied to the cottage and a neat little pergola appeared at one side. The sagging picket fence was straightened, and also painted white, resuming, as if with surprise, its one-time aristocratic air. An irregular slant at the side of the house was graded into a terrace and, down in the sunken garden thus formed, a series of little

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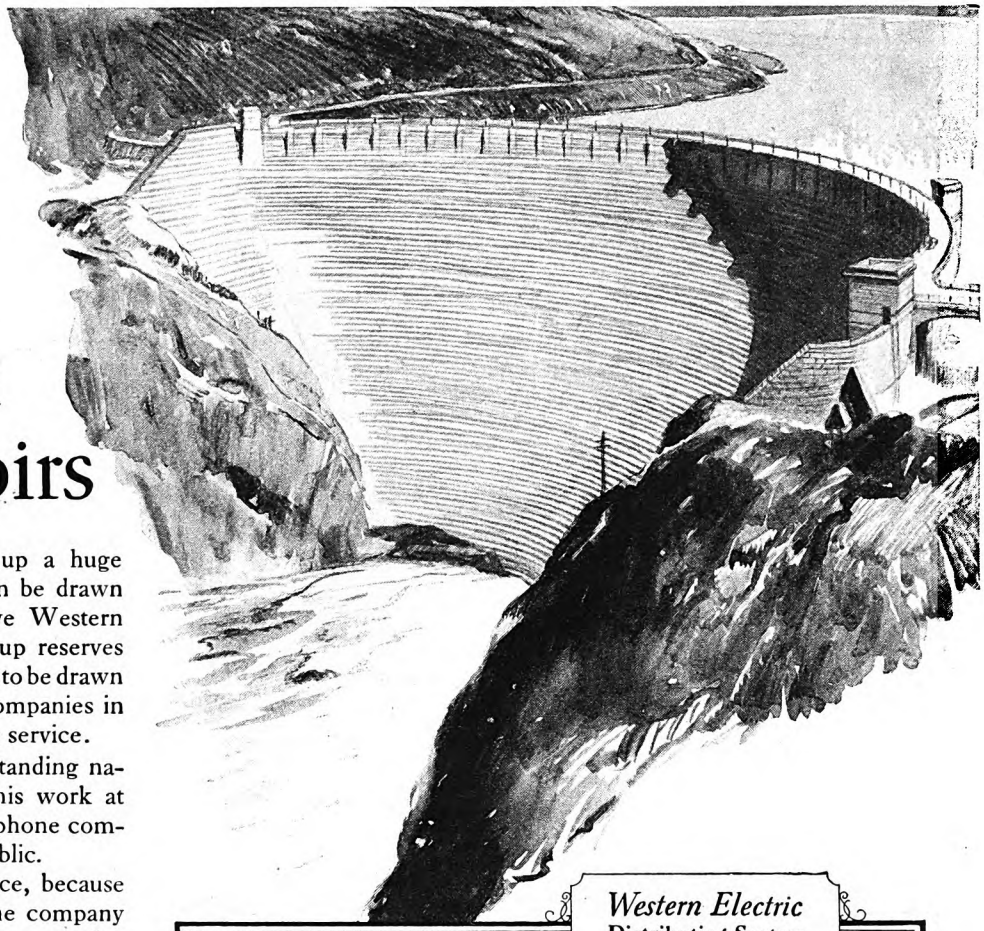
Roosevelt Dam
and Reservoir System



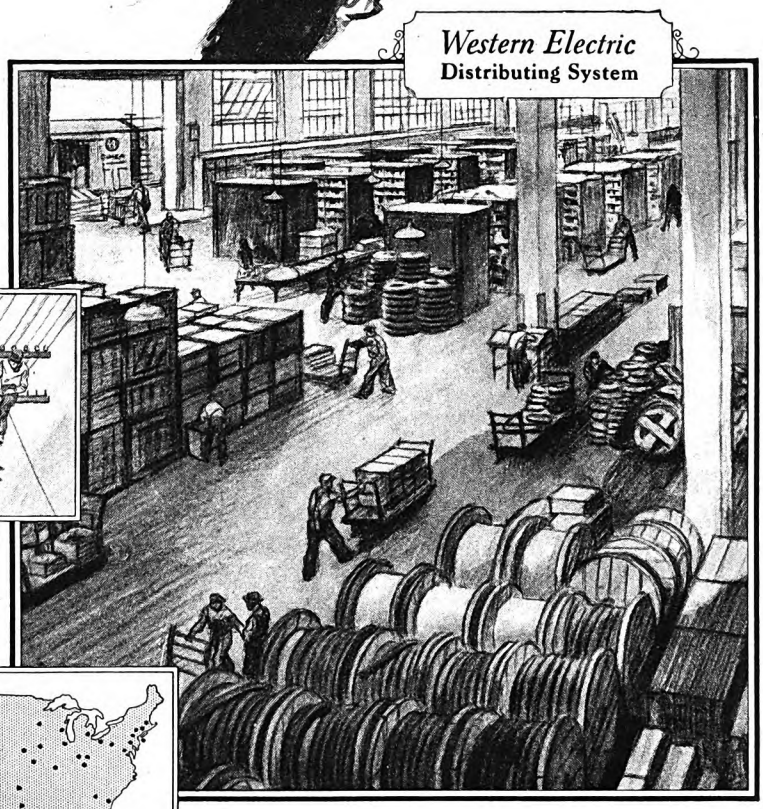
Great American Reservoirs

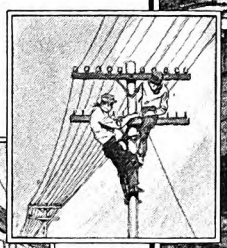
THE Roosevelt Dam stores up a huge reservoir of water which can be drawn upon as needed. The thirty-five Western Electric distributing houses store up reserves of telephone apparatus and supplies to be drawn on as needed by the telephone companies in constructing lines and maintaining service.

Western Electric with this outstanding national distribution system, does this work at substantial economies for the telephone companies and the telephone-using public.

In time of emergency this service, because of its flexibility, aids your telephone company in quickly repairing the ravages of storm, fire or flood.

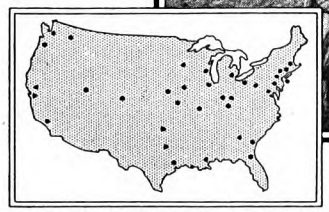
Distribution thus plays an important part along with manufacturing and purchasing—the three Western Electric responsibilities—in supplying the needs of the Bell System.





After the storm Western Electric stocks enable telephone service to be restored promptly.

Western Electric quickly supplies everything needed inside the telephone exchange too.



A nationwide service of supply. Western Electric maintains stocks at 35 important points.

Back of your telephone

Western Electric

SINCE 1882 MANUFACTURERS FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

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STATE UNIVERSITY SYSTEM OF FLORIDA

Does Your Mirror Say: "YELLOW MASK!"

WOULD you like your teeth to be white and dazzling as polished ivory? Free of that yellowish hue?

Here is dental science's new way. Thousands daily employ it. Leading dentists recommend it. It's absolutely safe . . . cannot harm the softest enamel. It's pleasant . . . actually delightful.

Get a tube of ORPHOS TOOTH PASTE. Your druggist has it. Roll an inch of the satiny-smooth white paste on a dry tooth-brush—remember, *dry*. Brush vigorously. Then rinse your mouth—and behold the effect.

Naturally, you're eager to know how ORPHOS accomplishes such a beauty miracle while previous brushings have repeatedly failed. We'll tell you. Foremost dentists use for cleaning teeth a peculiar substance known as "Tri-Calcium Phosphate." Not a pumice, which is harsh and gritty—but a material as fine and satiny as face powder.

The makers of ORPHOS TOOTH PASTE have succeeded in composing a dentifrice of this marvelous substance. And with this as its basic cleaning agent, you can visualize the teeth beauty awaiting you.

Don't retain that unbecoming "Yellow Mask" longer. Get the lovely whiteness that Nature bestowed on all tooth enamel, yours included. Buy a tube of ORPHOS today—or send for the ORPHOS 20-Time Tube.

FREE—20-Time Tube

ORPHOS CO., 22 West 32nd St
New York City, Dept. A-4

Name ----------

Address ----------

City ---------- State ----------

white arbors carried out the note of the pergola by the dining-room door. A man and a team were required, of course, for this heavier work. Indeed, extra men were required for some weeks; but the very same crabbed characters who had refused to take orders from Emily worked with joyous enthusiasm under the leadership of Tenny Tragg.

This outside work had to be rushed ahead before the planting season was entirely over; but inside the house the same magic was soon in progress. Partitions were ripped out and new beams erected, until the whole lower floor, apart from the kitchen ell, consisted entirely of three rooms, two very small and one enormous.

With the cottage reduced to its shell, the extra men were dispensed with. Side by side Emily Flayne and Tenny Tragg got down on their knees, so to speak, and continued alone. The fine old ash floors were scraped and beeswaxed, the plaster torn away from the chimneys above the fireplaces, leaving only broad, comfortable slants of fat, drowsing red brick. In the bedrooms up-stairs, the walls were hastily papered with bright flowered patterns; but these were diversions. The big, low-ceilinged living-room was the one main, perpetual job of the house, the one to which, always, they eagerly returned. The night they finished the floor they scrubbed by lamplight until nearly three in the morning.

IN THIS enforced intimacy, of course the slightly burlesque formality with which Tenny Tragg had begun his work very soon disappeared. The "Yes, madam," and "No, madam," which, in spite of himself, he had always spoken with a faint twinkle in his downcast eyes, had not lasted through the first week. Very shortly after, Emily herself had begun openly to call him "Tenny." With his nature and appearance it was impossible to call him anything else; but for his own part Tenny had never gone beyond a most decorous and respectful "Miss Flayne."

It won Emily's respect, at first, this perfect restraint on Tenny's part. Later it amused her; but very shortly, in a queer, hidden way, it began to hurt her pride. Soon enough, indeed, came the time when the reason could no longer be hidden, not even from herself. Emily Flayne was a very wise and strong-willed young woman, who had always ruled perfectly her own emotions, but she was also wise enough and candid enough to recognize those emotions when they did appear.

Without caring to enter at all into the question of how far she would be willing to give it rein, she knew perfectly well, by this time, the danger into which, by daily intimate association with this handsome, happy-go-lucky young giant, she had allowed herself to be drawn. She had first been obliged to face the facts on a certain morning in July, when Tenny had not appeared for work until eleven o'clock. There had been a perfectly good reason, as it later developed; but for three pensive hours Emily Flayne had been forced to admit to herself that half the color would go out of her Shiloh adventure if Tenny did not appear at all.

Yet still it remained only a pleasurable, dangerous excitement, something to be guarded against, to be furtively approached with a cautious tingle, until one late afternoon in mid-August. Then suddenly came a change. By this time, the heavy work in the house had been completed, and together, as if in joint ownership, they were enjoying the interest of putting the furnishings into place. It was a shadowy, dull afternoon, with a lingering lemon-gold sun, and out on the lawn a single cricket was chirping with the vague melancholy of approaching autumn.

Tenny was lifting a heavy, old-fashioned mirror to a place of honor over the dining-room mantel while Emily was standing three inches behind him, ready to catch it if his hand should slip. As his arms went up she could feel, rather than see, the perfect muscles of his shoulders rising under his thin shirt. Instinctively her eyes followed the direction of her thoughts, and there suddenly came to her an almost irresistible desire to press her hand hard on that smooth rounded shoulder. To a girl like Emily Flayne it would have been, normally, almost an abominable thought. In her fine, cold capability, she had always been one of those girls who could not bear to have even another woman touch her.

By the faint brush of her own shoulder her thoughts must have telegraphed themselves to Tenny, for slowly he turned his head with mild astonishment in his eyes.

"Hello! What's the matter?" he asked. "Isn't it straight?"

With his huge, easy strength he still held the great mirror unmoving above his head, but Emily's eyes must have told him the truth. He stared into them for a moment with a queer, questioning look in his own, and when he spoke his voice was queerly thick.

"An inch or two higher?" he asked. "You think that would be better?"

"Oh, no," replied Emily stiffly. "But I'd better stand off and see how it looks from the room."

With no further sign Tenny turned back to his work and, the next morning, they were just as before. If anything, they had returned a little to their earlier formality. But, if one person in town, except themselves, had any real reason to guess what was going on under the surface, it was the person most naturally to be suspected. Lem Butler became aware of the undercurrent almost as soon as it appeared.

Daily, in her shopping trips, Emily had given the storekeeper hilarious news of their joint protégé. It had become almost a stock question with him to ask her, on her appearance, "Well, how's the hired man?" Invariably Emily had given the most enthusiastic reports, until, one morning, she evaded the question, and Lem Butler looked at her shrewdly. Standing behind his counter for thirty years, watching the human comedy, the village merchant had acquired a marvelous instinct for picking things out of the air—and after that he had inquired no more.

VERY soon, however, came a sharper reminder that still another person was deeply concerned. One Sunday afternoon in late August, when Emily was enjoying the rare luxury of a nap, the little kitchen maid, who had been secured by Tenny's efforts, came to her bedroom and announced that "Mr. Tragg" was down in the "reception-room" and wished to see her.

This was curious, for Tenny never came

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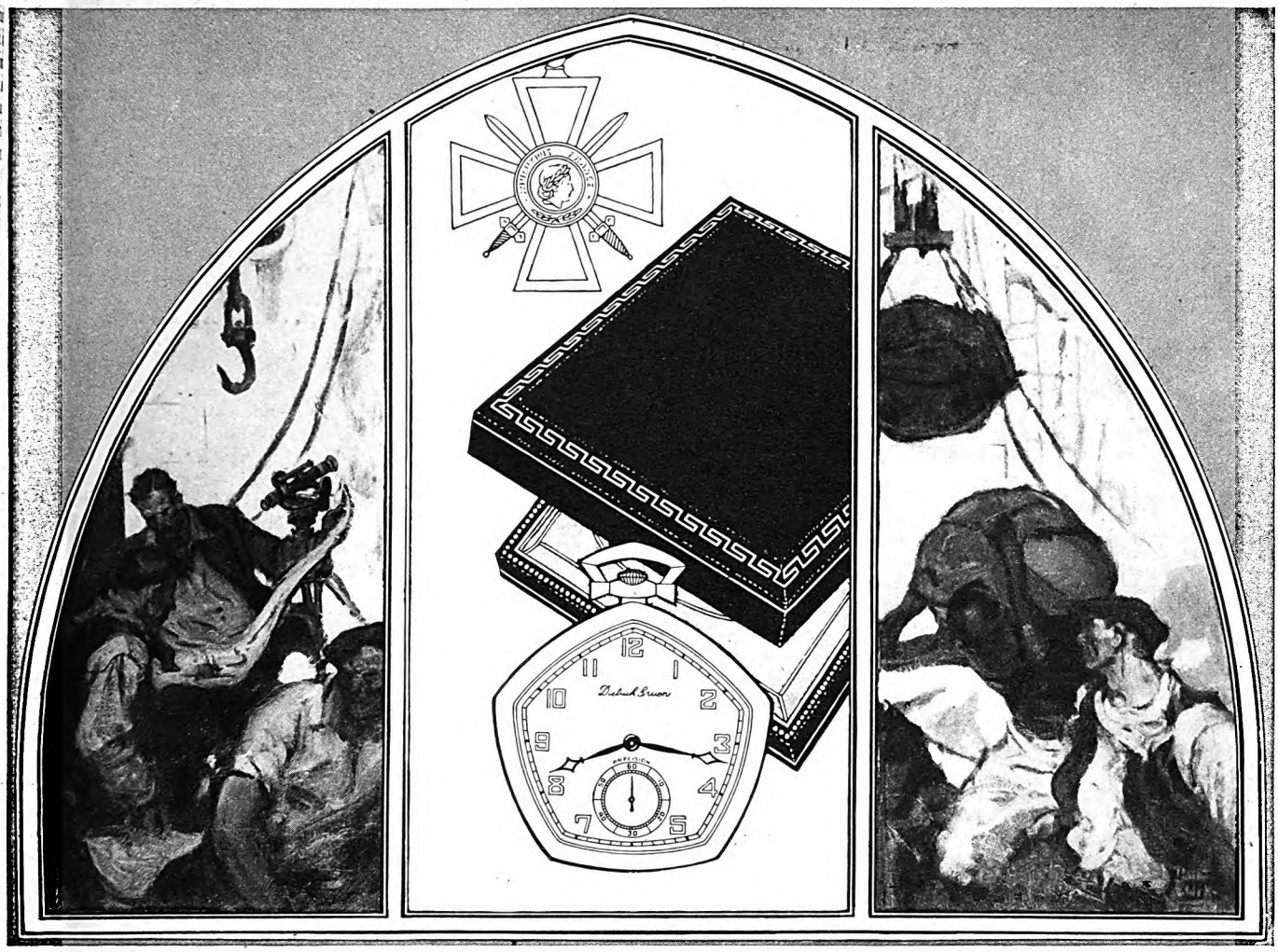

The CROIX DE GUERRE *of American Achievement*

You will see this emblem only on jewelry stores of character

THE GRUEN PENTAGON

Why has it been called that? Study this list of a few of the many distinguished Americans to whom the Gruen Pentagon has been presented!

For service in war time: To General John J. Pershing, leader of the American Expeditionary Forces; to Admiral W. S. Benson, Chief of Naval Operations during the World War.

For political leadership: To John W. Davis, while candidate for the Presidency of the United States; to Martin Edwin Trapp, ex-Governor of Oklahoma; to Joseph W. Martin, Jr., Congressman from Massachusetts.

For eminence on the bench: To Samuel J. Harris, Justice, Supreme Court, State of New York; to F. C. Struckmeyer, Judge, Superior Court, State of Arizona.

For successful journalism: To James M. Cox, ex-Governor of Ohio, owner, Dayton News, Miami News; to G. B. Dealey, publisher, Dallas News.

For business achievement: To Claude H. Foster, chairman, board of directors, Gabriel Snubber Manufacturing Company; to Frederick T. Steinway, president, Steinway & Sons; to C. W. Nash, president, Nash Motors Company.

The Croix de Guerre of American Achievement! But why has the Gruen Pentagon so often been singled out as worthy to serve this special purpose?

The explanation lies in the watch itself. Unique by its patented shape, it is readily recognizable wherever it is worn.

But its five gracefully rounded sides give it more than distinctiveness. The Pentagon can not tip over in the pocket. Keeping the upright position at all times permits its finely finished parts to operate with greater uniformity, hence with more constant accuracy.

Its Gruen *Precision* movement, too, represents the Guild's highest standard of timekeeping excellence.

For the retiring official, for the fellow-worker who has won promotion, for the employe who is passing a milestone, for the son who has won academic honors, the Pentagon is now everywhere recognized as the logical tribute.

Any Gruen jeweler can show you a large variety of Gruen Pentagons, ranging in price from $2500 to $75—including the Paladin model at $250.

PRECISION
Trade Mark Reg.

Every Pentagon carries this GRUEN pledge mark, placed only upon watches of finer quality, accuracy and finish. Made only in the Precision workshop

Among other prominent persons who have been presented with the Gruen Pentagon:

Col. Charles A. Lindbergh
Judge J. Willis Martin
Hon. John Tobin
Hon. Oscar E. Carlstrom
Mr. Howard Wurlitzer
Mr. E. G. Burkam
Mr. J. B. Graham
Mr. Edgar Watson Howe
Mr. William A. Law
Mr. Charles P. Taft
Mr. Charles Fuller Stoddard

Copr. 1927, G. W. M. G.

Branches in various parts of the world

GRUEN WATCH MAKERS GUILD · TIME HILL · CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

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ASK . . ANY . . RADIO . . ENGINEER

This is the

Burgess Radio "A" Battery

A SPECIALLY designed "A" battery for radio service. There is nothing like it in its field.

Proportioned to permit ease of handling and convenience of cabinet assembly and storage, you may expect this new Burgess creation to give you the length of service and dependability under all conditions for which all products of Burgess are noted.

If you are using the ordinary type of No. 6 "A" battery, we suggest that you learn for yourself from the Burgess Radio "A" the measure of service you have a right to expect.

Ask Any Radio Engineer

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY
GENERAL SALES OFFICE: CHICAGO

Canadian Factories and Offices:
Niagara Falls and Winnipeg

BURGESS
RADIO BATTERIES

on Sundays. And why should he go through all this ceremony? On the way down-stairs, Emily's perplexity was increased by a glimpse of a rather dusty coupé which stood by the roadside. At the foot of the stairs, she was brought up short by the realization that the caller was not Tenny at all but his father, old Justus Tragg. As she entered the room, the old gentleman was seated grimly erect in an old-fashioned chair, a smooth-shaven, tight-lipped man of nearly eighty, dressed in Sunday black, even to the little string tie which was crossed awkwardly over his stiff white shirt front. He rose to his feet.

"Good afternoon, ma'am," he said stiffly and, as Emily urged him back to his chair, he looked searchingly around the room. "You've made a good many changes here."

"Yes," replied Emily. But the caller gave her no chance to say more, for immediately he put one hand inside his coat and came straight to the point.

"Miss Flayne," he said, "it's not my habit to talk business on Sunday; but there's a sizable matter I think should be settled between us, and I didn't want to come up here when—er—when anyone else was around the place. You have been buying considerable material down at my yards and over at my hardware store. At least Tenny said it was for you, and I took his word for it."

A sudden distaste, unbelief, came over Emily Flayne. What the old gentleman said was true enough. It would have been hard to buy anything except food in Shiloh without buying it from Justus Tragg. But the sharp, carping littleness of the old man in worrying so about his money that he had come out furtively to look over the ground on a Sunday afternoon, when he knew that Tenny would not be present! Justus Tragg continued:

"The whole account's pretty considerable now. You'll be leaving town inside of a month, I suppose; and I thought we might as well get it settled before you go."

Taking his hand from his inside pocket he gave her half a dozen long folded sheets. "Please look those over and see if you ordered all of that."

WITH an eye well practiced in scanning long itemized bills, Emily glanced through the slips. Every smallest figure, even to a pound of nails, was carefully entered in the steel-pen handwriting of an old-fashioned bookkeeper but Emily paused only at the largest items and at the totals at the foot of each page. And as she passed from one sheet to another a cold horror crept through her. Had she actually purchased all this?

When her work had first been started she had tried to keep up a strict accounting; but in the fever of tearing out and building up again she had soon abandoned that. One change had suggested another, and in the passion of seeing it all grow, she had simply given gay orders to "go ahead." But now came the reckoning. There it all was, in black and white:

270 ft. white pine	Brushes, paint
One Eagle range	Brushes, kalsomine
One steel tape	5 bags cement
8 lbs. nails	3 bags cement
White lead	8 bags cement

And so on and so on. That beastly cement seemed to be the most maddening item. Almost every other line carried it—cement, cement, cement.

And how it grew! At the end of the third long page, the total was over four hundred dollars and, merely to know the worst at once, Emily flipped up the lower edge of the final sheet. Eleven hundred and sixty-eight dollars and thirty-two cents! Hoping against hope that her face did not express her real feelings, she drew herself up carelessly.

"I think, Mr. Tragg, that this is all right. As soon as I have compared it in detail I will send you my check."

"No, ma'am, I don't think you will," came the dry voice from opposite her.

Emily looked up with cold, narrowing eyes. "What do you mean, Mr. Tragg?"

The thin lips of Justus Tragg smiled faintly. "I don't think you looked very carefully at the last page!"

Still completely at sea, Emily turned to the last sheet and saw a rubber stamp mark in red ink: "Rec'd payment, Shiloh Lumber Co." Across its face was written in a cramped, wavering hand: "In full, J. Tragg."

With parted lips Emily looked back at her visitor. "Mr. Tragg, I don't understand. Who paid this bill?"

Again the thin lips smiled faintly. "Nobody paid that bill. That's a present—from Tenny's mother."

THE girl had risen to her feet when she had taken the slips and now, in dismay, she backed uncertainly against the little white mantel of the room.

"But, Mr. Tragg," she pleaded, "that's very—that's very sweet of you both but—I can't accept it."

The old gentleman rose also. "I don't see how you can help it," he replied dryly. "No check of yours will ever be cashed, and if you want to give back the goods you'll have to tear your whole house down."

Emily smiled woefully, and Justus Tragg moved to her side.

"Young lady," he said, "an old Yankee like me ain't much for sentiment; but do you know that you have done more for my boy in three months than I was ever able to do in twenty years? I don't know what your prescription is, but I can guess. And it's certainly worked!"

"But it's Tenny himself who's a wonder," remonstrated Emily.

The old man shook his head. "No; Tenny's no wonder, even yet. He'll probably give us all plenty more gray hairs before he gets through; but he's just about ten thousand per cent more of a man than he was last spring when you came. We used to call him our 'Benjamin,' his mother and I, because he was born so long after all the others. He had grown brothers and sisters when he was only a baby, and I've liked to think that that was what made him so different from the rest.

"I never lost a night's sleep about any of *them*, but Tenny—I don't know whether he worried me most when he was home or when he was off on his crazy-mad trips.

"This summer he's slept in the house every night in the week, and last night he came to me and said, 'Father,' he said, 'after Miss Flayne goes back to the city, I think I'd like to stay home for a while and have a good shot at the lumber business.' He said he'd begun to think there

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***Says Frank Muehlbach . . .* one of Kansas City's most successful merchants:**

"National advertising serves us twice—in keeping old customers and getting new ones. And the Woman's Home Companion Window Display is one of the final links in forging sales.

"This display builds confidence in a store by linking it with Companion-advertised goods. What if people never heard of the store? When they see this window display, they are sure that the merchandise inside is of known high quality.

"I am not the only one who is pleased with the display. We have had many comments on it. Anything that people take the trouble to comment on must be getting across to them."

Now KANSAS CITY MERCHANTS *Approve this Plan—*

Their endorsement of the local value of national advertising is added to that of thousands of other retailers throughout America

The photograph above shows a recent window display in Muehlbach & Son's store in Kansas City. It is typical of the displays of nationally advertised products which the Woman's Home Companion has installed in the representative retail stores of Kansas City—and in practically every city of 50,000 and over throughout the country.

Mr. Muehlbach and other leading Kansas City merchants were quick to grasp the fact that manufacturers invested over eight and a half million dollars last year in Companion advertising. And that this was an increase of nearly a million dollars over the year before. Furthermore, they know that during the past year more than 400,000 new readers have come to the Companion—which means a total circulation today of over 2,200,000.

These Kansas City merchants felt that all this gave them a remarkable local sales opportunity to reach an increasing number of the best buyers in their city—to identify their stores directly with the advertising of America's most progressive manufacturers—and to cash in on the investment these manufacturers are making in the Companion.

So they adopted the Woman's Home Companion plan, the far-reaching effects of which can best be told from the comments of Mr. Muehlbach and other merchants shown in the column directly opposite.

Other Kansas City merchants tell why they find it pays to feature and display Companion advertised products

(Grocery Stores)

Mr. A. P. Grant, Grant's Market, 3438 Broadway: "The Woman's Home Companion display you have installed is by far the best co-operative idea that I have seen for the benefit of independent retail grocers. A display of this kind cannot help but increase the prestige and good will of the products advertised and in turn bring us more business."

Mr. Maloney, Porter & Maloney, 3847 Prospect: "This is an excellent 'tie up' featuring nationally advertised products. We have received many compliments on the display and will appreciate another window of this kind whenever possible."

(Drug Stores)

Mr. C. E. Reppert, Mgr., Baird & Klee, 59th & Main: "We find that carrying nationally advertised products reduces the number of lost sales. Our customers invariably order merchandise by name. That I consider proof of the value of carrying nationally advertised merchandise."

Mr. O. A. Robinson, Mgr., McNeals Drug Co.: "The Woman's Home Companion display is a great help to us all. It features the goods sold every day and it constitutes the bulk of our business. It is indeed representative of the stock carried in our store. We will be glad to co-operate with the Woman's Home Companion at any time in the future for a display of this kind."

Woman's Home
Companion

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK

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Wanted Home Women *to Decorate* Giftwares

No Special Ability Needed

This is the wonderfully interesting occupation that it is now possible for you to enter through the instruction of Fireside Industries. The work pays exceptionally well. There is no canvassing, no monotonous drudgery. Many say they never dreamed that such a wonderful way of earning money at home existed. New system of instruction devised by M. Gabriel Andre Petit makes the work so easy that almost anyone can do it.

Fascinating Home Work

Can you imagine anything so fascinating as decorating Giftwares at home? Could any other kind of work be so pleasant as applying beautiful designs in colors to such artistic objects as candlesticks, wooden toys, parchment lamp shades, wall plaques, picture frames, sewing tables, gate-leg tables? Then there are greeting cards to be colored, and cushion tops and other textile articles to be decorated in Batik, and fascinating objects of copper and brass to be etched in beautiful designs.

Many women do this work solely for pleasure, but it also is a splendid way to make money at home for there is a tremendous demand for these giftwares.

Satisfaction Assured

Fireside Industries assures entire satisfaction to each of its members. If, after completing your instruction, you are not entirely pleased and satisfied, your money will be refunded in full. You have only to follow the directions and it is amazing to see what beautiful things one can make. Think of earning $2.00 in just one hour, for example, by decorating a French powder box! Do you wonder that members of Fireside Industries are so enthusiastic about the work?

M. Gabriel Andre Petit
Art Director

BEAUTIFUL BOOK SENT FREE

The beautiful Book of Fireside Industries, illustrated in color, which explains all about this new way to earn money at home, will be sent to you on request. Read how women earn money and beautify their homes and their lives. Just like a beautiful dream come true. Wonderful outfit furnished without extra charge. Simply mail coupon, or write, enclosing 2c stamp to help pay postage.

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES
Dept. 60-M, Adrian, Mich.

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES, Dept. 60-M, Adrian, Mich.
Please send me FREE, the beautiful Book of Fireside Industries, explaining how I may earn money at home by decorating Giftwares. I enclose 2c stamp.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....
(Write in pencil, please—ink will blot)

might be some fun, after all, in timber and nails. I told his mother, this morning, that it was worth eleven hundred and sixty-eight dollars and thirty-two cents just to hear him say that!"

EVEN in that rueful moment Emily Flayne could not help smiling at the fact that the old Yankee had remembered the exact amount. Her visitor had turned away from her, but now he turned back:

"I don't know, Miss Flayne, whether you and Tenny have been fixing up any ideas between you. I mean for the future."

It would have been impossible, in that crisis, for Emily to look indignant, but she did draw herself up in a manner that she hoped would seem surprised.

"Most certainly not!" she answered. "There has never been even a syllable of that kind!"

"Well," he explained, "all I meant to say was that, if you ever did have ideas of that kind, you might like to know that none of my children will be exactly on the town. There's more money to be made in a place like Shiloh than you city folks might suppose. And I've had my share. I've had my share. Before this summer, I had things fixed in my will so that Tenny would just about be kept out of the poor-house, and no more. But the way things are going now I don't see why he shouldn't be treated like all the rest."

The old gentleman held out his hand.

"Well, good-by, Miss Flayne. I've said my say and that's all I come for." As Emily took his hand, he added with twinkling eyes, "And if that bill ain't all right, you bring it back and we'll pay you the difference. Or perhaps you might want a couple more bags of cement!"

Emily walked beside him to his car; but as they tried to open the gate the newly painted latch stuck in its slide and they were obliged to lift the whole gate slightly on its hinges. The old gentleman looked at the offending hardware with professional contempt.

"That ought to be fixed at once," he commented. "If I see your hired man anywhere around town I'll send him right up here to do it."

"Don't you dare—on your life," ordered Emily. She added, laughing, "Do you think it will give him a proper idea of a permanent job if he has to work Sundays?"

Nevertheless, it seemed to be a trait of Justus Tragg's to do exactly what he planned to do. That evening, just after dark, Emily was sitting dreamily under a shaded lamp in her great, rambling living-room. Her mother had retired up-stairs with a fretful headache, and the little maid had gone to the village to prayer meeting. Suddenly Emily heard a creak of the front gate, a click of the offending latch, and then a cheery whistle out in the darkness. A moment later Tenny was in the open doorway.

Sitting back in her low chair under the shaded lamp, Emily was much less surprised than he had expected, and he paused in the doorway, rather at a loss.

"Come in, Tenny."

Still awkwardly, Tenny advanced into the dim room; then, as if with a single gesture, he threw off his usual manner—threw off the attitude and the tone of voice that he had carried all summer.

"Miss Flayne," he demanded abruptly, "what did my father say to you this afternoon?"

From her low chair Emily Flayne looked up at him fixedly. "Tenny Tragg, do you know that your father is one of the saints of this earth?"

Awkwardly, Tenny stared down at the floor. "Yes," he replied gruffly, "I am beginning to realize that myself. But what," he added, "did he say to you?"

For answer Emily took the long folded slips of her bill from under a book on the table and handed them to him, with the story of what had occurred. Tenny listened in silence, and then at the end burst forth almost with her own words. "The old peach!" he exclaimed. "The old peach!"

A moment later he asked, "But what did he mean when he said that you wanted to see me now?"

"I didn't *say*," replied Emily, "that I wanted to see you." But as Tenny rather stepped back, disappointed, she added with twinkling eyes, "At the same time, I didn't say that I *didn't!*"

For three or four seconds their eyes met, and the look within them was exactly the same that they had held on that afternoon when Tenny had hung the mirror over the dining-room mantel. Slowly, as if his movements were not his own, Tenny moved forward. Every minute expecting to be stopped, he knelt at Emily's side. Cautiously his arms went to the arms of her chair, then to her shoulders, but she did not move. She did not respond at first. That was the last sign of the old Emily Flayne. She still sat stiffly, as if trying to hold herself in restraint, but she trembled faintly, and Tenny could hear her breath coming fast. Then suddenly, as his arms met around her, she gave way with a little sob and leaned back.

A SLIGHT stirring up-stairs in her mother's room reminded them both that someone else might be listening and, with a quick, instinctive motion to arrange her hair, Emily rose.

"Suppose," she said, "that we go out in the garden."

But there, on a bench by the old well sweep, there was nothing for anyone to hear—except, perhaps at long intervals, as when Tenny asked, "But what about your business down in the city?"

"Oh, bother the business!" replied Emily's voice.

And a full hour later, when Tenny reluctantly consented to go, Emily might have been heard warning him, "Now, mind you, no one must hear about this for the present—absolutely nobody!"

Tenny solemnly agreed. But imagine keeping a thing like that a secret in a town like Shiloh! It was not three days before Lem Butler saw Emily in his store in the village, and greeted her with laughing eyes.

"Miss Flayne," he said, "I ought to warn you about that hired man of yours. He's slipping badly—getting very impertinent. He's always been so particular to call you 'Miss Flayne,' but yesterday he forgot himself twice."

"Oh, did he?" replied Emily, with complete nonchalance. "Well, it doesn't matter. Because *nobody* will be able to call me 'Miss Flayne' any more—after the fifteenth of September!"

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

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Eight Downs—But Nine Ups!

(*Continued from page 51*)

ning a good deal more on a piece-work sis.

"So I said to the man, 'I wish you'd ure out how much work your best tter averages a week. You tell me how uch he does; and I'll agree to do *twice* as uch work, if you will give me twice his y.'

"You see, he already had told me that could use half a dozen more cutters, t that he had room for only one. So figured that he would be glad to get uble work out of one man and to pay fair price for it. This proved to be rrect; and by doing double work I rned double wages.

"The next year, 1873, one of my relaves, who was then living in Minneapolis, ame to New York on a business trip. By ere chance I met him; and I was completely carried away by his enthusiasm ver his home city.

"For several years I had been earning ood money and I had been saving all I uld. At that time I had about two ousand dollars laid by. A friend of ine, named Dexter, had a nest egg that atched mine. I repeated to him my elative's glowing accounts of Minnepolis, with the result that we went West ogether.

WE ARRIVED in Minneapolis in November, 1873, and promptly acuired an ice business, which happened to e for sale. It was just what it claimed to e—an ice business, not a gold mine! Dexer wasn't satisfied with it, so he sold his inerest to me and I ran the business alone.

"I did fairly well at it; at least well nough to risk getting married about two ears later. On January 15th, 1926, my wife and I celebrated our golden wedding; nd if any other couple has had more ups nd downs than we had in those fifty ears of married life, they certainly must ave been busy!

"Our downs commenced only a few weeks after our wedding, when I fell ill with appendicitis. They didn't call it appendicitis in those days and the doctors didn't know much about it. The result was that I went from bad to worse, until the verdict was that I couldn't live more than a few days longer.

"With this prospect before me, I decided it would be better for me to leave my wife some real money rather than an ice business. So, from my sick bed—which was supposed to be my death bed—I arranged the sale, and the deal went through.

"But instead of dying with neatness and dispatch as I was scheduled to do, I kept on living! By spring I was able to travel to Limerick, where my wife and my mother nursed me back to health.

"All this took time. It also took most of my money! When we finally were ready to return to the West, I managed to buy a cut-rate ticket to Minneapolis for my wife, and one to Chicago for myself. But I had to stop in Chicago to earn my fare for the rest of the trip. My wife wouldn't leave me there alone, so we both stayed.

"I rented one little room for us. It was described as 'furnished,' but it contained only a bed, a table, and a chair. I made some shelves out of a packing box, bought a few cheap dishes and an oil 'plate' for cooking, and we lived in that one room.

"I had found work at my old job of cutting clothing. Of course I couldn't pick and choose. I had to grab the first chance that was offered me; and the pay was so small that it took weeks for me to save the money for my ticket to Minneapolis. But I finally got it, and we arrived here—with only thirty-five cents between us.

"Again I rented a bare little room and started to look for work. I couldn't wait even twenty-four hours to get it, for I had to make a payment on the rent. So I hired out to shovel gravel for a contractor at a dollar a day.

"Two or three years before this, when I had my own ice business, I had got a team of mules from this same contracting firm, so I knew the men at the head of it. One of them, Mr. Moses, came to inspect the job where I was shoveling gravel, and recognized me.

"'Great Scott!' he exclaimed. 'I thought you were dead!'

"'Not yet!' I said. 'And if you pay me the dollar a day I bargained for, I expect to go on living for quite a while.'

"After I had explained the situation, he went off and got a book in which the timekeeper puts down the record of a gang of workmen.

"'Here!' he said; 'you're the timekeeper for this gang! Keep the job until you get something better—and I hope you get it soon.'

"His hope was realized," Nevens continued, "for it wasn't long before I got a good position in the manufacturing department of a wholesale clothing house.

"As soon as I had a little money ahead, I gave up this position, because I wanted to be in business for myself. I started by taking materials, on consignment, from the wholesale clothing dealers. I cut these materials in my own home and gave them out to women to make them up.

"AFTER a while I was able to open my own shop. It was a very small one at first; but the business grew and the shop was gradually enlarged, until I had a big factory with six hundred employees.

"That was a long period of steadily going up. I was prosperous. We had a fine home for those days—and a very happy one. I had the best wife in the whole world; and we had a son and three little girls. My mother was living with us; and that was another of my dreams come true.

"Then came the early nineties, when the fever of real estate speculation raged in Minneapolis. The city was growing. Property was increasing in value. It was a typical boom period, with prices going up and up.

"I caught the fever and invested heavily. If I had been content to buy only what I could pay for, the lesson I

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3 minutes a day will stop thinning hair!

THERE'S just this difference between the man who is going to become bald and the man who will keep thick, strong-growing hair—

three minutes a day of the right hair treatment!

Any man, even a young man, may have one or both of the two scalp troubles which lead to baldness.

These two troubles—dandruff and poor scalp circulation—usually begin before the age of 30, dermatologists say, and they especially attack men of indoor occupations. Without help, your hair can't combat these ills.

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EVERY MORNING wet your hair and scalp thoroughly with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with your fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic into every inch of the scalp. Move the scalp, not the fingers! Brush the hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

Buy Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at any drug or department store. The signature of Ed. Pinaud is on each bottle. Pinaud Incorporated, 220 East 21st Street, New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris. In Canada, Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, 204-206 King St. E., Toronto.

PINAUD'S

Eau de *Quinine*

learned wouldn't have been such a severe one. But I bought large amounts, made some payments down, and gave notes for the rest.

"Then, along about 1896 and 1897, the crash came. The boom collapsed, leaving me swamped with debts. For several years I struggled desperately to save myself. But I couldn't regain my foothold; and finally, in 1899, I had to give up the struggle. Everything was gone, including my factory and the business.

"So there I was; fifty years old—and broke! Counting myself, I had a family of ten to take care of: my wife, three daughters, my mother, my adopted sister, who was living with us; my twenty-year-old son and his wife and baby. He had been with me in business. So when I lost the factory he was as high and dry as I was.

"Leaving my family in Minneapolis, I went to Danville, Illinois, to manage a woolen mill. But I stayed there only six months.

"From what I've told you, you know that I always wanted a home! And I guess you can understand how I loved my home when I finally had one. I couldn't be happy away from it. I wanted to keep it in Minneapolis, so I went back to see if I couldn't get another start there. This time I arrived with thirty-five dollars instead of thirty-five cents.

"The very next morning I happened to meet a man who had a laundry which he wanted to get rid of. He had been compelled to take it in settling up some business, but he couldn't make it pay.

"I didn't know a thing about laundries, but I wanted a business in Minneapolis! So I paid ten dollars for a few days' option, and started out to see whether I could raise the rest of the money.

"I told you how proud I was when the street railway people in Boston showed that they believed in my energy and honesty. Well, when a friend agreed to go on my note for two thousand dollars, without any security except his belief in my energy and integrity, it was another proud day for me. That's the sort of thing that makes life worth living.

"WELL, I bought the laundry. At any rate, I owed the money for it! But it had been a losing proposition, and I knew it would take time to make it a profitable one. So I put my son in charge of it while I went to Nashville, Tennessee, as superintendent of a factory, in order to support the family until the laundry could be made to pay.

"I had tried to get a similar job in St. Joseph, Missouri; but I asked $5,000 a year and they wouldn't give that much. Later, they offered me $6,000—and I refused it. Then they made me an offer which amounted to $10,000 a year—and I refused that!

"'No!' I said to them. 'I have a business of my own. It isn't much of a business now, but I believe I can build it up; and I'm going to stick to it.'

"It took a lot of courage to turn down that offer," said Nevens; "especially as the business on which I was staking everything was entirely new to me. I was fifty years old. And most people seem to think that, at fifty, a man can't strike out on a new trail. But, in my opinion, it isn't the trail that counts. It is the spirit with which you set out on it.

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"It came, and is the best tobacco I ever smoked!" Justice——— *

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*The above unsolicited praise is from a judge who used this coupon ☞

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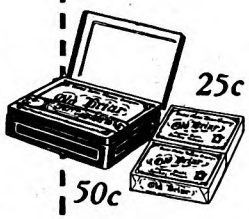

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MONEY prizes! $1000 prizes! $500 prizes! Money that will buy trips to Europe—motor cars!

Win some of this money! Your experience, in the form of a letter, is all that is wanted.

Write us about your thirty-day test of Postum. Hundreds of thousands have used Postum, in place of caffein beverages, for thirty days—and kept right on using it because of *results!* "No more headaches since changing to Postum." "I sleep like a baby." Typical comments. Now we want to hear from *you*—whether you have used Postum for twenty years, or are only a beginner. Hundreds of prizes for the best letters!

Or write about Instant Postum made with milk, for children. This drink has made wonderful strides. Mothers serve it, schools use it in the noon-day lunch. A hot drink, made from whole wheat and bran, plus the body-building nourishment of milk. Write a letter on this subject! Win $1000!

Lastly, hundreds of prizes for letters on "How I make Postum—and why I like it best made *my* way." Some people swear by Instant Postum, prepared instantly in the cup with boiling water or hot (not boiled) milk. Others prefer Postum Cereal, made by boiling, or in a percolator. Some like Postum strong, others weak, others "medium". As with other hot drinks, a little experimenting is needed to suit the individual taste. $1000 for the best letter on this subject! Other big prizes!

Read the rules, then prepare to enter Postum's $10,000 contest *today!*

◆ ◆ ◆

Subjects and Prizes

1. **"What the 30-day test of Postum has done for me."**
2. **"Why I think Instant Postum made with milk is the best hot drink for boys and girls."**
3. **"How I make Postum—and why I like it best made *my* way."**

(Letters on any subject not to exceed 300 words in length)

For the best letters on each subject: First prize, $1000; second, $500; third, $250; fourth, 3 prizes of $100 each; fifth, 4 prizes of $50 each; sixth, 5 prizes of $25 each; seventh, 10 prizes of $15 each; eighth, 25 prizes of $10 each; ninth, 35 prizes of $5 each; tenth, 35 prizes of $3 each; eleventh, 68 prizes of $2 each; twelfth, 146 prizes of $1 each.

◆ ◆ ◆

RULES

1 You may write on any one or all of the subjects, and submit as many entries as you care to.

2 Write the subject at the top of the first page of each manuscript you submit.

3 Write plainly on one side of the paper only. Neatness counts.

4 Write your name and address on each manuscript.

5 In case of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the full amount of each prize tied for.

6 Contestants agree to accept the decisions of the judges as final.

7 No communications will be acknowledged, and no manuscripts will be returned.

8 Employes of the Postum Company, Inc., are not eligible.

9 Address envelopes to P. O. Box 574 F, Battle Creek, Michigan.

10 Manuscripts must be received before 5 p.m. December 31, 1927.

(Prizes will be awarded, and the names and addresses of prize winners announced as early as possible in 1928.)

THE JUDGES

U. S. Senator Royal S. Copeland, M. D., former Health Commissioner of New York City; Alice Bradley, Food Editor, Woman's Home Companion; Sarah Field Splint, Home Economics Editor, McCall's Magazine.

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Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms—Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, and Postum Cereal, the kind you boil. If you are not one of the millions who now purchase Postum, you may obtain a sample of either Instant Postum or Postum Cereal by addressing the manufacturer.

"In my case, the spirit was all right, but the flesh proved to be weak. After six months in Nashville I fell ill again, and had to come home.

"I decided then that I'd *stay* home. Our business was improving and I was needed here. I tackled the job in good earnest; and the next ten years was another period of steady climbing.

"Then, in 1911, following a surgical operation, I had another long illness. For ten months, I was 'out of my head' most of the time. My son was then with another concern, so this business was being run by a manager.

"When I became ill, I was a fairly rich man. I had been making money for ten years. I owned my business and had invested about $200,000 in real estate—this time on a sound basis. During my illness, the business got into bad shape. When I finally recovered, I found that, instead of owning $200,000 worth of real estate, it was all gone and I was $20,000 in debt!"

It was at this point that Mr. Nevens chuckled appreciatively and remarked, "I *have* had a heck of a time, haven't I?"

We agreed on that point; and I wondered how many men, finding themselves in his situation at sixty, would have had the courage to start the fight all over again and the ability to win it.

NEVENS was really sixty-one years old. He was weakened by his long illness. He owed $20,000. But he took the helm once more; and with the help of his son, who came back into the business, he again started on the up grade.

Then, in September, 1915, Fate dealt him the hardest blow of all. He had leased the building which he now occupies and his machinery was being moved into it. On the very day before this transfer was completed, his son, who was in charge at the new plant, was struck by a heavy iron door—and instantly killed.

At every other point in the story, Mr. Nevens, with unfailing humor, had smiled over his misfortunes. But when he told me of his son's death there were deep lines of suffering in his face. That was the one loss which never could be retrieved.

But even then he did not lose his courage. He was sixty-five years old, and he had to go on fighting alone. But he did it with the spirit of a man half his age; and Fate, apparently deciding that he couldn't be downed, gave up the attempt.

"After being in this building a while," he said, "I thought I'd like to own it. I had paid off my $20,000 of debts; but I hadn't been able to accumulate any money. The rest of the profits had gone to enlarge the plant. However, I mortgaged my home; and in that way I was able to make a first payment on the $125,000 which was the price of this property. In addition to that, I have bought $150,000 worth of machinery to go in it. At the present time the building and its contents are worth in excess of half a million dollars. And to-day I don't owe any man.

"Sometimes," he said musingly, "I wonder how I did it."

At seventy-seven, Frank Nevens has won his fight against Old Man Circumstances; and he has won it with clean hands.

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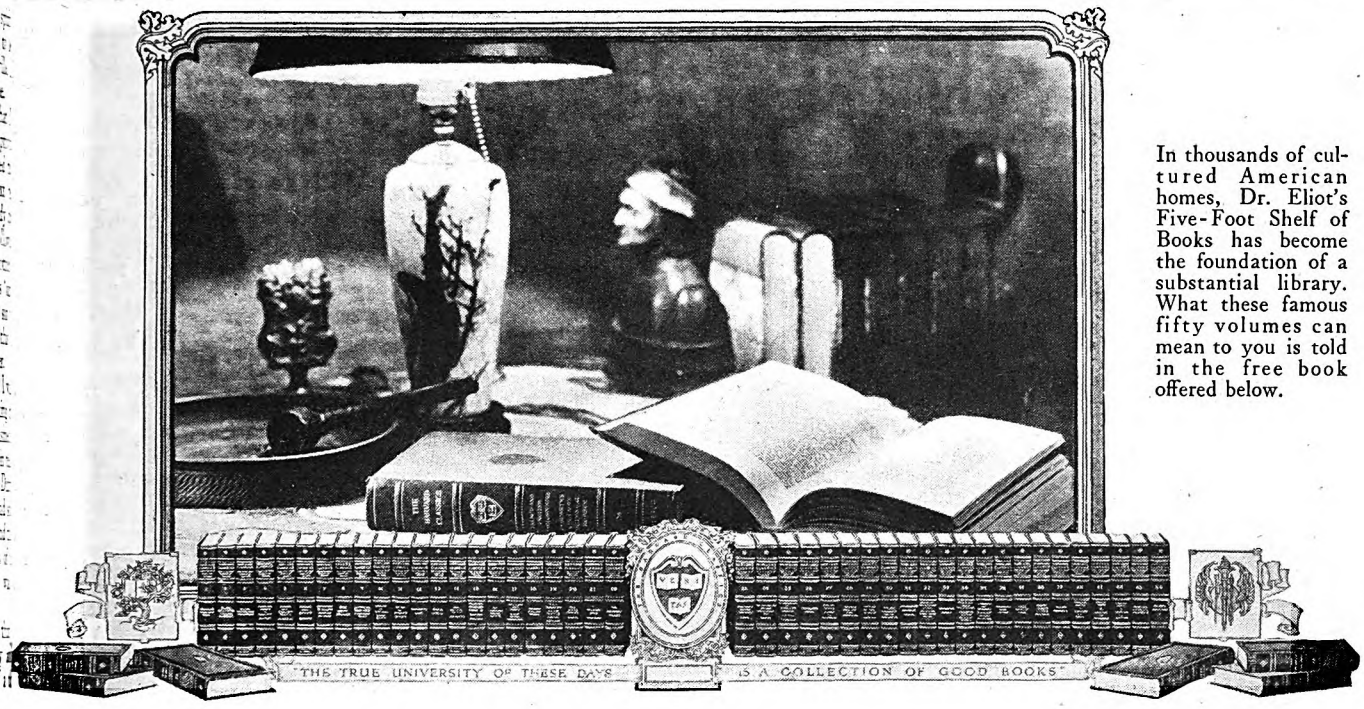

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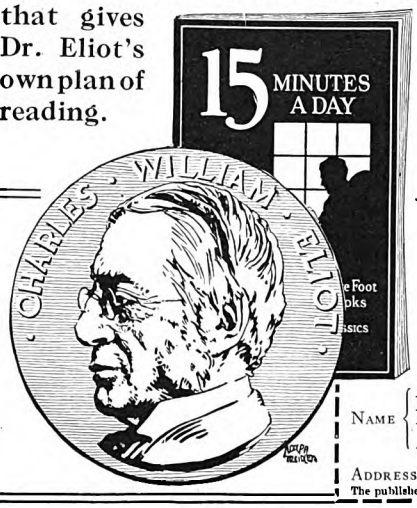

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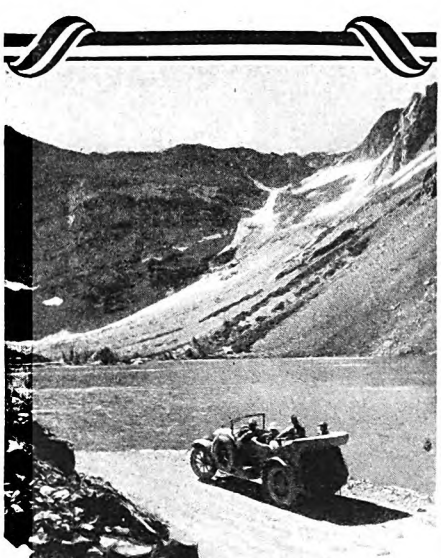

California. A hill-bound lake near Tioga Pass in the Sierras.
Photo by Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

MANY of Nature's most beautiful scenes can be reached only through roads that demand of car and driver their fullest efficiency. And full enjoyment of such drives can come only with the knowledge that one's brakes are absolutely dependable. This knowledge is present with the driver whose brakes are

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WALPOLE, MASS., U.S.A.

His Questions Were Hindside-'fore But He Got His Answers Straight

(*Continued from page 19*)

Nobody was surprised over in Camden, excepting possibly the man himself, when a few months ago Edward E. Shumaker was elected to the presidency of the Victor company. He had revived, not a company alone, but an industry; and in that industry he is the outstanding figure to-day.

Shumaker was born on a mountain farm in Somerset County, Pennsylvania, in 1882, but at ten years of age he snapped his jaw tight and decided that he would not be a farmer.

Nine children were in the family, among whom he was the oldest. Shumaker watched his father and his grandfather sweat over those stony hill acres, reap their crops and sell them at a profit; and then put every penny of the profit back again into the land in fertilizer. Unless the profit was spent for fertilizer, nothing would grow. Financially, each year ended a blank.

His parents, his grandparents, and his great-grandparents on both sides—of Pennsylvania-Dutch stock all—had also been born in that hill country. A hundred-odd years they had hauled stones, and stones were still left to be hauled.

He was taught the dialect of his people, Pennsylvania Dutch, which is neither German, Dutch, nor English, but a weird jumble of all three. A Pennsylvania-Dutch teacher taught him English in a Pennsylvania-Dutch country school, and the result was a marvel to hear.

STERN stock of iron character were these mountain folks of his. The whole of Sunday, so it seemed to him, was spent in church. Week days he was bound to work or go to school. Every cherry on a tree was gathered. Every splinter in the woodpile was burned. Every bit of fat on the meat was eaten. Jelly and butter combined on one piece of bread was extravagance. Of such stuff were those hill men made!

Shumaker learned lessons at ten that thirty years later were to become the ritual of his life. He was taught there is only one thing worse than a theft—a lie; that to leave work undone is only a shade less reprehensible than to leave it half done. "Nothing is so good that it can't be made better!" thundered his paternal grandfather, a giant of a man, and, "No man lives who has yet done his best!"

At seventeen, he was teaching school. His wages were twenty-eight dollars a month, out of which he paid ten dollars a month for room and board at a nearby farmhouse. Summer came, when, by every tradition, it was his duty to go home and help his father and grandfather farm. Shumaker hired a farm hand to take his place at less than one dollar a day; and he himself went to work in a stone quarry at two dollars a day.

He tried coal mining for a while; but his lungs could not stand the fumes generated by the black-powder blasts. So he resumed school-teaching and, in summer, the quarry work. Thus far he had not been beyond his native hills; he had never seen a city. And he was now nineteen.

Then a book agent "put up" at the farmhouse where he was a boarder. The agent was selling an analytical reference Bible, and was one of a crew of canvassers that had recently invaded that section. Additional agents were needed, especially men who had some Bible knowledge. Shumaker had read the Bible through thrice, and some parts of it a hundred times. He joined the crew.

He went to Johnstown and learned the set speech every Bible salesman had to know. He sat up in his room nights "training" his sample book until, at a flick of his wrist, it would open at any desired page. He was resolved to be the best Bible salesman of the crew.

THE patience of the man, his thoroughness—you must fix these traits in mind to understand him. Nobody would have described him as brilliant; he wasn't. Yet he possessed that which sometimes leads to results classified as the product of genius: the untiring persistence to do over and over, a thousand times if necessary, the tricks that made him a master of his calling.

He was as tall as the proverbial bean pole, and not much thicker. He wore country-store clothes, a celluloid collar, and carried a hideous carpet valise. He said "already yet," and in his English got the predicate where the subject should have been. But he *did* sell Bibles!

In the Mennonite and Dunkard sections of Pennsylvania, where the folks were intensely religious, Shumaker made more money in a day than he had previously made in a week. Here his Pennsylvania-Dutch speech was an asset. Presently, however, the crew moved into Altoona, a railroad-shop city. The shopmen, as a whole, weren't especially interested in buying Bibles. Moving farther eastward Shumaker found the interest even less. In one town, after a week or more of hard work, he had not sold a single Bible.

His capital had dwindled to a few dollars. His board bill was overdue. In desperation he began to make the rounds of the town, no longer trying to sell Bibles but to get work. Any kind of work, at any wage. He almost begged for it. But nobody wanted this gawky country-bred youth whose speech made the townsfolk laugh.

He remembered then, that while selling Bibles in Harrisburg the superintendent of the Pennsylvania Anti-Saloon League had offered him a position. If he could get to Harrisburg perhaps the position would still be open to him. He had enough money left to buy a railroad ticket; but not enough to pay his board bill.

Shumaker packed his old valise, left his sample Bible and case behind in his room as security for the unpaid board, spent his last cent for a ticket, and sat down to wait for a train. The train was late. A man with a silver badge on his vest grasped his arm.

"You'll have to come with me, young feller," said the man. "You're under

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rrest for jumping your board bill."

Pale and protesting, Shumaker was marched down Main Street to the magistrate's office. The landlady was there, grim and indignant. She had looked into his room for his luggage, she said grimly, but had failed to find it.

The magistrate was kindly. If the Bible and case actually had been left in the room, he decided, Shumaker could go. He didn't believe that the boy meant to defraud. So back they went—Shumaker, the landlady, and the constable—to find them just where Shumaker had said they were.

"Go on to Harrisburg," the magistrate told Shumaker. And, to the landlady, "If this boy doesn't pay you I will. I'll vouch for him, even if he is a stranger."

Young Shumaker reached Harrisburg. It was night. He had not eaten all day. He walked by one restaurant, another, and a third. His stomach was as empty as his pockets. It was December, and he had no overcoat.

At last, hunger and the knowledge that he could not sleep in the streets overcame his native pride. He entered one of the restaurants, confronted the proprietor, and stammered out his story.

"All I have is my watch," he said. "You can keep it until I'm able to pay you."

The proprietor looked at the cheap, worn watch. It was doubtful if he could give it away. Then he looked at Shumaker's drawn face. "Sure; eat all you want," he invited. "There's a cot up in the attic you can sleep on to-night."

It is due to such incidents as this that Shumaker to-day is "warm" to people. Misfortune, instead of embittering, showed him the hearts of men.

NEXT morning, disappointment again awaited him. The Anti-Saloon League superintendent was out of the city and not expected back for a week or two. His secretary knew nothing of the job Shumaker had been offered, and had no authority to hire anybody.

"It's the Christmas season," the secretary reminded. "Why don't you try one of the big stores. They're hiring extra help."

This time he was in luck. A department store engaged him on the strength of his Bible-selling experience and put him in the book department. Shumaker, who loved books, could not have wished for a better assignment.

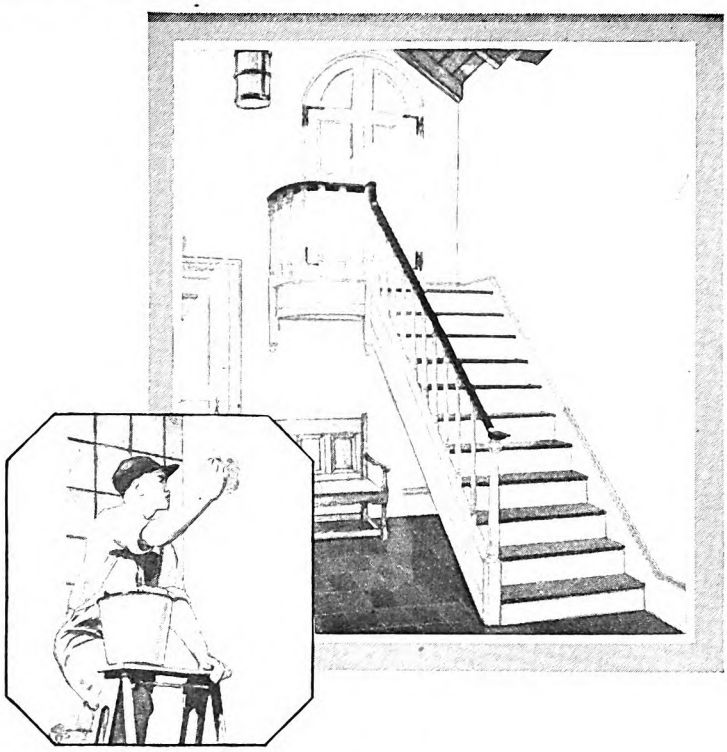
Christmas over, he stood high on the department sales list. He was sure his record would lead to his being retained. "Yes, you've done well," agreed the manager; "but we no longer need extra help. I'm sorry."

Back Shumaker went to the Anti-Saloon League offices. The superintendent had returned, and he had not forgotten the ex-salesman of Bibles.

"We need a detective," said the superintendent, "to obtain evidence against lawbreakers. It's risky work. You may get your head broken."

Just then Shumaker was ready to face old Demon Rum himself, if necessary to get regular employment. So he became a detective.

One thing is certain: he didn't look at all like a detective. There was no need for him to wear false whiskers and a wig to



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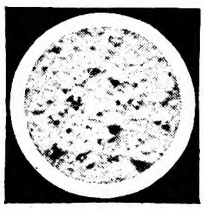

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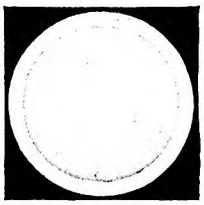

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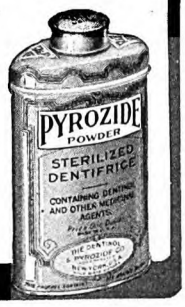

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hide his vocation. He still had the country-bred manner, and his accent was still something to inspire smiles. Not even the most suspiciously-minded bartender took this gawky Pennsylvania Dutchman for an Anti-Saloon League agent.

The result was that Shumaker became widely known in various sections of Pennsylvania for his exploits. Evidence which he got led to the closing of one saloon after another. He had to assume another name for purposes of hotel registry in a new town. And one dark night, after an unusually startling exposé of illegal conditions which involved a number of prominent men, he was set upon from behind by a gang of thugs and beaten into unconsciousness.

That adventure got into the newspapers. His father hurried to the town, entreated his son to give up the dangerous work, and return to the farm, for the sake of his worried mother. Shumaker compromised. He went back with his father, but not to farm. Instead, he got work as a clerk in the pay-roll department of the Somerset Coal Company.

He liked the work. Sitting behind the president's desk in the Victor company's offices the other day, he told me that he probably would be in the coal business today had not the coal company been forced to lay off men.

"I can't say honestly," Mr. Shumaker told me, "that I ever had any goal. Work was work, and I was ready to follow wherever it led. The secret of finding opportunity lies in keeping at work—in giving the job *at hand* the best that you have."

AT THE advice of the chief clerk of the coal company, Shumaker decided to get some more education. Borrowing six hundred dollars from his grandmother he enrolled in a business school at Norristown, Pennsylvania, near Philadelphia.

Here he studied shorthand and bookkeeping, and at the end of a year he was one of the most promising pupils in his class. He passed the examinations in bookkeeping and reported to take the required "speed test" for shorthand writing. To his dismay, he lacked the "nerve" to take the test.

"I knew that everything depended on that test," Shumaker confessed to me. "My borrowed money was almost exhausted. The school would not recommend me for a position unless I qualified. I knew that I could qualify. But I was rattled at the very thought of the trial. My hands trembled. My mind became like a blank."

He had to drive himself into the classroom. The test began, and Shumaker blundered like a novice. He failed utterly. Another month he studied, and took a second test. Again he failed. A third additional month, and a third test resulted only in a third failure. With no test on he could write a hundred words a minute easily. Under test, he couldn't write twenty!

Already handicapped by his speech and his imperfect education, lack of funds forced Shumaker to quit the school and face this greater handicap of "nerves." For two weeks he walked the streets of Philadelphia looking for work. A dozen times he heard of positions—and a dozen times he failed in the speed test employers exacted. It became so that as soon as the word "test" was mentioned he walked out of the office, beaten without a trial.

"I was licked," said the Victor president, "beaten by my own fear. I had fully made up my mind to give up and go home. Then shame at the prospect of telling the old folks I was beaten drove me to make one more effort.

"In the sales offices of one of the typewriter manufacturers I was told of an opening over in Camden, New Jersey.

"I set my jaw and went to Camden. That was on February 11th, 1904. The job was that of stenographer to the factory superintendent of the Victor Talking Machine Company. I told him the facts: that I had been unable to graduate at school, was without experience, and that as sure as he gave me a test I would fail in it.

"'But I can do your work,' I added. 'Let me work a few days for nothing to prove it. Let that be the test.'

"He hired me at eight dollars a week."

It was a disorderly, unkempt little office. The windows had not been washed in months. The superintendent's battered roll-top desk was so jammed full of castings, machine parts, unfiled papers and what-not that he had to sit on the cover to get it closed.

Shumaker's neat Pennsylvania-Dutch soul hated the disorder. The first Saturday, after all the others had gone home, he sorted the letters into orderly piles, and made a place for the castings and machine parts. He washed the desk out, then mopped the floor and cleaned the windows. The office was spick and span on Monday morning when the superintendent came in.

The factory boss took one look at his desk and emitted a roar. "Who's been monkeying with my desk?' he demanded angrily. He turned upon Shumaker. "You, eh? I hired you to be a stenographer, not a janitor. Hereafter, let my desk alone!"

He grumbled that he couldn't find things and that the glare of the clean window panes hurt his eyes. But Shumaker, watching anxiously, caught a twinkle in those eyes. Secretly, the gruff factory boss was pleased. Shumaker, saying nothing, made a resolve that if anything needed to be done, whether he was told to do it or not, he was going to do it.

HE WAS timid and of a nervous temperament. But ingrained in him was a sturdy belief in "right for right's sake." When Shumaker honestly believed an act was right, though the boss believed it wrong, he stood his ground and argued it out. If he failed to convince the boss, he would do the other's bidding to the best of his ability.

An old employee warned him: "You shouldn't argue over an order. You'll wind up by getting fired. My rule is to do what the boss says, and if he's wrong, that's his lookout, not mine."

Shumaker didn't agree with any such rule. He thought it a bad rule; and he still thinks so.

"No man can be right all the time," he said to me; "and no man can be wrong all the time. Any employee, no matter what his position, be it high or low, is not square with his employer when, purely for the sake of avoiding argument, he keeps his

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mouth shut and does what he knows to be a wrong thing.

"I don't like smart-alecks and know-it-alls. But when I am wrong, I like somebody to step up and say so. If an employee can save me a mistake he is doing me a favor. I feel it is his *duty* to try to save me from the mistake if he can! The fact that I am now the boss has only served to double the conviction I've always held—that the boss can and does make mistakes. The employee who sees one of these mistakes, and doesn't mention it isn't loyal to the man who has hired him!"

In the factory superintendent's office the office boy was dismissed. They were going to engage a new boy when Shumaker asked for the job. He had time, he said, to perform the work of both. Back of the request was the knowledge that the office boy was sent on errands all over the factory. Shumaker wanted to do those errands so that he could "learn" the factory; besides he needed the extra money.

A dollar was added to his weekly pay, and the duties of errand boy to those of stenographer. He thus became acquainted with the various foremen and department heads. The former liked to hear his "Dutchy" talk, and willingly answered all his questions. It wasn't long before Shumaker knew more about the growing factory than any one man there, except the factory superintendent himself. At the end of two years he was made manager of the office, at eighteen dollars a week. Two months later he was again promoted to assistant purchasing agent.

Now, observe the man's thoroughness. He saw everybody who called at the office. Every salesman, no matter what he had to sell, was granted an interview. He quizzed them on manufacturing processes, shipping problems of their respective companies, sources of raw materials, costs. He added personal study to this information, until his knowledge of steel began with the ore mines and his knowledge of woods with the trees. Simultaneously, he studied the men themselves. He analyzed their various "approaches," their ways of presenting arguments, the manners of those who impressed him favorably, and the faults of those who impressed him unfavorably.

Nights he sat up until midnight memorizing prices, schedules, invoices, so that next day he wouldn't have to refer to a single note, book, or paper. He tried to learn more about what he was buying than the man knew who was selling it. And around the Victor plant, when executives wanted to know something, it got to be a habit to "ask Shumaker." He was an encyclopedia on the business.

SUDDENLY the position of purchasing agent became vacant, and the directors summoned Shumaker.

"You're pretty young for this job," they told him. "Maybe you can handle it, and maybe you can't. We're going to give you a trial."

"You mean," exclaimed Shumaker, "I'm to undergo a six-months *test?*"

"Exactly," said the directors. "Call it a test."

Shumaker returned to his office and slumped, pale and shaken, into his desk chair. He had earned this promotion, he felt, if ever a man had. Yet he, who had

Algernon was goofy on oversleeping. Lazy Algie. Snoozed too long other morning. Had three oh-so-precious minutes to shave. Algie got excited. Grabbed wife's bottle Hinds Cream instead of soap. Rubbed it all over face *before* lathering up—and man! how it made that beard go limp! Wife forgave theft of Hinds. Because Algie now cuts shaving time in two *every* morning, and wife can loll in bathroom longer.

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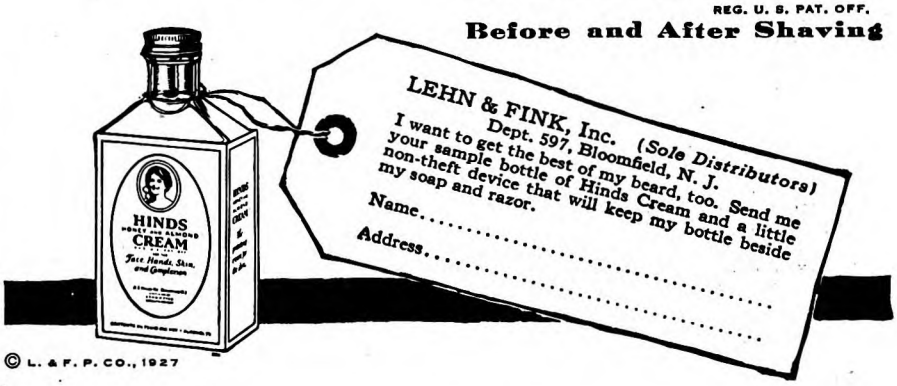

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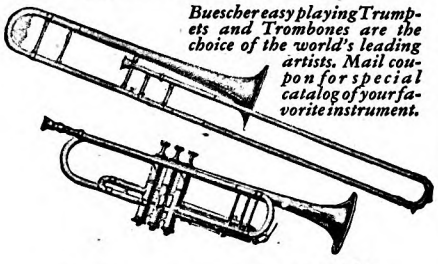

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failed in every previous test, was now to be tested for six months!

He was thin, emaciated from unreasoning application to his tasks. Day-in and day-out work at a desk and late hours spent under a study lamp had sapped his strength and worn his health pretty thin.

"I had made the mistake," he confessed, "of thinking that a man can live without air and sunlight and exercise. I had been burning up energy and putting none back. And there I was facing the old bugaboo that had always beaten me. My first impulse was to turn in my resignation."

"In my own mind," he told me, "I failed a hundred times a day.. I anticipated failure for every move I made. Nights I lay awake and counted up the next day's possible failures."

It was no easy task he faced. His predecessor had sought to make himself indispensable to the company by keeping many of the most important transactions of his office a secret to himself. The greatest and most carefully guarded of these was the methods he employed in the purchase of shellac, of which product the company was, and is, one of the world's greatest users.

Shumaker knew nothing of shellac; but he had always been given to understand that the purchase of it at a fair price was a most difficult and delicate feat. The same importance was attached to its purchase by all the executives of the company. A purchasing agent who could buy shellac advantageously was regarded as little less than a genius.

NEAR the end of his six months' probationary period, Shumaker was approached by one of the directors.

"So far," said the director, "you've done well. But your biggest test remains. We need shellac."

He stated what he believed was a fair price for shellac per pound, and gave Shumaker a list of shellac dealers.

Quaking in his shoes, Shumaker went to New York and sought out the biggest shellac dealer on his list. He was expecting to meet a shrewd, domineering, hard-boiled trader. Instead, he met a pleasant, quiet-voiced, square-looking business man, very much like hundreds of other business men Shumaker had met. Frankly, without concealing a fact, the man under test told his story.

"I am going to ask you and other dealers each to quote me a price," Shumaker explained. "My order will go to the lowest bidder. There is nothing complicated nor mysterious about that method of buying; but it's the only way I know."

The dealers, instead of being astonished, were delighted. The old purchasing agent had played price against price, dealer against dealer, and had haggled and argued. No one dealer had been given all of the order. Instead, it had been scattered among a number. With Shumaker giving the lowest bidder a chance not only for the entire order but also for the future business of the Victor company, each was eager to quote the lowest price he could.

"I returned to Camden," Mr. Shumaker related, "with a price that was two cents per pound under that paid by my predecessor. But that victory was small compared to the greater victory I had won over myself. I had undergone the test and beaten fear."

The company promoted him to purchasing agent. Two weeks later, in a physician's office in Camden, Shumaker was told that he was in the first stages of tuberculosis! Worry, and work without play had exacted its toll.

Another test, and this time, though far more than a job was at stake, Shumaker did not quail. Not satisfied with the first diagnosis he went to a famous Philadelphia specialist. The diagnosis was confirmed.

"What must I do?" the sick man asked.

"Sit down," invited the specialist. "Sit there and let me do the talking."

One hour the famous man talked and Shumaker listened. For the first time he heard a lecture on self-care, on the part that air and sunshine should play in the life of every man, and on the value of health as well as brains in business.

"You don't need to quit work," said the physician; "but work within reason. Play within reason. Find yourself a hobby. Eat what you should eat. Keep regular hours—and sleep. Sleep is as important to success as work."

Shumaker went home to his wife, smiling.

"The verdict is that I've caught this trouble in time, and can beat it," he said. "I'm not going to die!"

They moved to a house in the pine woods, south of Camden. Instead of going to bed at midnight, Shumaker turned in at nine. He got to work an hour later. Reversing the policy of his predecessor, he began to train his assistants how to do his work. What the years had taught him, he taught them. He held back no secrets.

In five months, under the new life, he had gained twenty pounds and was something like his old self again. A year after his visit to the specialist a big life insurance company examined and pronounced him a well man!

Shumaker's policy of making himself dispensable in the office of purchasing agent, as opposed to indispensable, began to bear fruit. He took a five-weeks leave of absence. His department functioned as smoothly as if he had been there.

The directors decided they needed a man like Shumaker on some of the company's bigger problems. He was elevated to the board, and asked to reorganize the legal department. Shumaker knew nothing of law, but he saw no reason why the company's legal problems should not be handled like any other—on common-sense lines. He instituted the policy of taking special cases to specialists, instead of to lawyers retained by the year to handle everything. The result was that litigation decreased to a minimum.

IT WAS late in 1924 that the company, after a high tide of prosperity, ran into the slump that almost ended its existence. Shortly before Christmas of that year, with the warehouses filled with unsold goods, the unheard-of necessity arose of shutting down the factory. Eldridge R. Johnson, founder and president of the company, was ill, too ill to attend to its management. A committee of three managers was named to act for him, and one of the three was Shumaker!

By this time Shumaker's position was unique! The Victor organization was essentially self-contained. Department heads transacted business with other department heads, directors with directors.

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The one important executive in actual touch with the outside world was Shumaker. He was looking in; but also he was looking out.

He knew the salesman's viewpoint—for he had studied hundreds of salesmen. He knew the buyer's viewpoint—because had he not bought for Victor tens of millions of dollars in materials? By his persistent, sweeping study of a hundred business fields, made in his capacity as a buyer, he had learned the secret of countless business failures: failure to improve what once had been a good product, but which progress, never pausing, had left behind.

When Shumaker stated that the phonograph was not doomed by radio, he gave a conclusion based on carefully compiled facts. Not for nothing had he been seeing every visitor who came to his office; not for nothing had he been quizzing them on their opinions, reactions, and general knowledge. These people, most of whom were trying to sell him goods, were a cross-section of the public to whom his own company was selling phonographs! He *knew* they would buy a better phonograph, if such an instrument could be made!

Likewise, with the memory of his old grandfather still fresh, Shumaker *knew* that "nothing is so good that it can't be made better." That old aphorism had a literal application in his life. It was truth that needed no proving.

"The phonograph is a machine that reproduces sound," he pondered. "What other great industry also has to do with sound?"

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IRVING BACHELLER makes the astounding statement that at sixty-seven years of age he feels younger than he did at twenty-one. How and where did he discover the fountain of eternal youth? The answer is contained in next month's article, "I Feel as Young as I Ever Did."

Rosie Merton Takes a Brace

(*Continued from page 49*)

It meant, too, I realized shortly after I had hung up the telephone, that I should have to give some kind of a party for Vera myself. All the other girls would, and I wasn't going to have any of them say that the reason I didn't was because Vera was an old girl of Will's.

It was frightfully inconvenient for me just at this time, because it meant I'd have to have the davenport covered over first.

"I don't see what's the rush on the davenport," Will said, when I broached the subject to him. "It's looked just like this for the last year. What's the special hurry?"

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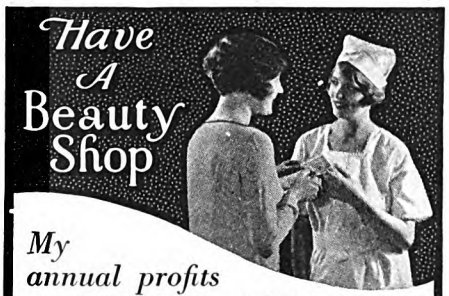

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"Just because it *has* been let go for a year," I said. "That's long enough." There was no use trying to explain anything more subtle than that to a man.

That evening there was a rap at our door, and to our surprise who should come in but Howard and Rosie! They hadn't been out anywhere for ages together, and we were surprised and delighted.

"Well, hello!" Will exclaimed, slapping Howard on the back. "Hello, this is a peach of a surprise!" And then, "What's happened?" he asked. "Have you sold the kids, or how do you happen to be issuing forth into the night life of Montrose?"

Howard grinned.

"We've got a mother's helper," he said; "and she stays till ten o'clock one night a week."

HE WAS fairly beaming, and his being so tickled over just getting over to play five hundred with us for a while showed how much he'd felt not having any fun at all.

"I simply had to have some help," Rosie explained to me. "Howard's been after me to for ages, but I've been putting it off. Then I had a chance to get this little Niccolletta, who is very good, and I thought I'd better take her. We've got to get back to having a little bit of social life again." A pause and then, very casually, "I thought I might give a little bridge while Vera's here."

"Oh," I said.

And when Rosie took off her coat and hat Howard's grin spread from ear to ear till he looked like Harold Lloyd. Rosie had on her new black dress, and her hair had taken the permanent the best of any I've seen. She'd had it set in a big soft wave, and the little short locks curled around her face. She looked ten years younger, and so pretty. For the first time since Betty was born, she looked as though she might be the same girl who had cut out Vera Yost back in high school.

"Meet the wife," said Howard proudly. "Some girl I've got, eh, Will?"

Howard was just tickled to death with her.

"Why, where's your davenport?" Rosie exclaimed, looking around our empty living-room.

"I'm having it covered over," I said carelessly. "You know the moths got into it last spring, and I've just got around to having it fixed."

"Oh," said Rosie comprehendingly.

There was a little pause.

"It's just remarkable," said Rosie, "how much some one thing will improve a whole room. Sometimes, quite a little thing, at that. Why, I've been putting new rings on the portières to-day in our living-room, and you'd be surprised at how much difference it makes in the whole room. Even Howard noticed it."

"I'll say I noticed it," said Howard, continuing to beam on his wife. And though I confess I didn't think anything special about it, at this time, I began to very shortly afterward.

It was a good thing that Howard Merton beamed while the beaming was good.

For Vera Yost's arrival was put off again.

To the naked eye it might be hard to see what this could have to do with Howard Merton. I imagine that I'm the only human being in all Montrose who really does see. But, as I said before, suffering broadens you and makes you more understanding. I can understand, as perhaps nobody else in the whole world can, the real connection between Vera's sister-in-law's oldest child's measles and Howard Merton's future life.

It was Bee Duncan who told us about this oldest child's getting the measles. She'd had a long-distance from Vera. Dulcie was quite put out about it. She said that it really did seem as though when both the sister-in-law and the youngest child had had them, that ought to do for the family.

Bee was inclined to think that the measles couldn't be Vera's fault, but I didn't pay much attention to what they were saying. I was laying out my own plans: Vera had decided to stay up in Tanhasset through March. Through March! A whole month before she would arrive! A month—why I could get the living-room floor done over and new curtains for the babies' room, and get the piano tuned. Would March be too early to set out the flowering quince we'd decided to have beside the garage?

Naturally, that afternoon when I stopped in at Rosie's and found her calling up the paper hanger, I knew that she had heard the news.

"It's awful the way the dining-room paper looks," said Rosie. "I've been meaning to have it done over for ages, and I'd positively decided not to let it go later than this spring. It occurred to me today that I'd have a better chance to get Mr. Ackerson to do it if I had it done in March. Get in ahead of his spring rush of work, you know."

"Yes, indeed," I said understandingly. "I want to get our living-room floor scraped and finished over, and I thought I'd get at it early. It's so hard to get Mr. Ackerson if you wait till April when everybody's cleaning house."

We chatted some little time then about the advantages of getting your spring work done early. Oh, Rosie and I understood each other perfectly!

But Will and Howard didn't understand at all. When I couldn't get Mr. Ackerson right away, and sent for a man to come clear over from Verblen to do the floor, in order to get it done immediately, Will said, "But I thought you were having it done now so you could have Mr. Ackerson do it?"

I couldn't think of anything to say, except that I'd changed my mind! And when I wanted to borrow out of the budget, to get my new spring coat early, he said women were beyond him.

"WHAT on earth do you want of a spring coat now?" he demanded. "March is usually as cold a month as we have, and you know, as well as I do, that you can't wear a light coat before the middle or last of April."

"I can wear my winter coat over it, if necessary," I said, "and take it off and leave it in the flivver when I get there."

"When you get where?" Will demanded.

"Oh, wherever I happen to be going."

He just looked at me as if he thought I couldn't be quite bright. But of course, I didn't pay any attention to that.

Howard, however, took it much harder.

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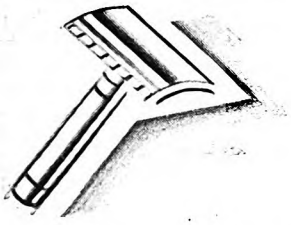

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Not at first, though. At first, he was just delighted. He was tickled to get out to the movies or over to somebody's house one evening a week; he was proud of the way Rosie was looking and pleased to get the dining-room papered over. But the biggest change of all was in the way Rosie was running the house. Of course having Niccolletta helped, but just having her alone would never have made such a change. It was as though Rosie had suddenly summoned superhuman energy, and turned right-about-face.

Dulcie and Roger and Will and I stopped in there a few minutes of a Sunday afternoon, and actually it was staggering. The living-room looked as slick as a new marcel. Not a toy or a milk bottle in sight. And quiet! . . . It was so uncanny that we all lowered our voices, the way you do in church.

"Where are the kids?" Will asked in a hushed tone.

"Oh, the baby's asleep," said Rosie; "and the others are in their new playroom."

"Their new playroom!" I exclaimed. "Where's that?"

"Up in the attic," said Rosie. "We decided to run the heating pipes up there, and Howard has finished off one end with plaster board. They have all their playthings up there, and there's nothing they can hurt."

The three children, hearing our voices, came clattering down the stairs, all ready to start a game of blind man's buff or football or something else rough and noisy in among our chairs. And the perfectly pleasant, yet brisk and firm way in which Rosie shooed them right back up-stairs again caused Dulcie and me to exchange glances of bewildered amazement. Could this really be Rosie? Ministers and hymns and things like that are constantly talking about a Great Purpose, but I always take anything moral with a grain of salt. Rosemary, however, has convinced me that it is absolutely true. I just simply couldn't doubt *anything* after having seen the way Rosie reorganized her life during those six weeks that she was getting ready for Vera Yost.

AND, as I say, Howard was delighted. He thought, of course, that I had taken his suggestion to drop a hint to Rosie, and he intimated to Will that he was very grateful to me for having got her started. He didn't stop to consider, though, that it was one thing to get a woman started, and something else again to get her stopped!

Papering the dining-room was all to the good, and Howard agreed, though a bit dubiously, that while Mr. Ackerson was there it might be a good idea to have their bedroom done too. They had put up some pictures of girls' heads when they were first married and now, though styles had changed so that the psyche knots and bushy bobs looked perfectly grotesque, the Mertons couldn't take the pictures down because the wall paper had faded so that the marks would all show.

Howard agreed that it would be worth the price of repapering to get rid of one particular picture of a girl with a snowball. But when Rosie decided that, Mr. Ackerson being right there, they'd better have the living-room papered too, and picked out landscape paper that costs

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heaven knows what a roll, Howard balked.

Much good it did him. Rosie was like a ten-ton truck. A little hard to get started but, once started, practically impossible to stop. Of course the fresh paper made the living-room woodwork look shabby, and Rosie painted it over herself. This didn't cost much, it's true; but with the walls looking so fresh and pretty, she said the rugs were a sight. It was about then that Howard began to get anxious.

First, he tried gentle hints and a sort of silent attitude meant to suggest lack of sympathy. This was just so much time wasted. It was like trying to stop a bullet with a tennis racket. Rosie didn't even hear the hints. Then Howard tried protest. This didn't get him any further. He made a perfectly violent objection against having their old-fashioned electric dome over the dining table changed for candle fixtures around the walls; but when he got home from work one night he found the dome gone and one of the candle fixtures already in.

I happened to be there at the time. Rosie, looking so young and pretty with her fluffy, curly hair, was all lit up with excitement. She switched on the one candle-light that was in.

"Isn't that stunning?" she said, excitedly. "There, Howard, now you'll have to admit that's an improvement!"

"Oh, it's an improvement all right," Howard admitted kind of surly.

I could see that Howard wasn't just trying to be disagreeable. He was really worried. And well he might be. Rosie had her eye on the day Vera was due to arrive, and she was like a racer who couldn't see anything but the goal.

I'LL say for Rosie that she didn't spend any money for anything that she could possibly do herself, or tease Howard into doing. Work! I have never seen anything like that girl. Seeing the house all lit, we stopped one night at nearly midnight when we were on our way home from supper at Mother Horton's to see if anybody was sick.

The down-stairs was lit up, because Rosie had Howard shellacking the living-room and dining-room floors, and upstairs because Rosie was enameling their bedroom set. She had been up since the baby's six-o'clock bottle that morning, working every minute, but instead of looking dead she looked fresh as a girl on a calendar.

I shall never understand it, remembering how tired and pepless she had used to be after an ordinary day. It was seeing Rosie these days that convinced me that anything can be done if you just have a great enough Purpose.

But in spite of the wonders Rosie was doing herself, you can't revolutionize an entire family without spending some cash. And I began to be worried about the way Rosie was spending. I suppose I felt kind of personally responsible for it, on account of Howard's thinking that I had got her started. And I couldn't very well explain to Howard that I hadn't, without telling him what had. Which for personal reasons—Howard and Will being such intimate friends—I thought it best not to go into.

So all through March, Rosie went on her mad way, improving their life. And the nicer their house looked and the prettier and dressier and more excited Rosie got, the gloomier Howard became. His birthday came in March, and Rosie gave him an écru lace luncheon set and half a dozen salad forks. It nearly killed him. Bumper's third birthday came early in April, and Rosie said she thought she'd get his present a little ahead. She was giving him a bridge lamp!

The way Rosie was acting reminded me of the way I had felt just after the twins were born. Every woman who has ever had a baby knows how it affects you right afterward. You feel so young and slim and peppy again—you're crazy to get a lot of new clothes and step out a little. If you can do so, you do it, and it doesn't seem to take long to get it out of your system.

But Rosie had never had the chance to do so. . . . By the time Betty was off the ten P. M. feeding, Junior was already on the way. Then, while Rosie was wrestling with the two of them, along came Bumper. And now the baby. Rosie had had to be old for her age and responsible and far-sighted and sensible and self-sacrificing for a longer time than a human organism could stand the strain. And now, she had just blown off the lid!

A BLOW-OFF that had been accumulating through four babies is too large to be healthy. I didn't blame Howard for being worried. In fact, as March wore on, I began to be worried myself.

Rosie and Howard had always seemed almost like a sister and brother of ours. We'd been proud of them. Till after the fourth baby came, and Rosie had let go, nobody had had anything but praise for them both. They had met their difficulties squarely and been so game about them and kept so fond of each other through them.

But this wild burst of speed of Rosie's seemed in a queer way to be coming between them. Why, even Will and I could see how truly troubled Howard was getting; but Rosie didn't see it at all. She just laughed and teased him about being Daddy Tight-Wad when he'd beg her to watch her step a little. She didn't seem to realize that a sort of wall was rising up between them.

But there was. Will and I could see it if Rosie couldn't. Old Doctor Horne's office in the Prescott Building was going to be vacant the first of May, and Howard had a chance to get most of the equipment he'd need, cheap, from a dentist who was leaving Verblen. It was up-to-the-minute equipment and scarcely used at all. And Howard decided not to take the chance—without even discussing it with Rosie.

"This isn't the time," he told Will gloomily, "for me to take any chances!"

It was the fact that I knew Howard had made the decision without talking it over with Rosie that gave me the strongest cold sense of the wall between them. Could a wall rise like that, over some silly thing, and rise and rise till two people couldn't touch each other across it? And finally become so solid there was no smashing it down—ever?

It took every bit of satisfaction out of the preparations I'd been making for Vera Yost's visit. I only wished she'd hurry up and get here. Why, if she were delayed once more, it might ruin the Mertons' life forever.

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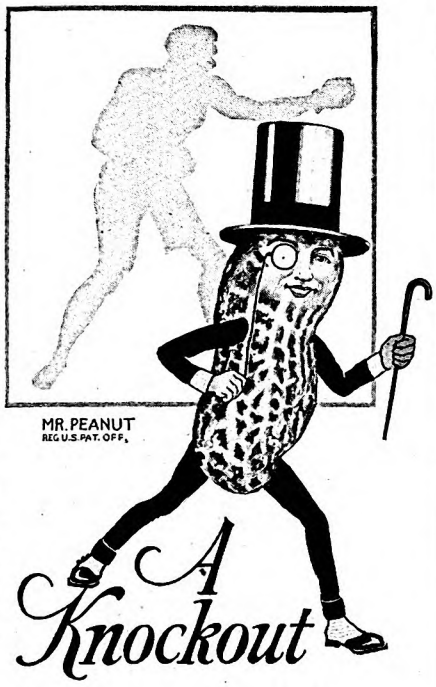

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And she *was* delayed. It seemed like the hand of fate. Rosie had done everything that could possibly be done in six weeks. She was ready for the visit. I could see her fairly taking a long breath of satisfaction and relief. And then Dulcie announced that Vera was going to stay in Tanhasset through April. Dulcie was furious.

"I wish her sister-in-law's family would either die or get well," she said blasphemously. "I do hate their shillyshallying."

Rosie said nothing. But I could see the relief and relaxation fading right out of her face. The look of purpose came back. She was like a person who has laid down his burden too soon, but picks it up again bravely.

"Through April," she said, as though to herself. "We might be able to get the outside of the house painted. And get a new car."

I WENT on home alone, getting more worried with every step. Rosie was going too far. And there was nobody but me to warn her. I understood, as nobody else in Montrose did. I couldn't stand by, and say nothing. It might make Rosie hate me forever; but I'd have to do it just the same.

Mother and Father were coming to our house for supper that night and, Mother arriving at half past five, I could leave the twins with her while I ran down to the Mertons'. I had been making up my mind and screwing up my courage all day. I knew, as well as anybody else, the danger of interfering in a husband-and-wife matter; and if I had been just one faint shade less fond of both Howard and Rosie I'd never have done it.

We had had our regular March blizzard, and the streets were piled deep on each side with snow. I had on my galoshes and I plodded along toward the Mertons, keeping in the wheel tracks in the center of the road. It was terribly hard going. A flivver had skidded into one of the banks down the street and somebody was trying to shovel it out. I began rehearsing to myself just what I would say to Rosie. I was so absorbed in my thoughts that I was fairly upon the flivver without looking at it. Then I stopped short.

There, frantically shoveling snow away from the front wheels, and crying as she shoveled, was Rosie.

"Oh, Dot, do you suppose you can help me get out? I'm stuck fast and not a living soul's come past. I've *got* to get out!"

She didn't seem surprised to see me, and she didn't try to hide the fact that she was crying. She seemed suddenly past all such things. What on earth had happened to Rosie!

I caught from her such a feeling of desperate importance that I didn't waste a word asking what it was all about. I just fell to and tried to help her. I got into the car and started the engine, so that as soon as Rosie had shoveled a little, I could put it into low and try to get a little ahead.

But the back wheels just spun around and didn't move an inch. One front wheel was in the ditch where the snow was four feet deep. You couldn't get a sack or anything under the wheels; you couldn't do anything but shovel. I climbed out, and in grim silence Rosie and I took turns shoveling.

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soul came along to help. We pushed and shoveled and raced the engine and groaned and pushed and shoveled again. I didn't know what it was all about, but I was swept along by Rosie's tenseness into a sense of frantic, desperate haste.

"I'VE got to get down to Howard's office before six," Rosie gasped finally, between shovelfuls. "The telephone's out of order there—I've been trying to get him all the afternoon."

"What for?"

"I've got to get him before six. I just heard this afternoon that Mr. Silcox is going right over after closing time to sign a lease for that office in the Prescott Building. You know how hard it is to get an office there—Howard's just been waiting to get one—and Mrs. Silcox said Howard said this didn't seem to be a good time for him to make the change."

Rosie grabbed one of the front wheels and tried to tug it back toward the cleared road. Of course the car didn't budge an inch. Then she brushed the hair away from her eyes, and the black from the wheel mingled with her tears, and smeared her face in great black blobs.

"But why—" I began, completely bewildered by it all and yet feeling the tenseness so that I didn't dare stop shoveling.

"Howard never even told me the office was going to be vacant," Rosie said. "He's said for years, when he could get an office in the Prescott Block he'd feel that the time had come to make the jump. He could get his equipment cheap now, too. And he never even told me. Just turned it down. Just b-because I said our old flivver was a disgrace! As though I wouldn't ride in a wheelbarrow if it was best for Howard!"

And she snatched the snow-shovel away from me and began digging frantically again.

"I must have been crazy!" she gasped between struggles. "I don't know what's been the matter with me—I must have been crazy! If Howard doesn't make the change now with a chance like this, he may never do it. Just go on year after year, keeping his nose to the grindstone—a dentist never gets anywhere working for another man. Howard must have been afraid I wouldn't stand by if it was slow going for a while. Just because— Why, I'll let Niccolletta go, I'll sell the new rug, I'd scrape the landscape paper right off the wall if I could!"

She was panting with weariness, and I tried to take the shovel, but she wouldn't let me.

"What time is it? If Mr. Silcox gets that office, Howard will start putting it off all over again. And when he can get all that equipment cheap, too—it's his chance. Oh, he mustn't give it up!

"I won't let Howard lose the chance he wants to take," Rosie was gasping frantically. "What do I care for a new car, compared with Howard? What difference does it make if the house is never painted over? What difference does anything make compared with Howard—"

Suddenly, even through our frantic struggling, I felt somebody looking at us. I turned around, and there stood Howard.

We hadn't heard his steps in the deep snow. It was half dark and, anyway, we had been too preoccupied to see anybody.

Rosie turned at my exclamation, her face all black and streaked with tears.

"Oh, Howard, how did you get here? Oh, thank goodness! Howard, you must hurry right back down to the Prescott Block, and—"

"I've just come from the Prescott Block," said Howard. "My last appointment was canceled."

"You've just come from the Prescott Block?" Rosie gasped. "Then you've taken the office?"

Howard must have been standing beside us for some little time. He must have heard a lot of what Rosie had been saying. There was no mistaking the expression on his face. He grabbed the snow shovel from her and threw it into the drift, grabbed her, and kissed her all over her black-streaked, teary face.

"Yes," he said, "It's all done—signed on the dotted line. I got to thinking this morning, and I said to myself that anybody with as peppy and expensive a wife as I've got had better take a brace on himself and look ahead a little."

"Oh, Howard," Rosie wailed, "I'm not going to be an expensive wife, I—"

"When you can put as much into life as you're doing, I guess I can hump myself a little too," Howard interrupted.

"I'll help," Rosie promised breathlessly. "We'll let Niccolletta go and we'll sell that new rug. We'll—"

Howard dragged Rosie down beside him on the car step.

"You crazy kid!" he said.

AND with that I simply faded out of the picture, stepping high and quiet in my galoshes. That was no place for me. Business can fail or succeed, rugs be bought or sold, there can be no babies or ten. As long as a husband can call his wife "You crazy kid!" in that tone, everything is going to be all right.

And, as a matter of fact, I might as well not have given myself a lame back shoveling that snow. Howard in his own business is working out fine, just as Will has been telling him for the last six years that he would. He's getting more regular patients all the time and paying off the debt a little every month. And too, he's made Rosie keep Niccolletta and she's managing beautifully. The burst of speed she put on has died down; but it seems to have been like priming the engine in cold weather. Their marriage has quit limping along on one cylinder and is hitting again on all six.

And, after all the trouble she made, Vera Yost has never come at all! She stayed right in Tanhasset until she had to go on back to Chicago, owing to her sister-in-law's youngest boy's coming down with the measles just as all the rest were finished up. Dulcie said, "Isn't that just like Vera Yost?" But neither Rosie nor I said a word. We understood each other perfectly.

When the flowering quince Will set out beside our garage died on account of my having made him put it in too early and Will was complaining bitterly about it, Rosie just said:

"Well, it seems to have been all for the best," which puzzled Will.

And that is as near as Rosie and I ever came to mentioning Vera Yost's name.

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

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My Favorite Song

FIRST PRIZE

"After the Ball" Made Me a Social Success

I WAS a country boy and lived on a farm in what may be termed the "Bootjack Age." Until I was twelve years old, I had done nothing to lift me out of obscurity. Just an overgrown, awkward, bashful country boy.

The Reynolds boys could climb up the smooth trunk of a tree and scramble over on the corner of the schoolhouse roof. Ben Leyda could "skin the cat," Walter McCormick could wiggle his ears, and Fred Barnes could knock a baseball farther than anyone else. I could do none of these things, and worshiped these heroes in silence from afar.

I had a wealthy cousin living in town, and the summer that I was twelve years old, she invited me to visit her family for a week. She played the piano skillfully and sang sweetly.

After we had sung "May, Dearest May," "Nellie Gray," and "Old Kentucky Home," she said, "Now, Earle, I am going to teach you the latest song, 'After the Ball.'

A little maiden climbed an old man's knee,
Begged for a story, "Do, Uncle, please.
Why are you single, why live alone?
Have you no babies? Have you no home?"

Over and over we sang it. Aunt Ann came in to hear us. Cousin Ada and Cousin Elizabeth listened and commented favorably, and I am quite sure some of the neighbors commented—unfavorably.

Then school began, and on the second Friday afternoon we had a "Literary." My sister Mary, ever loyal to the family, told the teacher I could sing "After the Ball," and for the first time in all those lonesome country years I found that I had joined the ranks of the fellows who could do something of note.

That was many years ago; but now, when we Rotarians entertain the ladies, and Fred asks me to sing "After the Ball," my mind goes back to the old Reynolds Schoolhouse at that Friday afternoon Literary, where "After the Ball" put me in a class with the boy who could skin the cat, the boy who could climb to the roof of the schoolhouse, and the boy who could knock a baseball the farthest, and almost made me the equal of the boy who could wiggle his ears. E. D. B.

SECOND PRIZE

The Song That Brought Me to My Senses

THAT old song "The Girl I Left Behind Me" means more to me than any other. It brought me to my senses, and made a man out of a hot-headed fool.

My wedding day was approaching, and dissatisfaction was brewing in my family. I was an only child, a spoiled one. Father wanted me to live with him and Mother. But Mother sniffed, "Two families in one house?" I wanted to go to Kansas or Oklahoma, where I could plow the rolling prairie, and breathe the Western air.

My intended bride's family was so large that they could easily spare her, and that was part of the reason why harmony always prevailed in that house. But at my house it was a fight to the finish—the secret was, my mother grieved over the choice I was making, and my father approved of it. What was a headstrong boy to do? I pondered over the question, and finally decided on the bold venture of running away from my intended wife, my family, everything; I couldn't stand my mother's tears.

Just before the train pulled in that was to carry me away forever, out stepped a blind fiddler upon the platform at the station, and began to play, and sing:

"The vows we've registered above,
Shall ever cheer and bind me,
In constancy to her I love,
The girl I left behind me."

That song changed my plans. I went back and married Sally Brown on schedule time, and everything was lovely, and the goose hung high. But before the new wore off the honeymoon, Sally and I gathered our belongings into two trunks, and made a clean get-away to the land of the buffalo, where we built our home and raised our family, unhampered by too much relations. And whenever I hear that old song, I take off my hat and thank God that I took the advice of that poor blind fiddler. J. P. K.

THIRD PRIZE

"Hinky Dinky, Parleyvoo!"

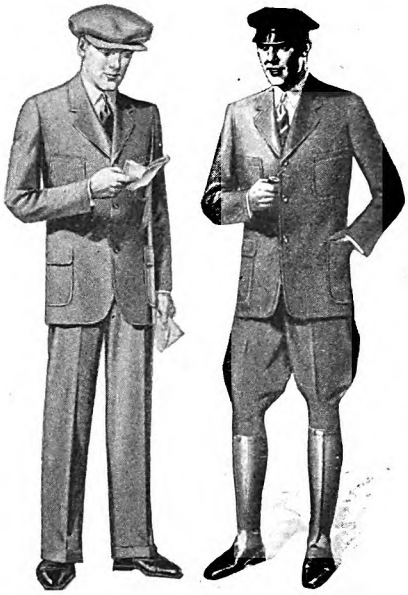
TO ME, and to thousands of the boys who were overseas, "Mademoiselle from Armentières" means more than any other song that was ever written. It was our never-failing standby during the war, for it appealed to us under any and all circumstances. We could sing it with our stomachs full, when the sun was shining, and it made us feel that God was in His heaven. We could sing it when our stomachs were empty and we were trudging along through mud and rain, with hell straight ahead of us.

Oh, the general got the croix de guerre,
Parleyvoo!
Oh, the general got the croix de guerre,
Parleyvoo!
Oh, the general got the croix de guerre
But the son of a gun wasn't even there!
Hinky Dinky, Paa-r-l-e-y-voo-o!

Everybody sang it. It fitted the captain's needs as well as the buck private's. The tune was easy to sing, and the words could be improvised to suit the passing fancy, and often were. They might be about anything whatever, but they usually concerned the amazing adventures of this mademoiselle.

It could express either joy or sorrow. It served equally well for love words or cursing. It was a joke to those who could speak French, and to those who could not.

Then, here's to "Mademoiselle from Armentières," the vocal outcome of the World War, parleyvoo. B. S. S.



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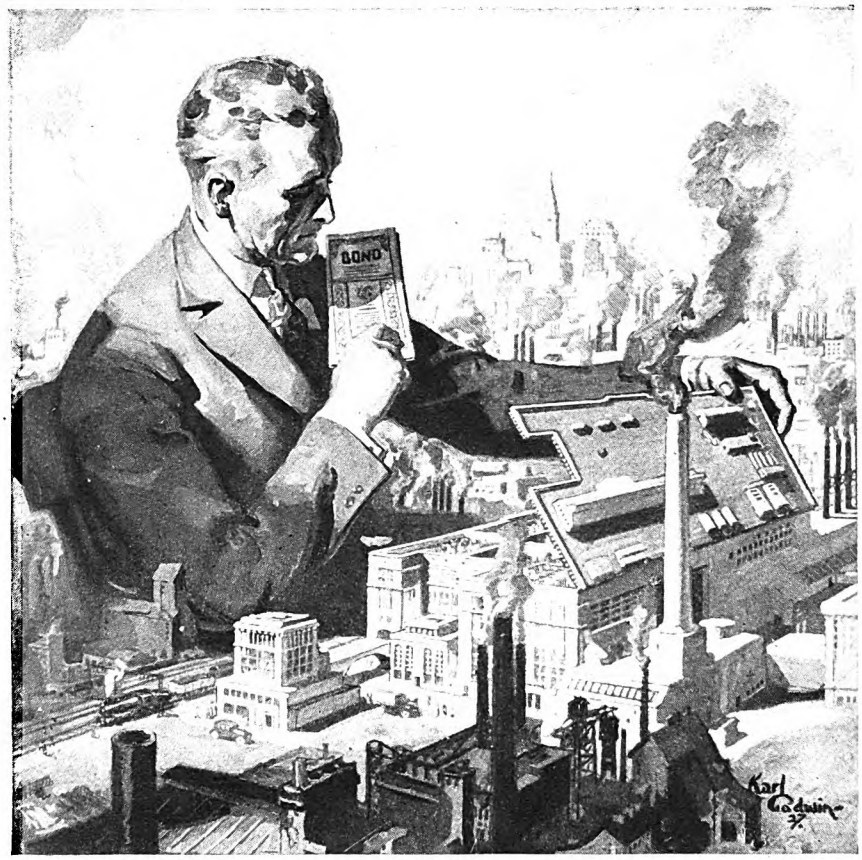

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Heat

(*Continued from page 31*)

The dust of Broadway blew upon them, and several flies sat meditatively on a nearby wall. But Percival Anthony was now beyond mere matters of hygiene.

"Sure!" said he, and, as Dempsey snuffled at his bare legs, "let's have four!"

When Percival Anthony left the orange-drink stand, he seemed to be conscious of a noise as of rippling waves somewhere in his stomach. There also appeared to be a large lump of something solid, which might have been the frankfurter. For one moment, Percival Anthony longed for the precise little row of medicine bottles on his bathroom shelf.

"Heat wave! Heat wave! Allabout de heat wave! Read it! Read it! Read it!" roared a newsboy. And with horns and bells and back-firing motors, Broadway roared back at him.

"Say, dis noise makes me deef!" suggested Spike. "Let's go down by the river. It's cooler, maybe!"

The river lay torpid, a sheet of brass from shore to shore. Black tugboats flecked its surface, and as they watched an advertising sign began to wink on the Jersey side. People lay on the greensward of the Drive, their faces turned to a grim and glaring sky. The heat beat down like a flail.

"Huh!" said Spike. "Bet it's hotter in the country!"

They moved slowly, seeking the cooler heights of Claremont, and a weary horde moved with them. There were dogs, at which Dempsey barked defiantly; there were babies in carriages; fat foreign women with strings of greasy children; bank clerks in shirts and trousers; puffing old gentlemen; tittering girls, and tall, dark sailors from the Argentine.

Presently the lower slopes of the park beguiled them, and they walked listlessly over heat-burned grass dotted with dingy newspapers. Dempsey disappeared behind a pine tree. A roaring chorus of snarls smote the air. Percival Anthony, turning, saw two dogs rolling in battle royal. A dirty-faced urchin was kicking the smaller contestant. The dog he kicked was Dempsey.

RED rage possessed Percival Anthony. He shot forward like a catapult, screaming defiance. And all the while something cold and sinister whispered inside him, "Look out! You're going to get hurt! You're going to get hurt!"

A twisted face loomed before him, fists flashed, and Percival Anthony sat down suddenly, his hand to his eye.

"Y' Eas' Side bum!" said the twisted face.

A small black hurricane hit Twisted Face amidships. Shadowy figures flickered before Percival Anthony; one of them fell over his feet. And above all the clamor came Spike's clarion call. "Eas' Side! Eas' Side!"

A slightly less enthusiastic voice roared, "Wes' Side," and then suddenly was still.

As Percival Anthony got shakily to his feet, there was nothing to be seen but Battling Kid Robinson gleefully inspecting his knuckles, and Spike, sitting astride

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ragged bundle and pounding it. Presntly the bundle wriggled free and fled. it a convenient distance, it stopped and owled defiance through a damaged mouth.

"Wait till we get youse guys again!"

Even Dempsey grinned.

"Say, Perce," said Spike admiringly, you got a swell shiner!"

Percival Anthony felt of his eye. It eemed half shut and most remarkably wollen. Now that the first shock was ver, he was exceedingly proud of it.

"Ain't Perce the hellion, though?" said pike. "That guy musta been twicet his ize, an' he steps right up to him!"

"He sho' did," agreed the Battling Kid. But he don't put up his hands right!"

The black bulk of Grant's Tomb loomed bove them, stark against a spattered fire f stars. A noisy horde perched on its hot tones, but Spike led the way to the closehaven greensward and flung himself lown.

"Gee!" said he. "This sure feels good!"

Percival Anthony said nothing. He vas painfully adjusting himself to the uts and hummocks in the ground. The Battling Kid was silent; he was already hree quarters asleep.

Near by, a Syrian family had brought blankets and quilts, and were raucously ettling down for the night. Beyond hem, the buses rattled past, their tops nassed with humanity. Still beyond the iver lay, a black mirror stippled with ed and green lights and the great glare of an amusement park set high on the Palisades. A freight engine, spouting heets of smoke, roared by at the river's brink, and Percival Anthony coughed as he acrid fumes drifted on the air.

BUT he must have fallen asleep almost at once, for the next thing he knew was a sudden shriek of wind and a newspaper blown across his face. He sat up and his clothes billowed about him; his bare legs stung as a cold blast struck them. Dark clouds drifted down the sky, and all about him was a confused noise of shouting and running. Thunder rolled from the Jersey shore, and the Syrian family fled, screaming.

Lightning flashed in a green fury; newspapers rushed through the air, were carried clean over the Tomb's top; the wind whistled; the Drive was dark with people hurrying back to the hot houses they had fled a few hours before. The river was a ribbon of tossing water.

The Battling Kid slept serenely on.

"Wake him up, Perce!" shouted Spike. "It's gonna rain, an' I'm freezin' to death! Let's drift!"

The Battling Kid rose limply and began to shiver. As a peal of thunder split the skies overhead, he burst into a furious run.

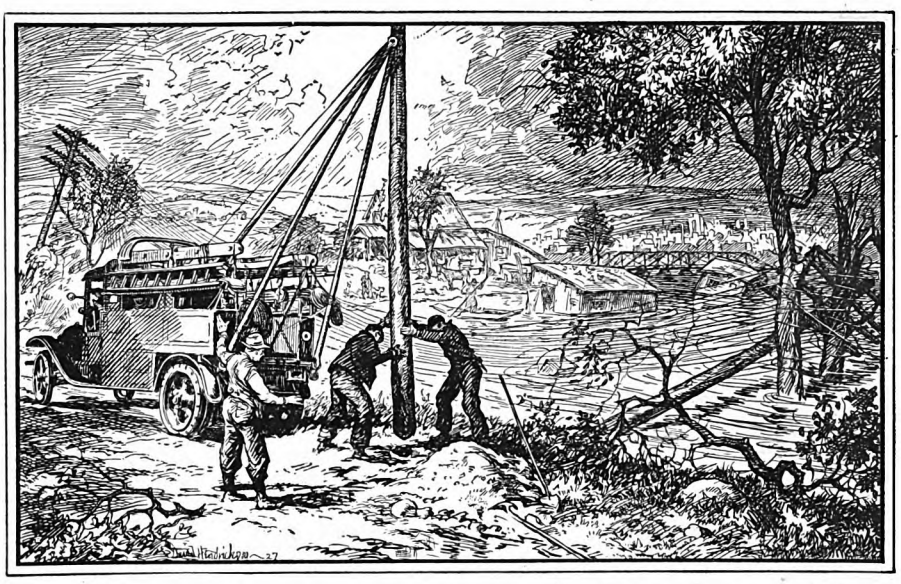
"Where you goin', Battling?"

"S-subway!"

The subway was a thunderous cavern, and Percival Anthony, who had never before descended into its depths, was a bit stunned by it. Just as it seemed to him that they would never cease getting on and off trains, he found himself mounting an iron stairway to a rain-flooded street.

"C'mon over to my house, Battling!" suggested Spike.

"No, suh! Goin' home!" For one instant, the Battling Kid was a dot in the wet darkness: then he was gone.



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"C'mon, Perce. Nobody's home but Gran'pop. C'mon, Dempsey!"

Spike's apartment was still slightly warm, and Spike's grandfather was sonorously asleep with his head beneath a newspaper. All the windows were open, and there were pools of rain on the floor.

"Ma says Gran'pop's shif'less," explained Spike; "but he ain't. He's just a gentleman. Hey, Gran'pop, the heat wave's bust, and the place's afloat!"

A large body moved porpoise fashion beneath the newspaper, a moonlike face, unshaven for several days, emerged. "The mop's prob'ly on the fire escape. If so, it's wetter than the floor. Leave her dry, lad!"

SPIKE'S grandfather's almost bald head was surrounded by a fringe of jet-black hair, but his eyebrows were so light they were nearly invisible. They fascinated Percival Anthony.

"Gran'pop, this is Perce. We slep' out on the Drive till the storm hit us."

Spike's grandfather twitched at pink suspenders. "It might be," he said, "that a bite of food would be desirable. See what's in the kitchen, Spike!"

He nodded politely to Percival Anthony and apparently prepared to go back to sleep. From the back yard arose a crescendo of wails.

"Cats!" said Spike's grandfather, without opening his eyes. "There's a bottle on the left-hand side of the window sill. Chuck it at 'em!"

Percival Anthony timidly took up the bottle and flung it far out into the night. There was a resounding crash.

"You didn't hit 'em," said Spike's grandfather. "Nobody ever does. Neighbor of ours?"

"No—no, sir!" stammered Percival Anthony, turning pale.

Spike's grandfather's eyebrows arose slightly on his face. "Your name is probably Percival and it's likely you've run away from home. Have you?"

"Y-yes, sir!"

"The next time you skip out," mused Spike's grandfather, "you should choose your clothes better. The stuff you've got on screams Park Avenue. Who gave you the eye?"

"A Wes' Side bum!" said Spike, reappearing. "Say, Gran'pop, Perce's a regular guy. He won the freckle prize at Paddy Dever's picnic, an' his pitcher's in all the papers."

A fat hand toyed with the pink suspenders. "It seems he ran away from home."

Spike grinned admiringly. "Ain't Gran'pop the wise guy? He ain't been ward boss thirty-five years for nothin'. Gee, I remember, at first I did think you looked sort o' funny, Perce. How'd you tell, Gran'pop?"

"I kind of thought so," said Spike's grandfather, "so I asked the lad. There's those cats again. Chuck another bottle at 'em!"

Percival Anthony suddenly felt very small and shaken and tearful. Up to now he had been too much absorbed in the delicious adventure of living to think much of the inevitable end of his escapade. Now he trembled.

"Don't fuss, lad," said Spike's grandfather, lifting himself out of the chair. "I ran away myself in '73. Spike's father,

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here, ran away. 'Most everybody does sometime. Let's have food!"

Sitting at the long table with Dempsey's moist muzzle against his knee, Percival Anthony felt somewhat better. Also, he was fascinated by Spike's grandfather's conversation.

"So your name's Wayne," said the old man, sitting back and puffing at a vile-smelling pipe. "There used to be a bunch of Waynes over by the big gas tank on West Sixty-six Street. Regular little toughs, they were. If there was any trouble in the district, they were it! Gus was 'bout my age, and we used to raise considerable sin together. You live on the East Side, don't you?"

"Y-yes, sir, an' all my ancestors were great men. Rebecca is always talking about 'em, and so's my family."

"Who's Rebecca?"

"She's my governess. You see, I can't go to private school 'cause my ancestors were so distinguished. An' I can't play with anyone who hasn't got a family as good as mine. I—I don't want to go home!"

"There! There!" said Spike's grandfather, and stroked Percival Anthony's head. "Maybe, sometimes, you get tired of living up to these ancestors, so to speak?"

"Y-yes, sir!" sniffed Percival Anthony drowsily.

The eyebrows elevated themselves once more. "You go to bed with Spike. It's most four o'clock—and don't worry!"

Spike's bed was wide enough for six small boys, and a cool breeze blew in through the window. Percival Anthony's head had scarcely struck the pillow before he was sound asleep.

MR. ALEXANDER WAYNE was eating a dismal breakfast, and trying to read the newspaper. He disliked the gloominess of his brother's house, he disliked being annoyed by an hysterical governess and being rung up by reporters. His temper always suffered in hot spells, and it had not been improved by a series of frantic telegrams which had brought him in from the comparative coolness of his country place at White Plains to search for a small nephew he had very rarely seen.

"Little sissified brat," said Mr. Wayne irritably, and ruffled the pages of his paper.

It fell open at a picture, labeled

East Side Boy Wins Freckle Championship

and Mr. Wayne gasped.

He had not completed gasping when the maid entered. "Master Percival is in the parlor, sir!"

Mr. Wayne pushed aside his unfinished grapefruit. "Go up and tell Rebecca that the prodigal's returned. Did the police bring him?"

"No, sir. It's Mr. Mike Sweeney, Mr. Spike Sweeney, and a dog."

Spike's grandfather was standing in front of the portrait of Grandfather Desmond Augustus. Beside him, very chastened and apprehensive, Percival Anthony shifted nervously from foot to foot. Dempsey was chewing a corner of the rug.

Spike's grandfather seemed fascinated by Desmond Augustus. His eyes were fixed on the firm nose, the rolling jowls, the gardenia blazing from the buttonhole.

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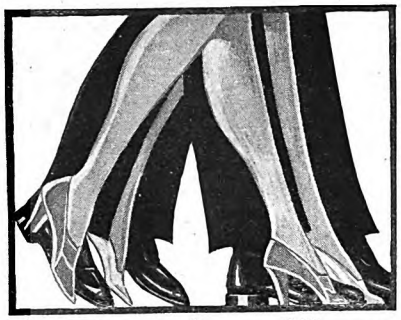

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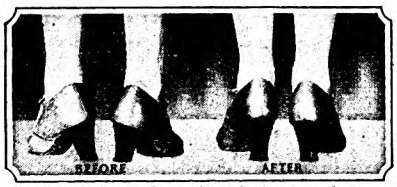

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"Well, if it ain't Bathhouse Gus!" said he.

Percival Anthony corrected him. "That's my grandfather," he said. "He was a great man."

"To be sure he was," agreed Mr. Sweeney. "Well do I remember when he smashed the window with a baseball and all the cops were after him. Those were the days when he had but the one pair of pants to his name, and they had holes in the seat of them!"

Mr. Alexander Wayne came through the doorway, mentally considering a speech of anger and reproof. "Percival—" he began.

"Say, mister," said Spike, suddenly ceasing a contemplation of General Zachary Wayne, "is Perce's pitcher in that paper you got?"

Percival Anthony's knees shook beneath him. "Uncle Alexander—" he quavered.

"Is it Alec Wayne, then?" cried Mr. Sweeney, with ascending eyebrows. "D' you mind the time you and Jim Sweeney ran away to play Injuns in the Bronx?"

Even to Percival Anthony's apprehensive eyes, his Uncle Alexander suddenly looked exceedingly sheepish.

"Is that the guy that Pop run off with?" asked Spike, examining Mr. Alexander Wayne with covert hostility.

SURPRISINGLY, Uncle Alexander began to smile. "Haven't had such a good time since!" said he. "What's Jim doing now, Mr. Sweeney?"

"Contractin' business," said Spike's grandfather, looking slowly at Anthony Wayne, then Zachary Wayne, and finally Betsy Wayne. "Where'd you get this bunch of tough customers, Alec? A more disagreeable set of mugs I never did see!"

Uncle Alec regarded the pictures with immense disapproval. "W-e-e-ll, they're not mine. My brother and his wife wanted some ancestors, so they set those up beside Grandfather Wayne. When they got into society they couldn't very well go around telling people that the family used to live next the gas works, with never an extra shirt to its name, could they? Of course the pictures are silly; but there's no harm in them."

"Uncle Alexander," piped Percival Anthony, "did they really call my grandfather 'Bathhouse Gus'?"

All Uncle Alexander contributed to the conversation was a brief gurgle, and Mr. Sweeney took him by the arm. "Spike, you and Perce stay in here till we get back," said he. "We're going into the next room to debate on hanging the both of you!"

PERCIVAL ANTHONY sat down on a hard chair and looked at the ancestors. Even if they were not his, they seemed singularly malignant. And he could hear the shrill voice of Rebecca declaiming from one of the upper floors. Retribution was at hand, even if Grandfather Desmond Augustus's trousers had not been all they should. As for that matter, neither were Percival Anthony's.

"Wh-what do you s'pose they're going to do to me?" he asked in an agonized whisper.

"Gran'pop'll fix it," said Spike, ruminating over Mad Anthony's portrait. "He's a great guy. Gee, you're lucky you ain't related to none of these sour-looking boids. They gimme the creeps."

"And now, Percival," said Mr. Alexander Wayne, appearing in the door and speaking with severity, "you're to pack up your stuff and come with me to the Adirondacks. I've got a nice camp up there by a lake, and I've decided, er-er, that, as you're my nephew, I should, er-er, share the responsibility of looking after you."

Percival Anthony's head swam. "Gosh!" said he ecstatically. "Uncle Alec, can't we take Spike too?"

"Take him?" said Uncle Alexander. "I should say we will. Somebody's got to keep you out of mischief. Bring along the dog. We need one!"

Percival Anthony felt so happy he thought he would probably cry. So he turned to look at his grandfather's portrait instead.

"The trouble is," whispered Uncle Alexander to Mr. Sweeney, "that now he knows about his ancestors, he'll probably spend the rest of his days thumbing his nose at them!"

He was quite wrong. For the first time in his life, Percival Anthony was regarding Grandfather Desmond Augustus with something akin to respect.

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"Love's a Lie!"

(*Continued from page 41*)

fair and calm, full of a comforting strength. How well Lars had done, after all! Yes, she was glad she had helped him. You didn't need love, that was plain—just friendliness and common sense.

"I'm so glad you're here!" Helga found herself saying warmly. "Lars has been lonesome here alone. Here's a little present I wanted you to have."

"For me? Well, that's good, Miss Lind! That's good for you to do that! Look, Mr. Larsen—a tablecloth and napkins—all hemstitched! Ain't it beautiful? Now, that *is* good for you to do that!"

"Oh, I wanted to!" Helga said.

Selma had on the blue silk, and Helga saw Lars keep looking at it often, as if it were very beautiful. And, queerly enough, it did look beautiful. It was the raiment of a woman about to come into her place as a home-maker. It brought out th

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blue of her eyes, and gave her a "dressed-up" look that was obviously not often hers. No, it was better not to have love, Helga thought again. Love, or the hunting after it, was a painful thing; this was right and sensible.

Then the Reverend Mr. Fields and his wife came, and Lars and Selma stood up beside the big heater and were married.

IT WAS just before Selma's first response that Helga was suddenly startled by the look in the face of the big woman in the blue silk. It was a look of terror, lostness. And something said, inside Helga, "You've done wrong! You've done wrong! Stop them! *They don't love each other! You've done wrong!*" And she opened her lips to call out to the minister; but no words came.

And then the voices went on, and they were married, and Helga had not spoken.

"I know you'll be very happy," Helga said, when she went.

"Ay guess so, Helga!" said Lars. His face worked a little as he spoke.

"It was good that you come," said Selma. "Mr. Larsen say you make the curtains. I can't tell you how good that is for you to do! I never thought I would have such a home of my own!"

But Helga could not look at her. Back of that pathetic eagerness for a home, Helga could hear that feeling of lostness still beating. She felt as if she had betrayed someone dear to her.

Outside, the wind had come up, and a fine biting snow was sweeping up the Hollow. Helga drove into it as into a storm of memories. She tried not to think of the look in Selma's eyes. But it crowded through the snow and pressed against her vision. The wind began to say things to her: "You've done wrong—done wrong! You've made a mock of love!" "There isn't any love!" her heart shouted back.

Her father was still waiting up when she came in.

"Well, how was it?" he asked her.

"Oh, all right. Selma's really nice." But her voice was dull.

Even after she was in bed, with the quilts tight up under her chin, the wind kept shrieking against the walls of the house—"*You've done wrong—done wrong! You've made a mock of love!*"

But *love!* What should two middle-aged folks like Lars and Selma have to do with love, anyway, even if there was such a thing? Wasn't she getting a home? Wasn't he getting a housekeeper? But the wind kept shouting.

In the morning she felt numb, as if her body and soul had been in one cramped position all night. The blizzard was there. Helga's father thought she would be foolish to go down after the mail. But at the table they one and all began to ask questions about Lars's wedding, and she got up and went out after the horse to get away from them.

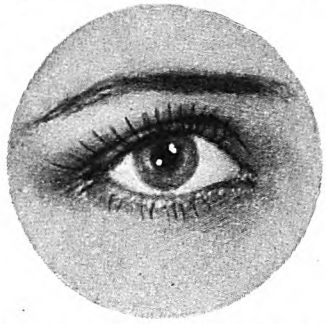
At the office, 'Dolph Bennet tried to dissuade her from going. "It's drifted bad past the bridge—no use your trying it, Helga!"

For an instant Helga wondered why she had been foolish enough to come this far. Then her eyes fell upon a letter with a foreign stamp: "*Mrs. Lars Larsen*"—from Sweden!

Without stopping to analyze the feeling

Brighten

dull, heavy Eyes *safely!*



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of necessity, that swept her, she found herself saying, "Well, I'll go as far as I can!"

After the turn past Overhiser's, she could scarcely see the comforting red of Net's blanket. The wind came full in her face, and the snow cut like a million knives.

"Keep in the road, Net! Keep in the road!" she began to say. Once Net stopped dead still, and Helga got out and found a great branch blown across the road. She pulled it out of the way. When she got back into the cutter, the seat was full of snow. Oh, she had been foolish to try it!

But she plowed on through the storm. There were places in the Sweden Hollow Route where the road was bare to the stones, and others where huge drifts piled up like small white hills. Helga began to talk to her horse, gently, persuasively:

"There, Net, got over that drift, didn't we? We'll make it! Only a couple of miles more! Steady there, Net, steady!"

Just beyond the bridge, she came upon a drift so high and so icy that she could not urge Net into it. She had to turn around, though it took a long time, and head for the Mannings. She called out as she drove in, and Len came to the door.

"Can I put my horse in your barn, Len? Can't get past the bridge, and there's mail for the Larsens."

"Sure, Helga. Wait. I'll get another blanket for your horse. Some day! Better let me take the mail up."

But now she had come this far Helga somehow wanted to take the letter up herself. So she went on, the letter in the pocket of her sheepskin jacket.

IT WAS around the first bend past the bridge that she saw Selma. She had fallen in the snow, in a queerly lifeless huddle, and Helga struggled to her across the ditch. She had known at once that it was Selma. There was no other big woman like that up this road.

"Mrs. Larsen! Selma!" she shouted at her. But Selma did not answer. Helga shook her, with numb fingers. She tried to lift her, but could not. It was nearer back to the Mannings', so she turned, went stumbling through the drifts. She was tired now and it seemed a long way. What had happened? What *had* happened? She crossed the bridge, tried to shout for Len, but her throat was raw and useless. So she kept on.

Together, she and Len half carried, half dragged the big figure of Selma to Len's house, into his warm kitchen. Beside the fire, Selma roused almost at once.

"You go get Lars!" Helga commanded Len.

Len's folks were away for the day, and so Selma and Helga were left alone in the Manning kitchen.

"Now, what is it?" demanded Helga.

"I missed the way," said Selma weakly, as Helga rubbed her hands.

"Yes," said Helga. "But wherever were you going—on a day like this?"

"I was going back to Yamestown," said Selma.

"To Jamestown!" echoed Helga.

Selma closed her eyes tiredly.

"I ain't no business to come here—mebbe you know, Miss Lind! But I guess you ain't ever been away from your own folks like me. I got awful lonesome, Miss Lind!"

"Yes—I know!" said Helga.

"The doctor, where I worked at, he did it for a joke-like on me, to put that in the paper—and then it got so it seemed kind of real. Lars come from Smaland, Miss Lind; so I make up my mind. You do for others so long, you get so you want your own place!"

"Yes," said Helga again. She had taken off Selma's wet, icy skirt, and her heart caught at the knee-deep flounce of crochet about the bottom of her petticoat.

"But I didn't count on its being like it was, Miss Lind! I think it yust be for a housekeeper-like—only it would seem like mine more. But it wasn't that way. The doctor's girl write for me—such silly letters, Miss Lind! And I think Mr. Larsen get somebody to do it for him, too; but Mr. Larsen, he write himself, and he mean all them silly things! He wanting more than a housekeeper—and I feel yust like cheat, Miss Lind. He—he so good—an' so pleased—I can't stand it! It's like it ain't honest between us; so I come away. And I go wrong way, I guess, and get all mixed up and I get frightened and terrible cold. And when I get out in that storm, it yust seem like it break my heart to leave that house—only I like evenness in a bargain! It was yust luck you come on me, Miss Lind!"

HELGA, for all her youth, gave Selma the smile of a mother as she bent above her.

"No, it was something more than luck," she said gently. "But, Mrs. Larsen, don't you see, when you said that about its breaking your heart to leave, that that makes it all different? It looks to me, no matter how things began, that now it would be right to stay. It'll hurt Lars terribly if you go—he's been counting so on having his own home at last. And I—*I* hope you'll stay; we need folks like you up the Hollow! And you *do* like Lars, don't you?" she demanded.

"He seem yust like my own people!" Selma said, as if she could say no more. "Miss Lind, he know the Bjorkmans back home. Peter Bjorkman was as my own brothers! And he speak of the gooseberry bushes and the poplars—yust like my own!"

"Well, he couldn't want more than that—to have you think him like your own!" said Helga. "That—that *is* love, isn't it?" Her own voice groped.

The big face lighted strangely from within.

"You think that, Miss Lind? You think yust that be love? It *did* seem like that to me when I lay in the snow!" Wistfulness sat strangely on that big woman, but Helga did not think her funny.

"Yes, I think that's love!" said Helga. "And I think if you tell him—just like you told me— Oh, here he comes now!"

Then the men were in the house, and Helga had a swift fear of the moment. But, after all, it was not hard.

"I think Mrs. Larsen can get back now, Lars," she said. Then, to satisfy the curiosity in Len's eyes, "Funny thing, to get lost going to the mail box, wasn't it?"

Into Lars's eyes, that had been bewildered and frightened, relief and gratitude came flooding.

"You bane rested all right?" he asked Selma, with such relief from hurt in his

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voice that Helga knew suddenly that Lars *had* meant those letters, paper girl or no!

"Yes," said Selma. "I'd like to get home!"

"Oh," said Helga, her throat hurting strangely. "And here's a letter for you, Mrs. Larsen! I almost forgot!"

As Selma looked down at the unfamiliar address, a deep flush reddened her fair, broad face. Then she lifted her head with a quick, sure pride. *She* was *Mrs. Lars Larsen!*

"My mother's written," she said.

So the Larsens went home. *Home!* The word drummed in Helga's head as she got Net out and headed for town.

IT WAS when she came to the little stretch of woods past the schoolhouse that the storm lulled suddenly, and all the world about her was white, weighted with snow, everywhere a hush and a peace. Helga stopped the horse for a moment, with something new and blessed crowding into her heart. Why, there *was* a love—a good, sweet thing built on understanding and honesty! *There had never been honesty between her and Rell Stannard!*

And that admission was like precious healing ointment, for Helga Lind was honest. She turned her back upon the memory of Rell Stannard as if he had never been.

The next morning she came down early, earlier than anyone, she thought. But her father had the fire already roaring in the frosty kitchen and was standing before the stove as she came in—her hands filled with her little store of notes from Rell Stannard, his picture. She hesitated, and as she paused her father spoke.

"That Mr. Sloan called up last night," he said slowly. "He's in town again—wants to paint some pictures of the Hollow. Would you mind if he should board here a couple of weeks, Helga?"

Helga had an instant's feeling of fright at the vividness with which the quiet kindness of Rush Sloan's eyes came to her.

"Why, no, I don't mind!" she said easily.

Then she lifted the stove lid, and the notes and the picture dropped.

Emanuel Lind's eyes came to hers in quick, demanding question. She only smiled, but her eyes were clear and young, and they met his squarely. And it was quite as if she had said aloud: "You were right, Father, quite right! Love's no lie—*no lie!*"

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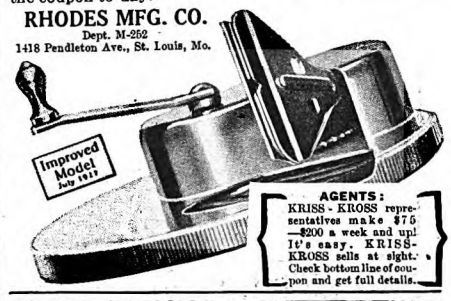

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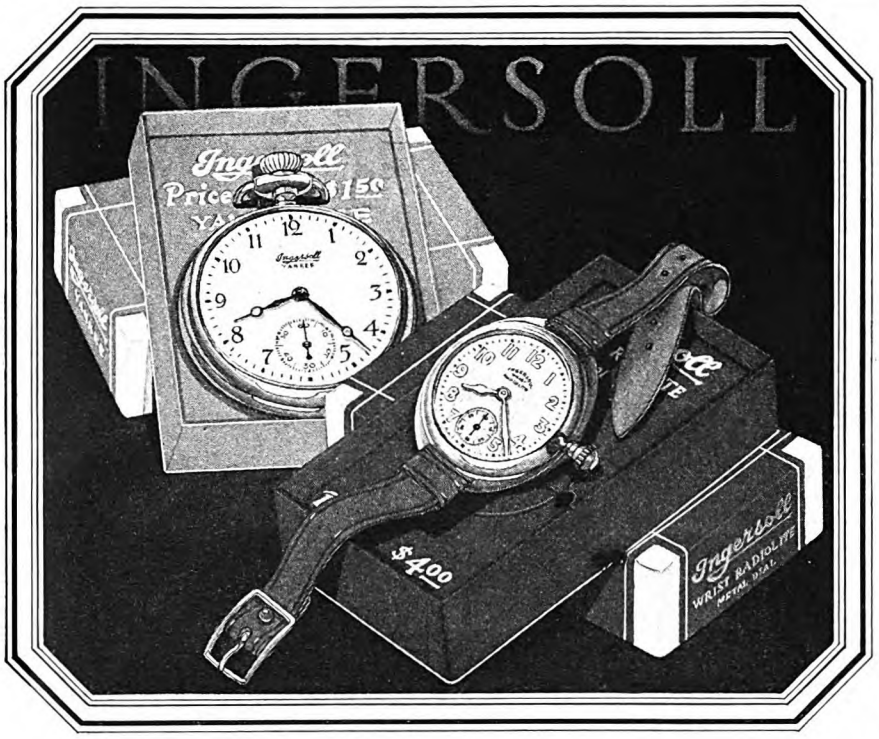

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"I'm Having a Great Time Playing Dead!"

(*Continued from page 45*)

from job to job. For two years he filled positions as office boy and junior clerk with publishing houses. In 1909, the particular publishing house with which he was associated was undergoing a slack period, so he set out to find a new position.

He obtained one with the Indiana Quartered Oak Company. There he did general office work. The company handled some flooring; but this was a small part of the business, and gradually Von Bremen began to take care of it. He solicited orders and was sent out to supervise the laying of the floors. He was moderately successful at his job. But the firm did not care for the floor-laying business and decided to give it up. Von Bremen was nineteen. He had an idea that this floor laying might be worthwhile. Whereupon, he went to the head of the firm and asked if he might use the same name if he went into business for himself. He wanted to start the Indiana Flooring Company. As there would be no competition with the established business, which was selling finished lumber, his boss consented.

Von Bremen had no money. His earnings had been very small. He put the matter up to his father, who lent him two thousand dollars. Thus the Indiana Flooring Company came into being in a room twelve by twelve, in which there were two desks and a typewriter. Back of the office was a shed which would hold just one car of flooring. As soon as he had his first orders, Von Bremen induced one of his school friends to come with him. In a few months four young men were working in that little room. They were all friends who knew each other well.

"We all belonged to the same fraternity in the Commercial High School of Brooklyn," said Von Bremen. "We were all very much in earnest and desirous to get somewhere. I had gained some knowledge of the business, which I passed on to the others."

HERE one of his four associates took up the story. "D. W.," he said, "seemed to have inexhaustible strength. As soon as we got well started, he made the buying his main end of the work. He avoided selling whenever he could. He did not like to mix with people in general. He is fond of his personal friends; but he avoids contacts whenever possible."

This unusual trait in a man who has built a business that depends so greatly upon selling was commented on again and again as I talked with the men. Von Bremen is not what is termed a "good mixer."

"He does well enough when he has to," confided one of his associates; "but I never saw a man get out of it so steadily and consistently. It has always been hard to get him to meet anyone. He could sell over the 'phone, though, better than any other man I ever knew. But he left the *personal* selling to us.

"We worked as any four young men who knew and liked each other would work—*together*. We started in business by *selling flooring*, not by laying floors. At

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hat time contractors usually did their wn laying, buying the flooring and emloying day labor to do the work. D. W. anted us to do the laying. He felt it was he only way to insure satisfaction to the wner of the building. It was hard work o convince a contractor that ours was the etter plan; but we all hammered away at , and I personally give D. W. all the redit for changing the attitude of New ork contractors toward floor laying. o-day it is the custom for contractors to ire expert floor layers to put in floors nd furnish the lumber for the job.

"We worked hard. But we all think D. W. worked harder than any of us, and e know that he kept the longest hours. His mail was off his desk before anyone se arrived. Snow, hail, rain made no ifference. One morning when there was a lizzard, and the snow was two feet deep, lmost everyone else was late. The first an coming in asked:

"How on earth did you manage to get ere from Brooklyn?"

"Well," said D. W., "I woke up about our. It was snowing hard, so I got up and eared our sidewalk and made my coffee" he usually did this, as he would not have nyone get up that early to wait on him), and came on to the office. I thought I ould make it on time."

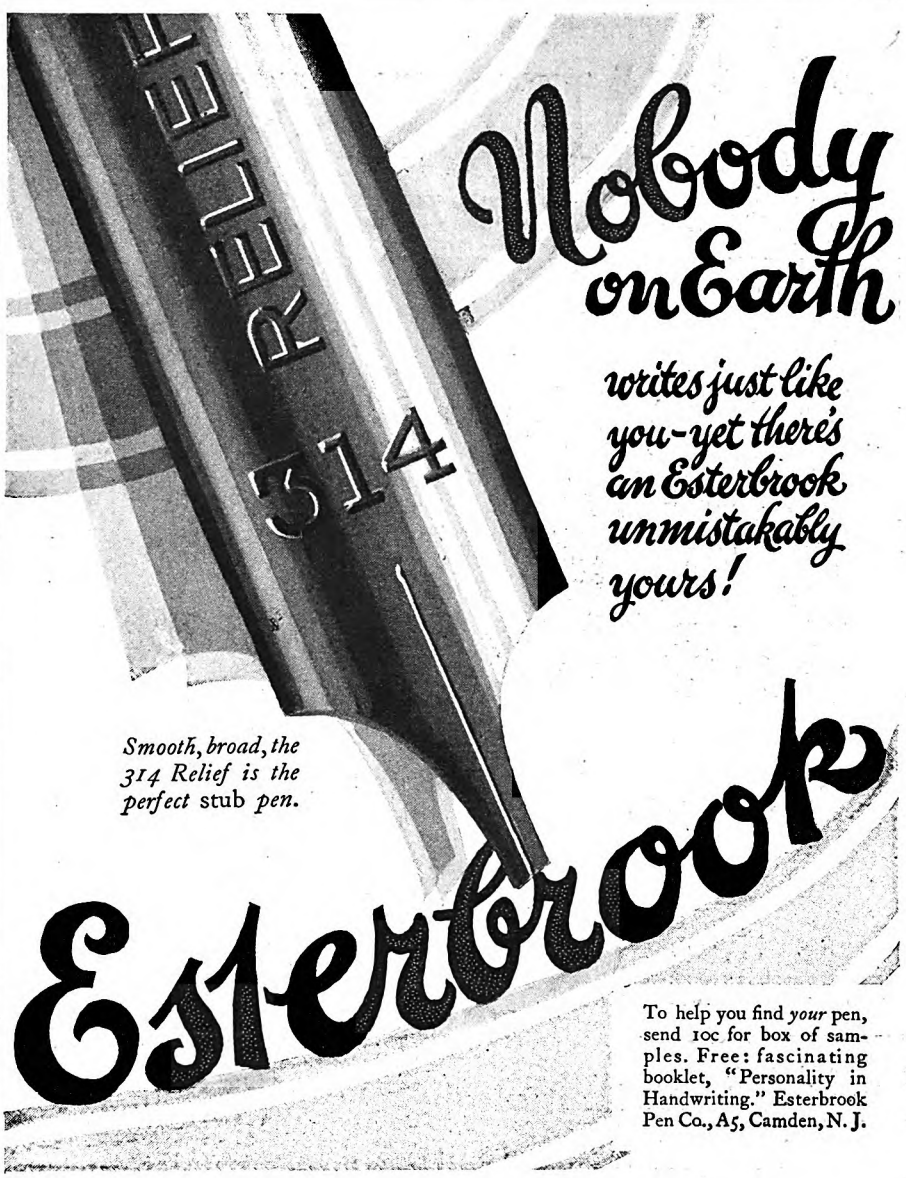
For four years the history of the busiess was one of long hours and hard work, ith a moderate amount of success that iffered in no particular from that of any oung firm working intelligently and with iligence. During those four years the olicies of the company were developed nd established.

NO JOB *is too small to be worth while,*" was the first, a policy that is often dopted by a firm just starting and needing rders, but which is frequently dropped in avor of bigger things as the firm succeeds. The managers of the Indiana Flooring ompany stoutly affirm that this is a gross rror. To-day they will cheerfully engage pon any commission, from the laying of a now window floor ten by ten feet—the nallest job likely to come to them—to a ontract for the floors of the tallest skyraper.

The young men all studied the building ermits, and as they walked the streets atched for any sign of building. They ent after every possible order, and when hey obtained one carried it out to the etter. This giving of one hundred per ent of what was promised may not seem xtraordinary; but in the building trade at hat time substitution was not exactly rowned upon. Customers were not lways intelligent about lumber, and a clear oak floor" sometimes contained oards that no lumber man would pass as clear." Von Bremen decided that his lear oak floors would always be clear to he last board; and this established the econd policy of the firm. Through hard imes, as well as good, the company stuck o this policy.

The third policy developed was, *See very job that was lost, and find out why it ad been lost.*

"In actual practice this was not ossible," confided one of the men; "but ve came as near to it as time permitted, nd it filled every odd moment. We lid manage to see fully sixty per cent f the jobs we failed to get contracts for,



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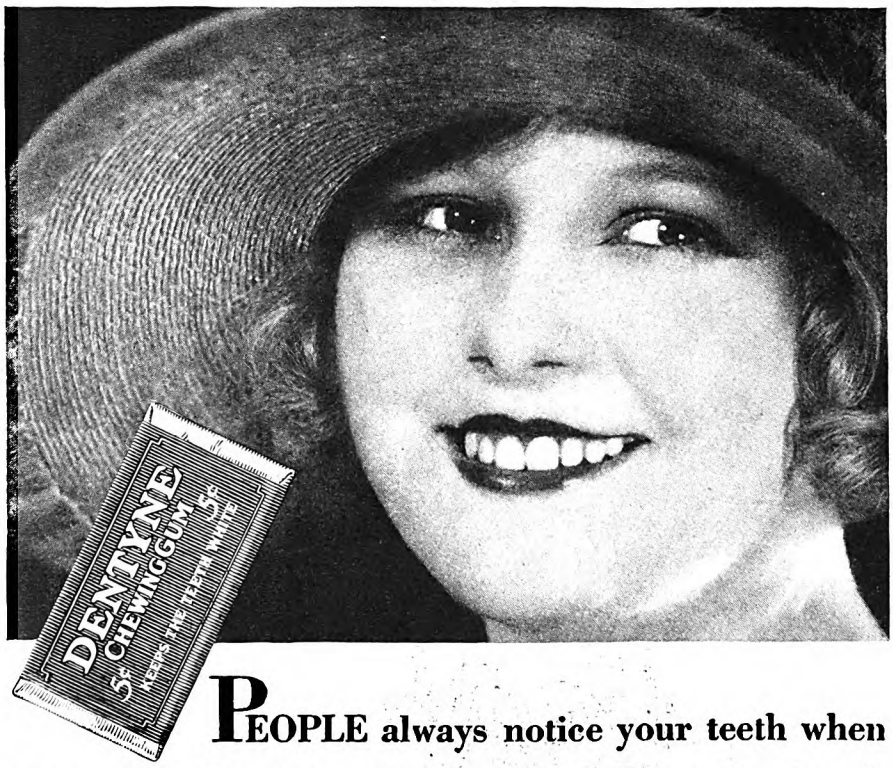

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and we found out why we lost them!"

So did some of the people who had handed the jobs to other floor layers, and in many cases a lost order proved in the end a customer gained.

From its incorporation to the period immediately following the World War, the business was a modest success. It had paid no dividends, because Von Bremen and the other officers decided that every penny of profit should go back into the business. When the slack time came, in 1918, the company was in good shape financially; but it had little business. Von Bremen and his associates agreed that to keep the finances in good shape they would retrench in every possible way. They reduced their working force. Von Bremen became bookkeeper, and typed his own letters. He looked about for some way to keep things moving.

It was a year of coal shortage. He persuaded the owner of a tract of timber on Long Island to sell it, in face of the dire need for fuel. Then the young men of the company journeyed to the tract in trucks, supervised the cutting, and delivered it to eagerly waiting customers.

By filling in with one odd job after another, the company not only lived through the slack time but kept its financial standing unimpaired.

IN 1919 things began to pick up a little. Von Bremen had kept a watchful eye upon the building situation, and he felt confident that before long there would be a rapid expansion in all lines of building. Using the excellent credit of his company he was able to buy a large amount of lumber. Hardly had this been secured when building began. Von Bremen's was one of the few firms that was ready for it. He had bought when the market was dull. The company now reaped the reward of his foresight. Prices advanced rapidly, and the Indiana Flooring Company entered upon three wonderful years, years in which business expanded and profits increased at a rate it had not before known. These profits still went back into the business, so that at the end of the three years it was recognized as one of the most important in its field.

In 1922, Von Bremen heard of an opportunity to buy one of the oldest parquetry-floor plants in the country. The owner was getting on; he had no sons; he wished to sell. Von Bremen was interested, so was another parquetry company. He faced a difficult situation. The company that he wished to buy had a very high-class clientele and did only the finest kind of work; the Indiana Flooring Company, on the other hand, did all kinds of work.

Von Bremen feared that this fact might be detrimental to the parquetry company if the two were amalgamated. However, he decided to try, and buy, and at the same time induce the rival parquetry company, which was also interested, to come over with him as well, so that it would be eliminated as a competitor. Without revealing his identity, he proposed through his lawyer that he purchase their business and good will and make a merger of the two parquetry companies.

When the negotiations were completed the competing company had gone out of business and its executives were working with the old parquetry company, which

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was now secretly owned by the Indiana Flooring Company. Von Bremen worked the two companies independently until he felt that the news of the purchase would not affect the clientele of the purchased company.

When, a year and a half later, the Indiana Flooring Company had openly admitted its purchase, it stepped into the rank of major importance. Its operations continued to increase, its success became more and more marked. Von Bremen's steadfast determination to touch no penny of the profits except to enlarge the company made two additional purchases possible.

In 1923, one of the supply mills from which hard maple was purchased went into the hands of a receiver. Von Bremen, who was its chief customer, bought the mill. The year following, there was another opportunity for the favorable purchase of a mill at Coal Grove, Ohio. After it had passed into Von Bremen's hands, he decided that it would be worth while to try to bring the lumber needed for its operation up the Ohio River. River transportation would be cheaper than rail; he could pay the lumbermen in the South more, and still make a fair profit. But there was no transportation available that was satisfactory, and the project of running barges for the mill alone was too expensive.

Von Bremen visited about the neighborhood and found a steel company that would also benefit by river transportation in place of rail. He proposed to the steel company that they combine to take care of the needs of both. The steel company could ship its nails and iron down the river, Von Bremen could carry his lumber up the river. The steel company agreed, and the Indiana Bellfont Company was formed. It tows barges loaded with steel and iron south on the Ohio and Mississippi, and returns these barges, loaded with lumber.

In 1926, with the affairs of the company running at the highest peak they had yet reached, Daniel W. von Bremen sprung his great surprise on his associates, and we get back to the beginning of this article.

BUT from this point the story takes two roads, one traveled by the Indiana Flooring Company, the other by Daniel von Bremen.

"What are you doing?" I asked bluntly. "You can't possibly retire at thirty-five."

"No," he replied. "I am still in business; but it is a new business. I bear the title of vice president and treasurer of the Appalachian Lumber Company, and we are building a huge hard-wood sawmill near Pickens, South Carolina, and running a thirty-five-mile railroad spur to it. I don't know much about constructing lumber mills, but I am having a good time learning."

If there is any doubt in your mind that Daniel von Bremen is having a royal good time learning, you should have heard his tone when he made that simple statement. Nor is there, I think, any doubt that the potential owners of the Indiana Flooring Company are having a royal good time demonstrating their ability to run the company.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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(*Continued from page 34*)

most balls is always the most skillful man in the game.

Now, it must be admitted frankly that in this somewhat helter-skelter world there exist other elements of success than ability and industry. There is good fortune; there is plain luck; there is the happy circumstance of being on the spot at the exact moment when a man like yourself is indispensable, and there is influence—pull.

But not all the luck nor all the pull in the world can do more than give you your opportunity to show what you can do. They can give you a shove forward; but you must keep up your own speed after the momentum given by the shove has died. Something may give you a chance to display your wares; but nothing and nobody but yourself can actually put them to practical account.

Not everybody can start shooting at his pet mark in the beginning, nor can everyone select what mark he wants to hit. Experience must come to bear. We must work, and when we are at the commencement of our careers we cannot be too "choosy." We must accept what employment offers. Sometimes it will require years of actual experience in labor before we even become aware of a particular adaptability, a peculiar adeptness in some line. I'm afraid in many instances it must be a matter of fumbling around. It was with me.

But, as soon as you can, pick out what you want to do all your life and work toward it. And while you are working toward it, keep on day after day putting your best foot forward.

MAYBE we never can get into the exact line of work we like or toward which our ambitions lie; but that does not bar us from a satisfying degree of achievement. It is a great deal better to be moderately successful as a salesman, when we desire to be an actor, than it is to lay down on our job of selling soap and refuse to put forward our best foot until we can put it forward on the stage. Keep your ambition, and work toward it; but meantime give all you have to the job in hand.

Mankind is peculiarly adaptable. We can do many things well. I believe each of us can do some one thing superlatively well; but it is not always possible to find at first—or ever, perhaps—exactly what that is. We are plastic. We fit into circumstances which surround us. Fortunately, we can do moderately well in many diverse lines. For instance, I know an actor who was successful in his work to a degree, but who ran into a period of ill fortune, when every play he appeared in was a failure, and for a couple of years he was out of work. But during that period he busied himself. He became a temporary real estate man. That was five years ago. He discovered he could do so well handling real estate that he never has gone back to the stage. The qualities which made him a fair actor made of him a first-class real-estate salesman.

I remember my own beginnings. I was a fumbler, feeling around blindly. I had very little idea what I ought to take up as my life work. I have been a stock clerk in a book store, a shipping clerk, assistant to an Armenian vender of cheap jewelry, driver of a grocery wagon. I even sang a humorous baritone in church choirs and thought of making that a profession. I studied art with the idea of becoming an artist. I used to amuse myself writing things. It was a game with me; but it was indicative. If only somebody had recognized it as such and encouraged me or, rather, guided me, I might not have been an octagonal peg in a triangular hole so long.

But when it came to going to work, I took an opening—one of those openings. A friend got me a job as office boy in a chair factory. That certainly wasn't putting my best foot forward. The chair factory got rid of me about as soon as it found I was around. We were mutually antagonistic.

Then I had to do something and, still fumbling, I got a job in a law office as clerk. The first thing I knew I was studying law and going to law school nights. In three years I was graduated and was admitted to the bar. But I never wanted to succeed in law. I didn't like it. There wasn't anything about it that appealed to me. Believe me, my best foot was still to the rear.

Pretty soon the law business played out, or, rather, my funds for paying overhead played out, and I became a reporter. That was squeezing that best foot toward the front, anyhow. I was a good reporter, because I loved the work, and it was, as the saying goes, up my street. But still my best foot lagged some. I wasn't writing the sort of thing I could write best. The stories I wrote for the fiction market didn't sell. I fumbled around, and, I must admit, more by good luck than by good judgment I hit upon what I could write best—and things began to move.

I SET a mark in the beginning. This mark was to get a story published in a certain great and historic magazine. I aimed and tried and waited, and pretty soon, in five or six years, I sold them a story, and then a dozen others. So I had to look for a new target.

Next, I wanted to write a novel and have it published by a certain publishing house. I wrote one, and threw it away because it was so very bad. I wrote another, aiming for my target, and this time I hit. I sold that whole novel to a magazine to run as a serial, for twenty-five per cent less than that same magazine will pay me for a short story to-day. But I was rich and happy over it—and my wife and I took our wedding trip. This was five years after the wedding.

My best foot was right out leading the procession at last. But, sad to say, I was thirty before I really found myself at all. Now I am forty-five. I've worked at my trade in a proper manner for fifteen years, and have got as far as I have.

And so on and so on. Always aiming, and then always having to aim a little

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beyond. If you ever become satisfied, you are finished. The Bible specifies a number of things you must not covet; but it issues no command against coveting another and higher degree of achievement.

The whole business sifts down to this: First, discover which is your best foot. Sort yourself out. And when you have found which foot is the salubrious foot, spend your time in putting it forward.

There is some line of work which each of us is more fitted to do than any other line of work. We are peculiar machines. Unfortunately, we seem to be so arranged that we can do almost everything if we make enough effort, and that makes it a bit difficult to decide what it is we can do best. But in every one of us resides particular capabilities. Every individual can do some one thing better than he can do anything else; and we should take every care and bend every effort to discovering what that is.

But—and here's the pity—if I had set myself at twenty and worked with one end in view, plugged to get that best foot out, I would now have been working at my trade for twenty-five years, and probably would now be ten years further ahead than I am.

AFTER all, the way to sell a thing is to exhibit it. The way to sell yourself is to exhibit yourself. Any country store can put goods in the window; but in New York men make large salaries by raising window dressing to the height of an art. A well-dressed window sells to the public the goods exhibited. Putting your best foot forward means just this. It means showing the world what you have to sell.

And again; if you are a grocer, you surely wouldn't dress your window with dry goods. If you are a born musician, you don't try to exhibit an insurance broker. I'm thinking of a case now, a most regrettable case.

I am thinking of a man of my own age who has just found himself. For several years he has been what we would term a successful man. In college he was extremely popular, a good athlete, a skillful musician, a pleasing personality. When he was graduated he took the first good opening which offered, and that was in a manufacturing concern. With his equipment, he forged ahead. Using his best foot. But always he remained on the manufacturing side. He knew that wasn't what he wanted to do or what he could do best, but he did it and did well at it.

Then a tremendous misfortune came to him. The concern by which he was employed got into post-war difficulties, and in middle life he found himself without a job. That was something over a year ago. He sat down to sort himself out, and to find if he had a best foot. What had he wanted to do all these years? What line? What kind of work?

Friends—for he always had a host of friends—offered him openings of one kind or another. But he selected one. This time he *selected*. It was to take a position in a stock-brokerage office. It was a spot where his personality would tell, where his individual make-up would show to advantage. So he went into that firm, and now, after a little more than twelve months, he is a partner, making three times as much money as he ever made before, and he is a dozen times as happy.

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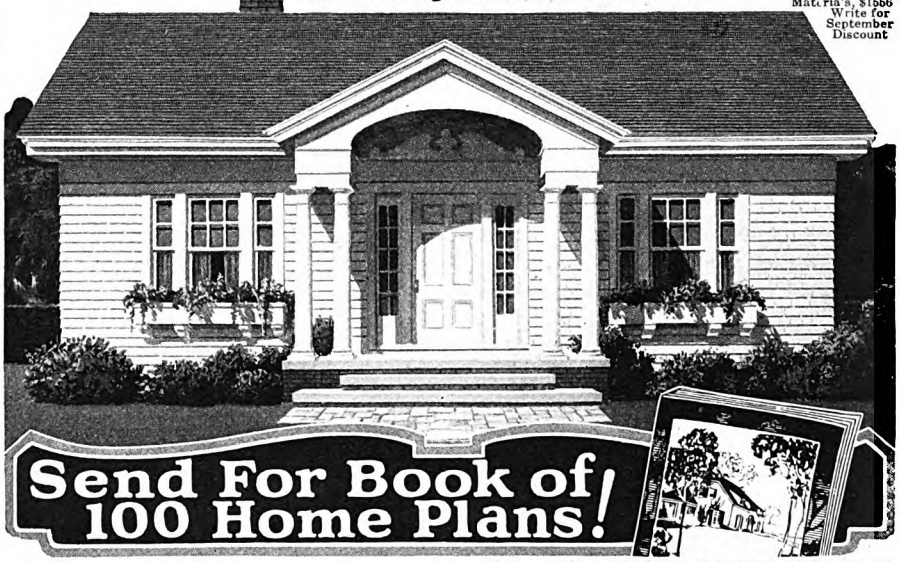

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At noon—each day

JAPAN TEA

Brightens your afternoons

For just ten minutes—at noon today—take it easy over a cup or two of Japan Green Tea after luncheon.

Drink it slowly. *Linger* over every mouthful.

Then, when you've quite finished, note the magical result.

Fresh and rested, you're ready for a better afternoon. And the feeling keeps.

Japan Tea is tea at its best—tea in its *natural* state, uncolored and unfermented, with all the flavor-laden juices of the fresh leaves preserved by immediate sterilization.

Specify Japan Green Tea when you buy. Packaged for the home under various well-known brands. Several grades and prices. The best you can buy will cost you only a fraction of a cent a cup

But it took years to get to it, and a business cataclysm to jar him away from his old work. And, mark you, he had been making a good average all the time. What he needed was to find the right place to set down his best foot.

On the other hand, there is a youngish man who took the other way about it. From early boyhood he knew what he wanted to be and do: he wanted to be an artist. His every act bore upon his future as an artist, everything had to give way to his ambitions for himself. He worked day and night. He studied; he took jobs on newspapers as an artist and at sadly small wages, when he might have earned twice the money in some other line. But he knew where he was going. He aimed at a definite target; he always kept his best foot forward. His life was planned as definitely as the schedule of a fast express train. . . . And he arrived. Today he is one of the six or eight greatest artists in America. Because he worked for it single-mindedly; because he sorted himself over, understood his capabilities.

I am thinking of a very old man in a very little town. He is not a rich old man; indeed, you might call him a poor old man. All he has is a pension from the Government earned as a soldier in the Civil War. But, though he hasn't two dollars to clink together, and though his name has never been heard fifty miles from home, I consider him one of the most successful men I ever met. I have known him forty years, and in that forty years he always has had his best foot forward.

In the first place, he was born with a talent for kindliness. He was born with a talent for common sense, and he was born with a great love for his fellow men. His success consists in the great accumulation of love he has made. And in the enormous stores of respect he has piled up.

I believe he is very happy, and I do not think he would swap his life for that of any other man alive. His "window" always has been "dressed" with a rare sweetness, a wonderful consideration for others. Those were his wares, his stock in trade, and he has sold them to the best advantage, getting a maximum of return on his investment. I should be disappointed in no son of mine if he aimed at and achieved the same sort of success.

THEN there are the folks who envy other folks' success. They do pretty well in their own lines, but see some fellow doing well in his line, so they tuck their best foot behind them and go after laurels in a foreign field. I know a man who threw away a notable success as a novelist to become a playwright. Why? Well, the glamour attracted him. He had visions of sudden wealth. He failed miserably. Where he could have been comfortable and prosperous, he is soured and living a hand-to-mouth existence. He sold his birthright for a mess of pottage—and didn't get the pottage.

We have to be careful about that. Pottage is all about us; but, after all, is too much pottage good for our digestions? Enough money is fine; but why go in for too much, at the expense of something fine and beautiful? We measure success by money standards. Justifiably in this commercial age, perhaps. But too frequently in the pursuit of money we throw away prosperity and satisfaction in worthy achievement. I think I can say honestly that I would rather write a novel which the people—the people, mind you, and not the critics—would love and remember and revere than to write another novel which would make me a million dollars. I believe I would rather write the first kind for nothing. But then, we writing people are a bit queer sometimes.

SUCCESS isn't having more than our neighbors. What our neighbors have is none of our business. Let them keep three cars, while we have nothing but a flivver. What of it? Maybe we have two children and they have none. Maybe we have love and peace in the family, while they have dissension and unhappiness. Maybe they would be glad to trade their three cars for our peace of mind and our flivver. With all his money, our neighbor may never have his best foot forward at all, and with our modest competency we may have it ahead all of the time. Keeping up with the Joneses is a mighty unprofitable occupation.

Nobody ever truly loved anybody else on account of a dollar, but millions of people have loved a man because of something in his heart which showed through and became visible to them. Who, for instance, ever cared if Theodore Roosevelt was rich?

Mr. Roosevelt was a great practitioner of the best foot forward; but he had so many best feet that one almost thought of him as a centipede. If I were to write an article about Theodore Roosevelt I think I would pick that as the salient feature of his life—a genius for putting forward his best foot.

So it goes. Every man and every woman is made up of complex qualities and capabilities and emotions. The blend is never the same. Each of us is strangely like everybody else, and at the same time marvelously distinct and individual. There is some one thing each of us can do better than we can do anything else. There is some one line of work which will bring us success and happiness. Everybody is entitled to both. Both are within the reach of every human being—given health and sanity.

Why, then, do we leave this most important of all decisions to chance? Or to rule of thumb? Education is a fine thing to have; but I would back an uneducated man who knew his destination more readily than I would back a man with a dozen degrees who had no idea what he wants to shoot at.

CAPTAIN JIM GILLETT, Texas Ranger and cattle rancher, knew the Southwestern frontier in the good old days when a man pulled a gun first and argued afterward. Next month, in "Quick on the Draw," Gillett relates some of his most dangerous adventures, taming wild Indians and capturing wilder white men who had gone bad. His article is full of the zest and glamour of stirring pioneer days, when life was full of drama and a man's record was told by the notches on his gun.

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The Troubles of a Humorist

(*Continued from page 63*)

me, when I try to do any writing after nine P. M. I fall asleep in my chair. And there is no better way to ruin an evening. I am a firm believer in the adage that the early bird catches the most half-holidays. Although my time is my own, I get up at seven and am at the office every day by eight or eight-fifteen.

Energy? Enthusiasm? Ambition? No, Horatio Alger. The low-down is that I'd rather work from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty or one o'clock than come in at ten, take an hour or two for lunch, and get through my job at three-thirty or four. That hour leaves you between the devil and the deep sea: It's too late to go to the baseball game and too early to go home.

I don't believe in taking a given amount of work and seeing how long I can make it last. That's a good idea only when a man is superintendent of a fireworks display, a demonstrator of corn plasters in a drug-store window, or a laborer working for so much an hour. I may not be the first man to reach the office but I'm the first to leave it. The trouble with some men is that a little work goes too far with them.

TO THE question, "It's awfully hard to write a column every day, isn't it?" the honest answer is, "Yes and no." It all depends on whether you have a lock on your office door and, if not, whether you are speedy at repelling insurance solicitors, bond salesmen, clipping-bureau agents, golf-club promoters, people who want their eight cents in stamps back, and advertising wizards who want you to endorse cigars, socks, chewing gums, undershirts, and breakfast cereals.

No columnist is any stronger than his defense.

He can't follow his interference; he must avoid it.

And I'm less sensitive to interference than many writers. In fact, I don't mind noise if it isn't addressed to me personally. One of the best columns I ever wrote (I'm quoting my friends) was written in an office which the carpenters were in the act of tearing down. They had removed the east wall when I reached my desk. The idea for a column came to me when a piece of plaster fell from the ceiling and landed in my lap. I finished the article just as the west partition fell in.

I've had to write stuff under all kinds of handicaps, not the least of which was a story of the Dempsey-Tunney fight. The rain came down in buckets, and my assignment was to write a funny story of the battle at the ringside. As fast as I wrote a paragraph the rain washed it out. Finally, I crawled under the ring, and sitting in a puddle with my typewriter on a mudpile I managed to do the job in the dark and to the thump-thump-thump overhead of a bout between two prize-fighters put on as an added attraction. I don't know whether I wrote a funny story or not. But it was a good trick, even if I didn't.

"Where do you get all your ideas?"

You'd be surprised. And so should I if I stopped to think too much about it. I get most of them out of the news columns of the newspapers. A scientist in Berlin announces that cabbages have feelings. That's good for a poem or an article. An old sea captain on one of the big liners complains that modern skippers send out S O S calls for accidents like the breaking of a watch crystal. I can go a long way on that one. A report from Boston says that the chief of police is to recommend walking licenses for pedestrians.

An item like that will help me begin the day right. The first thing I do when I reach my desk is to go through the newspapers in search of some news that can be burlesqued. In everything that I write some of the press services are entitled to credit for an assist.

Then, after the "lead" for the column has been written, there comes the short stuff—the jingles and the paragraphs. The classified advertisements and personal notices bring a lot of grist to the mill. There is frequently to be found some offspring of the old one:

For Sale: Ford automobile, practically new. owner has no use for it.

All you have to do is stick a heading, "The Candid Motorist" on it.

Another old standby is this one:

For Sale: Newfoundland dog; will eat anything; very fond of children.

That has been used in every column in the country at sometime and was probably in the ship news on Noah's Ark. But every now and again some dog owner will insert a similar advertisement in all seriousness; and it is a strong column conductor who can resist the urge to give it another chance.

ONE of the first amusing advertisements sent to me eight years ago was that of a big steam laundry. It read:

Do not kill your wife
With laundry
Let us do the dirty work

It still arrives in my mail on an average of once a month. I never used it twice, but I have seen it in other columns dozens of times, and only last week I saw it in another New York newspaper as fresh picked.

Another one that never seems to die is:

Woman wants washing. Phone Calaban 2546.

You can't keep a good joke down. It has a way of popping up over and over again more or less revised. Every column writer has had the experience of firing the "gag" that went 'round the world, or at least the newspaper world. A particularly clever line, a bit of verse, or observation in one column will be copied by many newspapers. Credit is usually given in the early days of its career, but after a time it takes on new twists and loses its identity. I have seen many paragraphs from my column go on a two-or three-year voyage, and then come back to roost in some other column in my own city as an original effort. And every columnist has had a similar experience. The one about the man who called it

HAVE YOU A DOG?

THEN you should have a copy of Dr. H. Clay Glover's book, "Your Dog." Tells how to feed and care for dogs—explains diseases and proper treatment. *Mailed free* if you write to: H. Clay Glover Co., Inc., Dept. A, 119 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Blue Ribbon Dog and Mongrel—Both Need This Medical Care

WHEN it's *your* dog, breeding doesn't count. He's worth his weight in friendship, and then some.

But he needs more than your kindness and food. Especially in warm weather. For then, more than at any other time, he needs to be treated for worms. Practically all dogs, unknown to their owners, are infested with these dangerous stomach parasites. They weaken the dog's system, spoil his temper and appearance and lead to fits, distemper and other fatal diseases.

For remedy and prevention leading dog fanciers, breeders and kennel men use Glover's Worm Capsules or, the liquid, Glover's Vermifuge. Safe for all breeds and easy to give. *Puppies need this treatment monthly and older dogs regularly four times a year.*

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Dog authorities advise Glover's Medicines because of their known high standards in quality and safety. Their formulas have been proved most effective by fine breeders of all classes of dogs. Substitutes may endanger your dog's life.

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Glover's Worm Capsules	65c
Glover's Vermifuge	65c
Glover's Distemper Medicine	$1.25
Glover's Mange Medicine	65c
Glover's Condition Pills	65c
Glover's Digestive Pills	65c
Glover's Laxative Pills	65c
Glover's Fit Medicine	65c

for fleas

Dogs and their owners alike will welcome this new improved flea soap. It not only does away with fleas, but keeps the dog's coat and skin in the finest condition. 25 cents a cake.

GLOVER'S KENNEL & FLEA SOAP

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STRAIGHT *to the Thirsty Spot!*

WHEN TEMPERATURE CLIMBS like a steeple-jack, that's the time for a refreshing drink of a *bottled* carbonated beverage. These delectable drinks have a happy way of going straight to that thirsty-spot. Their tingling tang brings *instant* invigoration, and lifts ebbing spirits on sultry summer days. You can get carbonated beverages by the case at your store—the convenient way to buy.

SENT Free. Write for *"Recipes for Housewife and Hostess."* Frozen desserts, delicious punches, dainty salads.
A. B. C. B., 865 Bond Bldg., Washington, D. C.

There's a BOTTLER *in your town*

Bottled Carbonated Beverages

These taste-tempting drinks also are known by less formal names . . . *tonics* in New England . . . *soda water* in Dixie . . . *soda pop* in the Mid West . . . *soft drinks* in the Far West . . . and we all know the *ginger ales*. Call them what you will, but drink your fill—they're good and good for you!

near-beer being a poor judge of distance has had a particularly long life. The story of the Philadelphia watchman who shot two letter carriers two or three years ago because he mistook them for Confederate soldiers is still going strong in vaudeville and musical shows; it pops up in some newspaper now and then without credit being given to Bugs Baer, who fathered it. Will Rogers's observation of a decade ago that "New York will be a great city when they get it finished" appears in one form or another in the funny columns of press and magazines very frequently. Within the past month I have seen in three newspapers a slight variation of a paragraph I wrote five years ago, to the effect that the King and Queen of England's purpose in installing a radio set at Buckingham Palace was to pick the Prince of Wales out of the air. In fact it is so long since I used it that I almost used it again, with credit to a Western newspaper."

CONTRIBUTIONS are a great help to a columnist, and the one who resolves early in life that he will be independent of them has his work cut out. He will never know many prolonged rest periods. My original idea was to write the leading article or poem myself, letting it take up at least half of the column, write such other timely paragraphs as might occur to me, and then let the contributors do the rest. I have stuck to that plan, but it has been at the cost of much outside help in the punches. The average contributor does not want to play second fiddle. He wants to see his own stuff occasionally lead the column. Now, the advantage of having good contributors is that when a columnist wants to go away on a vacation for a few weeks, or when he has a day when he doesn't feel like exerting himself, he can let them do his work for him. This makes it decidedly soft, and there are days when I wish I had let my contributors pitch instead of making them play in the outfield.

Doing a column a day every day in the year except on holidays and Sundays is no picnic; and I don't even get holidays off from the syndicate.

And then there is the matter of a column-conductor's mail. Every time I look upon a round-shouldered letter carrier I have a horrible guilty feeling. I must get a ton of mail a year that represents just so much waste effort all around. And I'm not referring to contributions. I mean press notices, propaganda and letters requesting everything, from a good name for a baby girl to five tickets to the world series "right behind the catcher's box."

As I write this article there is a letter before me asking that I give to a breathless world the name of my favorite salad!

"We are securing the favorite salads of well-known persons," says the letter, "and in this group we hope to include your own special predilections. Will you let us have your favorite salad, its name, biography, and ingredients?

"We plan to publish your contribution in a symposium which will be given to the press of the country for the greater glory of salads and the salad eater," it concludes.

Can you beat it?

* * * * *

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Old Jupe

(*Continued from page 23*)

after were in old Jupe's cabin, evi-
y, for no sooner were his friends out
ht than he went straight there.
Hello, Aunt Lucy!" he called, and
, busy with her housework, turned to
e young man standing in the door.
De Lord bless my soul!" she shouted.
e's Marse William! How you been,
y?" And without waiting for him to
, she turned to the back of the house
e the lean-to kitchen stood.
upe!" she called. "Come here, man,
see who done come! I knowed you'd
ack!" she added, again addressing
am.
Who dat?" asked Old Jupe, peering
igh the kitchen door.
Gosh! Don't you know me, Uncle
?" asked the boy.
De Lord be praised!" said the old ne-
"Ef it ain't young Marse William!"
ure it is," said the boy. "I've got
friends at the house with me, Uncle
, and I want you to come up in the
ing and make a fire for us. Wake us,
of course. You can cook for us while
re here, can't you, Aunt Lucy? We
ght some food in the car."
hore I can, honey," she replied. "And
needn't worry about Jupe wakin' you
He's been gwine up dere ever' mornin'
kin' at dem doors. Now dey'll be
sense in hit!"
What you been doing that for, Uncle
?" asked William.
De Ole Marster tole me to," answered
ter simply; "and you tole me to keep
ke I been doin'."
Well, suppose you go ahead now and
ome firewood. It'll be cold to-night."
Yassir, I shore will. I dat glad you
I'll mek a fire in ever' room!"
d Jupe went out of the cabin to get
x, but William remained to talk with
.
What's the matter with Uncle Jupe?"
d the young man. "Sam Morgan told
e had gone crazy."
No, sir, he ain't 'zackly crazy, but
s somethin' ailin' in his haid. I
't mek him quit knockin' at dem
s, and doin' a lot of other things dey
no sense in. Seems like he wants to
n like he allus did."
illiam left the cabin and wandered
essly around the old place, memories
s childhood fairly rushing through his
n. Up at the family burying ground
ound the graves neat as could be.
ter had seen to that. "I knew he
ld," said William to himself. "Trust
le Jupe to take care of the Prestons,
l or alive!"

HE holidays sped past. William and
is friends had some great hunts. Lucy
ed for them in glorious fashion. Old
made their fires, woke them up, and
ed like himself again. William told
Morgan to supply Jupiter and
with all the food and clothes they
ed, and to deduct the cost from the
paid him by the other Preston
nts. He went to see the old family
or, and asked what could be done for
ter.

NOW YOU CAN DO AMAZING THINGS

—Dipped in Berry's lacquer colors your paint brush has magical powers—

—It's dry when you're through—

ENJOY the thrill of renewing the beauty and usefulness of shabby things. Let color transform your home.

Dismal rooms are quickly made cheerful and bright with Berry Brothers' Brushing Lacquer.

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT
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This preparation is composed of herbal extracts, essential oils and solvents. Does not destroy tissue
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Absorbine Jr
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

"Nothing much," replied the doctor. "The shock of the old folks' death was too much for him, and now the habits of a lifetime are saving him from complete insanity. When there isn't but one big thing in a man's life, and you take that thing away, he hasn't got much left, has he? Well, that's Jupiter's trouble. He didn't have much sense either, I reckon, to start with."

Finally, William decided to see the negro preacher who in the old days had essayed to be the spiritual guide for the plantation. He was the same preacher who had once tried to argue with Jupiter about his faithful habits.

"Uncle Jupe," explained the preacher when William had asked him to try to help the old negro, "Uncle Jupe, he's a good man. But de Lord done single him out and give him over to de debbil, 'cause he keep on at his foolishness, and won't listen to no reason. De Bible it say dat a fool returneth to his folly. Solomon never had no use for a fool, and I reckon de Lord ain't got none, neither."

"Uncle Jupe is not any fool!" William said hotly.

"Nor, sur, I never meant quite dat. I was usin' de word in de Biblical meaning."

"But what can you do for him?" persisted William.

"I'm feared dey ain't nothin' nobody can do," answered the preacher. "De Lord moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. Blessed be de name of de Lord!"

William turned away in disgust.

The last day of the young man's stay arrived, and he went to tell Lucy and Uncle Jupe good-by.

"Come here, Uncle Jupe, you and Aunt Lucy. I've got something to tell you."

"Wat 'tis, Marster?" asked the woman eagerly.

"I'm going to get married soon, and move to Chicago, where I've got a big job. I won't be able to see you again for a long time. But I'll write to Mr. Morgan and find out how you are getting on. If you need anything, tell him, and he'll supply it. If he can't, he'll write to me, and I'll see that you get it."

"When you comin' back?" asked Jupiter, as if that were more important than the mere matter of getting enough to wear and to eat.

"I don't know," said William. "Maybe it will be several years. But I'll see you again."

He hastened out, unwilling to let his feelings keep on mounting as they had been doing since he came to tell the old couple good-by.

"Did you tell Uncle Jupe not to keep knocking at those doors?" asked one of his friends as they drove along the road to town.

"Deuce take it, no!" answered William. "I forgot to tell him; but I suppose he will stop now. He seems to be all right again."

THE years came and went. They wrought their effect upon Preston Hall but not upon Old Jupe. It is often so with a negro. He becomes old sooner than he should, and then remains that way indefinitely. The keen scythe of Father Time is merely blunted in its useless hacking at him. The faithful Preston servant had been old so long that no one thought anything of it. The neighbors just

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accepted the fact that his age was stationary, and let it go at that.

Up at the Great House, though, time was getting in its lusty blows. One of the white columns, now dingy gray, had leaned outward, and finally fallen to the ground. The climbing rose vines had spread all over the porch floor, and even into the windows. The front yard had grown thick with new long-leaf pines. A maple had come up by the dining-room and sent one of its limbs on an excursion into the room. The ancient wall paper hung in strips from ceilings and walls.

The old house was definitely abandoned, and even more definitely spooky. The negroes, and the white folks too, had an eerie feeling when near it—all except Old Jupe. To him it was still the Great House, and to it he still went each morning on his crazy mission. "Tryin' to wake the dead," the neighbors said.

But the dead slept on, and the gravestones seemed to grow sleepy too, for they began to sag and lean this way or that in the family burying ground. Old Jupe kept the earth here fairly free from undergrowth; but he did not know how to reset the stones; or perhaps he did not notice their leaning, so gradually had it come about.

Down in the cabin, Lucy took good care of him, with the help that William provided through Sam Morgan. She no longer protested against his daily visits to Preston Hall. He seemed happier if left alone.

ONE summer morning Old Jupe went to the house. As usual he was going through the halls, when he was startled by hearing some movement in the Colonel's room. He quickened his pace, and knocked. No answer came. Hastily he entered, just in time to see a tramp jump through the window to the ground and run into the thicket.

"Git away fum here, you po' white trash!" shouted the old negro. "Whut you mean sleepin' in white folks' house?" But the tramp gave no answer. He had not stopped to see what was after him, for he had heard from fellow knights of the cross-ties that the house was haunted, and now he believed it, though he had been a scoffer until a few minutes before.

"In de mornin'," Old Jupe mused, as he went back to his cabin, "in de mornin' I gwine fetch my ax, and ef dey's any trash in de Gre't House, I'll bust his haid wide open!"

Lucy noticed the old man's excitement when he returned.

"Whut de matter, Jupe?" she asked,

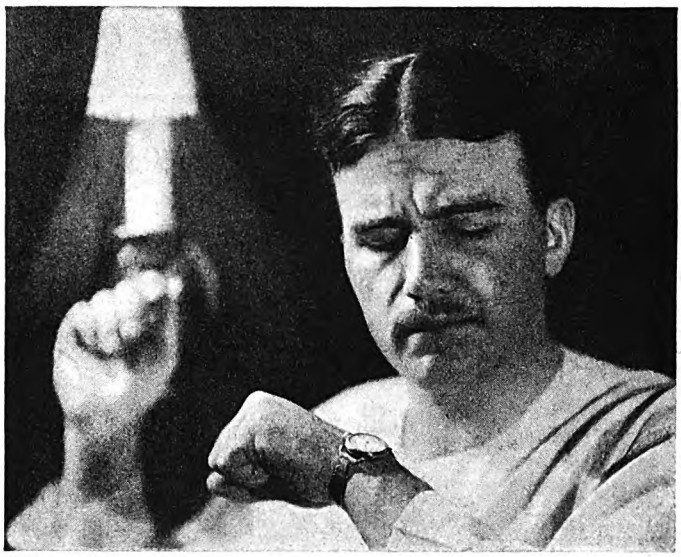
"Whut de matter?" he replied. "Po' buckra done sleep in Marster's house, dat's whut de matter. Name o' Gawd, I'd 'a' kilt him ef he'd stayed. And he sleepin' in de Marster's room, same as ef he was real folks! I been tellin' you, Lucy, I'd have to look after dat house. Fust thing you know, some triflin' man'll set fire to hit, den' what'll Marster say?"

"I reckon he won't say much, Jupe. De Marster done gone where folks don't bother dey mind 'bout fire!"

"You mean you want me to leave de Gre't House to po' white trash?"

"No, Jupe. I ain't mean dat. You done right to skeer him off. Some of dese days you'll git your reward. De Ole Marster'll see to dat, don't you fret your haid about hit, neither," she soothed.

When you go to bed
Do your Nerves stay up?



How to get the sound, restful sleep that gives you all day energy. We offer a 3-day test

When you go to bed do your nerves stay up? Leaving you dragged out in the morning—nervous, irritable, unable to concentrate—your energy drained by afternoon?

This, authorities say, is what keeps men below par. Never capable of their best.

For modern medical science has found a natural way (a way without drugs) that usually brings *instant*, restful sleep that quickly restores your tired mind and body.

Morning finds you a new man. Fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening. *That is the experience of most Ovaltine users.*

A 3-day test will show you. We urge you to make this test. It is well worth while.

Why Ovaltine brings restoring sleep

FIRST—It digests very quickly. Even in cases of impaired digestion.

SECOND—It supplies your system with certain health-building essentials which are often missing from your daily fare. One cup of Ovaltine has actually more food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

THIRD—Ovaltine has the unusual power of digesting 4 or 5 times its own weight of other foods you eat. Hence digestion goes on speedily and efficiently. As a result frayed nerves are soothed because digestive unrest, *the main cause of sleeplessness*, is overcome.

This is why, when taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine brings sound, restoring sleep in a natural way. And as you sleep the quick assimilation of nourishment is also restoring to the entire body. Thus you gather new strength and energy for the next day.

Hospitals and Doctors recommend it

Ovaltine is a delightful pure food-drink. It contains no drugs. It is the special food properties of Ovaltine—*and absolutely nothing else*—that bring its wonderful results and popularity. In use in Switzerland for 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was served as a standard ration to invalid soldiers. A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only for sleeplessness, but because of its special dietetic properties, they also recommend it for nerve-strain, malnutrition, backward children and the aged.

Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities, it's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of day.

Now more than 20,000 doctors recommend Ovaltine

A 3-day test

All druggists sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or they can mix it for you at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in coupon with 10 cents.

OVALTINE

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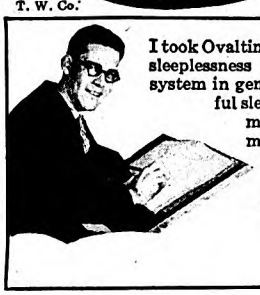
Builds Body, Brain and Nerves



I took Ovaltine for nervousness and sleeplessness and to build up my system in general. It gave me restful sleep and steadied my nerves. Allow me to recommend this wonderful product.
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Baltimore, Md.

I am very pleased to state that Ovaltine works wonders. Since taking it I have lost most of my jumpy nerves and sleep better at night. Am also gaining in weight.
Maurice L. Giuendon
Binghamton, N. Y.

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37 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing.
Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

One package to a person.

Send for 3-day test

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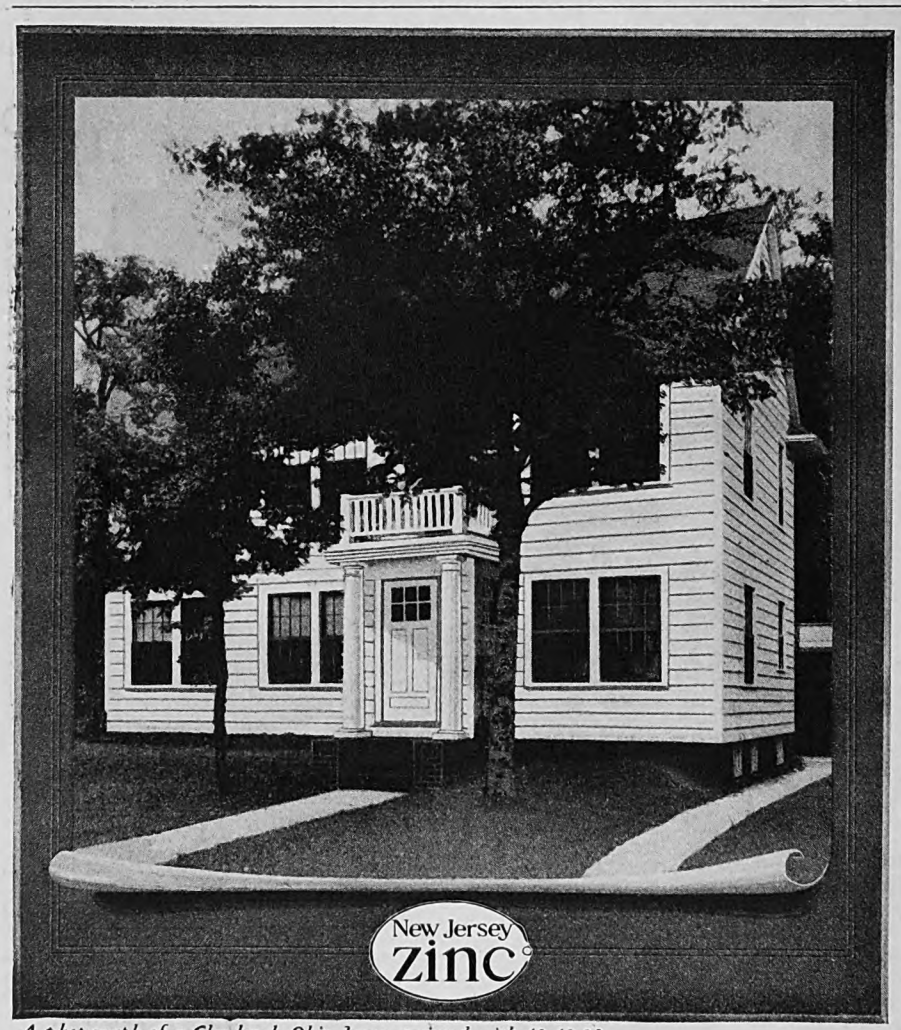

A photograph of a Cleveland, Ohio, home painted with 40-40-20

40-40-20

The Magic White Paint

IF you want a truly white house like the house in the above photograph—a house that will stay white for years—use 40-40-20, the white paint that does not darken. Its chemical composition insures this.

In addition to its brilliant and lasting whiteness 40-40-20 possesses all the qualities to be expected in a high grade paint. Yet it costs no more.

The New Jersey Zinc Company does not manufacture 40-40-20 paint. This paint is made by more than 125 paint manufacturers from XX Zinc Oxide and Albalith (the super lithopone) which The New Jersey Zinc Company produces and supplies to these manufacturers.

40-40-20 is made in ready mixed form in beautiful tints as well as in white, and in paste form for the professional painter's use.

Write for our free booklet and list of manufacturers.

Genuine 40-40-20 is made from The New Jersey Zinc Company's specified products according to its specially developed formula, and the manufacturers are authorized to use its registered trade-mark on their labels for paint so made.

THE NEW JERSEY ZINC COMPANY
160 FRONT STREET, NEW YORK CITY

"I don't want no reward," he said, "less'n it be a leetle house in de back yard of Marster's manshun in de sky. But whut else I gwine do, Lucy? Whut else I gwine do? O Jesus, he'p me, de Marster done gone!"

Lucy knew that this familiar sing-song was a forerunner to a moody spell, out of which the old man would emerge in a day or two. "De sperrits fightin' inside him," one of her neighbors had suggested. "De debbil tryin' to get him, and a angel wraslin' wid de debbil. Hit's time for us to pray to de Lord to he'p de angel."

"I reckon dey ain't no sense in a prayer like dat," Lucy had answered. "Suttinly, de Lord won't take sides wid de debbil, prayer or no prayer. Anyway, I'm gettin' sort of tired of you folks thinkin' Jupe is ha'nted and all dat. He's a good man, Jupe is, and some of dese days we'll understan' what de Lord got in His mind dat makes Jupe do like he's doin'."

And so time went on, Old Jupe remaining faithful to his age-long habits, Lucy remaining faithful to Old Jupe.

BUT Lucy was growing lonely. Her children had all moved away, and many of her friends had died. She began to turn over in her mind the possibility of moving to town, where her daughters lived. "Hit'll make me a sight happier," she mused, "ef I can see my chilluns; and I reckon hit'll do Jupe good to git away fum here."

Gradually she began urging the move on him. At first he protested vigorously that he would never leave. "Why, de Marster, he's countin' on me!" he said in some astonishment, when his wife first brought up the subject.

"De Marster willin' for you to have a leetle ress, Jupe. He wuz always willin' for dat. Ef you don't like hit in town, we can come right back."

Old Jupe still protested, while Lucy made her plans, and finally took him away. But he did not go until Lige Whaley, another negro who had lived always on the Preston estate, agreed to look after the Great House for him. Lige was a kindly old man, and a wise one, so he promised faithfully that he would take care of the place.

Sam Morgan wrote to William that the old couple had gone to town to live. A few months later he wrote again, saying that he had heard Uncle Jupe was sick, and could not recover. "I reckon the old man will be off your hands soon," Sam said, "for one of his boys came by here and told me he was mighty low." Sam didn't hear anything more for a month, so he again wrote to William, and said he guessed it was all over. "He's gone where the good niggers go," wrote Sam.

But Sam was mistaken. Uncle Jupe recovered from his sickness, and when the winter broke, and plowing time came 'round again, he and Lucy drove back in their rickety old wagon to the little cabin on the Preston place.

"I couldn't keep him in town," she exp ained to Morgan. "Naw, suh, when time come to plant cotton, he wuz dat miserable to get back, he 'most run me 'stracted. I 'lowed hit would do him good to g t away fum here, but it ain't done no good at all. 'Pears like, he's bound to be close where de Old Marster wuz."

"Well, I'm glad he got well," said Sam. "I'll write to Mr. Preston and tell him."

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Sam was the kind of a man who intended doing a great deal more than he ever did do, and this letter to William took its place among his innumerable good intentions that came to nothing.

Old Jupe planted his fields in cotton, cultivated his pathetic little vegetable garden, and returned again to his old routine. He seemed like a child who, after a long absence, is back once more in familiar places. There was almost a lilt in his voice when he called "haw" and "gee" to his ancient mule, as the two of them went back and forth, back and forth, plowing in his fields.

For him, life had been resumed; his absence had been an interlude during which he did not live, and about which he was very hazy in his mind. Going up again to the Great House every morning was something to be looked forward to with pleasure.

Autumn came, and with it cotton-picking time. The trees were turning into brilliant colors. The last flowers were blooming, and Preston Hall, almost invisible in summer because of the dense growth around it, could again be seen from a distance.

THEN came a Sunday morning in late October. Old Jupe woke, as he had done on countless other Sunday mornings in other Octobers, and slipping on his scanty clothes, set out for the Great House. Into the back door he walked, and down the wide hall. Without any consciousness of what he was doing he knocked at the door that ages before had been William's—knocked, and started on down the hall.

"Just a minute," a voice said. "I didn't hear you drive up, and haven't quite finished dressing."

Old Jupe stopped short. "Whut dat I hear!" he mused softly to himself. "Is my ears projeckin' wid me?" A moment he stood transfixed, his amazement too great to find expression either in movements or words. And then the door of William's room opened.

"Marse William!" exclaimed the old servant. "Marse William! 'Fore Gawd, whar you come fum?"

The color was heightening in William's face. He fingered nervously with the buttons of his vest, but he said nothing.

"Whut de matter?" asked old Jupe. "You sick, Marster?"

"No," answered William weakly. "I'm not sick!"

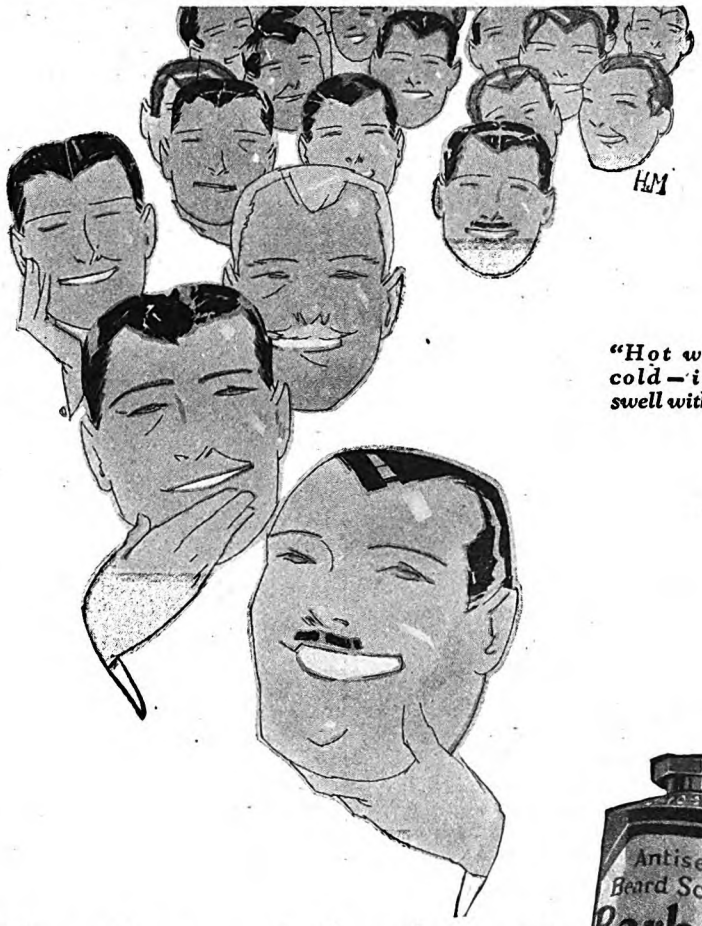
The venerable old negro stared with astonished eyes upon the younger white man. At last, William broke the spell.

"What are you doing here, Uncle Jupe?" he asked. "I thought you were . . . Mr. Morgan wrote me you were . . . I mean, who told you to come up here this morning, anyway?"

"Dey ain't nobody tole me, Marster. Dat is, dey ain't nobody tole me to-day to come. But I allus come, like you and de Ole Marster said, long time ago."

Again there was an embarrassed silence on the part of the young man, an amazed silence on the part of the other. And again it was William who broke it.

"*A long time ago,*" he said, speaking to himself and not to his faithful servant. "*A long time ago!*" He was looking intently at the negro, and yet he seemed to see not the old frame of bone and wrinkled skin, but something beyond them, behind



"Hot water or cold—it works swell with either!"

"Hasn't scratched yet!"

Smoothest, creamiest beard-tamer you ever laid cheek-by-jowl with a razor is this Barbasol.

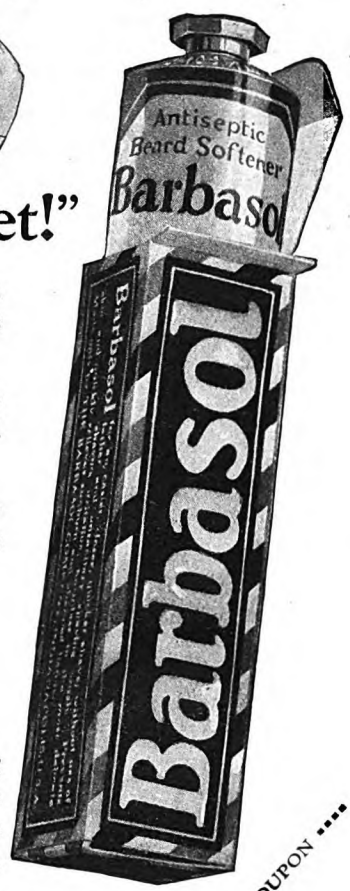
Why, the good old blade just hones to meet it, and the toughest whiskers fall with never a jolt or pull.

So easy, swift and gentle is this Modern Way of Shaving. Here's the whole story, mates:

1. Wash the face (but leave it wet)
2. Spread on Barbasol (but don't rub in)
3. Shave!

No brush. No rub-in. No after-sting or smart, because Barbasol leaves the natural oils right in the skin—takes nothing away but the whiskers. Quick relief from ingrowing hairs, sunburn, windburn, chap. Like to meet Barbasol?

"Mister, you're next!" Try Barbasol three times, according to directions.



Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

COUPON

The Barbasol Co.
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I enclose 10c. Please send trial tube and I'll give it a fair trial.

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"I Was So Happy It Hurt"

THREE years ago I received a letter I have always remembered.

"Dear Margaret Clarke," it said, "I am coming to you to be shown the way to make money. I have never done anything for money in my life. I don't know how to do anything except housework, and of course the care of my home fills most of my time. But somehow I am going to earn the money to send my daughter on when she has finished the school here. It is the dearest desire of my heart and I know that where there's a will there must be a way. Is it in the Pin Money Club?"

LAST fall I had another letter from this same mother, now a busy P. M. C. member. I've only room for an extract from it here, but that extract tells the story.

"Last night I started Marjorie off for school. She was so radiant and excited at the prospect of her year there, and I—dear Miss Clarke, I was so happy it hurt! To think that I had done it myself, just by making up my mind that I could do it and by using the spare moments that used to mean so little."

MARJORIE'S mother is only one of the many mothers who are finding in the Pin Money Club the means of giving their children the opportunities they long to give them. Mrs. W-K—of Michigan wrote to me last winter:

"I received the check for $20 this morning and I want to thank you for it. That will be a big help for those two who are upstate at school. The last check bought a suit and overcoat for my college boy and gifts for the children. I have so little time, I only wish I had more to spend at this work."

ARE you cherishing some pet dream for that curly-headed youngster of yours? Or is it perhaps a dream for yourself—of a long-needed vacation, or that greatest of luxuries, a dress you don't really need?

Here in the Pin Money Club are dollars and dollars for you. Twenty to one hundred dollars extra each month—could you use that amount? Then send today for the Pin Money Club's new booklet "A Way to Make Your Own Money." Address your letter to

Margaret Clarke

Secretary, Pin Money Club,
The American Magazine,
Department N,
250 Park Avenue, New York City.

them; something that was passing now before the eyes of his memory, the eyes of his soul.

"Uncle Jupe," he said at length. "Uncle Jupe, I thought you were—dead!"

"Naw, sur, Marster, I ain't daid!" And Old Jupe laughed more merrily than he had in many years. "Dat whut make you act so 'spicious like when you fust see me? You think you seein' a ha'nt? Lawsy, Marster, you needn't be skeered uv me, I ain't no sperrit, not yit!"

WILLIAM laughed a little at this outburst from the old man; but immediately his face became grave again, and once more the color rose in his cheeks.

"I want you to do something for me."

"Yassir, suttinly, Marster."

"I want you to go out to the road; and when a young woman drives up, tell her I'm not here. Tell her I left word that I was called away suddenly."

"Your wife comin', Marse William? De young Missis comin'?"

"No, Uncle Jupe, she's not my wife; and I'm asking you to do this for me because I'm too yellow to do it myself."

"Yaller? Dey ain't no Preston dat ever wuz yaller, Marster."

"You're wrong, Uncle Jupe. There's one Preston who is yellow."

"De lady comin' to buy de place? I heered some talk you wuz gwine sell," said Old Jupe fearfully.

"No, she's not coming for that."

The sound of a car in the front drive startled William.

"There she is now," he said. "And I guess I'll face the music. You go tell Aunt Lucy I'm here, and that I'll be down to the cabin after a while."

Old Jupe went out the back door, and William the front. Standing in the drive, almost hidden by the rank growth of bushes and pines, was a blue roadster. William went slowly up to it.

"Hello, Margaret," he said.

"Oh, hello, Bill!" she answered eagerly. "I thought I would never get here. Got lost three times. You surely told the truth when you said this place was secluded!"

William said nothing, and the young woman looked at him in surprise.

"Aren't you glad to see me? Aren't you going to ask me to come in?"

"Yes, certainly," he said, trying to get himself in hand.

"Well, act like it," the girl said, rather sharply.

Lightly, she stepped from the car. She was thirty. Her eyes were blue, and her becomingly bobbed hair was curly black. She wore a small sports hat which matched the blue of her eyes, and a sports dress. Together they started toward the house.

"What a tumbled-down old barn that is!" exclaimed the young woman as they drew near to the front steps.

William started, a frown showing on his face as though a sudden twitch of pain had struck him.

"It was not always like this," he explained, gazing absently at the wide veranda, with its double door and fanlight over it. "One of my grandfather Prestons built the house just before the Revolution, and the family had always lived in it until Father's death. Since then, we've let it go to pieces."

There was no eagerness in his voice. He spoke as one who was merely pronouncing words, without heed to their meaning, spoke as one whose tongue was saying one thing, and his brain thinking another.

They walked on up the cluttered driveway, stepping carefully so as to avoid the leaves, still wet with dew. At length they mounted the front steps. Margaret was looking at him curiously, an expression of displeasure on her pretty features.

"Want to explore the inside?" asked William.

"Of course I do. Think I slipped away from our party and drove all the way out here merely to stand on a porch? I had an awful time getting away. Most of them wanted to strike out early this morning and try to make four hundred miles to-day, but I told them I had a friend out here and wanted to visit her!"

Margaret laughed a little at the ingenuity of her escape from the friends with whom she was motoring North. But William did not laugh, and she turned on him almost fiercely.

"What's the matter with you, Bill?"

"Nothing," he answered hastily. "I'll feel better after a while. Guess I couldn't sleep last night. So many creaky noises in an old house, you know."

"Creaky noises or no creaky noises," she said, "you'll find yourself all alone pretty soon unless you cheer up. Now, come on, show me the house, and then let's sit out here under the trees a while and talk."

INSIDE the house they walked through the wide hall, looked into the dining room, and into the array of other rooms that once had been bed-chambers.

"Let's go in here," said Margaret, turning into the parlor. She cast casual glances at a few pieces of old furniture, its once high polish obscured by dust, and then, humming a tune to herself, she walked over to a table.

"Who is this?" she asked, picking up a small daguerreotype.

"That's my father," answered William.

"I might have known it," she said. "You look exactly like him. Are you like him in other ways too?"

"I'm afraid not!"

Margaret turned squarely upon him. "Bill," she said, "come out of it! Snap out of it! What's got into you, anyway? You suggested that we meet out here, and I slipped away and came. Now you treat me like a tiresome aunt!"

William ran his hand through his hair, looked wildly about, but finally mastered his voice.

"Let's go out on the porch," he said. "I think we'll find it more pleasant out there. These rooms are stuffy."

"All right," she said, "I'll go; but there is something more than stuffy air the matter with you!"

Outside they sat down on the top step and gazed off through the lane of water oaks and across a broad field to the winding river that now was glimmering in the October sun:

"Well?" Margaret turned to him. "Out with it!"

"Margaret," he said, his voice husky, but firm, "Margaret, when we met down in Cuba, I'd just about forgotten there was such a place as Preston Hall. The

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You Can't Find "13" Anywhere In This Successful Store

PRANGE'S big department store in Sheboygan, Wisconsin, is a human store. In fact it's such a human organization that it sticks to the old superstition about the unluckiness of number "13". You can't find "13" displayed anywhere in the store. Even the 28 big show windows are numbered from 1 to 29—"13" is simply omitted.

But here is a store that has made a wonderful success of retail selling—much of which success is due to the methods these merchants have used to build up their farm business. That's why Farm & Fireside went out to get the story of Prange's business methods. Other dealers will want this story—so they can profit by this big store's successful experience.

60-Mile Trading Radius

Prange's is located in a fair-size city. Sheboygan has more than 35,000 people in it. And you'd think that the big bulk of such a store's business would be city trade. But the fact is—it attracts a whale of a volume of farm trade. From a big circle of surrounding country, 60 miles in radius, the farmers and their families stream into Prange's to do their buying.

If You're a Dealer—

If you're a dealer—it will be interesting and valuable to you to know some of the merchandising secrets back of Prange's big success. And you can get these—for Farm & Fireside's interview with the head of Prange's is now published in a folder. You can get the whole story by just mailing in the attached coupon.

Farm & Fireside's Service to Small-City Retailers

This is another of Farm & Fireside's successful-dealer interviews. Others will follow throughout the year. And thus, in making available the business methods which successful merchants have used in building up farm trade, Farm & Fireside is simply meeting an obligation to retailers and advertisers which its leadership confers.

But—getting these interviews and publishing them is only a part of Farm & Fireside's service to retailers.

Close Tie-Up

The biggest benefit comes when the dealer ties up closely to the products that are offered in Farm & Fireside's advertising pages, and specially displays and features them.

As every dealer knows, Farm & Fireside is a real force for influencing farm people to buy. And the yearly growth of advertising in Farm & Fireside proves that manufacturers recognize this fact.

And a glance through a copy of Farm & Fireside tells *why* its advertising pages register in more than 1,200,000 farm homes. For here is a 100-per-cent personal magazine—edited straight to the individual—and read with *warmer interest* than any other farm magazine.

MAIL THIS

FARM & FIRESIDE
Retail Merchandising Department
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Send me the folder which tells how Prange's big store in Sheboygan extended its trading area and built up its farm trade.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Farm & Fireside

The National Farm Magazine

READ IN MORE THAN 1,200,000 FARM HOMES

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your dog

SERGEANT MAJOR "JIGGS" OF THE U. S. MARINES

One of the most carefully tended of dogs was "Jiggs," rated as full Sergeant Major in the U. S. Marines. The whole Corps was at his service. He had his uniforms, his quarters and attendants. Thanks to Sergeant's Dog Medicines, his "active service" was prolonged to the ripe old age of eighteen years, an example of what good care and proper treatment will do.

KEEP YOUR DOG WELL

Your dog can have as expert care as "Jiggs." In "Jiggs'" kit was a famous book on dog diseases and their treatment. A copy will be sent to you on request. Moreover, it is an easy matter for you to get the same safe and effective remedies that were used on this famous dog.

All dogs, puppies especially, should be wormed. Reasons are given on page 15 of Polk Miller's Dog Book.

FAMOUS DOG BOOK FREE

Polk Miller's Dog Book is the result of fifty years experience in caring for dogs and treating their diseases. Each year the book is revised by our staff of veterinarians and kept up-to-date. In clear, non-technical language, it tells the symptoms of dog diseases and explains the best treatments for each. It explains proper methods of feeding and breeding. A unique symptom Chart makes it easy to diagnose your dog's ailments. This book has saved the lives of countless valuable animals. You are urged to write for a copy. Mailed free to any address.

Fleas make dogs miserable and may cause serious skin troubles. Kill Fleas with Sergeant's Skip Flea Soap or Powder as directed on page 42 of the Dog Book.

EXPERT ADVICE FREE

If your dog develops a condition that puzzles you, write to us at once. State fully age, breed, sex and all symptoms. Our own skilled veterinarian and his staff will answer personally. Complete instructions for care and treatment will be sent you promptly without charge.

Sergeant's Dog Medicines, standard for over fifty years, are sold by dealers everywhere. If you cannot obtain them, write us direct. Address, Polk Miller Products Corporation, 1565 W. Broad St., Richmond, Va.

Mange is highly contagious among dogs. Proper treatment is given on page 27 of the Dog Book. Use Sergeant's Mange Medicine and Sergeant's Arsenic and Iron pills.

Write for your free copy of Polk Miller's Dog Book.

Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

"A medicine for every dog ailment"

Write for FREE Sample of our No-Tar-Odor Mange Medicine for Human Hair and Scalp.

fact that I suggested meeting you here shows how completely the old place had passed out of my life. But I had been drifting into fast company. You know how it is down in those jazzy resorts. A man can promise a lot of things, plan a lot of things, and say a lot of things that somehow don't seem to go so well in a place like this. Bright lights, crowds of people, money, drinks, fast cars—they make certain things seem old-fashioned. But when you come back to a house such as this, the old-fashioned things begin to count again. . . ."

"The boy orator is making a fine speech," jeered Margaret, "please go on."

"I can't expect you to understand," William continued, ignoring her gibe, "for this place means nothing to you. It couldn't mean anything, of course, for you have never seen it before. But it is an honest old house, Margaret, and it sheltered a long line of honest men. My father was born here. He and my mother lived here. I was born here. Don't you see why it is impossible for me to do anything—here—out of keeping with the memories of my old home?"

"Impossible?"

"Yes, impossible. I'm sorry. You'll think I'm a bum sport, and I am. But something has come between us. The house has come between us, these fine old water oaks, the river out there, my memories, the look I saw in the eyes of my father when you picked up that daguerreotype—all of these things are now between us. All of these, and old Jupiter."

"Old who?"

"Old Jupiter, our house servant when I was a boy and young man."

"So you are throwing *me* over for an old negro, and a lot of musty memories!"

"They are not musty memories; they are alive. And Jupiter is more than an old negro. He's a symbol!"

For a time they sat, saying nothing, each looking off to the river. William's face was stern and sad; Margaret's a little puzzled, a little angry, a little hurt.

"OH, WELL," she said at last, "maybe you are right! But, whether you are or not, I'll not argue with you. Far be it from me to argue with any man who doesn't want me. I don't have to, you know." And she flashed at him a look of pride, a look that showed how well she knew her power over men. "That is," she added, "I don't have to argue with them in *town*. This is my first experience with the country and, if you ask me, I don't care for it, thank you. It gives me a sort of funny feeling. It's too silent, Bill. It's too lonely. And it seems to have eyes—everything seems to be looking at me and disapproving of me. So, I guess I'll be leaving it—and you. I can't stand these invisible eyes!" She shuddered as she arose and started down the steps.

"You can't leave now," William said hastily. "Wait until I can have Aunt Lucy get you some lunch."

"No, thank you, I'll be on my way!"

"But you can't go off before I've done something to show you that I didn't mean to deceive you. Honestly, I was sincere in our talks on the boat coming over from Cuba—or I thought I was. But this morning—"

"Oh, please don't go over all that again," Margaret broke in hastily. "You've made your speech. I've eaten hot-dogs and taken my soda-pop out of a bottle before this, and I can do it again. Besides, if I hurry, I'll get back in time for the party to keep on their schedule to New York."

William joined her at the foot of the steps, and together they walked to her car.

"Just one more thing, *Mr. Preston*—I guess you are not Bill any more, to me—" said Margaret as she sat behind the wheel of her car. "You told me one time that your wife said you didn't belong in a fast-trotting crowd. She was right! And if you will take some advice from a woman who doesn't care whether you take it or not, you'll fix up this old house of yours and have your winter home right here. You are a countryman, not a Don Juan of the Night Clubs!"

"I'm afraid—I mean, I hope you are right. But I do wish—"

"Oh, good-by," she said hastily, starting the engine. "I can't stand the way this place hates me any longer!" And her car shot out through the bushes and onto the main road.

"God in heaven forgive me!" exclaimed William as he turned back toward the old house.

SLOWLY he mounted the steps, and for a long time he sat on the porch, his head in his hands. Then he got up and walked off toward the river. The familiar paths he had known years before were nearly all grown up, but he pushed his way through the undergrowth, down to the bend in the river where he used to fish. He stood looking far away, looking farther away than he had looked at any time since his father died.

Then he walked back toward the house, but turned from the road and went to the family burying ground. On a fallen log he sat and gazed intently at the gravestones, at the inscription which he himself had insisted should be on the marker at his father's grave!

He Was a Man Loyal to His God, His Traditions, and His Family

For an hour he sat, deep in thought and memories. At length he went through the house, out of the back door and across the field to Old Jupe's cabin. Lucy was expecting him, for Jupe had told her of his presence. She greeted him with loud affection, but William seemed to have no words.

"You ain't talkative, like you use to be," she scolded.

"I've been doing more remembering than talking this morning," he replied soberly. Turning to her husband, he gazed intently at the old slave, and then to himself, rather than to the negroes, he muttered, "If it hadn't been for you, Uncle Jupe, I should have done the thing no Preston has ever done—I should have betrayed my wife and children."

"I ain't quite hear whut dat you said, Marse William. I'se gettin' a leetle deef," the old negro apologized.

"I was just saying, Uncle Jupe, that your preacher told me once the Lord moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform, and that I'm beginning to believe he was right!"

"Yassir," said the negro, "dat's right. But how come you think 'bout dat now?"

"Oh, no special reason. See here,

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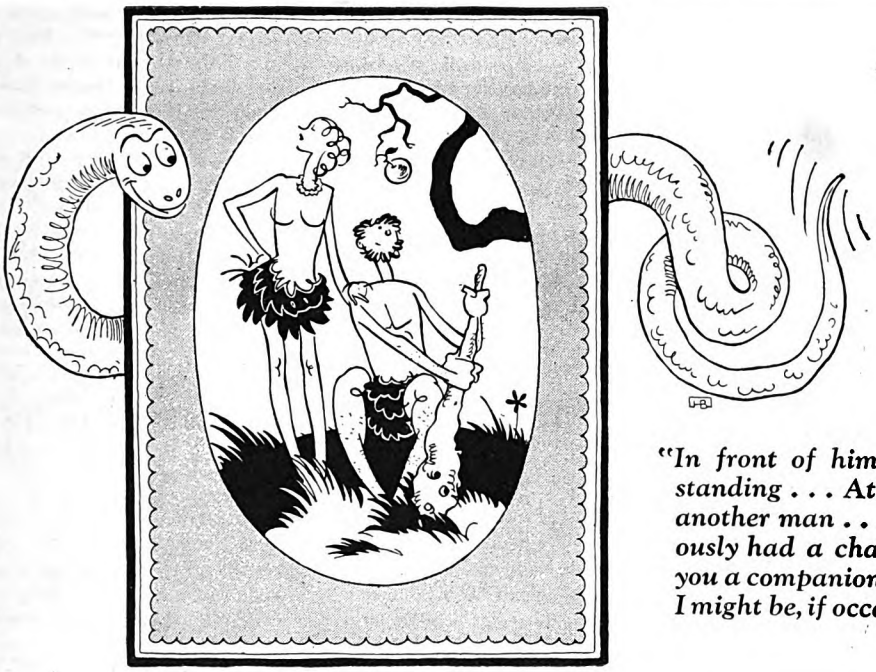

"In front of him something white was standing . . . At first he thought it was another man . . . but the creature obviously had a charm of its own . . . 'Are you a companion?' said Adam. 'No, but I might be, if occasion offered. Are you?'"

Eve Wasn't Adam's First Love

A new novel has just come from the pen of John Erskine. And it will appear *in Collier's!* ¶ For the first time, the author of "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" and "Galahad" has permitted a novel of his to be published serially *before* it appears in book form.

ADAM & EVE

By JOHN ERSKINE

Starts in Collier's *for* September 24th

Read this intimate history of Adam's adventures in Eden—his trouble with the animals—what Eve did to him—and how he learned about women from Lillith, who after all, the poets say, was his first love.

Here is a book that will live in the annals of literature for its keen wit, sparkling repartee and amusing revelations. If you liked "Helen of Troy" and "Galahad" you will find Erskine at his best in "Adam & Eve"—

The first chapter appears in Collier's for September 24th—on the newsstands September 19th. Be sure to place an order with your newsdealer immediately.

LISTEN IN!
On the Radio

John Erskine will speak to you in your home September 18th at 8:15 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

Invite your friends to hear one of America's most famous authors through "Collier's Radio Hour" broadcast through stations:

KSD	WLW
WDAF	WJZ
WCCO	WBZA
WJR	WBZ
KYW	KDKA

From September 18th on, "Collier's Radio Hour" will be on the air regularly every Sunday evening at 8:15 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time. The most unusual program on the air—drama—music—humor—*and every week a famous speaker.*

But be sure to hear John Erskine—then read his new and greatest novel "Adam & Eve" in Collier's.

Collier's

NEWSY • PICTORIAL • BRIEF

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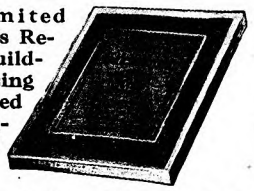
A 900% Increase is what N. S. T. A Training meant to G. W. Birmingham of Dayton, O. Raised his pay from $15 a week to $7500 a year.

Record Earnings of $525 in a week for Wm. Shore, former cow-puncher of Neenach, Cal. Earned $3000 first 5 months after finishing training.

Raised His Pay from $1200 to over $7200 a year, says F. G. Walsh, Springfield, Mass., who gives N. S. T. A. full credit.

~and They Started By Reading This Amazing Book!

Now—For a Limited Time Only. This Remarkable Man-Building. Salary-Raising Volume is Offered FREE to Every Ambitious Man. Read It Without Fail!



Where Shall We Send Your Copy FREE?

A Book! Just seven ounces of paper and printer's ink—but it contains the most vivid and inspiring message any ambitious man can ever read! It reveals facts and secrets that have led hundreds of men to success beyond their fondest expectations! No wonder a famous business genius has called it "The Most Amazing Book Ever Printed!"

This vital book—"Modern Salesmanship"—contains some surprising and little-known facts about the highest paid profession in the world. It blasts dozens of old theories, and explains the science of selling in simple terms. And not only that—it outlines a simple plan that will enable almost any man to master scientific salesmanship without spending years on the road—without losing a day or dollar from his present position.

What This Astonishing Book Has Done!

The achievements of this remarkable book have already won world-wide recognition. The men who have increased their earning capacities as a direct result of reading it are numbered in the thousands. For example, there is E. G. Kinzie of Michigan. "Modern Salesmanship" opened his eyes and he quickly raised his salary from $8 to $100 a week. L. A. Tinnes of Minneapolis made over $600 his first month after he had mastered Salesmanship. And F. L. Real of West Virginia, a former cigar maker, stepped into a position that pays him $4600 a year drawing account alone.

A Few Weeks—Then Bigger Pay

There was nothing "different" about these men when they started. Any man of average intelligence can duplicate the success they have achieved—for their experience proves that salesmen are *made*—not born, as some people have foolishly believed.

Salesmanship is just like any other profession. It has certain fundamental rules and laws—laws that you can master as easily as you learned the alphabet. And through an exclusive feature of the N. S. T. A. System of SALESMANSHIP training—you can acquire the equivalent of actual experience while studying.

Free to Every Man

If we were asking two or three dollars a copy for "Modern Salesmanship" you might hesitate. But it is now FREE. We can not urge you too strongly to see for yourself what it can do for you too. No matter what your opinion is now, "Modern Salesmanship" will give you a new insight into this fascinating and highly-paid profession. Mail the coupon now!

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION
WORLD'S OLDEST AND LARGEST SALES TRAINING INSTITUTION

Dept. M-10 N. S. T. A. Building, Chicago, Ill.

National Salesmen's Training Assn.,
Dept. M-10, N. S. T. A. Building, Chicago, Ill.
Without cost or obligation you may send me your free book, "Modern Salesmanship."
Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
Age.....Occupation.....

Uncle Jupe," he continued, his voice betraying a new enthusiasm, "I want you to take your ax up to the house and cut away all that wild growth. I have been down in Cuba looking for a winter home. On my way back, I drove out here late last night. I've decided to fix up the old place and bring my family to Preston Hall instead."

"Yassir, oh, yassir!" shouted Old Jupe, stumbling forward to grasp the young man's hand. "I'se dat glad, I jest ain't got no words to tell you! . . . Lucy," he said, turning suddenly to his wife, "Lucy, de young Marster comin' home to live! You hear dat, Lucy?" And then out of the dry hollows that sheltered his clouded old eyes, the tears began to come. They trickled down the rusty furrows in his face, and dropped unheeded to the floor.

"De Lord," Old Jupe said, at last. "De Lord, He sho' do move in a curious way, and sometimes He's mighty slow, too, but He do move and His wonders He do perform!"

"He sho' do!" said Lucy, gazing with knowing eyes at the young white man who stood in the door of her cabin.

What to Do with Your Dollars After You Get 'Em

(*Continued from page 33*)

good investments will always wait on investigation. "To-day or never" is a favorite argument of confidence men, and that argument of itself, if urged in favor of a security, should serve as a warning of danger.

Another point I should like to emphasize is this: Never buy a security from a friend, merely because he is a friend. Investigate thoroughly. Sometimes, sky-rocket promoters rope in the most steady and reliable people for their sales force.

For example, a couple of fast-shooting security sharpers set up shop in a city of about fifteen thousand. They looked around for local talent for their sales force, and lighted on the sheriff's brother. This man had himself served as deputy sheriff for years and was known in every part of the country as a solid, reliable citizen. The sharpers somehow convinced him that their proposition promised fancy returns for investors, and induced him to turn in his star and become chief luminary on their sales force.

He promptly invested several thousand dollars of his own and of his wife's money. His friends and neighbors knew he was as honest as the day, and on his say-so many of them also invested.

In due time, the reckoning came. The law caught up with the principals of the firm, and they were indicted for selling fraudulent securities. That, however, did not bring back the money to the ex-deputy sheriff, nor to his friends who had believed in him.

BANKERS have to be cautious when discussing with their customers the financial standing of particular concerns. The head of an investment firm got on the "sucker list" of a firm he knew was a bucket shop, and curiosity led him to ask for references.

"Call up our bank," they told him.

What could be more disarming?

The broker did call up the bank, and I want you to note carefully the reply he received. The chances are, if you were to call up a bank and ask about some company, particularly a customer of that bank, you would receive the same answer, in almost the same words.

"Their business with us," the cashier reported, "is very satisfactory. As far as we know, they are all right."

That sounds like a recommendation, yet it is nothing of the sort. Even the investment sharpshooter deals straight with his own banker. And the banker, on the other hand, is bound, by the risk of spreading a libel, not to express doubt about a concern's reliability, unless he knows his facts backward and forward.

I have given one instance of fakers daringly assuming firm names almost (but not quite) identical with the names of reliable houses. We had a good deal of trouble with another crowd operating a bucket shop that went under a name which, when spoken hastily over the telephone, sounded very much like the name of a reliable brokerage house.

THE company specialized in a particularly deadly form of bucket-shop piracy. They concentrated on those speculators who believe they can foretell what is going to happen on the stock market, and bet on their hunches by buying stock on margin; that is, by paying down only a small part of the purchase price. Reliable brokerage houses discourage buying on very narrow margin, because a single day's trading may wipe out such a margin, and the brokerage house may have to sell the customer's stock to protect itself from loss, a thing no legitimate broker likes to do.

But this firm did not care how narrow the margins were. In fact, the narrower they were, the better for them, for they *meant to sell out the customers anyway*, and a narrow margin made it all the simpler.

The smooth-talking salesmen would call up the people who were on their lists, and their spiel usually ran something like this:

"We're in on the ground floor with a group next to Standard Oil. Here's the 'inside' situation: They are going to cut a melon—a one-hundred-per-cent stock dividend. This isn't out yet, but it won't keep long. As soon as it is known, the stock will hit the sky. The bankers are picking up all they can get hold of, without exciting suspicion. How many shares shall we buy for *you?*"

This, remember, was a message from an apparently reliable house, because the salesman usually managed to mumble the name of the company in introducing himself, and the stock chosen to lead on the victim was always a highly reputable, well-known issue. Many investors were induced to make the plunge.

The promoter promptly banked all the

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ıoney that came in. He never actually ought any stock with it. If, within a :w days the stock went down a few oints, that suited him to a "T." He romptly "sold out" the victim. If, how-ver, the stock was perverse enough to dvance, his fast talkers got busy on ıe telephones again, informed customers ıat the insiders had decided, after all, ot to cut the melon just yet, and if the ustomer wanted to make some *quick* ıoney, all he had to do was switch his oldings to—some other stock on which ıis alleged company had imaginary but lausible "inside information."

If the second stock also failed to go own promptly, the fake promoter had is men keep switching customers to still ther stocks, and eventually they were ure to strike one that performed the way e desired.

A curious trait in human nature came ut while we were trying to get evidence nough to convict this promoter of fraud. Ve knew perfectly well what was going n; but grand juries require evidence. I alked with forty-eight victims, who ad-ıitted in confidence to me that they had ost sums ranging from three hundred to hirty-five hundred dollars, before I suc-eeded in finding three who were willing o go on the witness stand and testify to heir losses. People have an intense aver-ion to admitting their gullibility in a ame of this sort. It is a trait the sharpers epend upon.

OFTEN it is the simplest things that catch the most suckers. One scheme ery widely employed for a while (and still ıracticed with immunity in at least one tate, as I write this) consisted of the uestionable use of an otherwise legiti-nate device known as "fractional shares," r "bankers' shares" in very well-known tocks. The schemers traded on the well-nown name, and also on the undeniable act that people have invested fortunately n great industrial enterprises, and later eceived thousands of dollars back as the usiness grew. Everybody, for instance, s aware that some of the early partners f Henry Ford put in thousands and took ut millions. Because of this, a favorite tock misused in perpetrating this fraud vas Ford Motor Company of Canada.

This stock is fairly widely held, but is a igh-priced stock, and one share sells, as a eneral thing, for several hundred dollars. t the time the sharpers started this ame, we will say they could buy a share or five hundred dollars. They bought it n the open market, which anyone can lo, and immediately put it in a legal trust o be held for a period of years. Then they ssued *shares in the trust*—one hundred ractional shares for every actual share of tock.

At the cost price of the actual share, ach fractional share was worth five dol-ars. Did the sharpers sell them for that? Not they! Seven-fifty was their price, nd when they found an abundance of uyers at that price they boosted it to ine and even ten dollars, and continued o sell them just as fast. This scheme was irtually the same thing as locking up a en-dollar bill where nobody could get at t, and selling "shares" in it to ten people t the rate of two dollars per share.

As a general rule, shares in gold mines nd oil wells are very good securities for untrained investors to keep away from, and yet probably as many lambs have been fleeced in these fields as in nearly all other fields put together. Money has been made, is made, and will be made, in gold mines and oil wells. But for the ordinary man, the task of telling the good from the bad is almost too difficult. In even the biggest and most successful oil companies, it is a fact that on the average only *one* well out of four or five drilled, pays out. Yet the small "wild-cat" companies usually operate on the prospect of striking a gusher on a single drilling. How slender investors' chances are may be gathered from the fact that only one well in *three hundred* of those drilled by the honest amateurs and the fakers pays out.

I REMEMBER another instance that shows the absurdity of some of the schemes proposed. Everybody, I should imagine, knows that oil wells are drilled straight down into the ground for several hundred and sometimes several thousand feet. But one "oil geologist" I came across got it into his head that there was oil in a certain mountain, and instead of drilling *down*, he proposed starting at the base of the mountain, tunneling under, and *letting the oil flow out!* Absurd as the idea was, he was actually able to sell some stock in a company to exploit it before we made him stop.

Another promoter, who dealt in gold, thought he would get around the legal risks of selling highly watered gold-mine stock by selling gold by the ounce. He succeeded in making a number of pretended sales, but at last was brought into court on a charge of fraud. Becoming somewhat excited and frightened, he blurted out the truth.

"The gold is there," he said; "they can go and get it if they want to!"

So far as we could find out, the gold really was there. But in order to get it, it was necessary to go to Alaska and tunnel under a river! The promoter had taken care not to say that he would deliver the gold, nor did he offer to help obtain it; he merely sold it as and where it lay.

Any industry in which some concerns have been conspicuously successful is likely to invite spurious imitations of the successful companies. Indeed, it may be taken as a bad sign whenever a security salesman begins to dwell on how successful *other* companies in the same field have been. Ability in management, not the fact that it is launched in a popular industry, makes an enterprise successful.

At Springfield, when I was working for the Government of Illinois, I had to pass on many applications of promoters who desired to organize automobile companies. Some were legitimate, and were granted permission to sell stock. A few became very successful. However, figures from the automobile industry as a whole show the risk a person ran when he bought stock in one of these new companies. The automobile industry is about twenty-five years old. Since it came into being, about three hundred and fifty companies have undertaken to make cars. A majority had honest intentions and high hopes of success. But the fact remains that only *twenty* companies make ninety-two per cent of all the automobiles sold to-day. Many of the others, for lack of ability in management, or for some other reason, have failed to

The Julia

Why not go back to

FOOT YOUTH

days?

WOULDN'T it be wonderful if you could go back to the days when your feet were young and vigorous and always eager to run and play? Think how happy it would make you if you could have those youthful feet right now — to help you in your work, to take you through your 18,908 steps every day! More than a million women have found their foot youth again in

THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

It makes your feet young again, because it stops foot abuse — the straining, sagging and pinching of ordinary shoes that cause all the trouble.

The Arch Preserver Shoe gives support where support is needed, yet bends freely with the foot at the "ball," the only place the foot bends. The concealed, built-in arch bridge supports the long arch of the foot. The special modeling of the sole supports the metatarsal arch. The flat inner sole, crosswise, prevents pinching. Not one feature, but many exclusive patented superiorities are found only in the Arch Preserver Shoe.

And yet, there is no sacrifice of style. You enjoy all this foot health and vigor in the smartest New York-Paris models. Comfort concealed — beauty revealed.

Send the coupon for booklet and name of dealer. He has Arch Preserver Shoes for you and your children.

THE SELBY SHOE COMPANY
Portsmouth, Ohio

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

Made for women and misses by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio. For men and boys by only E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.

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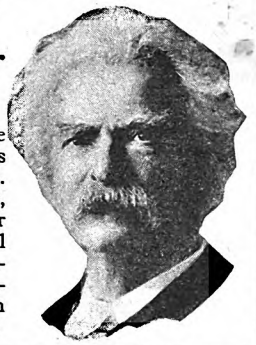
wanted to be your friend



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Everybody has read *some* of Mark Twain. The whole world has chuckled with him over the antics of Tom Sawyer, and Huck Finn, and Pudd'n-head Wilson. But do you realize that these are only a tiny *sample* of the delightful world he opens up to you? How much of Mark Twain do you really know—have you read all the witty short stories, the brilliant fighting essays, the side-splitting comments on men and events, the great novels, the attacks on fraud?

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2 At the same time there will come into your life something much bigger and more valuable than this—something you cannot see but will cherish for the rest of your days—*the priceless friendship of Mark Twain.*

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make a big or even a little success in this golden industry.

Another common notion is that if you can get in on the ground floor of a new invention you're lucky. "The ground floor," by the way, is an expression much in vogue among a certain class of security buyers. Personally I have never been there and never knew anybody else who had been. A friend of mine says:

"Whenever anybody talks 'ground floor' to me, I begin to look for the son-of-a-gun in the basement!"

At Springfield, I was constantly being besought by promoters who wanted to organize and sell stock in companies, to promulgate what was usually described as "one of the greatest inventions of the age." Here again, I repeat that it is management that makes a good business, not merely a good invention; and highly skilled management is not the commonest thing in the world.

Over a ten-year period there have been more than *three hundred thousand* new inventions and designs patented in the United States. But you could probably count on the fingers of two hands, if not of one, the number of big, successful businesses that have been founded on any of them.

ONCE a security has been well bought, it is usually a good rule to avoid selling it at the first drop in market price. Most people remember how the prices of Liberty bonds, bought during the war from the Government at the rate of one hundred dollars, at one time dropped as low as eighty-two dollars. Millions of dollars were lost by frightened investors who sold when the prices were lowest. And yet the rock-bound promises of the United States Government were behind these securities, and they were as nearly absolutely safe as any promise to pay can be. To-day, those same bonds are worth more than one hundred dollars.

Price and value, in other words, are often two different things. Huge losses are suffered yearly by people who, lacking a studied investment program, rush to sell when others are selling and prices are consequently low, and rush to buy when others are buying and prices, for that very reason, are high. Here is a case that shows what may be done wisely at such times:

A much troubled merchant asked my opinion about an investment he had made in the stock of a mail-order house. The market price had declined sharply, and he was thinking of selling.

"What had I better do?" he asked.

"I do not know," I replied. "But," I added, "I can tell you what kind of investigation I should make before selling, if the securities belonged to me. First, I'd find out what the prospects are for the farmers of this country to stage a comeback."

"What have *farmers* to do with it?" he said, in amazement.

"Nearly everything. Mail-order houses don't sell much to city people; their big customers are folks on farms and in small towns. Farmers haven't been having a happy time lately, and that's probably why your mail-order house is in the doldrums. If I were you, I would make some inquiries, and satisfy myself whether farmers are going to have more money to spend before long.

"If they are, I feel pretty sure I should hesitate to sell my stock at a loss. On the other hand, if the situation of the farmers is permanently bad, then I might consider selling, even at a severe loss."

When I saw that man again he said, "Mr. Davis, that little talk I had with you made me about twenty-five thousand dollars. I *kept* my mail-order stock."

The company had not merely sailed out of the doldrums, but had become even more prosperous than before.

IN SPITE of all that has been written and said on the point, it is brought home to me repeatedly that many people still firmly believe that if they can "strike it right," they can get rich in a hurry. My comment on that usually takes the form of a question:

"How many people do you know, comfortably well-to-do or wealthy, who made their money overnight? How many of your friends have got rich quick, and kept it?"

I never knew but two or three, out of thousands who tried it. The experience of a friend of mine throws light on this question. In one day, between breakfast and bedtime, he had five chances to get rich quick. This was over two years ago, long enough so he can tell what would have been the outcome if he had snapped up any of the offers, and I am going to tell briefly the details and results of each.

The first was a proposition received in the mails, that he buy "pure gold." It was a fraudulent scheme, and the man behind it was later convicted.

The second was an opportunity to buy shares in a company to exploit a new invention. In less than a year the inventor had proved himself honest, but hopelessly incompetent. The company could not meet expenses and is now in process of liquidation.

The third "golden chance" was a venture suggested by a wealthy business man, who believed that the end of the underground oil supplies was within sight. He recommended buying the stock of a certain oil company which was particularly well fixed with reference to reserve fields, on the theory that the stock of that company would have to advance greatly in price in a short time. In the next two years, however, more oil than ever before in history was produced by oil companies, and the market price of the stock in question has not advanced, but has declined.

The fourth opportunity was suggested by a financial writer on a newspaper. He had learned that a wealthy man, the head of a great business, was contemplating consolidating his company with two smaller companies. In preparation for the consolidation, if it went through, agreements had been reached as to the prices to be paid for the stock of the two smaller companies. At current market prices, it made the stock of these two companies very desirable. The newspaper writer had seen the wealthy man and confirmed his facts. The deal was straight. As a chance to make money, it hinged on whether or not the merger went through. The wealthy man had said he *hoped* it would go through, but could not promise. Well, it did *not* go through. The stock of the two companies is lower to-day by several points than at the time of the "tip."

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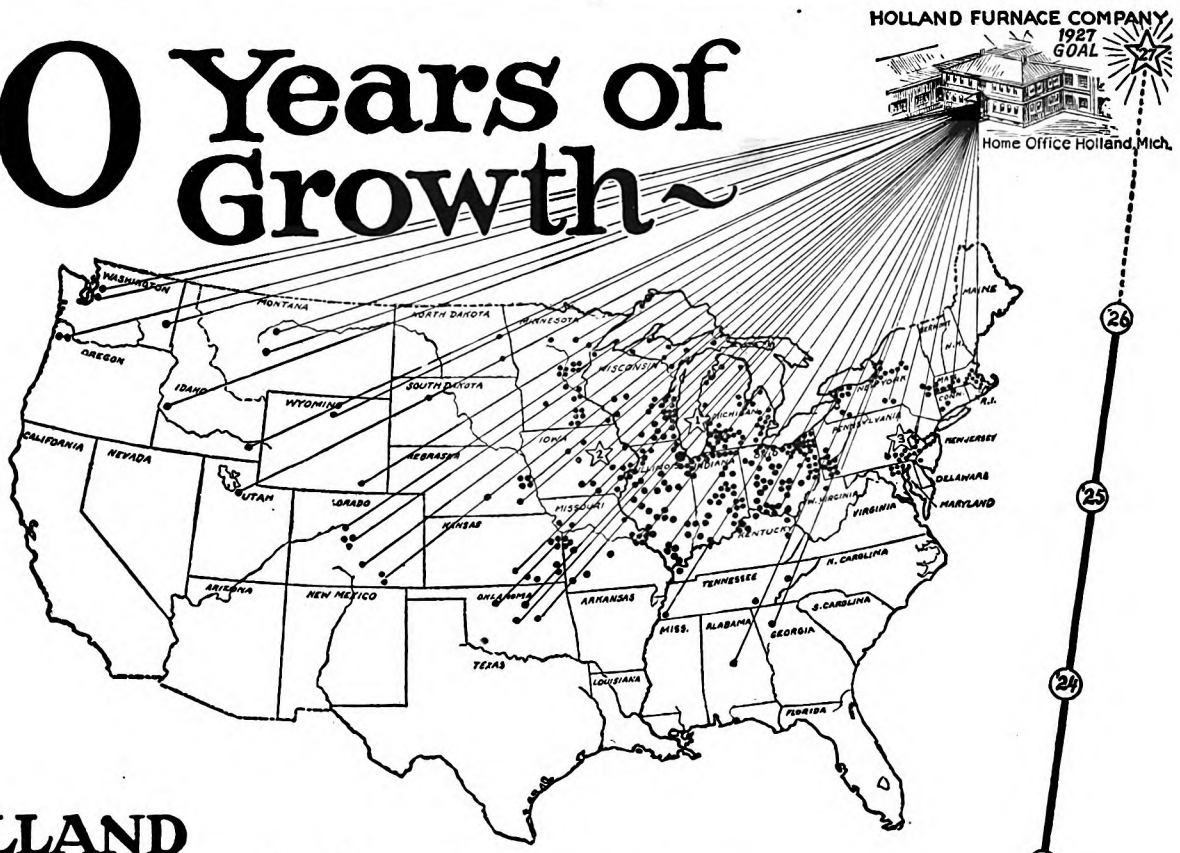
20 Years of Growth~



HOLLAND
Vaporized Warm Air-Circulating Systems Now Available Thru 522 Branches

"Every Holland customer must be pleased," said Mr. A. H. Landwehr twenty years ago. One way to make sure that every Holland System was right was to do the whole job, manufacturing, engineering, planning and installing, to leave nothing to chance.

So the first Holland Branch was established. It was one dot on the map, a local institution, as every one of the Holland Branches is today. At this branch, heating plans were made by trained Holland men for each individual home, just as they are made today under factory engineering standards. Every customer *was* pleased—his satisfaction was guaranteed by the Holland bond. The guarantee was the direct obligation of the Holland Furnace Company then as it is now—on every job installed through any Holland Branch.

The principles established in that first branch have caused the Holland Furnace Company to become the Largest Installers of Furnaces in the World, operating a uniform heating service from coast to coast through 522 Factory Branches. The business doubled every second year for eighteen years and is now growing faster than ever, as shown by the chart.

Phone the local Holland Furnace Company. Let the Holland man explain to you how the Holland Vaporized Warm Air Circulating System warms the air, tempers it with moisture to the right humidity and circulates it throughout the house. Local Holland men can be depended upon for sound advice and correct plans and installation. Let them show you how to plan a heating system that will protect the health of your whole family. This service is free and without obligation. Send the Coupon for FREE Book on Home-Heating.

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World's Largest Installers of Furnaces
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Millions know the advantage of Holland Heating.

Coupon below will bring you full information. Mail it today.

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Without obligation on my part, please send me your Free Booklet, "Your Home—Healthful, Comfortable and Clean."

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(Am. Mag. - Sept. 1927)

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How I Make A Week's Pay in One Day

Make this test and find out whether you can earn $5,000 to $10,000 a year. To make sure of $400 to $600 a month may be far easier than you think. Many of our representatives are making $500 and more a month. Probably more men are making $5,000 a year—or more—with the Fyr-Fyter Company than with any other direct selling company in the world. And it is easier now than it has ever been before!

Fyr-Fyter is one of the most perfect fire prevention devices ever invented. It bears the label of the Underwriters Laboratories. Fire Chiefs everywhere urge and endorse it. Hundreds of America's largest factories use it. After exhaustive tests, the U. S. Government purchased over 250,000 Fyr-Fyters. There is a size and type for every building in America.

Every month, by hundreds and by thousands, American factories and homes are turning to this new way to fight fire. The field is enormous. Only 5% of the possible market has been supplied. Practically every factory, home, store, garage, school, church, hotel, theatre and public building is in need of fire prevention equipment. That's why Fry-Fyter men find it easy to earn $100 to $300 a week. That's why any number of men report earnings of $50 in one day That's why you, too, can make this your lifetime opportunity.

Your Earning Possibilities

T. S. Gill, of Louisiana, pictured above, who made over $600 in one month and who has made as high as $122.50 in a day, says: "I am firmly convinced that any man joining the Fyr-Fyter force and working 8 hours a day will soon show a profit of $5,000 a year."

Send For This FREE Book

We give you an opportunity to join one of the highest-paid sales organizations in America. See how easy it is to start in almost any way that is convenient to you. Send for this free book, "Building a Permanent Income." See how W. E. Saal, Ohio, made $100 in six hours. How Hickey, Ont., made $148 in one day. How Payne, Iowa, made $159 his first 3 days. We do not ask you to do a day's work that will not pay you well. We give you a 90-page manual that covers every point. It tells you exactly what to say and what to do. Don't make the mistake of trying to judge how much you can make, before you read these full facts on this unparalleled opportunity. Mail the coupon now for the full detailed plan.

The FYR-FYTER CO.

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The Fyr-Fyter Company
1584 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio
Without obligation, send me full particulars, and a copy of "Building a Permanent Income," free.

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City.....State.....

The fifth opportunity was offered at a fraternity banquet by two men holding fairly important business positions. Both were excited over a rumor they had heard, to the effect that Henry Ford was going to buy a certain railroad. The bonds of that railroad were at a low figure. *If* Henry Ford bought the road, they argued, surely the bonds would have a great rise. Henry Ford did *not* buy the railroad.

Of these five chances to get rich quick, one was fraudulent, one was a case of honest intentions coupled with incompetence in management; the other three had to do with unconfirmed rumors, or hinged on contingencies which did not come to pass. Not one of them turned out the way the tipsters predicted.

IN CONCLUDING, I want to give my idea of a sound typical investment program. I know perfectly well that it is hopeless to try to prepare such a program to fit everybody. Therefore, I am imagining a young married man whose income is modest, who works for a salary, and does not require his capital for a business of his own, who never inherited a fortune and has no expectations of one, who has no estate to speak of as yet, but wants one, and who is willing to build it with a fair degree of patience and perseverance provided he has some idea where he is headed.

There is no doubt at all in my mind what his first investment must be. He will start a savings account, and make it grow.

Let me say one word about saving. In Harrisburg, one trouble we encountered was with people who at the beginning wanted to save too much. I have advised many a chap to start with less than he planned, for I found that those who were too ambitious at the beginning nearly always got discouraged before long, and quit trying to save.

My young man's second investment is equally certain. He will buy life insurance. For anybody with dependents and no estate, as well as for many others, it is indispensable.

Being married, my young man's third investment will be a home. I admit that, from the point of view of safety and return, real estate does not rate as one of the very best investments. But from the point of view of pride and self-respect, no investment could be better at this stage for a young family man than a well-chosen home.

For his fourth investment my young man will plan definitely to accumulate five thousand dollars in the best bonds that money can buy, before he makes any other investments whatsoever.

The bond unit, as most people know, is one thousand dollars. In many issues, bonds may also be bought in denominations of one hundred and five hundred dollars. But thousand-dollar bonds are most easily marketable, therefore he will buy five one-thousand-dollar bonds.

Each of the five will be a different kind of bond. Not merely will each be issued by a different organization, but also by *different kinds* of organizations. For instance, his selection might include the following:

A well-selected European Government bond—because it can perhaps be bought for less than par, may appreciate in value in the course of time, and is considered sound.

A United States Government bond—because, while the yield is low, and it may cost more than par, nothing could be safer—if he has to borrow sometime, the bank will consider it the best kind of security—and if he has to sell, there is always a ready market.

A bond of some industrial company—such as a light and power company.

A good real-estate first mortgage bond, after making doubly sure of the high character of the investment house selling it, and of the soundness of the appraisal of the property on which the bond is issued.

THAT gives my young man a savings account, life insurance, a home, and five thousand dollars invested in excellent bonds. I shall not lay out his program for him any further, but will simply hand over to him the list of investment axioms (which, by the way, summarize most of the points printed in the box on the second page of this article.

The Most Foolish Investment I Ever Made or Heard Of

Prize Contest Announcement

IN THE article above, Mr. Davis has told you of a number of ways people lose money. Now, we want you to tell us about the most foolish investment you ever made; or, if you are one of the lucky few who have never been stung, you can give the experiences of someone you know. The experience does not necessarily have to deal with confidence men or sharpers or bogus stock. There are hundreds of ways folks can lose money legitimately—by unwise real estate deals, by endorsing notes, by putting money into harum-scarum business schemes. Be brief and frank. Remember that what you have to say may prevent the other fellow from suffering a loss.

For the best letter of not more than four hundred words we offer the following prizes: $30, first prize; $20, second prize; $10, third prize. Competition closes September 20th. Winning letters will appear in the December, 1927, issue.

Address Investment Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Contributions to this contest, and any enclosures, cannot be returned, so you must make a copy of your contest letter and of any enclosures, if you want to preserve them. Manuscripts and inquiries not connected with the contest must be sent under separate cover to the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

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Spots of Color
that Given up the Home

Bright bits of color in the home radiate warmth and hospitality, inspiring a feeling of happiness and well-being.

In nearly every home there is some object grown shabby from long usage—a favorite chair, a graceful table, a flower stand, or perhaps a toy—which is elected for consignment to the attic.

But a coat of *Luco-Lac*—in Jade Green or Mongolian Red, with touches of Dover Gray or Mandarin Blue, will so transform its appearance that you will be surprised and delighted with its smartness and beauty.

The ease and speed with which *Luco-Lac* is applied is astonishing, and the color effects are most gratifying. This way of refinishing is new and different—you'll enjoy it immensely.

Write today for Color Card showing the twenty beautiful shades available with *Luco-Lac.*

Ask, also, for our booklet, "The Way to Luco-Lac," which gives information as to the most satisfactory way to use *Luco-Lac.* Address our Dept. A-9, the nearest branch, for these or any other booklets offered below.

John Lucas & Co., Inc.
Paint and Varnish Makers Since 1849
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A New and Better Way of Refinishing

Luco-Lac possesses all the beauty of a fine enamel, yet its resistance to wear exceeds that of the toughest varnish. It is unaffected by liquids—hot or cold—nor will soap and water or hot dishes mar the surface.

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The "Do and Don't" of Home Decoration

For each home use of paint, varnish, enamel, etc., there is a handy little *Lucas* Book, each a helpful guide that simplifies the work and improves the results. Any of these books will be sent free on request.

Booklet **J** "The Way to Luco-Lac"
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Booklet **U** "Treatment and Care of Floors"
Booklet **C** "Treatment of Walls—with Paint and Color"
Booklet **A** "Enameling Woodwork and Furniture"
Booklet **S** "How to Paint Furniture and Other Household Articles"

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Science is Leading Us Closer to God

(*Continued from page 25*)

messages from the external physical world to the internal world of the human soul, so these electronic pulses set going the nerves of the eye which carry their messages to the brain. There, the soul deciphers and interprets their meaning. All these vibrations receive their true meaning only when the soul deciphers the messages which these light waves are carrying. And, the more I think of it as a scientist, the more do I feel that those gleams of light from the quiet stars which fell upon my eyes as a boy, with the oxen grazing about me in the silent night, were really messages from God. Just as the telephone bell responds to the clapper, so my soul, responding like a bell to the tiny clappers of the luminous stars, felt the thrill of the celestial hymn which declared the glory of God.

"Now, since science has discovered that the physical universe, with all its electrons in motion, receives its true interpretation only as its messages reach the soul; and since science finds that the soul can decipher these messages, even those from the farthest star—which is millions of light-years away—does it not lead logically to the belief that the soul of man is the greatest thing in the whole universe? Indeed, does it not lead to the belief that the human soul is the highest purpose of God's creative energy?

"THERE is also another line of argument which seems to me to lead toward the conclusion that the soul of man is the expression of God's highest purpose. For example, we have been sneering for a long time at our puny earth, and saying, 'It is such a tiny speck of dust in the universe that it cannot amount to much.' But, we say, 'a star like Betelguese—that's the big thing.'

"But is bigness the true standard of measure?

"True, Betelguese is an enormous thing, nearly three hundred million miles in diameter. Our whole solar system could swing around inside of it. But what is Betelguese? Nothing but a big gas bag—that's all. With all its size, it has no soul. It cannot hear the call which I heard as a little ignorant boy—and am still hearing to-day as an educated scientist—to worship at the altar of Amighty God.

"These big hot stars are only the beginning of God's creative energy, the beginning of cosmic history. But the human soul, in so far as science can penetrate, is the last chapter of this history as far as it has been written.

"And, furthermore, it is in the soul of man, in that great world within us, that Divinity resides. And when we think of that, we are not so small. Nay, we are very important. Science has found nothing in the universe which even compares in importance with the life of man. Compared to the human soul, everything else sinks into insignificance.

"The stars had to condense and become fluid, and then solidify, and cool to a low temperature, before a planet such as our earth was possible, upon which life could exist. Of course there may be other planets like ours. If there are, there may be other souls, other organic lives. But science has forced us to believe that wherever the soul of man exists, that soul represents the highest product of cosmic creation.

"We have felt all this intuitively. Even the savage feels that he is the most important thing in the universe. But to this faith science has added *knowledge*, which means a higher faith. Science shows us more clearly the meaning of it all, and what is our relationship to the Creator.

"Wherever science has explored the universe, it has found it to be a manifestation of a coördinating principle. It leaves us no escape from the conclusion that back of everything there is a definite guiding principle, which leads from chaos to cosmos. We are faced with two alternatives: We can either believe that cosmos, the beautiful law and order, is simply the result of haphazard happenings, or that it is the result of a definite Intelligence. Now, which are you, as an intelligent being, going to choose?

"Personally, I choose to believe in the coördinating principle, the Divine Intelligence. Why? Because it is simpler. It is more intelligible. It harmonizes with my whole experience.

"The theory that intelligent beings like ourselves, or intelligent processes like the movements of the stars, are the outcome of unintelligent haphazard happenings, is beyond my understanding. And why should I accept such a theory when I observe the evidence of a directing Intelligence every day?

"When you see the stars, each moving in its own pathway, or see a seed grow after a definite plan into a tree, or see a baby develop into a full-grown, self-directing human individuality, can you conceive of all that taking place as the result of haphazard happenings? Well, I cannot. It seems obvious that there is some directing Intelligence behind all things.

"OF COURSE, you cannot produce a mathematical demonstration about the Divine Being, in the same sense that you can demonstrate the laws that govern the motions of physical bodies. The Divine Being is far too complex to permit of that kind of proof. But from time immemorial we have felt that our own intelligence is part of something higher. And we have not discovered in the material universe anything higher than the human soul, which manifests itself through our intelligence. And as the soul of man has developed, this intuition of Divine Intelligence has grown stronger. And now, in our day, have come most of our scientific discoveries about the universe. And not a single discovery that science has made tends in the least to contradict this innate feeling that a definite Intelligence is back of everything. Indeed, the more deeply science penetrates into the laws of the universe, the more it leads us to a belief in an Intelligent Divinity.

"So, you see that science, instead of taking God out of the world, as some have feared, brings men into a closer spiritual relationship with Him.

"To-day the average man understands the structure of the universe incomparably better than did the prophets of three thousand years ago. We scientists, therefore, ought to be able to teach him more about the Divinity which, to a spiritually-developed scientist, seems so obviously present everywhere in the universe.

"I believe I can illustrate what I think science has revealed for man's higher spiritual and religious life by taking a text from St. Paul. You remember the apostle said: 'We all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory. . . .'

"DURING the past three hundred years, since the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock, science has revealed four distinct physical realities of the universe. Before that time men did not dream that these four realities existed. And these four realities, these four discoveries about the structure and nature of the universe, are, in my judgment, true Glories of the Lord. Each one has brought man's soul just that much closer to beholding with open face the final Divine Glory behind everything.

"The first physical reality, the first Glory, revealed by science was when Galileo discovered the meaning of *Matter in Motion*. He was the first to formulate the law of the acceleration in the motion of material bodies. This was the beginning of modern physical science.

"A hundred years later, Newton crowned Galileo's discovery with his discovery of the Law of Gravitation. Nothing exhibits the beauty of this physical reality so well as the motion of the planets around the sun. Here we have a cosmic system of bodies in which each part moves along its own prescribed path with a precision impossible to attain in any mechanism constructed by the hand of man. Yet the only guiding force is gravitation. All matter everywhere is ceaseless motion, yet everything reduced down to a simple law—a simplicity such as the world never saw before.

"Then came the second revelation of a physical reality—a new Glory. This was the discovery of Electricity in Motion. Benjamin Franklin and Michael Faraday must be mentioned first among the founders of this physical reality. Franklin discovered that lightning is electricity in motion. This revealed to mankind a new source of power. Then later Volta and Faraday and Clerk-Maxwell explained the laws in accordance with which electricity moves.

"These proved to be just as simple as the laws which Newton and Galileo discovered, which govern the motion of material bodies on the earth or of the celestial bodies in the heavens.

"Then came the revelation of a third physical reality, a third Glory, namely, Radiant Energy in Motion. By that I mean that the whole universe is filled with the radiation of light and heat.

"Of course men always knew intuitively that light seemed to be everywhere. The

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If you asked Hon. Albert H. Vestal, Indiana's popular Congressman, about throat protection, he'd say:

Hon. Albert H. Vestal, Famous Orator and Whip of the House of Representatives

© Harris & Ewing

"I have to be careful of my voice, as are other public speakers. It must be in good condition, ready for speech or debate. In smoking I am careful, that's why I prefer Lucky Strikes. They give me throat protection and greater enjoyment."

Albert H. Vestal

You, too, will find that Lucky Strikes are mild and mellow—the finest cigarettes you ever smoked, made of the finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos, properly aged and blended with great skill, *and* there is an extra process—"It's toasted"—no harshness, not a bit of bite.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

When in New York you are cordially invited to see how Lucky Strikes are made at our exhibit, corner Broadway and 45th Street.

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ancients worshiped the sun, but did not have a clear knowledge of the laws of light. They did not know that radiant energy extends through the whole universe. But we find that the radiation from one star resembles the radiation from another star, just as one leaf resembles another.

"And, sixty years ago, Clerk-Maxwell, the great electrical mathematician, spoke like a prophet when he made the startling announcement that this radiation of light is a manifestation of moving electricity. The most precious among the fruits of this discovery of Maxwell is that the origin of all light radiation is in the motion of the tiny electrons, which are, as far as we know to-day, the unchangeable, primordial building stones of the material universe.

"Everything that moves seems to be deriving its breath of existence from the electrical forces which have their origin in these tiny electrons. These little workers, infinitely small but infinitely numerous, by their combined activities make up the larger activities of that stupendous thing we call the Universe.

"And this busy little worker, the electron, is the most law-abiding creature in the universe. It loves, honors, and obeys the laws, and its eternal mission is to serve. God employed the heavenly host of electronic workers to build the atoms, the molecules, and the galaxies of burning stars. These celestial furnaces, throbbing with the blazing energy of the electronic host, are molding all kinds of planetary castings, and tempering them so as to be just right for organic life.

"One of these planetary castings is our Mother Earth: it is a mere dust speck in the universe, but this dust speck is the home of the soul of man, and this lifts our tiny earth to a place of honor near the throne of God. The soul's very breath of life is the beautiful electronic music, and to be thrilled by the melody of that cosmic song is the highest aim in our study of electrical science.

"And now the biologists are revealing a fourth reality—a fourth Glory of the Lord. This Glory is the Science of Organic Life. It is the latest reality of the universe which science has given us. And, again, this living reality is found to be so very simple, so beautiful, so inspiring, so intelligent!

"THE spiritually inspiring thing which the biologists have shown us is that all life has progressed from the lowest toward the highest. If one does not believe that life has been a progressive development, step by step, under the guidance of a coördinating principle, then he has a very poor idea of Divinity. For, if life has progressed from small beginnings up to man in, say, ten million years, where will it be ten million years from now? Man is revealed by science as a being who is constantly progressing from glory to glory, changing more and more toward the spiritual image of his Creator.

"You see that the realities of both physical science and organic science reveal a God, a Divine Intelligence that we, as intelligent beings, can depend on. We cannot place our faith in haphazard happenings, but we can place the utmost faith in Divine Intelligence. There is dependability, continuity, everywhere. Science finds that everything is a continuously-developing and intelligent process. It reveals man as a being with a soul which is progressing more and more toward Divinity in a universe of unbroken continuity."

AT THIS point, I said to Doctor Pupin: "You say the law of the universe is continuity, that there is no break anywhere. Do you believe that death itself does not break the continuity of the life of the soul?"

"In order to answer that question," replied Doctor Pupin, "we shall have to look back just a moment, and ask another question: What is the only mystery to-day in electrical science? It is this: Where, when, and how did the electron come into existence?

"The sensible man will answer, God created the electron, and, therefore, only God knows, where, when, and how. This eliminates the mystery at once. The rest we can see for ourselves. God created a host of electrons to be his assistants in building the universe. And when science discovered the electrons and learned to use them in man's service, it was our first glimpse of the Divine Method of creative operation. Consequently, when we light our houses or send a telegram, we are using the electrons—we are merely imitating the creative method of God.

"Let us see what happened after God had made the stars out of electrons: One of the celestial bodies, the earth, for example, got denser, gradually cooled, and became habitable for living things. Life began. We do not know where, when, or how. St. John said: 'In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God. . . .' To-day a spiritual scientist's translation of the phrase would be: 'In the beginning was the Guiding Intelligence, and the Guiding Intelligence was with God.'

"Let us follow the story a little further through the infinite years, until finally we have man—the soul of man—as far as we know the highest product of God's creative handiwork.

"Now, after God has spent untold time in creating man and endowing him with a soul—which is a reflection of His image, is it reasonable to suppose that man lives here on earth a short span of life—and then is quite extinguished by death? Is the soul going to perish when the physical body dies? Is the soul going to have existed in vain?

"It does not seem reasonable to me that a creation which has been going on for billions and billions of years, in so far as we can tell, for the very purpose of producing that wonderful soul, should cause the soul—your soul and my soul—to exist only as long as our physical bodies exist. Although science does not offer mathematical proof of the immortality of the soul, it gives us plenty of food for thought and belief, plenty of grounds for intelligent hope. And it adds to our conviction that our physical life is only a stage in the existence of the soul.

"You can certainly say that, in my opinion, all scientific evidence tends to show—not to prove, but to point toward the belief—that it is very unlikely the soul of man is going to cease its existence when the body perishes. The law of continuity and the general scientific view of the universe tend, I think, to strengthen our belief that the human soul goes on existing, and *developing*, after death.

"You see science is constantly revealing Divinity and man's relationship to Divinity. Science is, therefore, the highest form of human theology, the highest form of reasoning about God. Science leads us straight to a belief in God, and this is the foundation of religion.

"Science does not prevent a man from being a Christian; but makes him a better Christian. It has made me a better Christian. For the next year I am going to talk to the students of various colleges on this higher spiritual meaning of science. My personal belief is that everything that happens in this great universe is for a purpose; and that purpose is the development of the human soul. That is where science and religion touch. Science adds immeasurably to the foundations of religious faith. Science will strengthen religion. It has strengthened mine—strengthened it very greatly.

"AND these revelations of science, these Glories of the Lord, are coming faster and faster all the time. I have spoken of only four Glories; but there may be three or four, or three or four thousand, more Glories yet to come. The next revelation may come very quickly. We may not have to wait hundreds of years for new revelations. We are speeding up in regard to the meaning of the universe. This is the view of scientific men.

"And, if only three hundred years of scientific revelations have brought us so much nearer to Divinity, it may be that science will go on from Glory to Glory until even earthly men may with open face behold the glory of the Lord, and be changed spiritually more and more into the same image. It is reasonable to believe that it will continue to reveal Divinity and bring men closer to God. This view has led me on to a better and higher religion.

"But my religion does not contradict a single element of the religion which my mother and the people of my native village held when I was a boy. Science has simply brought to me a higher, broader view of the Creator.

"That is the real pleasure of scientific work. The purpose of science is not merely to make material things, inventions to increase wealth and comfort. These things are certainly a blessing, but not the greatest blessing. If science does not assist me to give myself and others a better religion, a better understanding of the Creator, and a closer personal relationship with him; if science does not assist me in carrying out the Divine purpose, then I am a failure as a scientist. But science has made me a better Christian; I believe it will make better Christians of all men and women who try to understand its simple and beautiful laws, because they are the laws of God."

IF YOU want to get that "grand and glorious feeling" of not being afraid of anything, don't fail to read, next month, Albert Edward Wiggam's interview with Dr. David Mitchell, "What Are You Afraid Of?"

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The Program Must Go On!

(*Continued from page 27*)

complete failures. Put a man in front of the microphone—even a man who can give a rattling good impromptu talk anywhere else—and he will act like an embarrassed schoolboy, unless he has his written speech right in his hand. I have seen only two or three exceptions to this.

"But when I asked the senator to prepare his talk in advance, he replied with some condescension:

"'Look here, son! I've been making speeches since before you were born! And I don't write them out on paper, either! Don't you try to tell me how to make a speech.'

"Nevertheless, I did try to explain things; but it was no use. So I thought, 'All right! If you find yourself in trouble, you can't blame me.'

"When the time came for him to begin, his cocksureness had already begun to dwindle. He managed to talk for the prescribed length of time; but when he finished, the perspiration stood in great drops on his forehead and his collar had wilted to a rag. I don't think he knew what he had been saying.

"Clare Briggs, the famous cartoonist, was a shining exception. He just leaned up comfortably against the stand and talked to the microphone for fifteen minutes as if they had been pals for life.

"Some people never overcome their nervousness, no matter how often they broadcast. There is one portly tenor, for instance, who fairly seethes with excitement. First, he takes off his collar; then his coat; then his waistcoat. If his program is long enough, he gets down practically to his B. V. D.'s. It's a wonder to me how that man manages to sing in public! But I suppose he isn't so nervous then.

"In the early days of broadcasting, we were required to stop the program every thirty minutes and listen in, for two minutes, for a possible SOS; a 'distress signal,' as it is called.

"ONE evening, a very haughty soprano made her radio début at the studio. We didn't have as good artists then as we have now; and when this soprano got busy in her upper register, your ears ached for cotton.

"Her last number, which wound up with a series of blood-curdling high notes, happened to come at the end of the half-hour period. Consequently, her final shriek had barely died away, when the announcer said:

"'We will now stand by, to listen for distress signals!'

"The lady applied the remark to herself and indignantly demanded an apology. I don't believe she ever really believed our explanation.

"The manager of another studio had his troubles one time with a very distinguished violinist. According to the story as it was told to me, the violinist came to the studio at the appointed time; but after much fretting and fuming, he refused to play.

"Of course his number had been announced and given wide publicity. It was a big feature.

"The manager explained all this. He tried diplomacy, persuasion, flattery. Nothing had any effect! The artistic soul of the violinist had somehow been rubbed the wrong way and he refused to play a note.

"Finally, when only a few minutes remained before the time for announcing the number, the manager said politely, but with unmistakable determination: 'Mr. So-and-so, you agreed to play for our listeners. We have promised them that you will and they are expecting to hear you.

"'Now, I never have played a violin. I've never even had a bow in my hands. But there's a violin somewhere around this studio; and if you do not play, I shall take that violin, stand up before the microphone, get some kind of sounds out of it, and let the audience think you are doing it! You can imagine the sort of performance mine will be. If you want people to think it is *yours*—all right!'

"Whether the manager would have carried out his threat I don't know. But he sounded so convincing that the violinist didn't dare take a chance. He played his numbers as he had agreed to do.

"IF ALL artists were as temperamental as that, I suppose we'd be more philosophical about it. We would think it was 'the nature of the animal;' something inevitable. But we have dealt with many great musicians, and most of them are courteous and charming—not at all inclined to put on airs.

"More often it is the smaller fry who try to be 'high hat.' I heard of one woman who refused to sing because the fabric on the walls deadened the sound of her voice. The necessity for this was explained to her, but she insisted that she couldn't sing under those conditions.

"Finally she asked for a board to stand on. Whereupon, everybody ran around the building, madly searching for a board. By some lucky chance, one was discovered and lugged up to the studio. The lady stood on it, warbled a few experimental notes, and exclaimed:

"'Ah! That's better! Now I can feel the vibrations in my soul!'

"Sometimes there is a hitch over a technical point. The artist is probably justified, from his point of view, although it may seem to us commoner mortals that he is making much ado about nothing.

"For instance, a singer from the Metropolitan Opera House was on our program one evening. While they were waiting, she and her accompanist looked through the score of an aria which was one of her numbers. When she saw that it called for a certain very high note, she protested that this was contrary to the way she had expected to sing it.

"'But, Madame,' the accompanist said, 'that is the way you sang it when you made the record of this aria.'

"'Oh no! I didn't sing that high note for the record!' she declared.

"They discussed the matter, until it began to seem as if the point had to be settled, one way or the other. It occurred to someone that if we could get access to the stock of records on the ground floor of the building, the point *could* be settled. So we hunted up the watchman, had him let us in with his key, found the record and played it; proving to the lady that she really had sung that particular high note. Whereupon, she was quite willing to sing it again.

"Broadcasting a program from a studio is like giving an entertainment literally behind the scenes, instead of out on the stage. We see all the preliminary preparations.

"A few years ago one of the most famous interpreters of Wagnerian Opera was to be on our program one evening. I wasn't at the station that night, but those of the staff who were present described one of these preliminary details.

"With the artist, when she arrived, was a man carrying a small paper bag, which he guarded as jealously as if it contained the singer's jewels. The first thing he did was to ask for an empty glass. This was rather surprising; but the studio people were more puzzled when he kept coming to them, the paper bag clutched in one hand and the glass in the other, anxiously inquiring how soon Madame was to sing.

"The mystery was explained when the time came for her first number. As the announcer stepped to the microphone, he heard the rustle of the paper bag. The man opened it, took out an egg, broke it, carefully ran the white of the egg into the glass, and handed it to the singer, who proceeded to gargle her throat.

"If I could sing as beautifully as Madame," laughed Mr. Popenoe, "I'd buy a poultry farm to-morrow and gargle eggs for the rest of my life.

"You probably have noticed," he went on, "that there has been a change in the method of broadcasting plays. When it was first attempted, the broadcasting was done directly from the stage of a theatre during a regular public performance. But this wasn't satisfactory.

"PLAYS need to be written specifically for broadcasting. That is now being done; and they go on the air from the studio itself. But before this became the custom we had some interesting experiences with the old method.

"It usually fell to the lot of my assistant, Miss Brainard, to take charge of an evening's broadcasting from a regular theatre; and this took her behind the scenes in more ways than one.

"For example, we broadcast a certain play in which Ethel Barrymore was the star. Another, but much less distinguished actress—I'll call her Miss Smith—was also in the cast.

"Apparently the members of the company hadn't been told that the performance was to go on the air; and Miss Smith was one of the first to discover the microphone, which was placed in the center of the footlights.

"When she found out what it was, she mounted her high horse and started all kinds of ructions. She wanted 'that thing' removed; because, as she said, it

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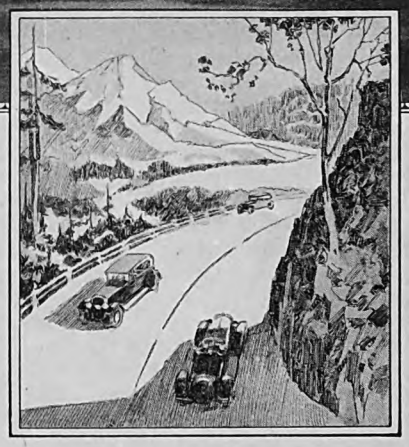

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'spoiled her comedy.' If it affected her comedy as it did her temper, I think she didn't overstate the matter.

"I dare say it *was* an unwelcome distraction to the actors. But here is the little lesson in human nature: While Miss Smith was showing her capacity for being disagreeable, Miss Barrymore came out of her dressing-room, surveyed the scene of discord for a moment, then turned to Miss Brainard with her most charming manner; and when it is a question of being charming, no woman on earth can surpass Ethel Barrymore.

"In that fascinating voice of hers, she asked: 'What is this all about?'

"Miss Brainard told her.

"'How interesting!' she exclaimed. 'Are we really going to be heard by an audience outside of the theatre? That's wonderful, isn't it? Can I do anything to help make it a success?'

"There," said Mr. Popenoe, "you have an example of two types of human beings with which we studio people have become familiar. The small person who thinks he is big, and the *really* big person, who is unassuming, interested in things outside himself, considerate and appreciative of others.

"I suppose everybody comes into contact occasionally with each of these types; but in radio broadcasting we have a constant succession of them. And I think all studio managers will agree that most of our troubles come from the little people, not from the big ones.

"One particular group consists of persons who are seeking publicity for themselves, or for someone they are interested in. Their commonest form of approach is to claim that they are personal friends of some official in the company.

"I was responsible for the quality and character of our programs. When a person asked me to put on a certain feature, I had to decide the question on its own merits, according to my best judgment. But in a surprising number of cases the applicant tried to influence me by assuring me that he was an intimate 'personal friend' of such and such an official of the radio corporation—knowing that I was responsible to that company.

"More than half the time, I found that the official barely recognized the name of his alleged intimate friend! I finally reached a point," he smiled, "where I issued a sort of office edict, as follows: 'When it comes to making programs, nobody in this organization has any personal friends!'"

"TO GO back to the unexpected happenings during a program, we had one unforgettable experience with a decidedly stout soprano. I'll tell you, in advance, what we discovered only through a curious mishap; namely, that the lady's excessive avoirdupois was 'cabined, cribbed, confined' by a rubber corset.

"Before beginning to broadcast, she did a little vocalizing; ran up and down a few scales in order to limber up her vocal cords. All went well, so the announcer threw the switch, made his little speech to the audience, and signified to the lady that it was time for her to begin.

"Perhaps she was thinking of the distance between her and her audience. A good many people can't get that idea out of their minds. They have a feeling that they ought to sing or talk as loud as they can. At any rate, she took a deep breath—a prodigiously deep breath—and the rubber corset exploded with a loud report and disastrous effects! The announcer added a few remarks to his formal speech while the soprano's coat was brought from the dressing-room and draped decorously around her; for she was a good sport and went on with her program without waiting for repairs.

"Speaking of announcers, we sometimes have a laugh at their expense, no matter how familiar they are with the routine of broadcasting. Occasionally, for instance, one of them will make an announcement in his choicest tones and his very best style. But just as he settles back, quite pleased with himself, he hears a disgusted voice from the control-room:

"'You poor fish! You forgot to throw your switch! You weren't on the air at all!'

"BY THE way, the announcers could tell you a story as long as your arm about their experiences with artists. Listeners-in rarely hear any of this byplay; but I recall one instance when the audience was *meant* to get it, and probably did.

"It was during an author's reading of some of her poems. While she was at the microphone, the announcer sat at his table near her, looking over the typewritten sheets of the evening's program.

"Suddenly the lady stopped, right in the middle of her 'Ode to a Dead Pussy Cat,' or whatever it was; and without turning from the microphone—in fact, speaking directly into it—she said sharply:

"'If the young man in this room does not stop rattling those papers, I sha'n't read another line!'

"The announcer became as quiet as the Dead Pussy Cat itself, and the poetess proceeded.

"One of our announcers was decidedly disturbed himself, when a woman pianist suddenly fainted in the middle of a number, and fell off the piano bench. While someone carried her out, the announcer had to do some quick thinking. He decided to let the audience believe that the break was due to some trouble with the reception, and that they had missed the end of the piano selection on that account. So, after a very brief pause, during which he summoned a 'pinch-hit' performer, he said over the microphone:

"'You have been hearing a piano solo by Madame ——. The next number on the program—' and so on.

"These unexpected happenings force us to have a settled policy in meeting them. It seems wiser not to interrupt the smooth flow of entertainment by attempting explanations to the audience. So, when listeners-in are surprised by hearing an unscheduled number in place of the one they have been expecting, I hope they will realize that the most careful program plans we can possibly make will sometimes go wrong.

"One case of this kind was unique in my experience. We had engaged an Hawaiian singer for our program one evening; and just about five minutes before time for him to go on the air a policeman and a court officer came to the studio with a warrant for his arrest!

"It seems that he hadn't been paying his ex-wife the alimony which was due her. She had happened to read the radio programs in the daily paper and so learned where to find him. But the audience didn't have to miss out on that number, for we persuaded the officers to let the singer go on the air before going to jail! They sat right in the studio with him, however; which must have rather cramped his style.

"Sometimes I am thankful that the audience can't see the artists. Beautiful violin music, for instance, wouldn't be half so beautiful if one saw the violinist playing in his shirt sleeves! This is sometimes done, the studio often being very warm, because no doors or windows can be open.

"There are other times, however, when it seems a great pity that the audience cannot look at, as well as listen to, the artists. You would think that operatic stars, for example, wouldn't bother to dress up elaborately to sing before an *invisible* audience. But I assure you that they are as beautifully gowned, and often as carefully made up, as if they were to appear on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House.

"The audience misses all this. And it misses something else too. Some of the artists do as much acting in front of the microphone as if they were in a packed theatre. Franklyn Bauer, of the Shannon Quartet, is one man you ought to see as well as hear. When he sings a love song, you'd think the microphone was the girl herself, and that he was actually making impassioned love to her.

"Some of the artists simply can't keep still. They are almost like Lloyd George. When he was in this country a few years ago, we broadcast a dinner at which he was the guest of honor. But when it came to his speech we were in despair. First, he would turn and talk directly toward the people at his right; then to the people at his left; and so on, turning in every direction, without paying any more attention to the position of the microphone than if it had been a salt cellar on the table! The only way to broadcast Lloyd George would be to have a whole battery of microphones ranged in a semicircle around him.

"THERE is one striking exception among artists in regard to this tendency to act before the microphone. Marion Talley, the young Kansas City girl who had but recently made her début at the Metropolitan Opera House, stood perfectly still while broadcasting. She didn't move even her hands; just let them hang at her sides. Another singer, who was on the same program, was literally on her toes most of the time. She gave almost as dramatic a rendition of her songs as if she were acting in an opera, with a crowded auditorium in front of her.

"As I said before, a broadcasting studio is a great place to study human nature. We see all kinds of people. A few of them are temperamental and give us an occasional bad quarter of an hour. But the vast majority of them are sensible, deeply interested in pleasing the radio audience, and help to make a manager's job pleasant as well as always intensely interesting."

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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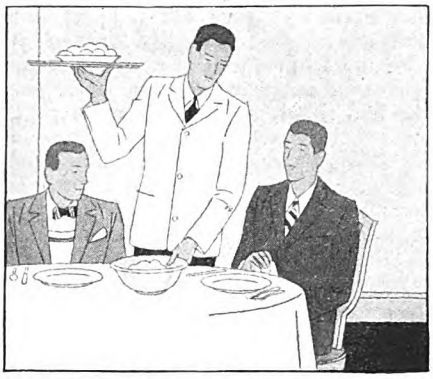
"I was fired twice before I woke up"

Liked Mechanical Things Even as a Boy

As a boy it was always Edward T. Adams' great ambition to study engineering at a technical school. But the prospect wasn't very bright. It was difficult enough to make both ends meet in the Adams household without laying money aside to send a boy to college.

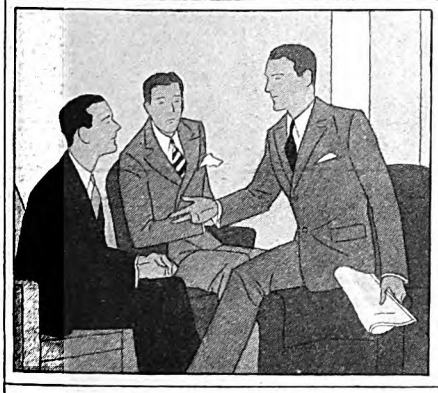


Worked as Waiter to Get Education

As Edward T. Adams grew older his desire for a good education became stronger, and by working in the afternoons and at nights he finally saved enough money to enter college. Once there he worked as a dish-washer, waiter and tutor to pay his way through.

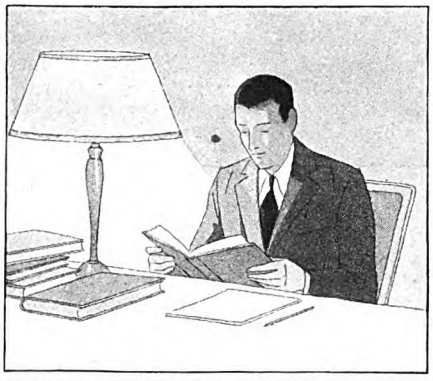
Finds It Hard to Hold a Job

After graduation, he started out confidently to get a position and was somewhat surprised when employers did not seem any too eager to put him on the payroll. As a matter of fact, he lost two jobs in less than a year before he saw the need of special training.



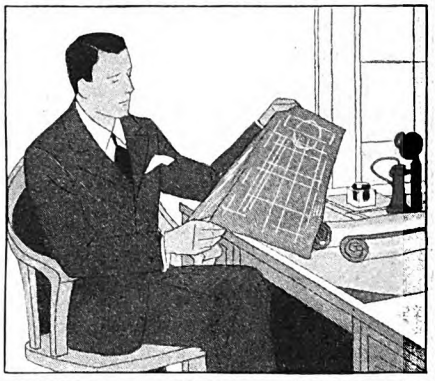
Asks His Friends About I. C. S.

"Just about that time," writes Mr. Adams, "I heard about the International Correspondence Schools and I asked some of my friends about it. I was surprised to find how many college men had taken a course with this school to get practical training. So I decided to enroll too.



Finds Just the Help He Needed

"The minute I started on the course I could see that it was the very thing I needed. It gave me a practical knowledge of engineering that I could otherwise have obtained only by long and tedious years of shop work. It really marked the turning point in my life."



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When the Days Grow Shorter

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ESTABLISHED IN 1882

THE FAMILY'S PROBLEMS

"Where is It?" Was the Question Most Often Asked in My House

I FIGURED up recently that my family was spending five per cent of its time in looking for things. That was bad enough; but we had made matters worse by losing our tempers while trying to find lost household articles. My wife and I have been married for twenty years, and in the course of all those years she had never, so far as I could recall, located the can opener, the tape measure, her "darning egg," or her thimble, without a search. And the rest of us were equally as good, by which, of course, I mean as bad, about losing things.

The question most frequently asked in my house was "Where is it?" And close behind that, came "Who had it last?"

Take my boy, Arthur; he could lose his cap, schoolbooks, jack-knife, baseball bat, and his temper all in one afternoon; and his sister, Juliet, had never gone out of the front door without coming right back and looking for her handkerchief, vanity case, purse, or something else.

I was no improvement over the others. I lost a night-latch key every month or so; no fountain pen ever remained with me for more than six months; my favorite pipe disappeared from the living-room table; an old hat I liked better than any other article of clothing in my closet got itself permanently mislaid.

The four of us had succeeded, at one time or another, in losing every portable object in the house, and once I thought we had lost the piano! My wife had moved it from the living-room to the alcove, and blamed if I didn't think, when I came home that afternoon, it had been mislaid.

Obviously, it was foolish for us to keep on in such a slovenly fashion, wasting time, nervous energy, jazzing the family's temper, and making spectacles of ourselves before the neighbors. I had been thinking for a long time that we should do something about our bad habit of carelessness, but never got 'round to any solution until one night when my wife and I were to go out to dinner at a hotel.

I bathed, shaved, and started to dress in a dinner suit. Everything was there except the studs for my hard shirt. I looked for them. My wife looked for them. The children came in and looked for them. They were nowhere to be found. I decided that night that the fellow who invented the saying, "It's neither here nor there," was referring to a shirt stud. The upshot of the turmoil was that we had dinner at home, and in that incident I found the means for curing us of carelessness.

"HEREAFTER," I announced when all of us had eaten a miserable meal, and had contracted four cases of indigestion because we ate while upset, "this household will live on a different basis."

"What do you mean?" asked my wife.

"The next time we start anywhere," I explained, "and have to look for something before leaving the yard, the trip is off! And, furthermore, no one of us will ever help another one find anything."

A hard rule, but it worked. Believe me, it worked! But it hit me first of all. A night or two after I had issued my imperial ukase, we were all going to a motion picture—one I had suggested, and that I was crazy to see. My wife, Arthur, and Juliet were ready and waiting on the porch when I came out and started to slam the door.

"Have you the night-latch key?" asked my wife, as a matter of custom. I felt in my pockets, but no key was there.

"Wait a minute," I said; "I must have left it on the dresser when I changed my clothes." And with that I started back into the house. The key wasn't on the dresser; I hunted everywhere for it, and finally found it on top of my pocketbook on the bathroom shelf, where I had put it so as to be sure not to overlook it. But I had forgotten to put the pocketbook in my pocket, so, of course, had forgotten the key also. I took the pesky key and hurried down-stairs and out onto the porch. No one was there. I went back into the house, wondering what the thunder—There sat my wife with her hat off, reading a book. Arthur was monkeying with the radio, and Juliet was fixing at the curtains.

"What's the idea?" I asked.

"WE ARE applying your rule," said my wife. And so we stayed at home that night. But next time, the joke was not on me. The children and my wife were eager to go for a ride one Sunday afternoon, and I consented to go. I got into the car and waited for them. All three came along and climbed in.

"Oh, Will, wait just a minute, please," suggested my wife, "I forgot to bring the vacuum bottle of lemonade I made, and we'll want something cold when we get out into the country, for the sun is dreadfully hot."

She hopped out of the car, and I hopped out too. It was a mean, dirty trick to play on her and the kids, but they took it like pretty fair sports. Anyway, it wasn't long before they got even with me by letting me suffer all of one night with lumbago or something because I couldn't find the hot-water bag, which I had previously mislaid. That rule again: No one was to help anyone else look for anything. Another night we missed a strawberry festival when Juliet could not find the string of beads she particularly wanted to wear, and Arthur couldn't find his cap.

These incidents will give you an idea of what a stern disciplinarian that rule of mine turned out to be. But, secretly if not openly, every one of us is glad of the reformation it is bringing about. We had got into the dangerous habit of irritability, all because of the slovenly habit of misplacing objects that should generally be in their rightful places. We are now on the way to becoming a fairly efficient family, and we are happier because of the change!

W. B. B.

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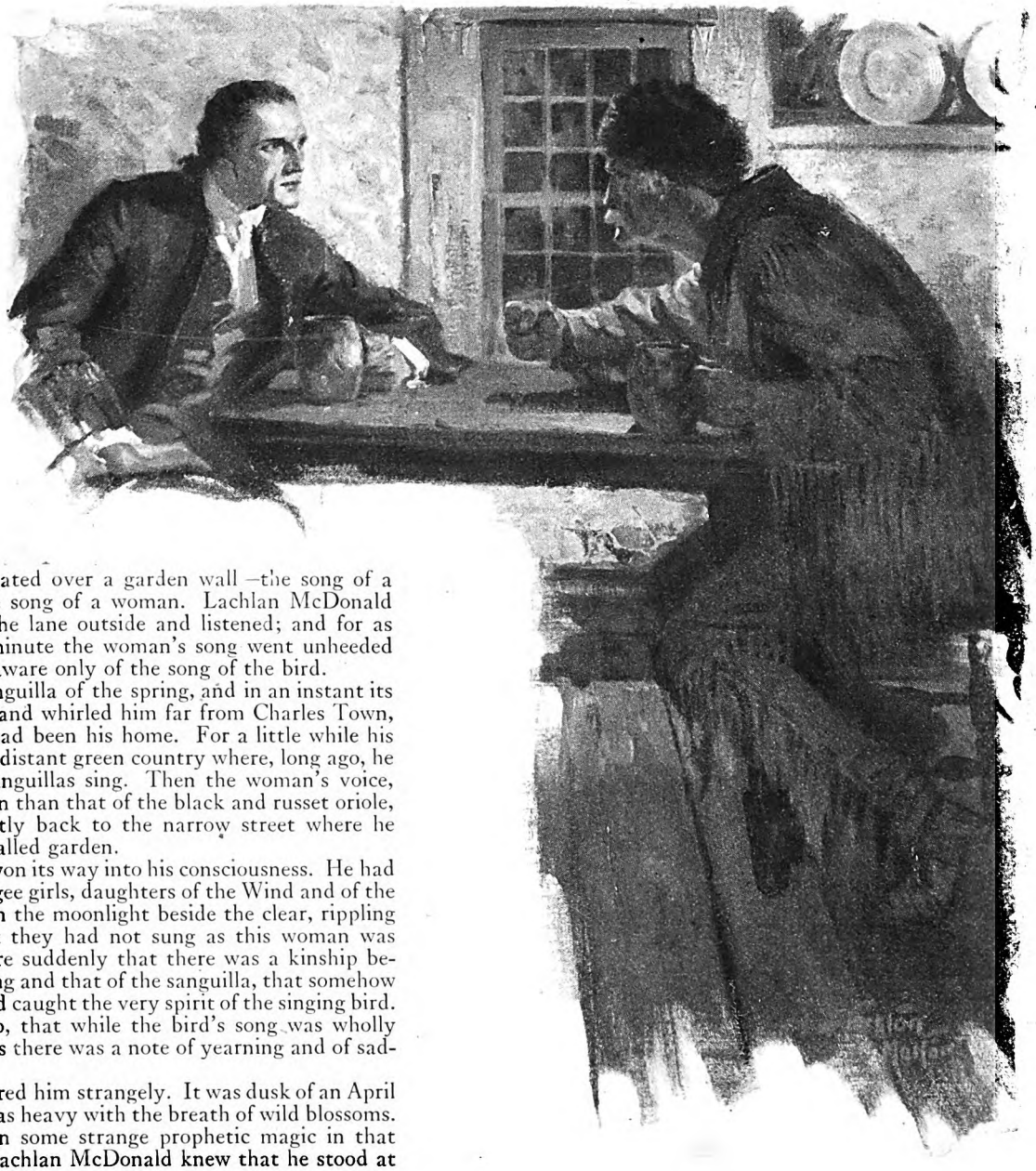
THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
October, 1927
More Than 2,200,000 Circulation

Beginning

War Drums

A stirring romance of the early American wilderness

By HERBERT RAVENEL SASS



"What are you, boy?" Almayne demanded fiercely. "Are you Lachlan McDonald of Talasé, Prince of the Muskogee Confederacy? Or are you Lachlan McDonald, Gentleman, of Charles Town, with time to waste on every pretty girl who crosses your path?"

TWO songs floated over a garden wall—the song of a bird and the song of a woman. Lachlan McDonald stopped in the lane outside and listened; and for as much as a minute the woman's song went unheeded and he was aware only of the song of the bird.

It was the first sanguilla of the spring, and in an instant its music caught him up and whirled him far from Charles Town, which for five years had been his home. For a little while his thoughts lingered in a distant green country where, long ago, he had first heard the sanguillas sing. Then the woman's voice, richer and sweeter even than that of the black and russet oriole, brought him reluctantly back to the narrow street where he stood beside a high-walled garden.

Slowly that voice won its way into his consciousness. He had listened to the Muskogee girls, daughters of the Wind and of the White Deer, singing in the moonlight beside the clear, rippling waters of Talasé; but they had not sung as this woman was singing. He was aware suddenly that there was a kinship between the woman's song and that of the sanguilla, that somehow this singing woman had caught the very spirit of the singing bird. Yet he was aware too, that while the bird's song was wholly joyous, in the woman's there was a note of yearning and of sadness.

The rich tones stirred him strangely. It was dusk of an April evening, and the air was heavy with the breath of wild blossoms. There must have been some strange prophetic magic in that moment. Somehow Lachlan McDonald knew that he stood at the threshold of a rare adventure.

His black eyes shone with an intenser light, his keen, dark face relaxed in a smile.

"Lady of the divine voice," he murmured, "the Lady Sanguilla, till I know your name: I think—"

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A new sound startled him into silence. The song ceased in a little frightened cry. Lachlan heard a man's voice spit forth an oath, then in a moment heard the rasp of swords. Almost at once a deeper voice cried out an exclamation of triumph. There came another cry from the woman—a short, loud cry of terror; and Lachlan, crouching an instant like a poised panther, leaped upward with outstretched hands, and drew his spare, supple body to the top of the wall.

What he saw sent the blood leaping in his veins. It seemed to him that this shadowy garden was a stage set for the fulfilment of his dreams. Of late in those dreams two men had figured often; and now before him he saw those two—a slim, periwigged dandy, recently arrived from London, whom he had seen that morning mincing along the street toward the Governor's Mansion; and the tall, arrogant sea-wanderer, Captain Lance Falcon, whose brig, the "Good Fortune," lay in Charles Town harbor and of whose exploits on many seas and in many lands strange tales were told in the water-front taverns. There was one other also—a woman, slim, graceful, richly dressed in filmy white.

At a glance Lachlan knew what had happened. The gallant from London lay upon his face in the grass, and close to his hand lay his slender sword. Ten paces from him, erect, aloof, insolent even in its stillness and silence, loomed Falcon's powerful form. Plainly, the foppish Londoner had gone down at the first onset; yet Lachlan could detect no blood on Falcon's blade.

FOR a fraction of a second Lachlan's eyes scanned the steel for a telltale sign; then the slight figure of the girl, moving forward slowly as though in a daze, fixed his attention. He watched her stoop beside the prostrate man and bend low above him; and as she bowed her head Lachlan dropped lightly to the ground within the garden.

A low hedge of evergreen cassena skirted the wall, forming an admirable screen. His footfalls made no sound as he ran swiftly parallel with the wall, bending forward to keep his head below the level of the young cassenas. Only a man trained in the woods could have stolen so silently through the clump of stiff-leafed canes close behind Captain Lance Falcon. When Lachlan leaped from the cover of the canes, he leaped upon an antagonist to whose ears no faintest warning had come.

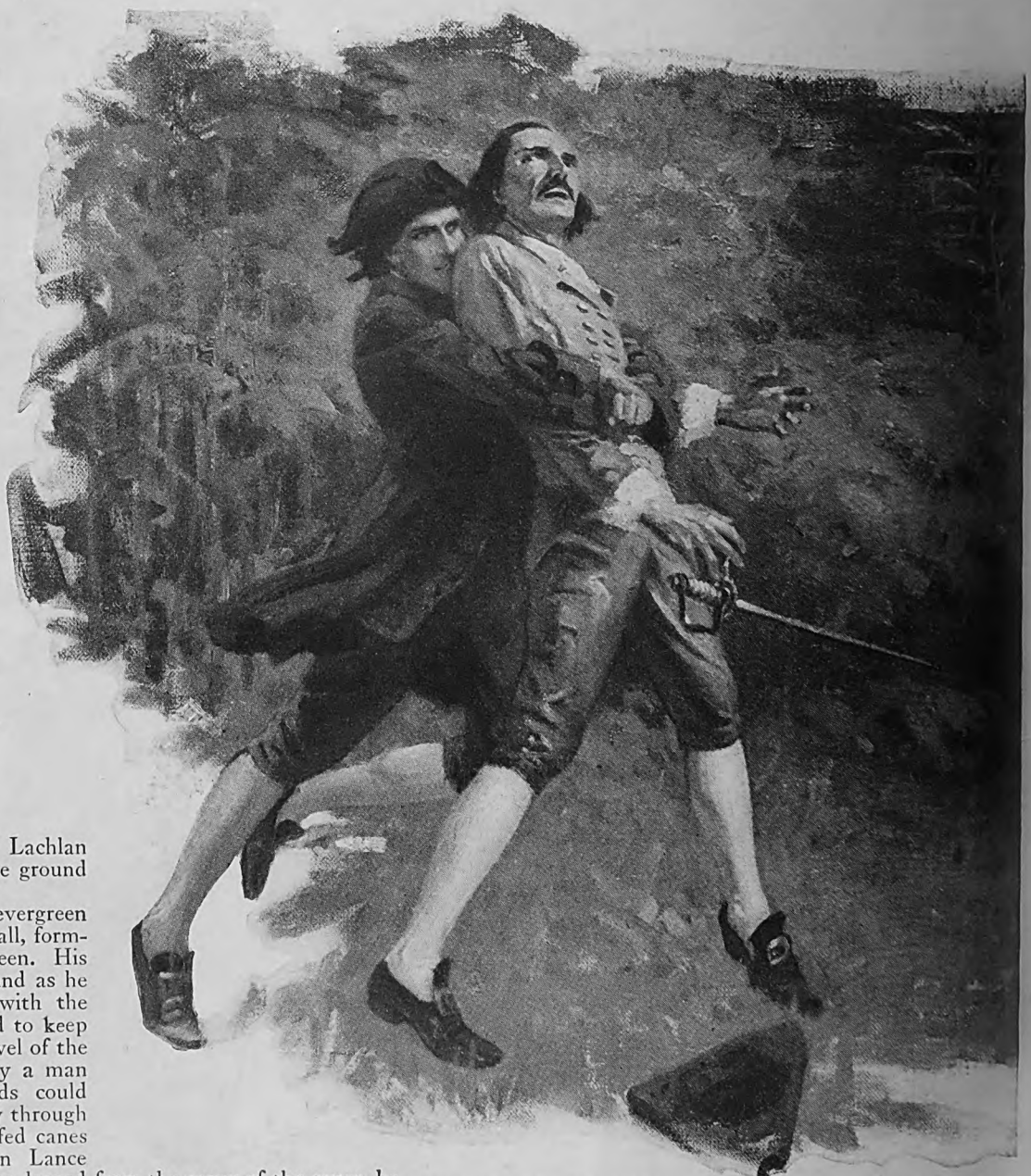
Yet almost at once Lachlan knew that all the skill of his approach had not assured him the victory. His onset all but hurled Falcon to the ground; his long, sinewy arms pinioned those of his opponent; but the surge and heave of that wide-shouldered, long-muscled frame brought instant revelation of such strength as Lachlan had never before encountered.

Lachlan was strong as the catamount is strong; but the tall man with whom he grappled—older, bulkier, heavier—seemed as strong as a mountain bear. The struggle was short. Presently Lachlan was reeling backward toward the cane thicket, hurled thither by a mighty heave of his foeman's arms as Falcon tore himself free.

Panting, disheveled, bleeding from a scratch on his forehead, Lachlan steadied himself at the thicket's edge and stood there, half-dazed, awaiting the onslaught that must come. Falcon, his sun-tanned face a flaming red, his teeth gleaming under his thick brown mustache, ran to the spot where his sword had fallen. Snatching up the weapon, he started furiously forward. But the woman, rising quickly from beside the fallen man, gripped his arm.

He halted and stood breathing hard, while she spoke rapidly, peremptorily, in tones so low that Lachlan could distinguish only a few disconnected words. At last Falcon nodded and answered her briefly in a deep voice which had in it the rumble of thunder or the surf. Deliberately he raised her hand to his lips and kissed it, despite her effort to draw it away. Then, without another glance at Lachlan, he strode off along a winding pathway of the garden.

Lachlan watched him go; then turned to face a worse ordeal



When Lachlan leaped from the cover of the canes, he leaped upon an antagonist to whose ears no faintest warning had come

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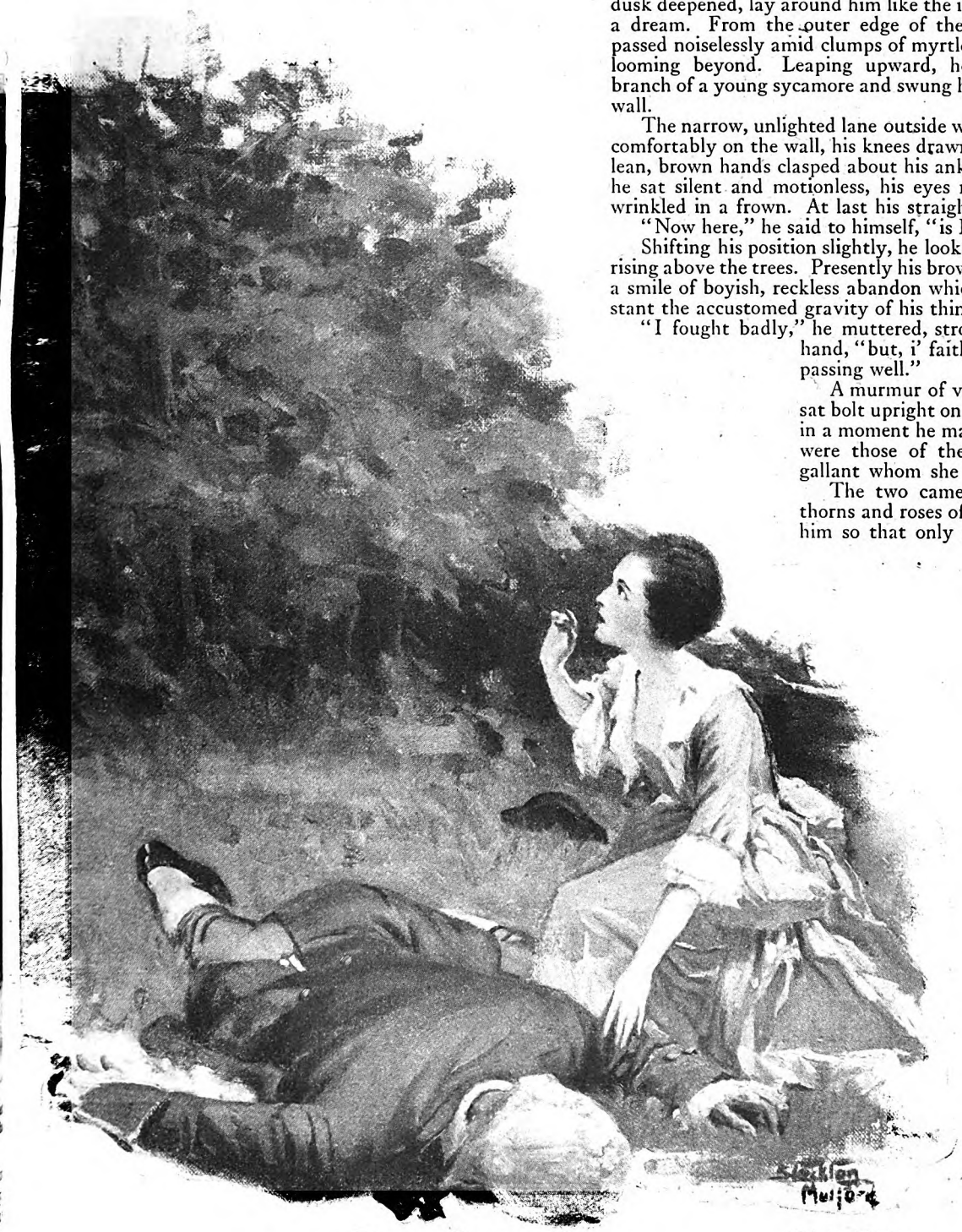
than his struggle with Lance Falcon. He knew that, acting upon a sudden inexplicable impulse, he had done an amazingly foolish thing. He had hoped—he did not know why—to play the hero before this girl; but now he stood before her, beaten, outdone, humbled. He saw, or thought he saw, scorn and anger in her eyes as she began to speak. Yet chance gave him a brief respite. The man lying on the grass behind her moaned, stirred, and almost instantly sat upright, looking about him with blinking, uncomprehending eyes. She paused to address him.

"YOU are not hurt, Richard," she said, and it seemed to Lachlan that her tone was not only faintly contemptuous but that there was in it also a strange despairing bitterness.

She turned to Lachlan where he stood against the canebrake, still panting a little but clear-brained now and ready for what would come.

"And you, sir," she said coldly, her head high, her large eyes narrowed; "perhaps you will be so good as to make known to me who you are, and why you take it upon yourself to assault my—my friend (she hesitated a little at the word) here in my garden."



Mr. Francis O'Sullivan, the expatriate Irishman who had schooled Lachlan McDonald in manners and in fencing (both verbal and with the rapier), to say nothing of history and the arts, would have been proud of his pupil at that moment. There was a deep purpose in Lachlan's answer, and that purpose his answer was most skillfully designed to achieve.

He bowed courteously, yet with a certain stiffness. "Mam'selle," he said, "with pleasure I do your bidding. My name is Lachlan McDonald, and I am a Scotchman, a Frenchman, and an Indian, a Prince of the Muskogee Nation, a Chief of the Family of the Wind. I entered your garden because I heard a clash of swords and saw you bending over a fallen man. I regret, Mam'selle, that my interference was untimely, and I have the honor to bid you good evening."

He bowed again and, stepping swiftly backward, was lost in the gloom of the canes.

The shadowy garden, more shadowy than ever now as the dusk deepened, lay around him like the impalpable landscape of a dream. From the outer edge of the cane thicket Lachlan passed noiselessly amid clumps of myrtles toward the high wall looming beyond. Leaping upward, he clutched the lowest branch of a young sycamore and swung himself to the top of the wall.

The narrow, unlighted lane outside was empty. He perched comfortably on the wall, his knees drawn up under his chin, his lean, brown hands clasped about his ankles. For some minutes he sat silent and motionless, his eyes narrowed, his forehead wrinkled in a frown. At last his straight lips moved.

"Now here," he said to himself, "is Mystery!"

Shifting his position slightly, he looked up at the moon just rising above the trees. Presently his brow relaxed and he smiled, a smile of boyish, reckless abandon which obliterated in an instant the accustomed gravity of his thin, sharply-chiseled face.

"I fought badly," he muttered, stroking his chin with his hand, "but, i' faith, I think I talked surpassing well."

A murmur of voices checked him. He sat bolt upright on the wall, listening; and in a moment he made sure that the voices were those of the lady and the young gallant whom she had called Richard.

The two came on slowly. Tall hawthorns and roses of Sharon hid them from him so that only once could he catch a gleam of her white gown in the moonlight; but presently they were so near that he could hear every word. It was the girl who was speaking, and Lachlan's eyes brightened as he listened.

"A PRINCE of the Muskogee Nation," she said, "and a Chief of the Family of the Wind. Lord! Lord! Here is the very soul and essence of romance. A handsome boy too, and a fearless one. He fought a better fight than you did, Richard, against that ruffian."

"Odds my soul, Jolie!" Richard answered. "I was blind with rage, I think. I had told the scoundrel that if he came again when I was with you I would run him through;

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and when, in the midst of your song, I looked up and saw him standing there with his supercilious, sneering smile, I rushed him instantly. Alas, my little bodkin was not meant to parry a rapier."

She laughed. But in the middle the laugh broke, became almost a sob.

"Oh, Richard! Richard!" she cried, "I am in terror—terror of the shame that may come. Falcon grows importunate. And I am losing hope of finding Gilbert. . . ."

They had passed around a bend of the path. Lachlan heard their voices no more and presently a door slammed shut beyond the shrubbery. He jumped lightly down into the street and set off eastward at a brisk pace.

His course took him toward the waterfront of the town. The narrow lane beside the garden wall was deserted; but when he reached the wide thoroughfare fronting the wharves he found it even more crowded and more lively than usual. Two ships from England had come into harbor that day, and in the late afternoon a large pack train had arrived from the mountain country of the Cherokees. Sailors and packhorse drivers, relieved at last from the long tedium of the empty sea and the weary miles of forest path, would own the town that night. Those of the townsfolk who disliked brawls would keep to the quieter streets or retire discreetly within doors; and there would be work for the men of the watch before morning—work, and perhaps some broken heads.

ORDINARILY, Lachlan would have considered this prospect with a little thrill of joyful excitement. But on this evening other matters engaged his thoughts, and he walked on with knit brows, careless of the strange faces that he saw on every hand.

They were, most of them, the faces of sailors and packhorse men, with now and then the stern, impassive face of an Indian or the lean, weatherbeaten face of some buckskin-clad hunter. A few of the latter Lachlan knew; and twice, as he passed an Indian, an almost imperceptible signal of recognition and of greeting flashed between him and the red man. But he stopped to talk with no one amid the groups that he passed strolling along the street or loitering about lighted doorways, until suddenly his way was barred by a stream of men issuing pell-mell from a tavern in front of him.

As they poured out of the doorway, they blocked the path along the street, and Lachlan halted perforce. They were packhorse men, he noted at a glance, wearing the fantastic half-Indian livery of their profession. He saw, too, that some of them had been roughly handled in the house which they had just vacated, that the jackets of two or three of them were torn, and that one—a hulking, scowling youth in a yellow jerkin—nursed an ugly cut on his forehead.

This one, as soon as he had gained the open street, seemed smitten with new courage. He yelled to his comrades to stop, and they rallied 'round him, muttering, cursing, and flourishing their fists, some few of which held long, glittering, evil-looking knives.

Lachlan stood nearer the door than any of the others, and he heard before they did the sound of footfalls just beyond the threshold. At once he jumped back into the dark shadows under the wall of the house; and next moment he saw a tall man standing in the doorway, a man whose face and form he was likely to remember. His lips tightened as he recognized Captain Lance Falcon.

FOR a moment Falcon stood motionless. His handsome, full-blooded face was flushed; his thick, red-brown hair was disheveled; his buff jacket was twisted awry and open under its showy blue sash.

Lachlan read the letter twice, whistled softly, and smiled, his black eyes shining

"So!" he shouted, "you're waiting for me, are you? You want some more o' the same medicine? Aye, aye, you scum, you shall have it!"

The big packhorse driver in the yellow jerkin—he with the bloody forehead—had a knife. He held his ground; but his comrades, less angry and less earnest than their leader, fell back. The street was in a hubbub now, and the man with the knife, confused by the clamor of the swelling crowd behind him, waited too long to strike. His wrist was caught in an iron grip and the knife was wrenched from him. Next moment Falcon had him by the collar, shaking him. The crowd roared and laughed its approval; and, after a little, Falcon thrust the man from him, turned his back, stalked slowly away, reëntered the house and slammed the door after him.

Lachlan, still standing in the shadows apart from the throng, heard a quiet chuckle close to his ear. He turned to face a tall, thin man, white-haired and white-mustached, brown almost as an Indian, and clad in the buckskins of a hunter. Lachlan's eyes lit with pleasure.

"Almayne!" he exclaimed. "The very man! I've been looking for you."

"You'd have found me sooner, boy," the hunter replied, "if you had not been in so huge a hurry. I've trailed you the length of the street. What think you of our gamecock yonder?" and he jerked his head toward the doorway where Falcon had just disappeared.

Lachlan hooked his arm through the other's elbow.

"I would talk with you, Almayne," he said, "about that same gamecock and about certain other more peaceable birds—to wit, a singing sanguilla and a bright-plumaged popinjay from London. Come, let's be going. Jem Marshall's inn is a quiet place, and you like his ale."

"OF THE three," said Almayne, when his second mug of ale was half gone and Lachlan had told as much—and as little—as was necessary in order to gain the information that he sought, "I take it that the sanguilla is of first importance. The gamecock and the popinjay are interesting only because they happened to be in the sanguilla's garden?"

Lachlan nodded, smiling.

Almayne eyed him sharply, then frowned.

"And why do you come to me for knowledge of these matters?" he asked. "I am a man of the woods. I know the savannahs of the Santee and the peaks of the Blue Mountains better than your Charles Town streets."

Lachlan smiled again, more broadly.

"So you like to pretend, old war horse," he said; "but I know you as well as you know those blue overhills of the Cherokees. The gossip of Charles Town is not beneath your notice; and for three months you've been idling here with nothing to do but use your ears. I'll warrant you've used them well."

"While you," grumbled Almayne, "have been idling in Willtown."

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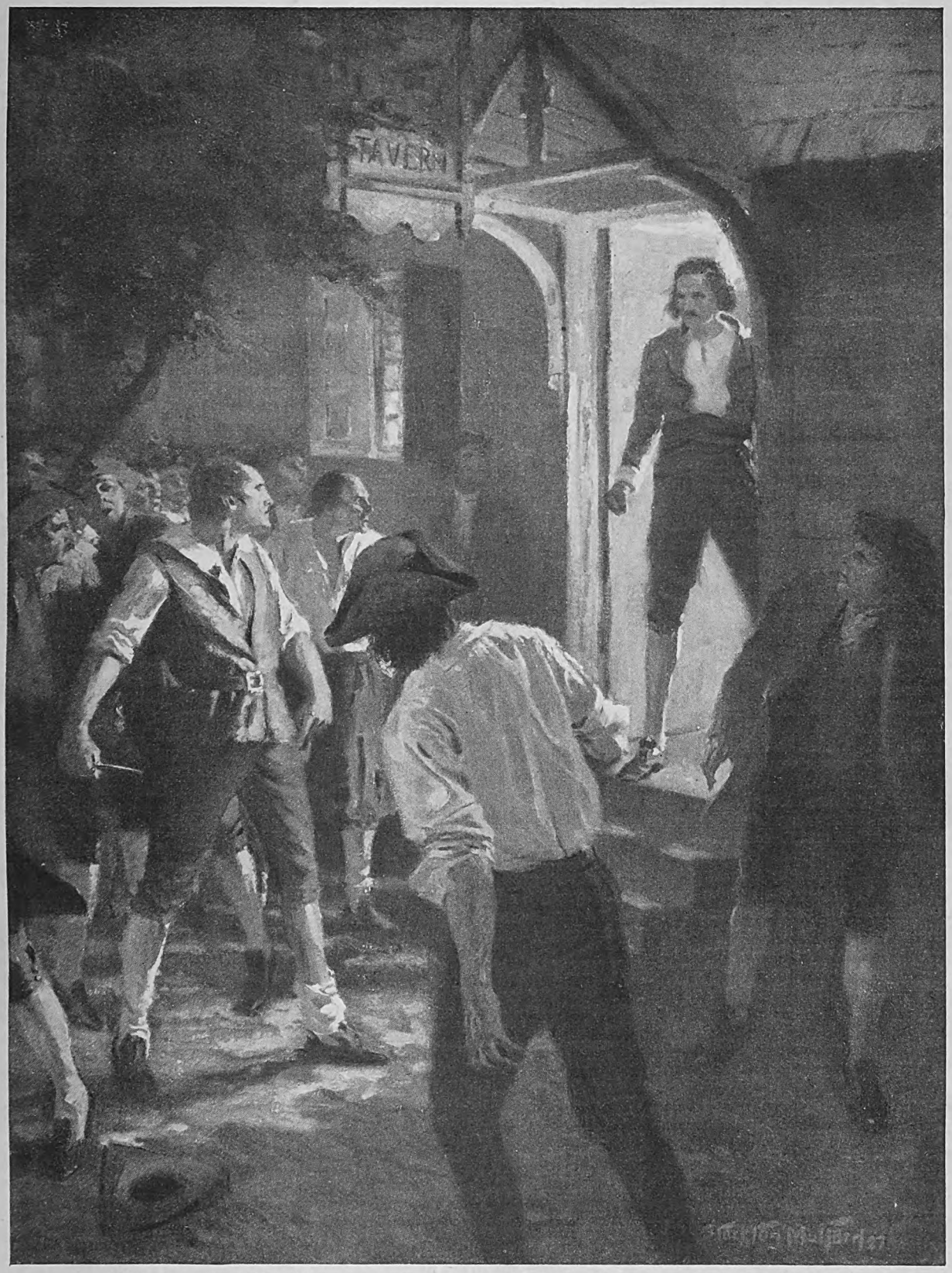

The next moment Lachlan saw a tall man standing in the doorway, a man whose face and form he was likely to remember. His lips tightened as he recognized Captain Lance Falcon

Lachlan laughed.

"Behold the proof of my statement," he cried. "Your ears have even caught gossip about my humble self. Now this girl of the garden—this Lady Sanguilla, as I have named her. Who is she? Whence came she? Who is this Gilbert she is seeking? What is she doing in old Stanwicke's garden, where a petticoat was never seen before?"

"She is Lord Stanwicke's daughter," said Almayne quietly.

"His daughter! I did not know that he had a daughter."

"That is not strange," the hunter muttered, and buried his face in his cup.

"Your tongue's lazy, Almayne," said Lachlan, impatiently. "I'll liven it if it takes a hogshead of Marshall's ale!" He gave an order to the black boy in attendance. "Now, what of this mysterious daughter of old Stanwicke, who calls himself a lord? Has he kept her hidden all these years in some dungeon of Stanwicke Hall?"

"He has kept her in England," Almayne answered slowly, "with her mother's kinsfolk there. It is her first taste of this raw New World. She arrived on the ship 'Queen Bess' in (*Continued on page 67*)

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I Have Made A Million Dollars But I Haven't Got A Cent

By William C. Freeman

WHILE it is embarrassing, yes, humiliating, publicly to confess to an outstanding fault that has made a good deal of a mess of my life to-day, nevertheless I have decided to make this confession for the good it may do.

I am going to make a clean breast of how I let slip through my fingers all the money I have earned thus far in my lifetime, which approximates one million dollars. This amount I made through my work in the field of advertising, except a few thousand dollars I earned up to twenty-five years of age by teaching in country schools and by writing news letters to some country weeklies and daily newspapers.

Maybe one lone million does not seem a lot of money in these days of many millions and even billions; but it is a big sum of money, just the same. If there are any who think to the contrary, let them count a million. I tried to figure out the other night how long it would take to do so. I found I could count an average of one hundred a minute. On this basis it would take me twenty days of eight hours each, plus six hours and forty minutes on the twenty-first day to do the stint. I doubt very much if you or I were given an assignment to count one million one-dollar bills, upon the promise that all of them would be ours at the end of that time, that we could complete it. It would probably drive us mad—and a lot of use the money would be to us then, wouldn't it?

Let me say at the outset of my story that I do not regret, not for one minute, that I spent ninety per cent of the money I made. To wish any of this ninety per cent back at this time would make me feel that I would have denied much happiness to my family and to many others.

My only regret is that I spent *all* of my money, and more besides. If I had to-day the ten per cent I could have saved easily, I would have one hundred thousand dollars safely invested, and no debts. If I had this money I would feel really and truly that I was rich; and I mean just this, for I have never had a desire to accumulate money for money's sake.

Those school-teaching and newspaper-correspondence days of mine brought some cares and responsibilities, but they were met optimistically.

I married at the age of twenty-one, with the full approval of parents on both sides, who believed thoroughly in the doctrine preached by Henry Ward Beecher, that "early marriages are virtuous marriages."

Just one month and one day after I was married my father met a tragic death. He was suffocated by coal gas. Having been an educator all his life—and one of the best—he had not accumulated any money.

When he passed out of our family circle it was up to all of us to pull together and get along somehow, which we did.

Apart from the void left in our home by my father's death (my wife and I and my mother and only sister lived together), we had a joyful life, despite the fact that it was a tight squeeze to make ends meet.

My mother, who was exceptionally talented and resourceful (she had taught school with my father until I was born), decided to open our home to a married couple, old friends of the family. They came to live with us and their board helped to pay expenses. My mother was known far and wide for the wonderful meals she served. Later on, two well-to-do women friends of the family were taken into our home; thus increasing our revenue.

My sister helped very substantially by teaching a kindergarten class, which met in the big living-room of our home; my wife contributed her share to the household by taking charge of the sewing and mending.

Those were very happy days. Nobody in the household was extravagant or had any extravagant tendencies except perhaps myself, for I was always inclined to be free with money. I liked to make gifts to the family and to entertain friends.

WHEN the first baby came into our home—a boy—we all thought heaven had opened its doors to us. My wife's parents, who took the keenest and deepest interest in our affairs, and who were always ready to lend a helping hand, were equally happy over the coming of their first grandchild. My brother-in-law, much older than my wife, and a bachelor, could not understand at first the joy we all felt; but even he began to strut around like a proud peacock after a while. What a difference a baby makes in a home!

I am injecting these details into my story merely to emphasize how the early days of my life were lived. I had no opportunity to spend much money, and yet I had as much happiness in those days as I have ever had since.

The strange thing about it all is that the experience of those days did not teach me the value of money. If anybody ever had a practical lesson to guide him in his future, I certainly had it.

But let me tell you how this early experience affected me. The birth of my son inspired me to do something that would make more money than I was getting at teaching school and in writing for newspapers. I did not want my wife, mother, and sister to feel that they would have to continue indefinitely to do their part in sustaining the household. Why should a fellow, big and strong and healthy as I have always been, and with a reasonable amount of ability, be content to remain a spoke in the wheel? Why shouldn't I be the whole wheel, as far as providing for the family was concerned?

Following my desire to make more money, I took on the selling of books in addition to teaching and writing for newspapers. This earned for me quite a little extra money. Finally, I gave up teaching and concentrated on selling books, and writing for newspapers.

MY book-selling took me to Bridgeton, New Jersey. It was here that I got my first real start in making money. I had to be away from home a great deal to do this work, but the sacrifice was worth while. I earned enough money in a few weeks to send more money home than I had contributed to the household in any year from my school-teaching and newspaper correspondence. After combing the territory in the Bridgeton zone, I became interested in a newspaper in that city, the "Morning Star." It seemed to me that the editor and publisher of this paper needed a helper. I called on him and told him so. He said, "Heavens, young man, how can I hire you? I am not earning enough money to pay for my own living!"

"That's just it," said I. "I believe together we can make the 'Star' a success. I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll work for you for one week for one dollar a day. At the end of the week, if I have made good, I'll expect you to pay me three dollars a day for the second week; and then, if I continue to do well, I'll expect you to pay me six dollars a day for the third week, and will continue from then on until the paper makes enough money to pay me fifty dollars a week."

The owner agreed to my proposition. At the end of two months, I was being paid fifty dollars a week, which in those days was considered a big salary. I began to feel that I was well on my way toward making money—but all I wanted it for was to make my family more comfortable. Fifty dollars a week was just four times as much as I had made teaching school.

My job on the "Star" embraced editorial writing (not very brilliant), reporting (just ordinary), the writing and selling of advertisements (fairly successful), proof reading, bill collecting, and so forth. It kept me humping six days a week; but I could stand it, for I was strong and healthy, and, besides, the work was very interesting. I also contributed correspondence to the New York "Sun," Philadelphia "Record," and the Trenton (N. J.) "Times," which brought me in an

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average of one hundred and fifty dollars a month, for this was a good news territory.

I learned a lesson on the "Star" which eventually shaped the course of my life. I found out that there is a great deal more money to be earned by selling advertising for newspapers than in writing for them. Advertising brings grist to the mill.

I put over one advertising stunt on the "Star"—a write-up of the south Jersey oyster industry, paid for by the oyster men—that brought in three thousand dollars cash, which the publisher divided with me fifty-fifty. I had never seen so much money at one time in all my life. Think of it! Fifteen hundred dollars—twenty-five per cent more than I had made in two years of school-teaching and odd tasks.

Did I save this money or any part of it? I did not. What was the use? I could do so much with it to make my wife, boy, mother, and sister happy that I let it go far easier than I had made it.

But would it not have been a fine thing if I had put this money away for a rainy day?

MY WORK in Bridgeton attracted the attention of Sam Hudson, New Jersey correspondent of the Philadelphia "Record," who was a shining example of that type of newspaper men whose greatest pleasure in life is doing things for others.

Sam told me that it was time for me to get located in a big city. He thought I had it in me to make good. He said he would get me a job in Philadelphia. He did, and I moved with my wife and baby to Germantown. I was given charge of the advertising department of the Germantown (Philadelphia) "Gazette," a weekly newspaper.

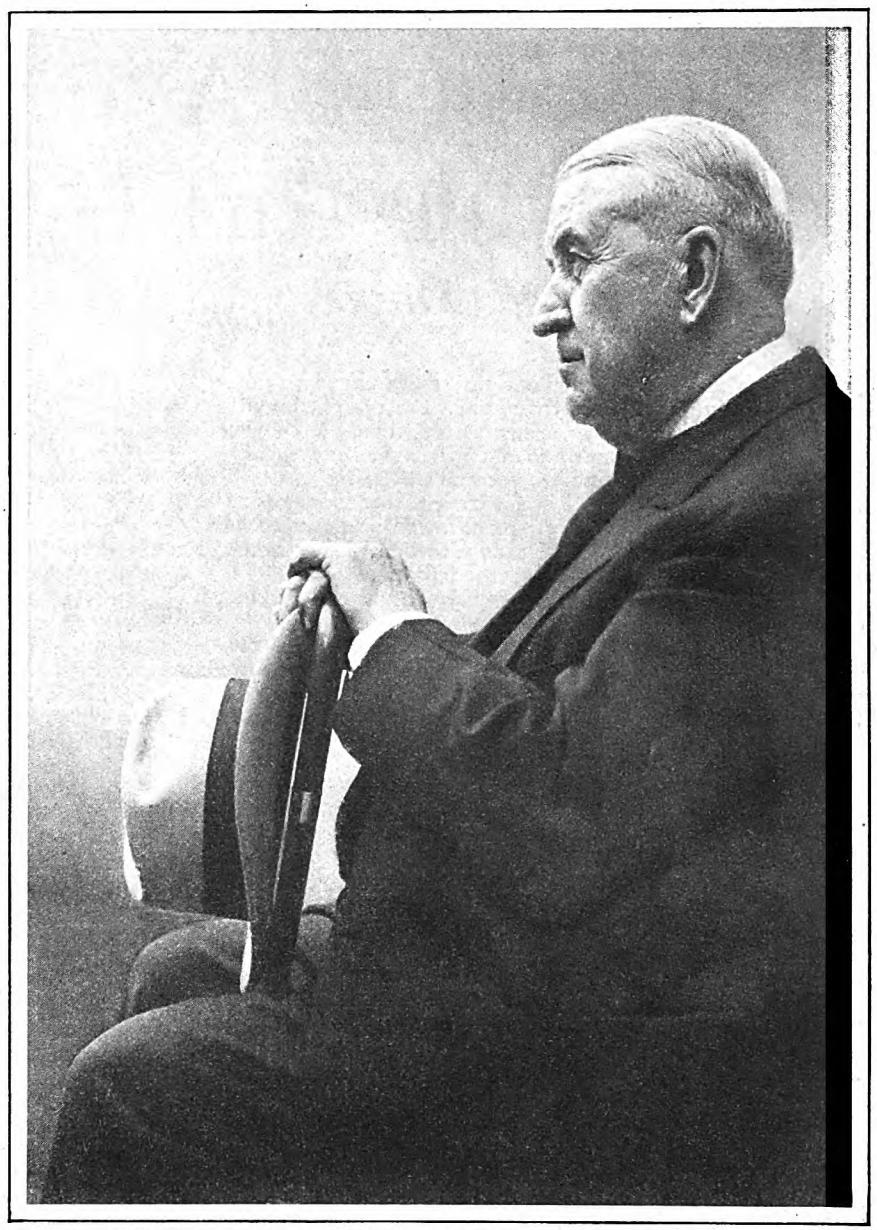
At the start I did not make as much money as I had earned in Bridgeton, because I had to give up my newspaper correspondence. The news for this section was covered by other correspondents. But very soon I was making twenty-five per cent more money. The "Gazette" increased its size three times to accommodate its advertising, and each time I received a very substantial increase in salary.

In addition to this, I was given a job to gather social news for the Sunday edition of the Philadelphia "Press." Bradford Merrill, managing editor of that newspaper, now a very important New York newspaper executive, assigned me a big territory to cover. This kept me busy every night in the week except Saturdays. I was paid five dollars a column; but I averaged seven columns every Sunday; which made me thirty-five dollars a week extra.

It was more money for me to spend, and I spent it. I did not know anything about budgeting my expenses. I just let it go as it came. I did not have time, or thought I hadn't, to watch my step in spending.

A year later I was invited to join the advertising staff of The Philadelphia "Press," a big opportunity for a young man, for I got wonderful training under the management of William L. McLean, now the owner of the Philadelphia "Evening Bulletin." I still retained my job as gatherer of social news—so my income was just about the same as I had been making in Germantown.

But before long my work attracted the attention of James Elverson, Sr., publisher of the old "Saturday Night" and "Golden Days," who had just purchased The Philadelphia "Inquirer." I was offered and accepted the advertising management of this newspaper.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY D. JAY CULVER

William C. Freeman

THIS meant a big increase in my income. And soon afterward there came a happy increase in my family, the birth of a daughter. Then I was able to do what I had longed to do since the birth of my son. I got the family together again under one roof—my wife and two babies, my mother and sister. At last I was able to relieve my mother of any cares or responsibilities, and never again did she have either as long as she lived. She died in her eighty-first year, twenty-five years after my father's death. I shall never forget her last words to me: "Will, you have never caused me a moment's worry since you were born, and I could not have had more than you have given me had I been the Queen of England."

I was making at this time four times more money than my father had made as superintendent of public schools in my home town of Phillipsburg, New Jersey.

All the money, however, passed out of my pockets as easily as water flows through a sieve. Expenses increased with every increase in my income, which is the habit, I suppose, with most people. There was no sane reason, though, for letting my expenses go beyond my income, which I did. I found myself piling up debts, and from this time on I was never out of debt. I did not worry about my debts, though, for I thought I could pay them off at any time. It never occurred to me—not until fully twenty-five years later—that debt eventually would bring upon me not only great anxiety and unhappiness, but that I would lose friends and credit as well.

But I must pat myself on the back for one thing: I was giving full rein to my big fault—spending money as fast as I made it, often faster; but I never shirked my work. I was always trying to find more things to do, and I always found them. I spent very little time with my family. I would go home to dinner every night and romp with the babies until their bedtime, then I would return to the office and often work (*Continued on page 196*)

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How I Tamed My Temper

By J. Frank Davis

I DOUBT that there's a civilized man on earth whose anger is naturally more unruly than mine. I'm equipped with a temper that is literally vicious; a fact which no one ever believes. People remark to my wife about my equable disposition—and she smiles, because she *knows*.

And yet, although we have been married more than twenty-five years, and there isn't a symptom of my wrestlings with the black angel of rage that my wife cannot read as plainly as if it were written in foot-high letters upon a billboard, even she has seen me completely lose my temper only three times. And on two of those occasions I was justified.

On the third, when I had a sudden altercation with a seat-hog on an elevated train, I made an unpleasant exhibition of myself. That, however, was the last time I ever performed in public—and that was sixteen years ago. My last private performance, although somewhat more recent, was one of the two justifiable occasions I have mentioned.

My blood was young and hot when I learned how to handle my besetting sin. My temper was getting pretty well under control before I was twenty-five.

"Well, how did you do it?" people asked me, "tell us the rules for controlling temper."

I adopted two definite rules. One of them, which had to work, if at all, while anger was surging, I broke a good many times; I couldn't help it at first. The other rule I have never broken to this day. These rules I formulated while tossing in bed one night, unable to sleep because of the pain of a black eye, a swollen nose, and a right arm and hand so badly bruised and battered that they were all out of commission for close to a week. It wasn't any regret over a licking that started my reformation, because I hadn't been licked. On the contrary, the other fellow was justified in being thankful at that moment that he was alive. But his survival was no credit to my side of the ledger.

She had a business dispute with her boss

As I tossed about through the long hours of that sleepless night, I saw myself a potential murderer, and solemnly promised myself I would never be *that* again. The only way out was to rule my temper instead of allowing it to rule me.

Heretofore, it always had ruled me. It had conquered me that very day. Over a matter no more important than a hat and a pair of cheap cuff links, I had knelt on an unconscious man and hammered my fists into his face until other men dragged me clear. I summed up plenty of evidence against myself that night. I found myself guilty, and put myself on suspended sentence.

AS a child I had a violent temper. I always said whatever came into my mind to say, and I often threw things, with damage to the surrounding scenery.

Nothing that might possibly cure me was left undone at home. Being city dwellers, we had no woodshed; but there was a cellar, and under the cellar stairs hung a light, limber trunk strap. It was used when patience and forbearance ceased to be an adult virtue, but not too often nor too heavily. And it was never wielded with the slightest evidence of passion. My whippings were always deserved.

Precept and example did not break me of having blind, uncontrollable rages. Punishment, corporal or otherwise, didn't break me, either. I grew up into a moderately reasonable, good-natured young man until something angered me. Then I exploded.

I was not a brawler; the atmosphere of my rearing was calm and peaceful; I had rather fewer fights at school than the average boy. In the years afterward my quarrels were infrequent; but when I had one it was a quarrel to be remembered—usually with bitterness.

There are people, I will admit, for whom a quarrel merely brightens up the corner where they are. They can bicker, and "make up" and bicker again, and be, apparently, none the worse for it afterward. I have known business partners who fought orally like cats and dogs, and still remained friends. But I am not one who, in matters of quarreling, can take it or leave it alone. A quarrel, with me, means an irrevocable breach. Once let my temper cut loose, and I am not the master of my tongue.

And I cannot "make up" afterward. A quarrel in which I have participated remains unhealed. I do not mean that I cannot afterward meet my antagonist, and speak to him, and remain as outwardly courteous as though nothing had happened—although this is sometimes difficult—but we never again can have anything approaching cordial relationship.

I put all this in the present tense, even though,

He hadn't one friend in the world

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in my experience, it is far in the past, because I know it would be as true to-day as it ever was, if I allowed myself to quarrel.

When I was in my early twenties I had some words on the street with a rival reporter. Harsh and ungoverned language developed, and he and I never again exchanged a word or a nod.

There were only a few other similar incidents. I am certain that among my acquaintances I did not have the reputation of being either an unreasonable or a quarrelsome person. But the thing that differentiated my quarrels from some other people's disagreements was their quality of finality. Every time I had any falling out with a friend, I had one less friend ever thereafter.

I wasn't proud of this disposition of mine, but I wasn't especially ashamed of it. Vaguely I regretted that I was that way, but that was the way I was. People could "like it or lump it."

I THOUGHT of some of these things that night when I couldn't sleep because my bruises ached. And I ask you to believe that the fact I had been magnificently beaten up in the early moments of that battle had nothing whatever to do with my remorse. What kept coming up into my mind over and over again was what I had done after the fight ought to have been over.

I had won. Battered and bruised, I had finally succeeded in getting through the flailing arms of my antagonist and had thrown him with a wrestling stranglehold—which is almost always barred from professional wrestling matches because it can easily be fatal—and then had got my thumbs on his windpipe and choked him into unconsciousness. I turned him over and was blindly hammering his face with both fists when other young men who had heard the disturbance came in and dragged me to my feet.

The fight had taken place in my room in a rooming-house, where I had found him that Sunday afternoon going through my suit case. There had been petty thieving in the house; I had already lost a hat and a pair of cuff links. This youth, a roomer in the same place, had sympathized with me and said he also had been robbed. But in his surprise at being caught he admitted he was the thief. Then I jumped at him.

He was taller than I and he could box. I never was a boxer at all, but I knew a little about wrestling. I took a fine thrashing, part of it with a heavy cane that he got his hands on at one stage of the fight. He hit me a good many times; I do not think, until I had got him down and choked him, that I had hit him once. Yet, for all the impression it made on me, that artistic beating that he gave me might have been done with the loud-sounding but harmless bladders on a string such as clowns in a pantomime used to wield.

What I thought of that night as I lay in bed wasn't the early part of the struggle, or the justice of my share in it, or the fact that ultimately I had whipped him, but of those blind, red moments when I had him unconscious, and still was pounding him in the face, angry beyond all control, as irresponsible for the moment as any madman.

I remembered a man, a few months before, whose sentence to four years' imprisonment for manslaughter had followed a rooming-house scuffle similar to mine.

To think of myself being stark, irresponsibly, murderously insane, even for a few moments, was not pleasant. Said I to myself, that night, "Never again will I let my temper get the best of me!"

And then I made the two rules. This is the first one:

"When you find yourself losing your temper and about to say something you will probably be sorry for, get out of the room. If you are out of doors, walk around the block. Don't say a word except, 'Excuse me,' to those present! If you do, you'll probably say too much."

Of course I except from this rule the occasions when I or any other man *ought* to get violently angry. One or two such occasions have since come to me, the most outstanding one when a drunken rowdy insulted my wife. Then, properly, nature took its course.

But most quarrels are not over really vital things, at least in their beginning. The occasions are very rare when a man cannot avoid rancorous dispute and at the same time preserve his self-respect. It is seldom indeed that one is the loser in anyone's eyes if, when something is said that angers him, he freezes like an iceberg and instantly drifts away.

I HAVE departed temporarily from many a group with an abruptness that sometimes must have seemed to be bordering upon discourtesy. My most awkward situation was an evening when I rose from a dinner table with a muttered apology as the soup was being served, and did not return to the house until after the other diners had left the table. I could not get myself in hand, on that occasion, for close to an hour.

As the years passed, however, the length of time necessary to achieve self-control shortened. It is now more than ten years since I have found it necessary to leave any company because of my temper. I get hold of myself without going away.

Rules are easy to *make*. It seemed easy enough to me to think of leaving when an argument grew bitter, but at first it didn't work, because I said the hot word, and remembered the rule afterward.

And that is where the second rule came in, which is:

"After a quarrel, if you were either wholly or partly in the wrong, or if you said anything that was unfair or untrue or unwarranted, apologize for your share at the first opportunity. Give your apology at least as much publicity as the quarrel had, if possible. And—note well this proviso—'in figuring whether or not you were partly in the wrong, do not give yourself the benefit of any doubt.'"

(*Continued on page 101*)

He Didn't Rule His Temper, But He Put a Muffler on His Tongue

"THE greatest newspaper manager I ever knew," says Mr. Davis, "was reputed to have the most violent and uncontrollable temper this side of Tophet. In his younger days it had sometimes been his unpleasant habit, when enraged, to discharge any man who spoke to him. This naturally lost him some good men. But at the time I worked for him he had discovered a method not to control his temper exactly but to prevent its working to his or anyone else's disadvantage.

"He carried in one of his pockets a special handkerchief, and the instant his temper flew off the handle he jammed that handkerchief into his mouth, and kept it there until his rage had evaporated. From behind it, when one spoke to him, if anyone was so unfamiliar with his failing and the handkerchief symptom as to do so, came harsh, indistinguishable sounds. He was presumably cursing his interlocutor, telling him what manner of man he was, firing him peremptorily on the spot—but the other man couldn't understand what he was saying.

"Unwittingly, one day I walked into his room on an errand and saw him sitting at his desk with the telltale handkerchief between his teeth. I backed right out, hastily remarking that I would return later. He said, earnestly, 'Woo-woo-woo-woo!' I have ever since wondered whether he fired me, or told me to go ahead with what I came to say.

"I have seen him stalking across the editorial room toward his private office with the white corner of a handkerchief hanging from the side of his mouth. No one of the staff ever seemed to look toward him at such moments. He would disappear into his room and the door would slam. After a long time he would reappear without the handkerchief, and the storm was over."

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The Biggest Thing That Lindbergh Has Done

By Mary B. Mullett

WHEN "Charlie" Lindbergh landed at Le Bourget, after making the first non-stop flight from New York to Paris, he immediately started—but without knowing it—to achieve something incomparably greater than any transatlantic hop could possibly be.

It is the biggest thing he has done. It is the biggest thing *anybody* has done within your memory, no matter how old you are.

To fly across the ocean was a great stunt. To do it alone was a greater one. But he has accomplished something else which I think is still more remarkable.

To find out what this was, let's take the story of certain things which Lindbergh did, and of certain things which we did.

Now that we have stopped shouting ourselves hoarse, let's listen to the echoes of the noise we made. Perhaps we shall, as newspaper "Personals" say, learn something to our advantage.

No one, not even Lindbergh himself, knows all the amazing details of what happened in the weeks after he landed in France. I have been collecting a mass of these details. Some were gleaned from men and women who met and talked with him. Some are from those who merely saw him. Others are from people who haven't had even a glimpse of him. We must go to all these sources if we are to get at the truth.

This twenty-five-year-old American started a veritable human conflagration. So far as I can discover, the man who seems to have had the best chance to observe this strange conflagration was Carlisle MacDonald, the Paris correspondent of the New York "Times."

MacDonald was at Le Bourget when Lindbergh landed. He was close to the young aviator through the exciting days which followed. He returned with him to this country. He saw official Washington swept off its dignified feet. He watched New York go wild. His account of what happened in Paris alone is almost incredible.

"When Charlie arrived in France," MacDonald told me, "he expected to receive cablegrams from his mother and some of the men who had backed his flight. But he was utterly unprepared for the tidal wave of personal interest which immediately began to pour in.

"No one ever will know how many letters were written *about* Lindbergh. Thousands were received by newspapers. It is probable that millions were included in the private correspondence of people.

"But there were more than *three million* letters written to Lindbergh himself! Two hundred and fifty thousand cablegrams and telegrams were sent him. He has received several tons of parcel post packages.

"Before Lindbergh's first day in Paris was over, his mail had become a white elephant on a good many pairs of hands. Ambassador Herrick had assigned seven or eight members of his staff to the job. A whole wing of the American Embassy had been hastily organized as a Lindbergh post office. One of the American banks in Paris had loaned the young aviator ten of its most competent secretaries and several of its officials.

"By ten o'clock that evening, however, even this formidable force was swamped. Waste baskets were set in rows on the floor; and after a hurried examination letters and messages were chucked into these baskets. This work continued all that night and every succeeding night of Lindbergh's stay in Europe.

"The French Government, which handles both the post office and the telegraph business, issued orders to set up a special Lindbergh division. Instead of the regular deliveries, his letters and telegrams were sent to the embassy every hour.

"Of course he did not read all these messages. Probably he *never* will be able to read them. Someone has taken the trouble to estimate that, if Lindbergh dropped everything else, it would take him the better part of two years to go through his mass of letters. Tens of thousands of them never have been opened.

"'I would love to read the messages and answer them myself,' he said to me in Paris, 'but everyone realizes that this is impossible. All I can do is to thank these kind people through the newspapers.'

"He received letters and telegrams in English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Russian, Chinese, Japanese, and almost every other known language.

"Practically every important city in Europe asked him to be its guest. Hundreds of distinguished foreigners invited him to their homes. Wherever he went he was mobbed by enthusiastic crowds.

"From the time he landed, business offers began to come in. As soon as it was realized that he had won an unprecedented popularity, these offers became simply astounding.

"I don't believe that Lindbergh himself knows the total amount of the business propositions that have been put before him. Most of them he dismissed without giving them a second thought.

"He has turned down a score of offers, any one of which would have meant a fortune in six figures, (*Continued on page 106*)

The Song

By Donald Gillies

THE press in the market slackens,
The noisy strife of greed,
The hue and cry for pleasure
Cease, while the heart gives heed
To an older sound and braver
Than soldiers on parade,
Than the ring of golden metal
And the fiery clang of trade—

The song of youth and courage
And all youth's artless grace;
The song of man assailing
The bonds of time and space;
The song of one for many:
A life, at stake, alone,
Winging through the darkness
To morning and a throne!

Age hears, and old dreams waken;
Youth hears, and vows anew;
Men's common kinship rallies
And joy and pride undo
Misunderstanding's mischief,
Prejudice's wrongs—
God send, at need, the voices
To sing for us such songs!

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Photograph by North American Photo Service

"IT ISN'T snowing snow, you know, it's snowing paper chips!" (left) New York, frantic with delight, stages in honor of Lindbergh's return the biggest street celebration ever seen. Chipped up telephone directories, books, magazines, newspapers and millions of yards of ticker-tape produced this "snow scene" in lower Broadway as Lindbergh passed. In places the amateur confetti became knee deep.

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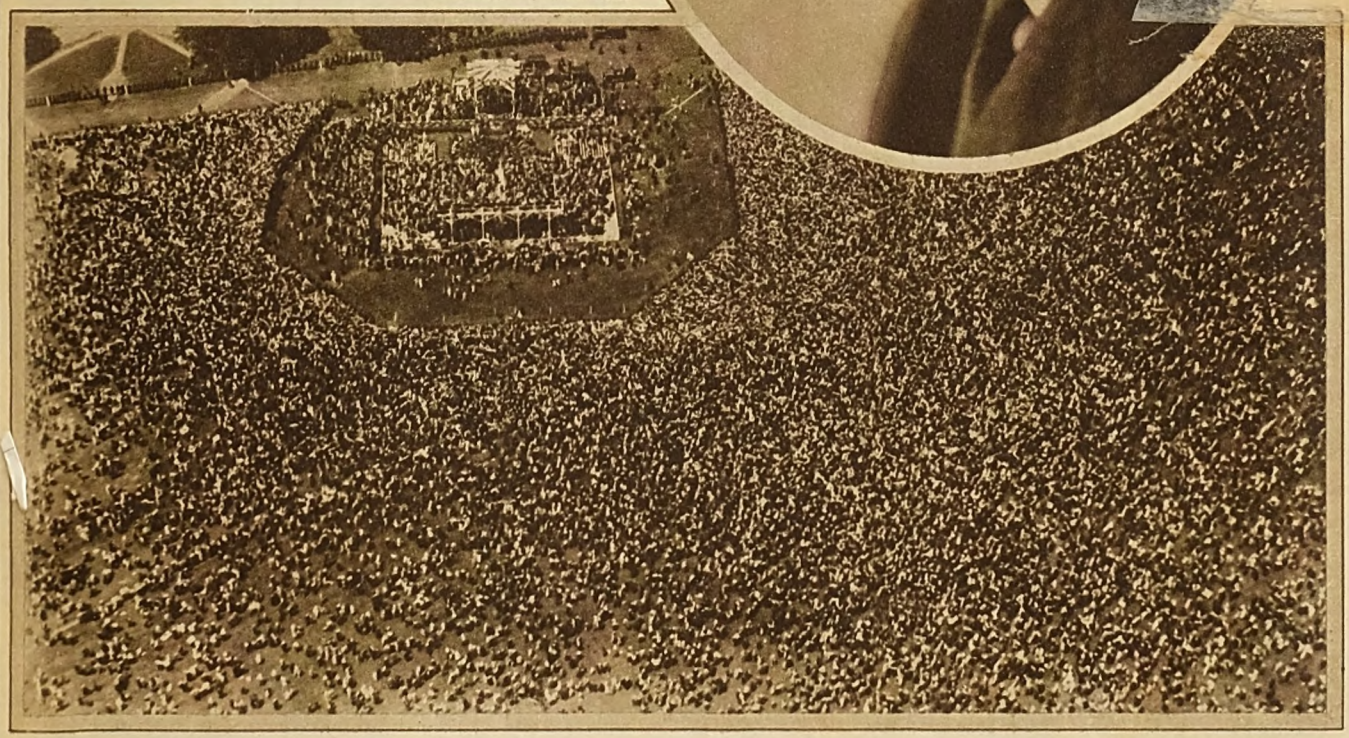
A SPLENDID portrait of Charles A. Lindbergh (right), made while he was in Paris. (Below) The people of Washington, D. C., drop everything to honor the young flier. International Newsreel Photo



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Photograph by Blank & Stoller, N. Y.

Dr. David Mitchell

DR. DAVID MITCHELL is a clinical psychologist. His job is to impart to people that "grand and glorious feeling" of not being afraid of anything, by teaching them how to unlearn their learned fears. For over twenty years, as experimental psychologist and President of the Consulting Psychologists of New York State, Doctor Mitchell has made an exhaustive study of human beings and their conduct. "The worst and most common fear of all," he says, "is the fear 'I Won't Make Good'." In this article Doctor Mitchell explains how this and other common fears arise and how they can be ousted by building up fool-proof habit systems that will tell the old injurious habits where they step off.

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Fear and the sense of failure are the twin evils that crush human lives, and they are both unnecessary and can be got rid of"

What Are You Afraid Of?

An interview with Dr. David Mitchell, reported by

Albert Edward Wiggam

WOULDN'T it be a "grand and glorious feeling" to wake up some fine morning and discover that you were not afraid of *anything?*

Well, such a state of mind is possible for ou to attain.

There are only two natural, unavoidable ars. All except these two are *learned* ars; and, just as you have *learned* them, u can also *unlearn* them.

And you do not have to grit your teeth, develop any extraordinary will power, order to gain this feeling of self-confi-nce. You do, however, *have to do two y definite things:*

FIRST: You must discover the cause of ur fear, worry, and lack of self-confi-nce, which you will find is often some tle, completely forgotten, incident of ur childhood. Frequently, this discovery one will cure you.

SECOND: You must reëducate your ental habits to a new point of view.

In order to do these two things, the new ience, now usually termed "clinical" ychology, can very greatly help you.

These are the conclusions of Dr. David itchell, who has been dealing with the ronic fears of people for ten years as a nsulting, or clinical, psychologist, in his fice in New York City.

He also speaks from his twenty years of ork as an experimental psychologist and a university lecturer on psychology. is rank among his colleagues is amply tested by the fact that he is president of e Clinical and Consulting Psychologists New York State and chairman of the linical Division of the American Psycho-gical Association.

Recently, Mrs. Wiggam and I took a o-days automobile trip with Doctor itchell and his wife, exploring the high-ays and byways of Long Island. I found e doctor to be as expert a camper and immer as he is a psychologist, and able wash dishes with sand and dirt, without drop of water, until they were spotlessly ean—a feat which astonished and inter-sted me about as much as his knowledge f the human mind. I mention these facts ecause I concluded that his success in etting at the inmost workings of people's inds was partly due to his technical aining, partly to his originality in de-ising new methods of psychological nalysis, but also to the fact that he, him-elf, is a big, broad-minded, human person, ith rich understanding sympathies and n appreciation of the needs of everyday uman nature.

After returning to New York and getting rested over a good dinner, I said, "Now, Mitchell, I want to ask you about a remark you made when we were standing on the edge of Montauk Cliffs. You will recall that I told you it made me sick with fear to stand on the edge of high cliffs, towers, and canyons. You replied that I had learned this fear somehow and that I could unlearn it; and you added that normal human beings have only two natural, inborn fears. If most of our fears are not necessary, and if psychology can show us how to train ourselves out of them, it marks a turning point in human happiness."

In response to my request, we went into Doctor Mitchell's office. He got down a big bundle of records from his files, and for *five solid hours* he talked an uninterrupted stream of the best and soundest psychology of happiness and courage I have ever heard. And during all that time, he did not once mention the "subconscious" or the "subliminal self," or any of the vague nebulosities with which pseudo-psychology has filled people's minds.

Doctor Mitchell believes that in order to attain a healthy mental life, it is not necessary to acquire some mysterious "will power" or some spiritual "contact with cosmic energy" or some unbelievable power of "concentration" or "relaxation" or "harmony" or any of these hifalutin states of somnambulistic mental coma or mental excitement. He believes you can achieve self-confidence and self-control by much less elaborate and mystic procedures. What he believes is that you can *educate yourself* to become free from fear and the feeling of failure by building up simple and ultimately fool-proof *systems of habit*, which will make these things a practical impossibility in your life.

"THERE are hundreds of ways," Doctor Mitchell began, "by which people can *learn* to be afraid; but the original, intuitive fears—those we are born with—are only two. Dr. John Watson's brilliant experimental work has shown that if you hold a newborn infant in your hands and suddenly pull your hands away, letting it fall back on the pillow, it will cry with fright. Also, if you drop a steel bar, or slam the door near by, or allow a dog to bark in the room, or make any other loud noise, the babe will again show signs of fright.

"Watson has tried in hundreds of other ways to frighten little babies from one day to several months of age, and he has been unable to find anything that will frighten them unless it be accompanied by a loud noise or by placing the child so it feels in danger of falling.

"We can then, I think, assume as a fundamental fact of human life that all fears but these two are learned fears. If they are learned, they can also be unlearned. And that is a large part of my business as a consulting psychologist; namely, to teach people *how to unlearn their fears.*"

"DO YOU mean to say that if a child had the necessary training, if nobody ever talked fear around it, and if it were never frightened, it might grow up to a life entirely free from fear?"

"Absolutely! I've seen it done," replied the doctor emphatically. "I know two boys, one of them fourteen and the other sixteen, to whom I have been a sort of godfather for over ten years. These two youngsters, as far as we can discover, are absolutely fearless. I believe they have never known the emotion of fear."

"What would they do," I asked with astonishment, "if they were in real danger?"

"They would do just what you do a hundred times a day without knowing it. They would try to get out; but they would not get scared.

"You are in danger every time you walk up-stairs. People slip and break their legs or necks on stairways. But you don't keep thinking of that, and so you have no fear. Some people do think of this, and are scared.

"Now, it isn't dangerous to stand on the edge of a cliff unless you do something which ordinarily you do not do—unless you get frightened and lose your balance. If you don't think about it, you are all right.

"Let us see how these two boys meet situations which fill many much older persons with unutterable fear.

"Recently, the coal bin in the basement of their home caught fire. Many boys who had been taught to be afraid of fires would have become panic-stricken, wasted time, and possibly let the house burn down. But the younger of these boys, having none of the confusion of mind caused by fear, rapidly took measures to put the fire out. He mentioned it afterward only casually, as if he had merely kicked a stone out of his way on the sidewalk.

"Another instance: Most boys are afraid to sleep alone in a big house; some grow frantic at (*Continued on page 202*)

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She bent toward him from the unyielding board seat. "Cheer up, Jim. We don't have to live more than one day at a time"

Five Cents For Luck

An epic of the northern prairies

By Lillian Beynon Thomas

ILLUSTRATED BY HANSON BOOTH

JEAN CARROLL was beginning her fifty-mile trip back to the homestead. She was humming "Red Wing," a song popular on the prairie that fall. She had heard some travelers singing it in the hotel in Swift Rapids, where she and Jim had spent the night. She thought the hollow rumble of the wagon over the frozen crust of the prairie made a splendid accompaniment.

From time to time she glanced at her husband, who was going back a short distance with her. He was walking beside the oxen. His bowed head and sagging shoulders tugged at her heart. She called, "Jim."

He stepped back and put his hand on the edge of the wagon box beside her. She bent toward him from the unyielding board seat. "Cheer up, Jim." She spoke more loudly than she intended. "We don't have to live more than one day at a time."

"Good thing too," he replied, with an evident effort to be cheerful, and he glanced toward her but not at her. "Good thing, too, with only fifteen dollars and five cents between us at the beginning of winter, and you in the condition you are."

"It might be worse," Jean laughed. She pulled her red hood down over her ears. "I might be ill instead of never feeling better, and Harry and Bess are so healthy. I tell you, Jim—"

"Whoa!" Jim's voice rang out above the rumble of the wagon and the oxen stopped promptly. He caught the edge of the wagon box with both hands now, and met his wife's eyes squarely. She noticed his drab, deeply lined face, that resembled the prairie from which all color had been squeezed by the icy grip of winter. But the prairie had been resigned—ready. Jim's face bore the marks of struggle, rebellion.

"I'm afraid to have you go back there alone!" His voice was heavy with too much emotion. "Jean, I can't do it. We'll give up. Three years is enough. Hail, drought, and, this year, frost. Even against that, we'd have made it if we'd had the railroad. That grain would have sold for enough to tide us over; now it will rot—all but what the chickens eat."

"ONE good year will put us on Easy Street!" Jean voiced the call of the rich black soil beneath his feet.

"I know; there's a new wheat too, called Marquis, that ripens earlier and stands—but what's the use? We can't hold out long enough. I won't let you stay out there—so many miles from a doctor—alone."

He stepped back, head up, shoulders squared, like a man who has made a decision that had been resting heavily on both his conscience and heart.

Jean's laugh rippled merrily over the prairie, borne along by a cutting wind that snatched it from her lips. "Let me stay!" Her voice bubbled with amusement. "Why, my dear boy, you can't prevent me. Do you think we're going to give up now, when another railroad, within twenty-five miles, will be in operation before spring? And next year we'll have our patent for the best farm in the world. Nothing doing."

"Harry needs boots right now, and you should have supplies," Jim continued, as if he had not heard her. "You can sell the chickens and the cow. McGregor will help you. Do you think you could drive the oxen and bring whatever you think we will need most, to Regina? Some of the fellows tell me there isn't much work in the bush this winter. I might need the oxen for odd jobs. I'll get a house as soon—"

"You are not going to Regina to do odd

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jobs, Jim Carroll!" Jean's voice had lost its merry lilt; it, too, had taken on the hard rigidity of the prairie. She drew her sturdy frame up proudly, then she laughed. "You're just homesick, Jim. You always do hate to go away. Do you think this country can afford to have such a good farmer as you living in town, doing odd jobs?"

"A good farmer," he muttered; but some of the weight had left his voice. "Fifteen dollars and five cents! And how do you know next year will be any better?"

"We don't." Jean's buoyancy had returned. "That is half the fun. There isn't anything monotonous about farming." Then, with a quick pressure of her hand on his shoulder, "I know what it is—those pancakes you had for breakfast. Pancakes in the morning never do agree with you. Remember that when you have to make decisions before noon. But—but isn't it time you were going back? Your train—"

Jim Carroll reached over and caught his wife's tanned, work-hardened hand in both his. "Jean, either you are a superb actress or else you have the courage of ten men." He fondled the hand a minute before he raised it to his lips, then put it in her lap. He touched his hat, wheeled quickly about, and strode toward Swift Rapids.

A full minute Jean sat looking at the hand in her lap. Her eyes held something deeper than a smile as she raised it and placed her lips where her husband's had rested. Then, with a practical shrug of her shoulders, she reached for the whip.

"Get-up, Hughey!" She flicked the shoulder of the off ox. "You must do your prettiest. Your mistress is a great lady, and her knight has gone to do battle for her. She must keep his colors flying."

And those colors were flying bravely the evening of the following day as Jean muttered, "Odd jobs," and urged the tired oxen into a faster walk. Her small home was looming up in the darkening distance. How tiny it looked. Like a parcel dropped by a careless traveler, a black speck on a horizon-bound sea of savage, haughty, repellent prairie, unadorned by so much as a tree or shrub. "I'll do the 'odd jobs' this winter. And we'll win yet," she said, as the oxen broke into a run and dashed around the shack with a flourish.

An oblong of light from the quickly opened door, a boyish, eager voice, "Mother, is that you? Are you all right?"

"Sure, Harry! Everything all right here? Bess well?" Jean was stretching her numbed limbs. The oxen had stopped beside the water trough and were drinking greedily.

"Yes, I'll get the lantern."

"Mother—Mother, may I come out?" Six-year-old Bess's eager baby voice. . . .

"No; you go back and get supper for Mother." Harry, the lighted lantern in his hand, urged Bess back.

"Don't come out in the cold, darling; I'll be there in a few minutes," Jean called. She had climbed down out of the wagon and was unhitching the oxen.

"You go in the house, Mother. I'll take care of the oxen."

"I'll hold the lantern for you." Jean took it from his hand.

"Oh, I can manage all right," but he did not refuse her the lantern.

"We must take good care of Hughey," Jean said as Harry was tying him in his stall. "I'd have been lost a dozen times if I'd had to depend on Bob. His feet got sore too, and he wanted to lie down. He has no grit, that ox; Hughey is worth a dozen of him."

"Dad says it takes grit to be a pioneer," Harry remarked happily as he came out of Hughey's stall. He stopped a minute to say, "It must have been rough back East, where the first settlers had to chop down the trees before they could sow their grain."

"Yes; my grandmother often told me about it," Jean agreed, while her eyes rested tenderly on the red head, the freckled face, and the bright, winsome smile of her son. He would have his father's splendid physique, his gray, searching eyes, his shy shrinking from competition with his fellows—his exuberant joy in the conquest of the soil. No wonder the wild, untamed land with its mystery, its reticence, its niggardliness and its exuberant generosity, lured them; they felt the soul of the soil; they were farmers born.

"Odd jobs," Jean said the words aloud. "Not for my son!"

"Don't try to stop me, Harry," she said tensely. "I've got to do something"

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"What did you say, Mother?" Harry looked at her over Bob's back.

"I was thinking you are going to be a farmer like your father."

"That is what I want to be." He was bending over the manger. "Mother, Daddy told me something about you."

Jean stiffened at the change in his voice. "Yes, dear! What was it?"

"He said I'd have to be careful of you—special like—for him." His was not the voice of a twelve-year-old boy; it was the voice of the male, the voice of the race that protects its young.

"That was thoughtful of Daddy. He was worried; but I'm really very well. It's nature, you know, dear."

There was a pause. Silence. Then Harry rustled out of the manger. "I guess I'll give Hughey a bit more hay."

The sound of the fork in the hay, the happy crunching of the oxen, Harry's cheerful voice from the shadows, "It'll be nice for Bess to have a kid to play with; I'm getting too big to play."

THEN they were approaching the house, Harry swinging the lantern. A wee face was pressed against the window. The door flew open, a shrill, childish cry of delight, and Bess was in her mother's arms, smothering her with kisses, half laughing, half crying.

"What you cryin' for, Bess?" Harry asked, as he hung the lantern behind the door and went to put some wood in the stove.

"I don't know," Bess sobbed. She climbed down out of her mother's arms and rushed to the stove. "You'll burn the potatoes if you don't be more careful." She stirred the potatoes in the frying pan.

"Harry got his feet wet." Bess vouchsafed the information with the eagerness of a child to tell all the news.

"How?" Jean turned quickly toward her son.

"Ah, that's nothin'. I told you to keep quiet, Bess."

"But what happened?" Jean demanded.

"His boot's all cracked. It ain't any good no more."

"Let me see it."

Harry hesitated, then held up his foot. His boot was cracked across the top, and half the sole was loose.

"Let me see the other one." He held it up. It was but little better. Jean walked over to the cupboard, which was some boards nailed to the wall. She stood a minute. When she turned around she had a dish she did not need. She put it back and went to the table and straightened the red cotton tablecloth six-year-old hands had not been able to spread smoothly.

"We'll have to send by Mr. McGregor for boots for you. Your father was afraid yours wouldn't last—but—"

"I'll be all right until Father gets work. Do you think he will soon?"

"Sure; but you can't wait. I'll write out an order to-night. I don't know when Mr. McGregor is going to town, but we'll hope it will be soon."

"But how can—?" Harry kicked the edge of the woodbox uncertainly.

"That's all right," Jean spoke quickly. "I've lots of money. Your father made me take ten dollars; yes, and five cents. I'm going to keep that five cents"—a pause—"if I can. Get me the pen and ink."

IT WAS four weeks before Jean received a letter from Jim. Harry, who had brought it from the post office, sprang forward as she drew the contents from the envelope. He caught a bill that had fallen out and looked at it eagerly, "One dollar!"

His mother, whose eyes were traveling over the brief letter, turned quickly toward him, "What did you say?"

"One dollar." He extended the bill.

"One dollar," she repeated. Her hand closed over the money and crushed it. "One dollar."

"Is Dad all right?"

"Yes—but very anxious about us. Work is scarce. I wish he hadn't—" She opened her hand and looked at the bill.

"I wish I didn't have to have boots." Harry glanced at his feet, which were covered with sacking stockings tied on with binder twine.

"You must have them," Jean spoke decidedly. "You have a cold now from getting your feet wet; but if I'd known, I wouldn't have sent for the raisins and prunes and—and the candy, for Christmas. Still, wee Bess." She looked at her little daughter, who was tying an apron on an old rag doll. "Oh, well!" She tossed back her head and smiled. "We have four dollars now—four dollars and five cents. That would be a fortune to some people."

"Would it really?" Harry's face brightened at the change in hers.

"Sure—in China or some such place," Jean replied vaguely. Then she began to bustle about. "I must put on some feed to boil for those chickens. I wouldn't be surprised if they'd begin to lay soon. If they do, we'll be just flooded with eggs, there are so many of them. Oh, if only we had a railroad!"

Harry, who was standing at the window, called, "I see someone coming." His stockinged feet left a wet imprint on the floor. "I believe it's McGregor's oxen."

Jean looked over his shoulder; Bess left her doll and stood with her chin on the window sill. "It *is* McGregor's oxen. Oh, Harry, I am so glad." Jean put her hand on his arm. "I've been so worried about your wet feet."

"I'm all right," he spoke gruffly; but his face was shining.

At last the oxen stopped in front of the door. "Won't you come in, Mr. McGregor?" Jean's voice had a joyous ring, like one from whom a weight has been lifted. Harry carried in the parcels. Bess shouted and laughed and got in the way.

"I'd like fine to go in for a bit; but the wife and the kids will be watchin' fur me," Mr. McGregor replied. Then he added in an aside to Jean, "I didn't get the candy—things were a bit dearer—and I thought—"

"Yes; that's all right," Jean agreed.

Then they were alone, opening the parcels. Harry's boots most important. Jean drew back to let him have the first glimpse.

"Gosh, ain't they dandy! I won't get through them for a while."

"Put them on," Jean commanded, as she felt the leather and looked at the iron cap on the toe. "They should wear." She turned to the other parcels Bess was trying to open.

"Mother—something's the matter."

Jean whirled around at the stricken voice. Harry was sitting, one boot on, the other in his hand. His face was white, his eyes tragic.

"They—are—both—for the same foot!"

"It—it—can't—can't—be!" Jean stuttered. She caught the boot out of his hand and held it from her. She turned it around, making little noises as she did so. "They—are—they are"—her voice rose shrilly—"both—both—for—the one—foot! Both! Did—you—ever—know?" She had begun to laugh, but the tears were running down her cheeks.

"Mother, what are you cryin' about?" Harry demanded sharply.

"I'm—I'm not—crying," she babbled, "I'm laughing—it's so funny. I—can't stop—laughing." She opened the door and ran across the yard toward the stable, her shrill voice floating back.

Into the stable she went, and seized a fork. With desperate energy she began to clean out the manure. In a few minutes Harry followed her.

"Mother, you shouldn't—"

"Don't try to stop me, Harry," she said tensely. "I've got to do something."

A second he looked at her. "I feel like that too;" and he went and got another fork, and set to work beside her.

That night, after Bess was asleep, Harry whispered to his mother, "I hid her doll."

"Why?" She looked her surprise.

"I'm going to give it to her on Christmas to make her glad, even if Santa Claus can't come."

Jean did not speak.

"That's all right, isn't it?"

"Splendid!" Jean's voice was hearty. "I'd never have thought of it; but it's great."

"I wish I could make you glad, Mother."

"You have." A second, her arm encircled the shoulders of her son. "Now, I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll sit down and make a list of all the things we want Santa to bring us; then on Christmas we'll imagine we have everything we asked for. It's a kind of game my grandmother used to play in the backwoods down East."

"Gee, I'm glad we don't have it as hard as they did," Harry said cheerfully as he went for paper and pencil.

SHORTLY after Christmas, Mr. McGregor came for Jean. They had a new baby at their home, and she was needed. For a week she was home only twice, and then for a short time; but everything seemed to be all right. However, the night she returned she was wakened by Harry's heavy breathing. Suddenly she sat straight up in bed, listening, anxious: "Harry, Harry, what's the matter?"

"This cold . . . seems . . . worse," came in a hoarse whisper.

In a flash Jean was beside him, her hand on his head. "You are feverish. Have you any pain?"

"Just a little." The words ended in a groan.

"Oh, Harry! Why didn't you tell me?" Jean was lighting a lamp.

"I . . . I thought . . . I'd . . . be . . . better after—" A gasping cry was wrung from his lips.

Jean was dressing. In a moment, she had a fire crackling and water on heating. But daylight crept in, and all the home remedies had failed to reach the deep-seated pain in the struggling body.

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Jean stood on the crude new platform at Cargill station. Her wind-whipped skirts betrayed her feet wrapped in sacking. She shivered uncontrollably and her teeth chattered

Jean went to the bed where Bess was sleeping. She shook her gently.

"Bess, Bess dear, you must wake up. You must help Mother." Bess half opened her eyes, then closed them tightly.

"Dear, you must get up and take care of Harry. Mother has to go and get Mr. McGregor to go for a doctor. Harry is very sick."

"Sick!" Bess said sharply, and she sat up. "Harry sick?"

"Yes, very sick." Her mother was dressing her as she talked. "Bess must take care of him until Mother gets back. Keep the fire on, and don't go to sleep. Come now, Mother will show you what to do."

"Mother . . . you . . . can't go." The protest came from the sick-bed.

"It's all right, Harry; I'll manage splendidly. Let Bess get what you want, and keep as warm as you can."

Out into the penetrating cold. Day-light was coming sulkily, as if resenting the necessity of even lighting the hard, repellent earth. And what an eternity it seemed before she had the oxen hitched and ready. Then back for another cheering word to the suffering boy and the baby nurse, and she rattled away on her six-mile drive.

Urging the oxen along, sometimes running beside them, sometimes in the wagon, Jean found herself talking continually. "Do your best, Hughey. You can't fail me now. Good old Hughey! We couldn't have got along without you. Yes; you hook Bob if he doesn't do his part."

And Hughey, as if he understood the urgency of the case, seemed more like a trotting horse than an ox, as he speeded up to perform his unnatural task. And slowly the lengthening miles crawled past, until Jean was explaining the situation to Mr. McGregor.

"Indeed, I'll go for the doctor," he said at once; "but one of my oxen has a sore shoulder. Could I take Hughey, and let you take mine back with Bob?"

So stanch old Hughey, because of his almost human understanding and sympathy, was chosen for the harder task, and Jean set out with Bob and the strange ox. Snow was now beginning to fall, and it took all of her power of brain and body to keep them on the trail, and a good thing it was.

(*Continued on page 76*)

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"What's the most important thing in the world?" asked the teacher

"To Grow An' Grow Forever 'n' Ever!"

Answered a starry-eyed little girl, and she was right! This is the story of a great man who has never ceased to grow, and who shows children how to keep on "forever 'n' ever"

By Marion T. Colley

THE position of superintendent of a public school system of sixty thousand pupils may not strike you as dramatic, but to Willis A. Sutton, of Atlanta, the job is all drama. He feels gravely responsible for the form, tragic or happy, which these young lives in his charge eventually assume. And of all that multitude of growing boys and girls there is not one to whom he is not personally known.

A little girl pointed him out to me recently on the streets of Atlanta as "the man whut luves childrun." He talks to them over the radio, she informed me, writes a piece in the paper for them every Sunday, and thinks about them all the time!

Out of the modest salary of a teacher he has contrived to aid more than eleven hundred young people "hungerin' fer knowledge" to satisfy that hunger. But he refuses to speak of this, or to have it appear in the light of philanthropy. "It was a business investment," he insists, "and a corking good one too."

During the seven years that he has occupied his present post, Willis Sutton has revolutionized the system of education in Atlanta. For one thing, he has accomplished the feat of having the teeth of every single child examined and put in good condition. And now he is spurring his young folks on toward establishing a new high standard of perfect health.

While this campaign is in progress, he is working to bring to pass another splendid dream—a great free university in which no boy or girl shall be denied a college education because of lack of funds.

His greatest achievement, however, is to be found in his remarkable influence over the young, particularly the boys of his schools. "There has not been so large a percentage of clean, upright young men in Atlanta in the whole of its history as there are to-day," I was informed by dozens of the foremost citizens. "This," they assured me, "is largely due to the influence of the man at the head of the public schools."

Mr. Sutton's reputation as a leader of youth is not confined to his own city; it has spread over the country. Within the past few years he has responded to invitations from thirty-eight states to tell what he knows about children, how he appeals to them and brings out the fineness in them.

Willis Sutton insists upon spending among his children every hour that he can filch from his desk. I put in a busy morning, trailing him from high school to kindergarten.

I found him finally in a room full of children of the elementary grades. He was drawing them out, rousing them to the very *n*th degree of mental alertness. He doesn't believe in telling young people—or older ones either, for that matter—anything that they can think out for themselves. Minds, like everything else, grow through exercise, he reminds us. And whatever fires the interest of a child sufficiently to make him rack his brains enthusiastically—whether it be a picture-puzzle, a game, or an original proposition in geometry—supplies this exercise.

"Children, what's the most important thing in the world?" He tossed this query, like a ball in their midst, as I entered the room. Before you could say "Jack Robinson" half a dozen youngsters were on their feet fairly bursting with answers. These included most of the things whose value Mr. Sutton had stressed in the schools: "Religion;" "The family;" "Always to tell the truth;" "Not to be 'fraid of anything except to be a coward;" "Good health;" "Clean teeth;" "Courtesy." A shrill-voiced little boy piped out excitedly, "A clean collar!" and in the laughter which this provoked hastily changed it to "Cleanliness." And a delightful small girl hazarded, "To be a real man."

BUT none of these things seemed to be just what the superintendent had in mind. In a way, he said, the answer to his question included all the suggestions the children had offered. Without it no man would amount to shucks; the very world would come to an end. Everyone was on tiptoe mentally. I could almost hear the thoughts crackling and sizzling beneath those dark and tow-colored bobs and shingles. Then a starry-eyed, red-cheeked little scrap of a girl caught his idea and announced it triumphantly; "I know, I know! It's to keep on—not to stop—to grow an' grow forever 'n' ever!"

Yes, that was it! He nodded agree-

Fine Equipment Doesn't Make Fine Schools

SOME years ago, Willis A. Sutton was a teacher in a remote mountain section of the South. He had no scientific equipment, no money, and very little encouragement. But what a school he had! The mountains 'round about were full of minerals. Teacher and pupils went out together, dug up all sorts of rocks, and thus had a course in geology. The hills abounded in wild life, which offered a chance for the study of natural history. But how could Mr. Sutton teach geography without maps? Here's how he taught it: On a six-acre plot of ground he laid out a map of the United States, indicating its rivers, its mountains, its coast lines. Railway systems were also shown, and enterprising students built miniature trains, and placed them on the routes of trunk lines. Miniature ships were made, and these were placed in the steamship lanes along the "coast" of this six-acre map. In this way, the pupils learned the geography of their native land. "I sure know this country," one of the mountain boys said when the model of the United States was completed. "I bet you couldn't lose me in it!"

A teacher with such imagination, energy and eagerness as Mr. Sutton could make a school anywhere and under any conditions! After all, the teacher is the big thing, and all the equipment in the world is secondary to him in importance. THE EDITOR.

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nt, as elated as she. "To grow in dom and stature—gloriously, beautily—as that little boy of two thousand rs ago had grown."

This thing of *growth* is at the very heart all his teachings, growth in character l spirit, mind and body.

HE story of how Mr. Sutton came to devote himself to work dealing with ng people strikingly illustrates the ct of early training upon character.

'I was brought up to be a missionary," told me. "My mother had believed t she was called to follow this vocation, l when I was born, the seventh of her ldren, she had the singular conviction t I was to carry out the mission she had ed to fulfill. As a small boy, living on father's plantation near the little town Danburg, Georgia, the only name by ich I was known for miles around was 'eacher'."

When he was old enough to go to school, e children built him a tabernacle of s and pine boughs. And every day at ess, he held services there, gave out miliar hymns, called up burdened young ners awaiting only the invitation to ent of their wickedness. And as they ne, sometimes moved to tears by the ought of their misdeeds, he would pray nestly for them—and for himself as ll. "For I knew I needed it," he reerked.

So, at this early age, he acquired an imate knowledge of the bewilderments d griefs that cloud the bright days of ldhood.

On Sundays, the old minister, in his g black coat, looking over his specles to the high pew where Willis sat, aight and still, beside his mother, uld say, "Will our young brother lead in prayer?" And, responding, the boy would rise and stand barefoot in the aisle, and pray.

His elder brothers helped with the work of the farm; but his mother kept him about the house as her assistant. "Anxious to spare her in every way I could," he said, "I learned to run the sewing machine. As she basted, I stitched up the older children's clothes, and we turned out the finished garments at a grand rate. While we worked, Mother would talk of the future she foresaw for me. It was a future extraordinarily barren of wealth or fame, and rich only in unremitting toil for others. Yet, as she painted it, she made all other careers seem poor and unworthy beside it, and I would listen, stirred to the soul."

HARD times struck the farmers of his section when he was twelve, and for several years conditions grew steadily worse. As the time drew near when Willis was to go to Emory University to prepare for his work as a missionary, cotton fell to four cents, ruin stared the farmers in the face, and young people cherishing dreams of college and idealistic careers had to put aside those dreams and knuckle down to work.

His mother, however, refused to give in to circumstances. Willis was going to college, she insisted, if cotton dropped to nothing. It was *right* that he should have this training, and when a thing was right there was always a way by which it could be done.

But the weeks slipped by, and no way appeared.

"Two days before college was to open," related Mr. Sutton, "learning that there was a school without a teacher in another part of the county, I saddled a horse and rode over to see if I could get it. On my return home, I was astonished to find my trunk packed and strapped beside the front door. 'What does this mean?' I exclaimed. It meant, Mother informed me triumphantly, that I was going to Emory the next day, and she put into my hand a ten-dollar bill which she had borrowed from a neighbor.

"'I can't go on ten dollars,' I told her gently. 'Why, my tuition, alone, would be around seventy.'

"But she was not to be dismayed or turned from her purpose. This would get me there, she explained; the rest would come. She possessed the strength of many very gentle people. There was no resisting her. And the next morning, at dawn, feeling like a person in a dream, I was jogging along the red clay road in the old family chaise, bound for college, with ten dollars in my pocket, and back of that as my only assurance that my bills would be met—my mother's unfaltering faith."

In the months that followed the money reached him, even as she had promised. "It was through no miracle, however," he added, "other than her own tireless energies and unconquerable will. During that year, she sewed for her neighbors, grew farm products for the town market, raised bees and disposed of the honey and wax, secured another and larger loan from the same generous friend, and left untried no means of earning an honest dollar."

AFTER being graduated from Emory University, Willis joined the Methodist Conference of Northern Alabama, and at his request was sent to the Talladega Mountains of that state. "My charge," he stated, "consisted of five churches scattered among the hills of Clay County. The salary for all five was two hundred and sixty-three dollars a year; which was ample, for my parishioners were so generous that (*Continued on page 172*)

RTESY ATLANTA VISUAL EDUCATION DEPT.

Willis A. Sutton, "the man whut luves childrun," as one small girl puts it, being spanked by one of his little friends before cutting the birthday cake being held so proudly by another happy Atlanta youngster. As superintendent of the public school system of Atlanta, Georgia, Mr. Sutton holds himself responsible for the well-being of sixty thousand pupils—and out of that number there isn't one to whom he is not personally known

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"Barriers between all hearts, wild or human, seem for the most part purely artificial"

Strange Comrades

By Archibald Rutledge

DRAWINGS BY LYNN BOGUE HUNT

IT IS said that nothing used to divert the populace of eighteenth-century London more than to see those amazing comrades, old Dr. Samuel Johnson and Topham Beauclerk, walking together. Nature had made them different, and circumstances had strongly developed the characteristics of each. Johnson was a monstrous scholar—uncouth, ragged, shambling in his gait, given to mutterings and to wild gesticulations; a sort of gigantic tramp of a man, the very sight of whom would send all the dogs of the neighborhood into a frenzy. Beauclerk—with the blood of the Stuart kings in his veins, with charming manners, delicate tastes, wealth, and social distinction his—was the veritable "glass of fashion and the mold of form." A leader of the gay and fashionable world of London, he had divorced the greatest beauty in England to marry her only rival. But, despite all his fashionable distinction, and despite Johnson's abysmal social shortcomings, these men were the most devoted friends. Johnson tolerated Beau's punctilious ways and his sarcastic quips, his urbanity and his love of gossip; nor was Beauclerk much disconcerted, when he was bowing to fashionable acquaintances, to have his companion desert him in order to rummage in the piles of garbage on the street in search of orange peel, for which he had a strange, engrossing passion.

"Sir," said Johnson to an acquaintance who had apprised him of Beauclerk's sickness, "I will walk to the extent of the diameter of the earth if it will help him." And down his rugged cheeks coursed the honest tears of manly affection.

Human comrades often seem strangely matched; and it is a real question whether likenesses or differences in character produce affinity. Strange, too, are the comrades that we often find among the children of nature. I have observed some exceedingly quaint friends among the wild hearts of the wastelands.

Hearts both wild and human, it seems, have a natural deep yearning for sympathy and understanding; but often individuals, families, clans, and species will be separated by artificial barriers. When once these fences are removed, association becomes easy and delightful. Even those enmities which are supposed to be of ancient and implacable origin vanish as soon as the artificial conditions producing those enmities are removed.

I recall with what amusement and astonishment I used to watch the behavior of Nymph and Music. Before I became married and partly civilized, I used to delight in keeping all kinds of pets, especially those of wild and strange varieties; and these friends of mine used to cause consternation among certain members of the household. For a negro cook, soulfully singing as she sweeps a room, it is an appalling thing to see suddenly seated sedately on the top of a door and rolling his eyes at her, a great horned owl. And for a colored maid, dozing before a fire to stroke caressingly in her lap something that she thinks is the cat only to discover later that it is a raccoon or a fox, is a memorable spiritual experience.

My gray fox Nymph often brought me into disrepute by her ghostly exits and entrances, her uncanny slyness, and her tendency to be light-fingered. But even the negroes, who, always associating a fox with a graveyard, take no delight in this beautiful phantom's artful ways, agreed that Nymph's behavior with Music was a strange and appealing thing to watch.

Music was the best foxhound I had. Whenever I took her into the woods, as I did almost every week during the winter months, she knew as well as I that we were fox-hunting. A deer she disdained. Though sometimes she would gulp avidly over the hot scent of a wild turkey, she would not follow the great bird. But in following a fox she was indefatigable; she went about it with that stern joy which the true artist alone can feel. With every fox Music seemed to be at natural and implacable hostility—with every fox but Nymph. They were almost ludicrously fond of each other.

ON OUR front porch we had some big hickory rockers with cushions in them. The hounds and my pets were supposed to resist the temptation to sleep in them. But many a time I found Music and Nymph curled up in the same ample chair, fast asleep, practically with their arms about each other. Music, like most dogs, very patently felt her superiority over the whole feline tribe, a superiority that I have often gravely doubted.

Nymph seemed perfectly aware of her com-

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rade's tendency to be high-hat sometimes; and she retaliated in the best manner possible: she used to laugh at the hound! I am sure that you will agree with me that she did, when I tell you of the favorite trick she used to play on Music.

The hound knew that she was committing a breach of etiquette when she climbed into the chair; she was therefore always more or less guiltily alert when she was in that forbidden place. A sound or a glimpse, or some movement, would make her leap to the floor of the porch and make off hastily, even though the alarm was a false one. Nymph seemed to take in the full significance of all this; and she decided in that wild little heart of hers to make some amusing use of it. One day I came up to the porch and saw Music asleep in a chair in the sun. Under the chair was Nymph; and she did not see me. There was on her face a mischievous, whimsical look. I could see that she was up to some trick.

Suddenly she set her front paws sharply on one of the chair's rockers, tilting it back violently. With something like a frightened yelp, Music jumped over the back of the chair and came scurrying down the steps. Seeing me, she naturally concluded that I had in some way upset her. She sidled past me in a most crestfallen way. Nymph meanwhile lay under the chair, flattened to the floor, an expression of demurest mischief on her quaintly sharp intelligent face. She had shown that superior friend of hers which one really had mental capacity!

IT IS astonishing and reassuring to see how much fellow-feeling there is among the children of nature. Barriers between all hearts, wild or human, seem for the most part purely artificial; and though often they are formidable, they are seldom insurmountable. Who, for example, would expect that a strong affinity could be developed between a duck and a goat? This odd companionship sometimes made me feel as if my eyes were deceiving me. Yet I believe that I fathomed the real cause of the friendship of these two interesting creatures.

A friend of mine had an ample yard, in which wandered many domestic things, and among them these two. Each one appeared to be lonely; the goat because everything else, including the dogs, feared his satanic mien; and the duck because it was so greedy and quackful.

The goat was sinister; and the duck was incessant; a wide berth, therefore, all the other denizens of the yard gave them.

As a result, each one became lonely; consequently, they sought each other's society. Perhaps the alliance was slightly militant; at least I noticed that the duck's eyes were a good deal sharper than the goat's, so that the bird with vacuum-cleaner table manners nearly always spied first a chance for feasting. He would, quacking loudly, lead the goat across the yard; then, as the two approached the feeding place, the duck would fall discreetly back. The goat, lowering his head with the sharp menacing horns, would continue the advance, the duck waddling beside him. Reaching the food, they would feast greedily, especially the duck. The goat had a sparing, selfish way of eating.

Sometimes my friend who owned this menagerie would see these odd comrades getting more than their share, and would cross the yard to drive them away. At such times, the duck would give stentorian quacks of warning, at which the two culprits would retreat in good order.

When this goat would lie down in the shade of a huge live oak to chew the cud, blinking his cold, glassy eyes, the duck would often snuggle against him; and several times I saw the duck squatting on his back, preening his feathers. On one occasion I heard a distressed outcry from the duck, and upon investigation discovered that the goat was walking the top rail of a fence, eating poison ivy. His comrade was apparently protesting against his aërial maneuvers. As soon as the goat jumped down from the fence, the duck quacked softly and contentedly, and with a fond delight.

WHEN we study odd companionsnips, we have to be on our guard against what may appear friendships but really are not. Not long ago a friend of mine called me into a back room of his store to show me what he called "a wonderful sight." He said that he had a cat and a rat that seemed to be intimates. In a big barrel was a full-grown rat, and across the barrel from it was a big gray cat.

My friend explained that he had dumped the rat from a trap into the barrel, and had then dropped the cat in, thinking that thereby the last chapter in the rat's life would be speedily written. But, he went on to tell me, the two had been in the barrel an hour, and nothing had happened. When I looked in the barrel, I saw the rat crouched against one side, the cat crouched against the other. A wire screen had been placed over the top to prevent a possible escape of the rat.

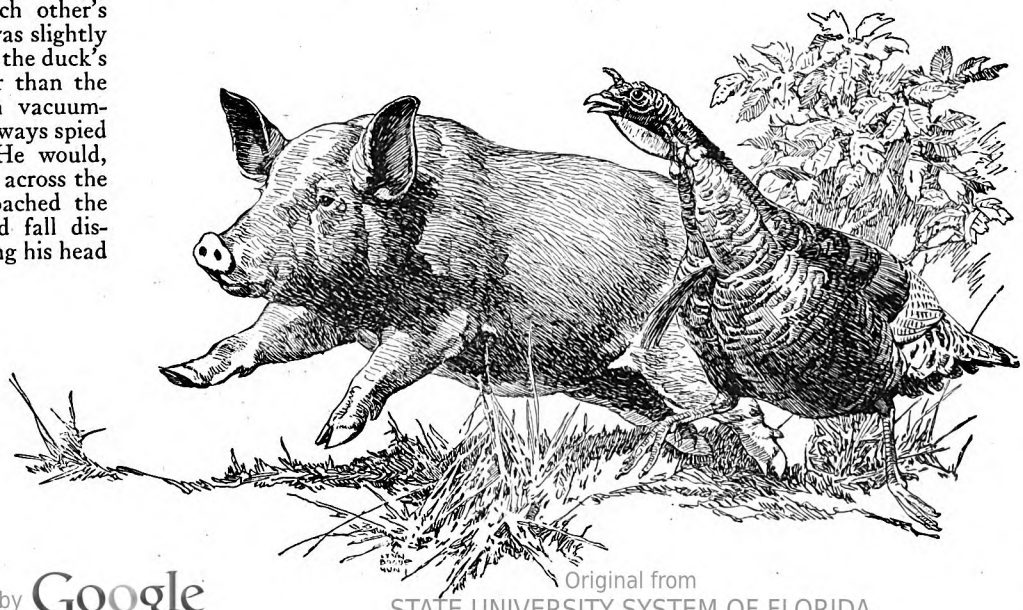
Looking through this screen, I studied the situation. Of the two, the rat seemed the more self-possessed. The cat looked bored, and I thought I detected in her attitude something curiously craven. When the screen was lifted, she shot a quick glance upward, and then sprang for the top of the barrel, clambered over the lip of it, and disappeared behind some boxes.

"The cat seems scared," I said to my friend.

He looked puzzled.

"I looked at them a half-dozen times," he told me, "and I thought surely that they were making up to each other."

What appeared to be a curious liking was probably nothing



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more than a *contretemps:* the cat did not like the idea of tackling the rat in such a place. Indeed, it is commonly true that sly killers like cats insist upon choosing their own fighting ground; and when denied this advantage, they will slink away from absurdly inferior foes. It seems to be true that nothing likes to fight, cornered. They will when driven to desperation; but a voluntary encounter is almost always an open encounter.

I once had a cat that showed remarkable ability to form quaint comradeships. This creature was a fine gray male of extraordinary sagacity. When I was at my summer home, ten miles from the plantation, this cat literally took to the woods, and for six months lived the life of a wild, predatory creature. But if I returned to the plantation for a day, he always appeared; and as soon as I moved back, he took up his abode in the house once again. Seeming capable of a distant but profound affection, a genuine attachment to me, though never an intimacy, this cat always made me think of ancient wisdom, and explained to me why the Egyptians found it easy to worship cats.

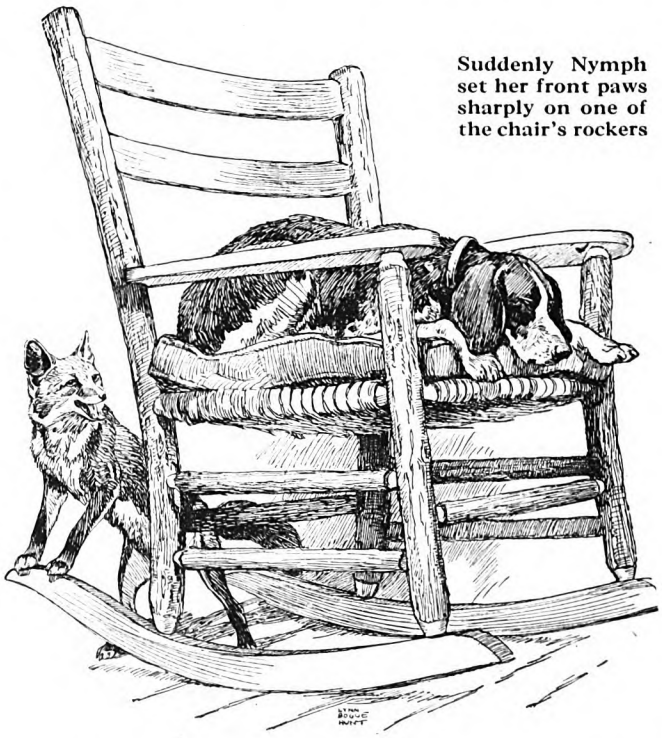
AMONG my pets was a great horned owl, a momentous bird of Druid-like aspect and deportment. I had captured it one day when it had become hung in a wire fence, and for months I kept it. In a way, a horned owl is a disconcerting thing for a man to look at, for if he is at all sensitive he is made painfully aware of his abject inferiority. I never looked at my owl without pitying myself.

It would be natural to suppose that this great bird would be at royal enmity with my lordly cat. But such was by no means the case. Though I sometimes let the owl fly about in a room, I kept it usually in a huge box with a wire front. On several occasions I found the cat lying suspiciously in front of the box; usually she would be eying the owl with basilisk fascination. Of course I interpreted her design as a sinister one. However, one day the owl was on the floor of his cage and close to the wire. Against the wire the cat was closely pressed. Here was no crouching incident to a coming spring; here was a loneliness, a yearning for sympathy.

Opening the door of the cage, I pushed the cat in, keeping a close watch on developments. The cat lay gently down, looking at the old oracle of the woods with an affectionate deference that amazed me. For his part, the owl seemed not the least disconcerted by the cat's proximity. It is, indeed, hard for an owl to lose his immense dignity. For a half-hour the two ancient enemies—in the sense that one was of the feline tribe, and one of the feathered—remained close to each other, quite apparently friendly. And almost every day the cat would take his sun bath in front of the owl's cage.

Certainly it is not in an owl's nature to be effusive or demonstrative; but he had an unmistakable liking for the comradeship of the cat. Watching their odd friendship, I wondered whether they were not somehow spiritually akin; the wisdom of each was of old: occult, mysterious; both lived by their silence and their stealth; both were at home in the deep of night. Both had hunted the same woods. They had shared with Night her pale celestial reign. They seemed to me to meet on terms existent only between those whose natures are subtly allied.

This cat of mine had another acquaintance of most engaging personality. This was a toad that lived at the foot of the back steps. I used to see them often at twilight, for then I loved to sit on the steps, especially on a spring evening. It was then that I used to hear, far across the river, the subterranean Minotaur-roar of the bull alligators; terrible, weird, but fascinating. Then through the sweetshrub bushes the last bees would be blundering homeward through the dusk, after a long day of flowery toil; then the ponderous ruby pillars of sunset would be glowing; then the whip-poor-will's shadowy song would come from the dewy heart of the darkening woods. Then, too, the cat would come down the steps, to sit for a long while beside the doorway of the toad's retreat; and usually, while the cat was waiting there, the toad would come dimly forth.



Suddenly Nymph set her front paws sharply on one of the chair's rockers

HERE assuredly were two genuine people of the mists and the twilight, two spirits of the dim and ancient night. I never noticed any intimacy between these two; but I often saw them side by side; they certainly appeared friendly; and they had a way of joining each other at a mystic hour, as if they had a secret tryst of some kind. Most small reptiles are the natural prey of cats; but here was an odd friendship, of which I would have known nothing had not I loved the twilight as these two did. Of course they had come forth to seek their meat from God; but I believe that they too enjoyed the dewiness of the evening, the sense of beautiful fading, the strange power of the night.

I am conscious that most of these anecdotes have been about domesticated or semi-domesticated creatures; the reason therefor being that in a purely wild state creatures are more rigorously separated by inexorable barriers. Man is essentially an iconoclast; and when he begins tearing down barriers, many new and apparently strange relationships are quickly established.

Not long ago, while at the really fine zoo in Rock Creek Park, Washington, D. C., I observed two birds making up to each other; and I suppose a similar approach has never been noticed. Several very large, handsome cockatoos, pink and white in color, had, some time before, escaped from one of the bird houses; but, the keepers told me, they kept hanging around. Indeed, I saw three of them, and heard them crying raucously. They would fly from tree to tree, staying rather high up; I could not be sure whether they were altogether satisfied with their lonely freedom. While I was near the huge cage where the eagles and vultures are kept, one of these cockatoos came over, and alighted on a high, bare tree, where he called harshly, but apparently with good cheer.

SUDDENLY, out of the misty December sky a wild crow dropped, alighting on the tree near the angelic vision with the fearful voice. The two birds were just of the same size; but there their similarity ended. The crow was just a crow; but the cockatoo was a dream-like thing, almost unreal in beauty. As for their voices, neither had the advantage as far as music was concerned.

I saw the two perfectly strange birds eying each other with interest, the head of each cocked to one side. After a few minutes, the crow hopped nearer; his approach was as awkward as he was democratic. But the proud beauty was pleased. She must have missed the companionship of the many birds in the bird house, and must have longed for fellowship, even with a sable-coated gentleman. It was clear to me that each bird had a genuine attraction for the other. Yet how oddly they were paired, and how bizarre they looked—as if a plowboy and a princess should fall in love with each other.

On a second visit to the zoo, a month later, one of the keepers told me that the cockatoos were still at large. Then I asked him if he had seen a crow with one.

"That old crow?" he said, smiling; "why, he's just crazy about the parrot, and the parrot about him. Some of these days there's going to be an elopement. I never knew that two birds so different would be so friendly as that."

Whenever we (*Continued on page 124*)

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Headaches

What they mean and how to get rid of them

By William S. Sadler, M. D.

DOCTOR, I am certainly going crazy if I can't get rid of these terrible headaches. Isn't there ıy way to find out what causes these litting pains in my head?"

If I've listened to this cry of anguish ıce, I've listened to it a thousand times. Headache is the one form of suffering hich makes all the world feel kin. Only favored few can say, "I've never had a ·adache in my life."

In order to help you prevent or cure ɔur headaches, I must first help you to ıd out what is the cause of the trouble your specific case. Therefore, before I ıke up the seven sorts of headaches hich beset mankind, I ant to tell you one or two ıings about headaches in ·neral, what they mean, nd why some people have ıem and others don't.

Why does trouble in arious parts of the body ıanifest itself by pain in ıe head? One thing is sure: ot one time in a hundred ı the real trouble in the ead.

The brain, as the headuarters of the nervous ystem, assembles disagreeble sensations from all over he body. It is often forced o become the eloquent pokesman for the stomach, he liver, the heart, the idneys, and the muscles. he most insignificant organ r tissue of the body seems o possess the power to comel the head to suffer pain n its stead. Under such ircumstances, what can the oor head do but ache?

In one large hospital, vhere a careful study of the causes of ıeadache was made, the following inluences were found responsible, named in he order of their frequency: fatigue, bad ir, hunger, constipation, indigestion, ılcohol (the "day after" headache), eye train, infectious diseases, periodic sickness, nervous disorders, kidney trouble, ıose abnormalities, sinus infections, neualgia, and migraine.

The majority of people who suffer from constant headaches belong to nervous amilies. They have inherited a certain ıeurotic tendency, and their nervous ystem is more or less easily upset. All hrough their family histories there crops ɔut this nervous tendency, and it is this very thing, this lack of nervous stability, hat we doctors call *headache soil.*

When the nervous tendency is great, it equires but a trivial local irritation to produce pain in the head; on the other ıand, when the local irritating cause is very intense, headache may result even when the general nervous health is good. If there is a marked nervous tendency, and the local irritation is very great and the blood is filled with poisons, we have all the conditions present to produce severe and persistent headaches.

Let me first give you the list of the different sorts of head pains, and then we can take them up one by one and discuss the best methods for their treatment and prevention. It should be understood, however, that in these seven groups I am putting headaches that are due to almost fifty different individual influences.

When Your Head Hurts Look For the Cause Elsewhere

"WITH the exception of certain diseases of the brain and nerves," says Doctor Sadler, "pain in the head is merely a symptom of disease or disorder in some internal organ, the organs of special sense, or else it indicates functional disturbance of the circulation or nervous system. When your head aches, therefore, you should not be satisfied with merely finding relief from the pain. Find out what are the underlying causes of the pain, and, if possible, remove them."

1. MIGRAINE: This is the form of headache that "runs in families," commonly known as sick-headache, attacks of which come on periodically, women being affected more often than men.

2. NEURASTHENIC HEADACHES: These are the neurotic headaches of nervous people, the exhaustion headaches of nervous prostration. Many times these head disturbances are more of an unpleasant feeling than an actual pain, and they are found in a variety of nervous patients ranging from chronic worriers to victims of hysteria.

3. INDURATIVE OR RHEUMATIC HEADACHES: In these headaches, the trouble is located and the pain experienced in the muscles, nerves, and other structures of the scalp. As a rule, nodules and tender spots are found at certain points on the scalp.

4. BLOOD-PRESSURE HEADACHES: Into this classification fall those head pains which are the result of high blood-pressure, low blood-pressure and other circulatory disturbances, including anemia, and hardening of the arteries.

5. TOXIC HEADACHES: A very large group of headaches based on all forms of intoxication, including poisons taken into the body with food and those formed within the body, or unduly retained within the system; embracing the headaches of colds, fevers, and other acute diseases.

6. REFLEX HEADACHES: In this class belong those sufferings which are experienced in the head as the result of troubles in some other part of the body; chiefly in connection with the digestive system, and other internal organs. Headaches resulting from some constitutional diseases also belong to this class.

7. ORGANIC HEADACHES: Under this head fall those headaches resulting from troubles in the eye, ear, nose, and throat, and organic diseases of kidneys, as well as the headache of brain tumor, meningitis, and epilepsy.

8. COMBINATION HEADACHES: Probably one third of our headaches represent a combination of two or more of the foregoing general classes of head pains. This is what renders it difficult always to determine probable causes of a given headache—they are not always so easy to classify and recognize in actual practice. Again, at one time a person may have a headache of one sort, while at another time he may suffer from a headache of a different kind.

If you are a chronic sufferer from headaches, you should have a thorough medical examination, embracing the following tests: examination of the eyes, blood, urine, blood pressure, the nose, throat, and sinuses. The physical examination should be complete, including a thorough investigation of the nervous system and the muscles of the scalp and neck.

Migraine headache: The other day there came into the office a woman who gave a history of having had regular and severe headaches since she was sixteen years of age. Her general health was fairly good, and she suffered from no serious physical disorder of any sort, except these distressing periodic headaches. It transpired that both her mother and her maternal grandmother had been similarly afflicted. She had had some trouble (*Continued on page 84*)

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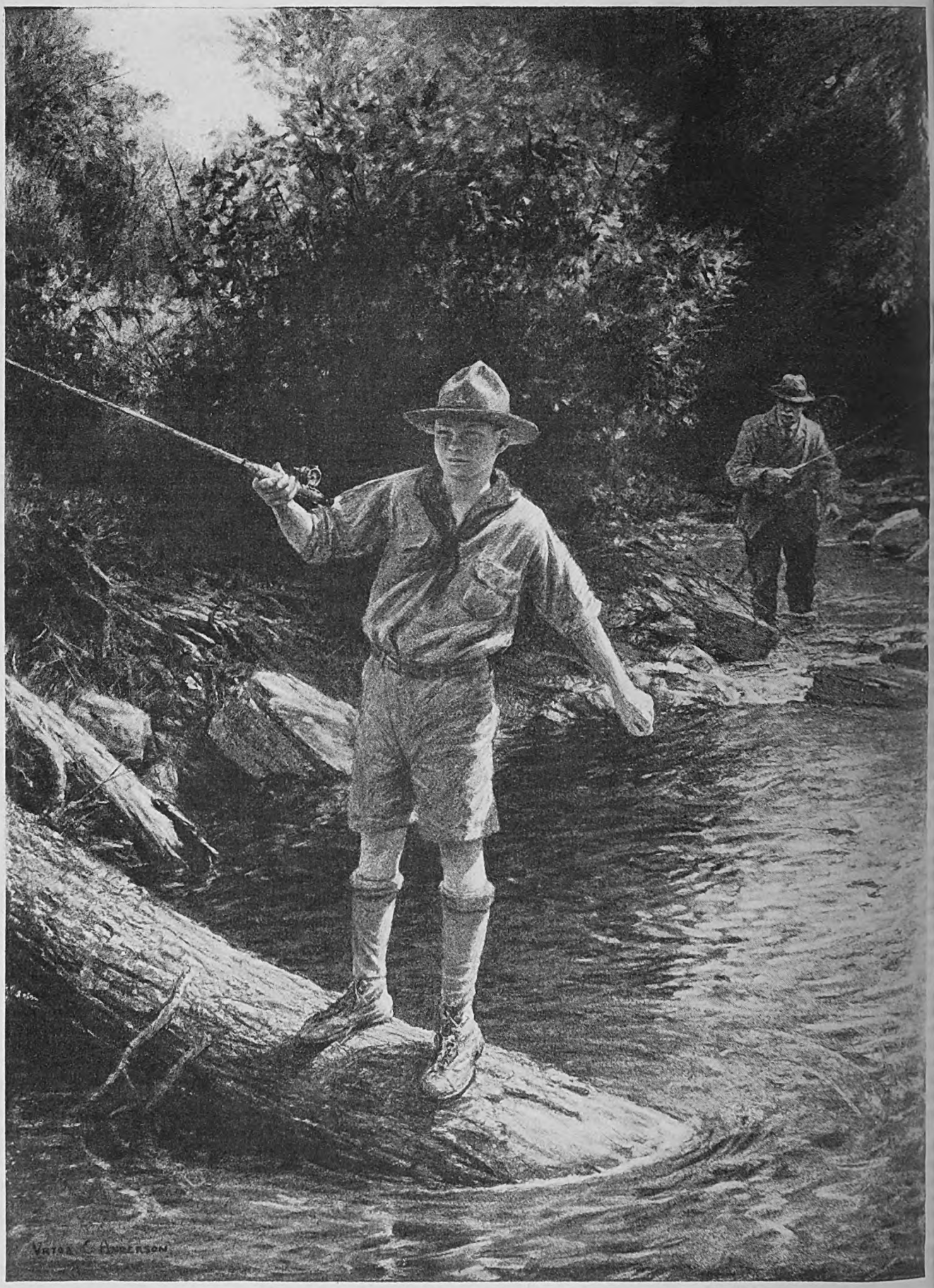

Jim came on one of the Scouts standing on a log and doing his awkward best to put a fly down properly

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Freeman's Whale

The story of a small boy who went fishing for fish—and landed an old man's heart

By Harold Titus

ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR C. ANDERSON

NCE upon a time—to be more exact, when Jim Freeman was young—he possessed to an astonishing degree those qualities which we group and call nan. But that was long ago, and so ch had happened that he had become, he autumn of his life, a dour old bear, icient unto his gruff self, and without a nite personal interest in any man or man or child.

When he was a reporter on the "Tribune" e was more filled with the spirit of ndship and tolerance and good will n he. When he assumed the managing orship of the "Express" some of the nifestations of those characteristics e way before grave responsibilities. en he bought his first share of the vspaper his crust commenced to form; l by the time he had brought the xpress" through years of savage comition and become its sole owner he was own as a tough customer.

His wife died, and that drove him far o his shell. And when his only daughter rjorie did what she did to his pride, he ked alone, head up, letting the world ow that Jim Freeman needed no help to through with this process called living 's life.

So when sour, hard old Jim picked up boy Mickey, made him a companion, l gave evidence that he was caring re about the youngster than he had ed about anybody or anything in some een years, those friends who had held r from a happier day were set to ndering and thinking and, finally, to eming.

f Freeman had enough warmth left in heart for that, why shouldn't he forget rjorie's wild betrayal, get to know his n grandson, try to find something in on which to lavish the fund of affecn which must be bottled beneath his ck crust, and heal the breach that had lured so long between father and ighter?

The difficulty between Freeman and rjorie was easy to understand. Any her would have been hurt and huliated. But she was his daughter, his y child; she had been but nineteen en it happened, and years had passed. e was in want now, and making a brave nt to bring up her boy, which meant t she had some of her father's pride. at very fact would have touched most n. But not Jim Freeman; he would not himself forget.

Probably his hardness, the quality ich later stood in the way of reconation, was the factor which brought on disaster. Very likely, his way of handling men set the ingenious devil working in young Regan—although, of course, Marjorie's great loveliness had much to do with it.

Regan was a reporter who had landed a job on the "Express" and rocketed to the top of the staff. He was glib, picturesquely arrogant, a charmer, and his very assurance was a challenge to Jim, when he took notice of the young man. In him Freeman saw possibilities, and, as had happened to many another good newspaper man, Regan was put through what on the "Express" was called the process of sandpapering. Jim's motive might have been to determine the stuff of which he was made, or to make him conform, or just to humiliate him. No matter. . . .

Good assignments were given Regan no longer; he was detailed to drudgery, and, as a crowning humiliation, made society editor when that desk was unexpectedly vacated. He said nothing, took the chaffing with an odd gleam in his eye, and bided his time.

This was the winter that Marjorie Freeman was to come out, and her débutante ball was the biggest society event of the season. As society editor, young Mr. Regan crawled into rented evening clothes, presented his invitation at the door, and was introduced to the charming Marjorie. He turned on her his dazzling smile, was given one dance, persuaded her to cut three others for him, and poured such a fund of lilting blarney into her ears that she went with him down the stairs, into a taxicab and to the county building, where a sleepy clerk issued a marriage license and scrub women stood witness before a routed-out justice!

What the other papers did was a caution. What old Jim did never was known because, though it was winter, he buried himself in his fishing club on the Au Sable, and when he came out he never alluded to the matter. Regan went to work for the "Free Press" and lasted a year, when he vanished from the picture, leaving Marjorie in a furnished flat with an infant son. . . .

MARJORIE had a tough time of it. She would not accept help from her friends, because, she said, she must carry through what she had started. She sold her rings, learned dressmaking, and set herself up in business in an out-of-the-way neighborhood. Never a whimper from Marjorie.

Loessing, Freeman's attorney, was the only one to attempt a reconciliation. Marjorie expected nothing from her father, spoke of him with fondness, and was rearing her son to believe Jim a righteous man who had been sorely wronged. She said, though, that if her father needed her, and she could do anything for him, the doing would make her ever so happy.

When Loessing told this to Jim, the old bear raged. He needed no one, nothing! D' they think he was a weakling? Marjorie had made her bed, and all that sort of thing. If life wanted to hand him humiliation and disappointment, all right; he'd ask nothing of life. Which was his way of crying out that he was lonely, wretched, fearful of the future, yet afraid to bend and admit needs. Marjorie was his, he went on, and if she needed him he would take her in—but not with the child of that rat, Regan.

Loessing never went back to Marjorie with that. He had seen her with her child.

SO THE years passed, and Freeman buried himself in his one passion, fishing, and grew crustier to the world, more lonely in his own heart, and more fearful that sometime it would be discovered that he was not the self-sufficient figure he made believe he was.

He fished the world over, from New England to New Zealand, from California to China. But when he had tried everything, he came back to his native trout stream, and declared that, since the Michigan grayling was gone forever the next best thing was the fontinalis and the dry fly.

He was the most persistent of all the Whirling Duns, and it was a group of passionate anglers. From the day the season opened until September he lived most of his time at the club. Normally, he was a silent old ruffian, but he would talk about fish and angling, volubly, stormily, without end. He liked to philosophize at length on the traits which trout fishing disclosed.

A fisherman who would whip a stream all day when fish sulked, never satisfied until he *made* them come, commanded his respect. And the individual who, finally fast with a big fish, kept his head and his courage, and made the best fight he knew how, who did not grouse if he failed nor boast if he triumphed— Such a man, Jim Freeman said, *was* a man.

"But, Jim, do you suppose if you tied into Freeman's Whale, and lost him again, you could keep from crabbing, just a word or two?" Manners asked.

This was on one of the drizzly nights when Jim had been talking, when he had made one of his tentative approaches toward mellowing. And Manners wanted in the worst way to have the old bear soften; because it was Manners who had been selected to talk to Freeman about

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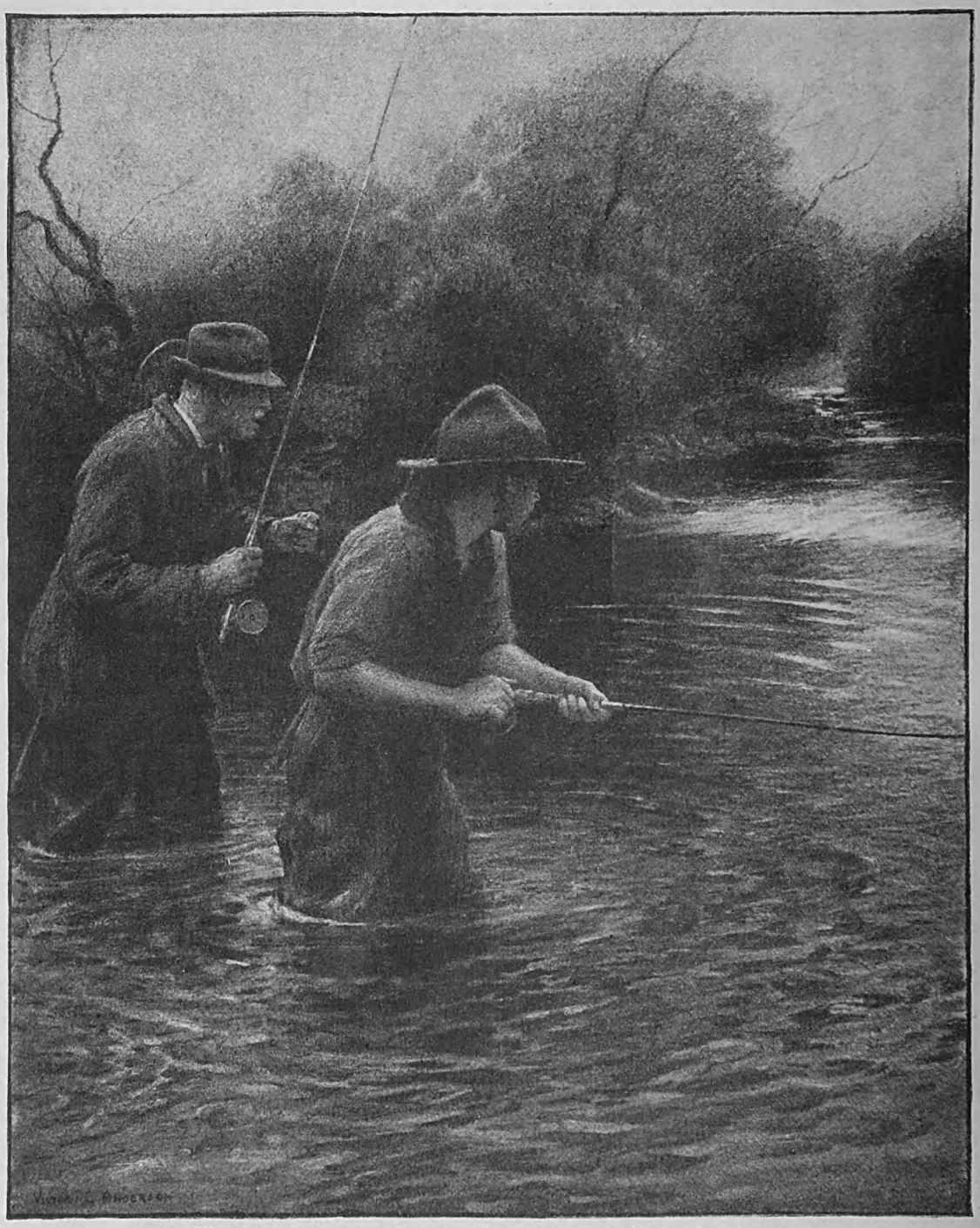

The youngster grinned, and spoke the only words that had been uttered in long: "Cryin' out loud, but I got your fish on!"

the boy Mickey . . . and about that other boy, of Marjorie's.

"I *think* I could," Jim replied, and everyone laughed.

With a fish like Freeman's Whale, the big trout that had gone through the tackle of all comers in those past years, and the capture of which had been Jim's dream of glory, it was no wonder that even he hesitated to say just what he would do if he failed once again. And Manners sat back, hoping that Freeman was, some day, in another affair, to perform in a manner which would be surprising.

Jim's relationship to the Scouts and the boy Mickey was accidental. The troop had camped for a fortnight below the club, and before it was well established the scout master had visited the Whirling Duns, and asked if someone would talk to his boys on trouting. Loessing agreed, but was called to Detroit, and that happened to leave Freeman alone. Loessing had passed the obligation on to him.

Jim was not enthusiastic over the prospect; but when he was once started, with those kids in a big circle around him, his rods and flies laid out, he held their attention for two hours straight. He knew his subject and had enthusiasm and enjoyed the experience; but, of course, he would not admit that.

It was a few days later that, fishing up to the pool where Freeman's Whale lived, he came on one of these Scouts standing on a log and doing his awkward best to put a fly down properly.

The youngster had happened on a good piece of water, and as Jim drew near a little fish rose, made a swipe at the fly and was hooked. The trout was not much over legal size and when the lad struck he yanked him clear of the water and dropped him in again, almost at his feet. In his excitement he went off balance, and as he splashed he half turned around, and saw Freeman. He was wide-eyed and white and made frantic efforts to take in slack, holding his rod high over his head and cranking away with an old brass reel.

"I got a trout!" he yelped. "On a fly! I got a fish, and he's—"

He began switching the rod, trying to find tension on his line. But of course the fish was gone, and when he looked at Jim again his freckled face was drawn with disappointment.

"I *had* a fish," he amended mournfully, standing still and shivering, for he had on only his Scout uniform. "I had a fish on a *fly*."

REGRET had brought him almost to tears, but as Jim started to wade toward him he smiled a truly wonderful smile, and breathed, despite the chattering of his teeth: "I *did* have a trout on a *fly!*"

Of course, old Jim would not respond to that mood. He just walked up and scowled at the boy's rod. A veritable old mummy of a rod it was; the line was of linen and, without the grace of a leader, a snelled fly was tied inexpertly to its end.

"It's a wonder," Jim said, "you ever even saw a fish! Only a fool trout who was starving could be coaxed by that rig."

The boy's face fell, but then he said doggedly:

"Well, prob'ly you're right, sir. But I *did* catch a trout on that fly!" And his eyes lighted again in sublime triumph.

For a moment Freeman glowered at him. Then he waded ashore, put down his own rod, stripped the linen line from the boy's reel, and put on a spare tapered line of his own. He tied on a leader and fly, while the youngster's eyes fairly popped, and then said, in the curt way he had:

"Now, young man, step out here and see if you can learn something."

Just then a bugle sounded from the camp up-stream.

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"Gee!" the boy said. "Gee whiz, sir, I'd like to, but I got to hustle. I certainly thank you for that swell line . . . or— D' you really mean me to keep it?"

"Did you think I was fooling you? And you want to cast with your wrist, not with your arm. Fly casting isn't baseball."

The boy was fingering the soft finish of the silk line.

"Thank you, ever so much, sir. I . . . I'd like to learn fly fishing."

Jim snorted. "That's what lots of men have said. And most of 'em have about as much chance of doing a decent job as you have!"

With this rebuke he glared into the youngster's face, where respect and awe mingled with gratitude and enthusiasm, and for the first time in years the man let a whim run its length.

"Come around; come up to the club, and I'll see if you have it in you to learn anything."

THE boy asked when, and Jim said any time, and Mickey's interpretation of that indefinite hour was while the Whirling Duns were at breakfast the following morning.

When Jim had finished he went outside.

"Well, young man, you don't let grass grow under your feet!" he declared, as if to snap Mickey's head off.

"No, sir"—with an odd, searching look. "I—I come to tell you I— That is, I'd like to buy this line you put on my reel."

"*Buy* it? What makes you want to *buy* it?"

"Well, it's this way: I don't like being under—now—obligations."

"Under—" Jim could not carry through his bullying manner on that. He pulled at his mustache sharply. "I see," he growled, and the whole club, listening, knew that this was a ten-strike for the boy. "Well, that line, new, cost twelve dollars. Say it's worth two now. Is that fair?"

Disappointment swept the boy's face and he looked down at the line. He was carrying his rod, all set up, even to leader and fly.

"That sounds cheap," he said soberly. "I got just eighty cents with me, and so—" He had looked up again. "If you've got any work I could do to help pay for it, I'd like to work it out. I'm apt to need my eighty cents, and I'm pretty good at work, sir."

Jim yanked his mustache again, and cleared his throat sharply.

"That's my car, with the chauffeur changing a tire. Maybe he needs help, and while I'm shaving you can get busy there."

THAT was the beginning. An hour later they were in the stream and Jim was putting the boy through the rudiments of fly casting—badgering, reprimanding. But Mickey minded this not at all. His eyes sparkled, and he cast until his thin arm refused to wield a rod. And in that time he learned not only the principles of a delicate technique, but learned that behind the gruffness of this man was a something that made him a splendid companion for a boy!

For a long time that afternoon the publisher lay in a hammock. His cigar was extinct; he was not thinking of rivers and trout and tackle, not even dreaming of Freeman's Whale. He was telling himself that it was a wonderful thing, an incredibly wonderful thing that had happened to him; (*Continued on page 119*)

"Thank you, ever so much, sir. I . . . I'd like to learn fly fishing." Jim snorted. "That's what lots of men have said. And most of 'em have about as much chance of doing a decent job as you have!"

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On A Farm In The Hills She Built A City Of Trees

By William S. Dutton

THIRTY-ODD miles north of New York, in the rolling hills of Westchester County, is one of the strangest and most beautiful cities in the world.

It is Amawalk, City of Trees.

A city, mightiest of its kind, whose inhabitants number two and a half millions! Whose street lights are the stars; whose only roof is the arch of heaven; whose only sound is the ceaseless whispering of untold millions of leaves.

It is an enchanted city, for trees are its people; trees which, like immigrants, have been assembled from all parts of the world and which are more nearly perfect perhaps than may be found anywhere else under the sun. So beautiful are the trees of Amawalk that men have journeyed thousands of miles to see them. They have been transplanted to the four corners of the earth. Fortunes have been spent for the privilege of owning some of these trees. Their total value has been estimated as high as seven million dollars.

Now, as enchantment is a scion of romance, and as every good romance has its heroine, so is there a heroine at Amawalk. She is the spirit of the place and the genius of its growth, the queen of this City of Trees.

A woman owns and built Amawalk. She it was who gave it entity and soul, who, in humble partnership with the Great Builder, has made it approach perfection. A daughter with the courage and the will to dare has built reality and fame and beauty on a father's dream!

Less than twenty years ago, Evelyn W. Smith was a girl in her late 'teens. She was a silent, shy sort of girl who invariably listened while others talked. Private schools and travel in Europe had provided her education, and she had vague notions of making music her career.

The girl adored her father, and spent as much of her time as possible trailing him about. He was Major Orlando Jay Smith, a former Union Army officer of distinguished record, the founder and president of the American Press Association, a newspaper man known to every editor in the country. Trees with Major Smith were both a hobby and a passion. He loved them as he might have loved creatures with souls. To him, indeed, trees had souls.

Apart from his newspaper interests, the major made it his hobby to buy old farms that were to be had cheaply and plant them in trees. He was never without one of these tatterdemalion places of ragged stone rows and tumbling buildings, though he seldom possessed more than one at a time. This was his playground and his joy.

He scoured Europe for its most beautiful trees, its rarest trees, and planted their seedlings by the hundreds, then by the thousands, in the fields where there had been but brush and weeds. He cleared, fertilized, rebuilt, repainted. He experimented in tree culture and made himself an authority on it. And when one farm had been redeemed and planted, he sold and went on to another, thinking not of profits but of trees; while ever before him was desolation and behind him beauty which he had helped to create. It became his dream to grow trees more nearly perfect than the finest nurseries of the world had yet grown them!

But trees grow slowly; years must pass before they mature—and Major Smith, seeker for the perfect, was nearing the end of his life. The dream was now his impelling ambition; it filled his every thought; but, ironically, it had come too late. He knew; and feverishly he planned that the work he must leave unfinished might be carried on. For the first time, he felt, he envisaged the real possibilities in his perfect trees to be; instead of mere hillsides they might beautify whole cities and counties if the work could go on.

In hope he turned to his only son. He sent him to Wisconsin to study trees under famous instructors. Lost in his dream, Major Smith never questioned his son's interest, and the boy's protest against the plan fell on deaf ears. Under his son's hands the aging father saw his last beloved tree farm as a permanent nursery where perfect trees would be grown and sold far and wide. Thus people would come to see as he saw, the creed of the perfect tree would be spread, and destroyers of trees would become their preservers.

Such was the dream. Its tangible manifestations were to be found at Amawalk in the last of the old farms the major had bought and in the thirty thousand trees he had planted on its hills. The trees were yet small, the least, so it seemed, of his possessions. The farm was lonely and work-burdened. The dream itself, to those of practical mind, was but a will-o'-the-wisp ideal of a sick man's fancy— fine perhaps, but unattainable.

SO MAJOR SMITH died, leaving a widow, the son, Courtland, and two daughters, Evelyn and Mabel, still mere girls in their 'teens. The estate, with the home at Dobb's Ferry, New York, where they had lived, passed in trust to the widow. Courtland, who had repeatedly avowed his disinterest in trees, continued in his place as an officer in his father's business. Evelyn and Mabel received what was left—the Amawalk farm.

"What is to become of it?" asked Evelyn.

The constant companion of her father, she knew his dream. She knew what he had hoped her brother would try to accomplish there—but Courtland had now relinquished all rights in the place.

Neither of the sisters knew the first thing about trees, could scarcely distinguish one common tree from another. Only occasionally had they even visited the farm. They knew nothing of work, and least of all of farm work. Both the farm and they were without a penny of capital.

The mother, the brother, and their friends were all (*Continued on page 128*)

"There is Alway Something Better Just Ahead"

"WHY haven't you patented some of your inventions?" the writer of this article asked Evelyn Smith, who has worked out half a dozen valuable devices for moving big trees in safety to all parts of the world.

"I don't want to patent them," said Miss Smith quietly.

"But don't you know," persisted the interviewer, "that any competitor in the tree nursery business can use your ideas and inventions?"

"They are welcome," said Miss Smith. "In fact, I want everybody to benefit by them, so that I will be forced to search for devices still better. There is always," she added, "something better just ahead."

And in that last short sentence is the history of all progress.

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Photographs by D. Jay Culver

EVELYN W. SMITH and some of the men who have helped her convert a farm at Amawalk, New York, into the largest big tree nursery in the world.

MISS SMITH and her husband. In private life she is Mrs. Eric L. Hodge.

AN EVERGREEN (above) is made ready for shipment by "Andy", foreman of the diggers, under Miss Smith's direction. Both the method of wrapping and the octagon platform on which the tree sits are inventions of Amawalk's mistress. (Right) The farmhouse at Amawalk. The Boxwood hedge in the foreground is part of that planted by George Washington, in Hayfield, Virginia, in 1761, and removed to Amawalk in 1925 to form the famous Washington Boxwood garden there.

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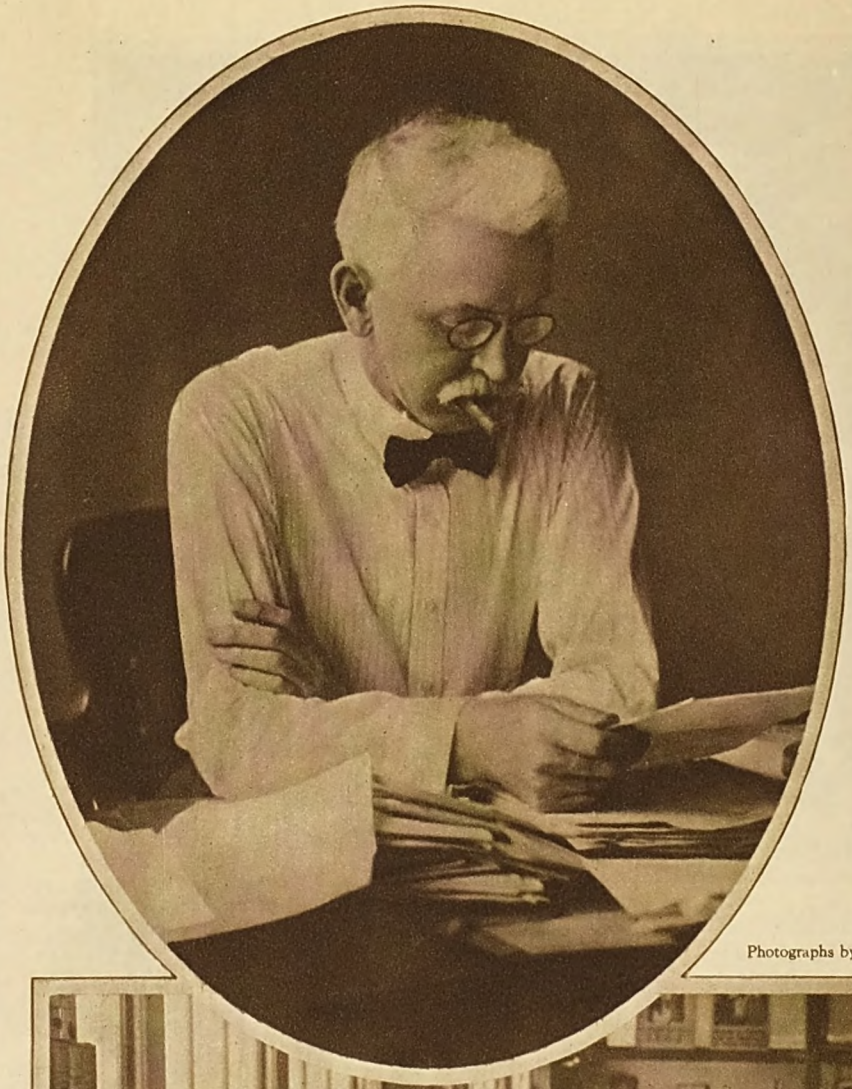

WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

Mr. Patterson and some of his associates (below) in the Western Newspaper Union, of which he has been editor-in-chief for more than twenty years. Mr. Patterson, the son of a circuit riding Methodist minister, was born in Kirksville, Missouri, in 1870. He began his newspaper career when a boy, soon acquiring that intimate, friendly knowledge of human nature which is essential to the country newspaper. In his present hard job as a sort of contributing editor to thousands of papers, he must know always what people like to read, what offends them, what makes them laugh, what stirs them up—in short, he must know what will make you subscribe to a newspaper!

Photographs by Western Newspaper Union

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Patterson Helps To Edit Twelve Thousand Newspapers

He is editor-in-chief of the Western Newspaper Union, a syndicate which serves at least twenty-five million readers of country and small-town papers—They are Republicans and Democrats, Protestants and Catholics—"In fact," explains Mr. Patterson, "they are as many-sided as a falling cat!"

By Neil M. Clark

THEODORE ROOSEVELT stood by his desk in the White House.

"You are known for giving every man a square deal," said his caller, a tall, rangy man in the late thirties. "That is all I am asking: a square deal for the country newspaper. Why shouldn't readers in small towns and on the farms have first-hand news of the Administration, such as city readers have?"

The President bared his famous teeth. "You win right there!" he said.

At that moment a door opened. Edward B. Clark, veteran newspaper man, stepped into the executive office. He spoke to both men.

"Mr. President," he said, "I wonder if you know exactly who this is you are talking to?"

"Yes," said Roosevelt emphatically, "Mr. Patterson, of the Western Newspaper Union. He wants White House courtesies for his staff representative. I have just told him they are his."

"But," went on Mr. Clark enthusiastically, "do you realize that Patterson helps to edit *twelve thousand newspapers;* that the biggest paper in the country has nowhere near so many readers as he has?"

The look in the President's eye, merely courteous before, deepened to interest.

"How long are you staying in Washington, Mr. Patterson?" he asked. "When can you tell me all about it?"

An appointment was arranged for the next day. Then, for three hours, the President of the United States was an eager questioner, while Wright A. Patterson disclosed to him a remarkable story of newspaper editing and reading. And the story that was told to the President that day, with the added experiences of two momentous decades, is what I am going to tell to you: the story of the American country newspaper, and of the organization that helps to make it possible.

Comparatively few people know of the Western Newspaper Union. Yet at a rough estimate it serves at least twenty-five million readers of daily and weekly newspapers, bringing them knowledge of day-to-day progress in business, science, religion, travel, education, adventure, and the multifarious undertakings of a busy world.

Consider for a moment: In this country there are between ten and eleven thousand weekly newspapers, and some twenty-five hundred dailies. Most of these are published in the smaller cities and country towns. Relatively few of them have the money to send correspondents to distant points to gather news; to hire expensive special cartoonists; to buy outright feature articles, poems, serials, and short stories from famous authors; to have fashion news, comic strips, travel features, sermons, or Bible lessons specially prepared; to get special editorials written by prominent people; to have exclusive writers of radio, automobile, household, and sports news; or any other kind of editorial material that makes up the metropolitan newspaper.

Yet, marvelously, these smaller papers have kept pace step by step with the big city papers. The country reader knows the important things that are going on practically as soon, and fully as correctly, as the man in the city who reads a paper which has hundreds of employees. He, too, has variety and volume of reading matter in his local paper. He, too, gets information, amusement, and the thrill of keeping abreast of the times. How it is done is a fascinating wonder story.

"THERE is romance in it, all right," agreed Mr. Patterson—we were talking in his Chicago office—"romance from the very day when, sixty-six years ago, a country editor faced a business crisis. The editor was Ansel N. Kellogg, and he owned the Baraboo 'Republic' in the eighteen-sixties, when Baraboo was a little lumber town tucked away in the wilds of Wisconsin.

"In July, 1864, Kellogg's only journeyman printer went to war with the Union forces. Without him, Kellogg could not get out a full sheet; and he could not replace him.

"He had an idea. Crude at the start as the biggest ideas usually are, nevertheless it founded a great industry.

"Madison was the nearest big town, and the Madison 'Daily Journal' was a good-sized newspaper. Kellogg went to Madison and explained his idea to the publisher of that paper. He wanted them, he said, to save the type from some of their most interesting articles, and with it print for him a two-page paper, which he planned to send to his subscribers with the pages of local news written and printed in Baraboo.

"This was done. The idea proved so successful that within a year Kellogg sold the 'Republic,' moved to Chicago, started the Kellogg Newspaper Company, and went into the business of supplying similar printed sheets to other small papers.

"Competitors cropped up, of course," Mr. Patterson went on, "the most successful one being located in Iowa. This Iowa company was bound up in the person and fortunes of George A. Joslyn, who was supplying a "ready-print" service to dozens of small papers that were springing up in the newly settled West. In 1880, Joslyn incorporated, and named it the 'Western Newspaper Union.'

"JOSLYN was a builder. His company grew rapidly, and bought out one competitor after another. In 1906, it absorbed the Kellogg Newspaper Company; in 1917, under permission of a court decree, it bought one more last large remaining competitor, and since that time has been virtually alone in its great field."

Mr. Joslyn died more than ten years ago. But it's a fitting cap to the romance that Mrs. Joslyn, who helped her husband valiantly when he was struggling for a start, to-day lives in a big house and on top of the highest hill in Omaha, and gives her time and resources to numerous charities, a leading citizen of the city she and her husband helped to build.

That, briefly, is the story of the business—a business which is manned to-day by men most of whom were brought up on little country papers, or who have lived their lives in that atmosphere.

Wright A. Patterson, who is editor in chief of the combined companies, was smearing printer's ink on his hands in the first years of his teens. Tall, lean, mild-mannered, white-haired, white mustaches, with unsuspected reserves of reminiscence, humor, and human understanding, his acquaintance includes Presidents—most of them for the past three decades—prime ministers, a king or two, generals, senators, and a host of others, great, humble, and of all grades between. In 1918 he was one of the twelve newspaper men to go as guests of the British and French Governments to visit European battle fronts. Upon him for years has rested the burden of deciding what shall be offered to the vast audience of readers which the Western commands.

Mr. Patterson (*Continued on page 158*)

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"Beauty! Old, yet ever new.
Eternal voice and Inward Word."

In Her Own Country

A story

By

Agnes Sligh Turnbull

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANKLIN BOOTH

THE train had scarcely emerged from the smooth darkness of the Hudson River tunnel, when Eleanor Norton began to draw notebooks and tablets from the bag beside her chair and settle herself for a long, busy day.

Already New York seemed to be far behind her. The rhythmic click of the rails kept saying, "Going *home!* At *last!* Going *home!* At *last!*" And the landscape outside was flying faster and ever faster, hurrying to cover the distance between her and Willetsburg.

She was buoyantly happy and expectant. The joy in her heart sent a rich red into her gypsy cheeks. Her dark eyes shone with a bright flame. After five strange, crowded years, years of hard, unceasing work crowned with success at the last, she was going *home!* Home to the town of her birth. Home to Aunt Sally and Uncle Joe, the only parents she had ever known. Home to all the girls she had grown up with, and to the old neighbors, who were almost as dear as relatives!

It would have been sweet under any circumstances to be returning to all this after the long absence. But now, to be going with her laurels fresh upon her; to be going with full hands, bearing to the town that was not important enough even to appear on the map, an offering of *fame!* Oh, that was happiness indeed.

It seemed less than five years and yet somehow longer than a lifetime since the day she had left Willetsburg with her simple wardrobe packed in the shiny new trunk, and her precious packages of sketches and paintings carried carefully beneath her arm. Everybody was down to the train to see her off and wish her well.

"I give you exactly two months," Bess Laird had called out, waving good-by.

"She'll be back! She'll have to come back! Nobody can stay away long from Willetsburg," Uncle Joe had seconded.

But nobody, not even Eleanor herself, had dreamed of the things that really were to come: The months of small, dark hall bedrooms and cautiously spent nickels; of feverish, absorbing work in Art School, where the teacher's praise was sometimes food enough without a dinner. The days of bitter homesickness when there was not enough money to go home on, unless she abandoned the dream of her heart.

And then the scholarship to Paris! Care lifted by the first breath of success. Three years of the heavenly joy of work that grew nearer and nearer perfection under her hand. And at last her picture in a place of honor *in the Salon!*

When she returned to New York it was to find her work already known and sought after. There had been an exhibit, and more sales than she had dared hope for. Better still, there were orders waiting to be filled. Fame and Fortune, those hesitant lovers, had suddenly become her devoted slaves.

And as soon as the tumult of acclaim had spent itself a little, when she had rented her studio and finished the first most important orders, she wrote to Aunt Sally and Uncle Joe that at last she was coming!

SHE scarcely slept that night after the letter was mailed. All the long-deferred and stoically silenced longings leaped up again in her heart. The praise of strange lips was, after all, not altogether satisfying. She wanted to hear it from those who had known her when she drew menageries around the borders of her spelling-book, and caricatured the teacher on her slate!

But the thought uppermost in her mind, as she sat now in the speeding train with the papers and notebooks about her, was far removed from vanity or pride. As a matter of fact, Eleanor had the simple humility of a true disciple of beauty. The thought was unselfish. It was a deep longing to share with the people of Willetsburg what she had gained during these five years. To take it back with her like a shining gift, and pour it into their hands.

Dear Willetsburg! So familiar and friendly and kind-hearted! So circumscribed and uneventful, and yet so complacent withal! They did not dream, those good people who went about their busy, useful daily round, that just outside there was a thrilling world of beauty which they did not see. Very few of them had ever traveled afar, either in reality or in imagination. Now, she, like an eager Marco Polo, was returning to tell them of the wonders she had discovered.

AND they would be so glad to hear, for there was now a link between Willetsburg and Paris! Something in common between the old town's dingy Main Street and the gleaming Champs Élysées! Incredible and yet true, for she herself had brought it about! The precious painting that had achieved fame, that the judges had chosen to honor in the Salon, *was a little bit of Willetsburg!* The old black oak that stood in Fielding's Meadow, back of the town! She had painted it from a dozen sketches that she had made from time to time at home, and from the memory of it, as she had seen it standing, winter after winter, starkly noble amid the snow, with its curiously bent and widely sweeping branches etched against the sunset! She wondered, with a warm, happy quiver of anticipation what everybody would say about *that*. For they all knew of it. A copy of the picture with its simple title of "The Oak," and the account of its success, had been reprinted in the county newspaper from a New York issue.

She began to leaf through her notebooks. They were full of bits of description, scraps of unique experiences, vivid ink sketches of interesting characters. Now she must sift out the best of them and arrange them in such a way that she could pass them on to Willetsburg. She

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would be invited to speak, of course, at the Wednesday Club, and probably at one of the Lodge's social affairs.

And then, every day, the neighbors would have questions to ask her. She wanted to give them her very best.

Outside raced the flying hours.

It was late at night when she found herself at last on the Willetsburg platform. But everything was just as she had expected: Uncle Joe and Aunt Sally close to the train steps, almost lifting her off her feet. And behind them, chattering, laughing, calling, *the old crowd* waiting to greet her! It was all too unbelievably good! She was swept from one to another, talking excitedly, her eyes wet with tears. And then, when the first noisy demonstration was over, they all trooped together up the street.

"And, say, she hasn't seen the new bank building," Will Harbison was calling out above the others. "Gee, Eleanor, you'll see some changes in the old burg since you left it!"

"And the Country Cl—"

"Dan Gates! I think you're the limit! We wanted to keep that for the big surprise. Now, as usual, you've spilled the beans!" Bess Laird's voice was sharply accusing.

"Well, come on, we might as well tell her now, since he's gone that far. What do you think, Eleanor! Willetsburg is coming right along. A nine-hole golf course!"

"And the dearest little clubhouse! It's to be added to later, of course. But it's big enough now for bridge parties and—"

"And the Saturday night dances!"

"We made Aunt Sally promise not to write you about it! Isn't it *wonderful?*"

"Wonderful!" Eleanor echoed. "Where is it?"

"Fielding's meadow and Lowry's hill thrown together. So that makes it awfully convenient."

"And the new Episcopal church is finished at last," somebody put in.

"And they've paved Jayne Street," another volunteered.

"Now listen, everybody!" Bess Laird called. "That's enough about the town's improvements. What Eleanor wants to hear is the personal items! Now, let me tell the big one! Please let me! Henry and Jessie *are engaged!*"

"Announced last week! If she had known in time you were coming she'd have waited!"

"And the Stetsons have twins! A boy and a girl."

"And the Beckers are—"

"Sh—sh! There's time for the scandal later."

"Yes, leave it for the girls to chew over alone," Will Harbison rejoined cheerfully.

It flowed all around her, the accumulated details. Five years' news, with Aunt Sally and Uncle Joe expostulating earnestly in between, "But we wrote her that! Don't you remember, Eleanor?"

At last the crowd reached the big frame house on Jayne Street, where they stopped. The same old porch chairs and swing—all in the same places. The same honeysuckle and rambler roses. The same old, shabby comfort showing through the lighted windows.

Eleanor drew a deep breath. It was all so restful and satisfying. She said good night to the crowd, making wild promises to do everything they asked of her. Her head buzzed with the plans: luncheons, bridges, bacon fries, auto trips, teas!

The one reference to her own recent experiences was made by Bess Laird as they all reluctantly moved off.

"We'll show you that your gay Paree has nothing on Willetsburg," she called.

When she was left alone with Aunt Sally and Uncle Joe, she relaxed utterly into young girlhood. It was sweet to be petted and made much of after the years of courageous struggle and hard independence. She leaned suddenly upon their love.

Uncle Joe and Aunt Sally gloated over her. And she was actually here, safe and sound, and no harm had come to her in all the wild, wicked places she had been! Aunt Sally could hardly sleep nights thinking of her lamb away off there among *foreigners!* Well now, maybe she would stop traipsing around. What Uncle Joe would like to see her do, was just to marry some nice fellah like Will Harbison here, and settle down in Willetsburg. . . .

She went asleep that night with the old quiet flooding in about her, in the room in which she had lain awake so many nights to dream of what had now really come to pass. Sweet! Sweet! She had been too tired to talk about her work that night. To-morrow she would tell them all about it.

But the next morning there seemed to be no burning questions in Aunt Sally's mind, beyond the one as to whether Eleanor would rather have chocolate

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icing or coconut on the cake she was baking. And would she like chicken or baked ham for dinner?

The girls came over early, and bore her off to see the Stetson twins. It seemed that all the old group were either married or about to be, except herself. She listened to excited details of Jessie's engagement ring and Marian's new sun-parlor furniture, and Billy Benton's first tooth. She heard over and over that Dan, and Jake, and Huntley were the most perfect husbands the world had yet produced, but that Anne Becker was actually going to *get a divorce* from Hal! The first real divorce in Willetsburg! The full details of the case took up the remainder of the morning.

In the afternoon she was escorted by the old crowd at full strength to the new club grounds. The boys carried their golf clubs with a self-conscious swagger and talked of their scores. The girls eyed them proudly.

Eleanor's keen, friendly glance saw it all amusedly. They were so eager to make the display entirely correct for her sake, when she, of them all, was least acquainted with the Country Club atmosphere. There had been neither time nor opportunity for it in the five busy years.

THEY had reached the edge of town now. A smooth rolling green stretched away where old Turner's potato patch used to be. Fielding's meadow had become a bunkered fairway, and the brook where the town children had always waded pleasantly on hot summer days had been widened to a muddy hazard.

All the old beauty of Lowry's hill, ragged with elderberry bushes and sumac, had been painstakingly cleared away. But she must forget she was an artist. She must be human. The golf course was great fun. She—

"And would you please *look* at our clubhouse?" Bess was saying exultantly.

Eleanor turned to the west. She had purposely kept from looking at once in that direction. She had wished to wait until she could go off by herself, and then, as if it were a small sacrament, tell the old Black Oak what it had done for her. Feast her eyes again upon its beauty.

She turned slowly around. Then she gave a cry. They all stopped to look at her. For the cry was not one of pleased surprise. There was sharp pain in it.

There, on the slight rise of ground where the great tree had spread its branching limbs, stood the smug little house with its toy veranda and fluttering curtains, with its gravel driveway serpentining importantly around it. There it stood, in its crass and boastful newness where before had been one of Nature's very masterpieces.

"Well, don't you *like* it?" Bess inquired. "I take all the credit for the location. I picked that spot as soon as we talked about a club, didn't I, girls? Well, Eleanor, *say* something! We crave praise!"

Eleanor's lips felt stiff. She looked from one cheerful face to the other.

"I was thinking about . . . *the tree*," she said slowly.

Will Harbison began at once:

"Now you know, *I* hated to see the old oak come down. A darned shame, I told Bess, to sacrifice a tree like that. But you know the ladies! That clubhouse had to stand on that very spot or not at all."

"But it *is* the best place for it, right on top of that little knoll, and there wasn't room to put it there unless you cut the tree down!"

"That's right! The oak was in the middle of the space."

"And besides, we have all those lovely logs for the fireplace next winter. Eleanor, you *must* come back for Christmas. We're going to have a big dance and—"

"Well, Eleanor, don't you think it really *is* pretty smart for Willetsburg?"

She gathered herself together. It was not the first time in her life she had had to assume a sprightliness she did not feel. She atoned for her slow response. She heard herself laughing and exclaiming, and meeting the gay banter of the others. Deep within her, she choked down the bitter surprised hurt that threatened to overcome her.

But that night, in the stillness of her room, she sat down to face it. The tree she had worshiped since she was a child was gone. Cut down to make room for that glaring little monstrosity of a clubhouse. The old Black Oak! And nobody knew or cared that it had hung *in the Paris Salon!* Through all the day, no one had asked her about her work. Jessie had inquired how she could *stand* it to be so far from home, and was Paris really as wild as people said? And they all called her the "Celeb." But outside of that the conversation centered on their own interests. She lay awake a long time that night, trying to think of something that would ease the disappointment of her heart.

The next morning Aunt Sally told her over her late breakfast that Mrs. Tulley had telephoned.

"She's president of the Wednesday Club, and she wants you to speak at their next meeting. I told her you would. That was right, wasn't it? She's coming over to-morrow to talk to you about it."

Eleanor brightened. All day she kept turning over in her mind the choice memories she had stored there. The opportunity she had hoped for was to be hers. If she could only put into words for these women the beauty she had seen!

THE next day Mrs. Tulley arrived, smartly dressed and beaming. She was a newcomer since Eleanor had left Willetsburg. She began promptly upon the business in hand, while her eye took in each detail of Eleanor's dress.

"You know, Miss Norton, next Wednesday is guest day at our club, and we've invited the Music Study and the Home Interests clubs from Coatesville to meet with us at the Elks' rooms. Just a social day, you know—no heavy program. And I wondered if you would speak to us?"

Eleanor smiled, but Mrs. Tulley gave her no chance to answer. She hurried on:

"You see, this winter the Home Interests invited our club over there and gave us *such* a treat. They had a fashion show from the city—regular mannequins! The women were crazy about it. Now, my idea was that if you would just give a little talk on Paris fashions—*you* know, whether bobbed hair is going out and how they are wearing skirts—just a general forecast of the styles—well, you know it would be *marvelous*, especially since you are an artist and naturally would have an eye for interesting effects. By the way—if it isn't rude—do you happen to have with you any dress bought in Paris?"

Eleanor gripped the arms of her chair. She must not have hysterics in this woman's presence! She must be civil to her, at any cost.

"All the dresses I have with me were bought in Paris, Mrs. Tulley. You know I lived there for three years."

The other woman stared at her with a kind of holy awe.

"Miss Norton! *All of them!* Why, our women will be thrilled just to *look* at you! I'll manage to pass the word around. And you *will* speak, dear Miss Norton, won't you?"

Eleanor hesitated, while she swallowed a queer lump in her throat. Then she said slowly:

"I had thought of speaking on rather a different subject; but if you think this will give the club the most pleasure—"

"Oh, it will be *wonderful!* I can't tell you how much we will enjoy it."

She left at last, an animated wisp of thanks fluttering behind her.

WHEN she was out of sight Eleanor sank limply back into her chair. So this was the end of all her longing to bring a gift to Willetsburg! They would have none of it. In her own country she was without honor. Her offering of beauty could not be given.

Eleanor set her lips. Very well. So be it, then. Her only praise, her only encouragement and understanding must come from strangers. Between the heart of Willetsburg and her heart there was a great gulf fixed.

She went up-stairs and repacked the notebooks, and the sketches with which she had meant to illustrate her talk, in the bottom of her trunk.

Nothing in the course of the next days lightened her disillusionment. She drove and danced and lunched and dined, as she was gayly commanded to do. Each one of the girls was bursting with eagerness to show off *her* house, *her* baby, *her* wedding silver, *her* new car!

Uncle Joe and Aunt Sally were supremely content. Their child was home from her dangerous wanderings. The old house was full of young people again. Somebody was always dropping in and being pressed to stay for Aunt Sally's famous chicken and hot biscuit suppers. They waited, she and Uncle Joe, on the vine-covered porch until Eleanor returned from an evening gathering, to hear all the news.

"My, you certainly are being entertained!" Aunt Sally would remark complacently. "I knew you would be! And isn't it just grand that you're going to be here for the picnic? Who did you say invited you for to-morrow?"

"Well," Uncle Joe would break in, "it's about time you're setting out to enjoy yourself, after all this working away on them fool pictures an' things. What *I* want is for you to forget all about this painting business an' settle down with some nice fellah that can give you a good home. A pretty girl like you living in a *studio* in a big city! Now that don't look right to me."

It was late afternoon on the day of Bess Laird's bridge. Eleanor came up the walk wearily. This party had been like unto

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all the other parties. The same trifling gossip, the same ill-concealed interest in high scores, the same frank enthusiasm over the good things to eat. Eleanor had wanted to scream.

As she entered the house she heard a faint tapping at the back door. Aunt Sally was out, so she went on through the big cool rooms.

There, under the grape arbor that screened the back porch, stood two travel-stained figures, a woman and a little girl. At a glance, Eleanor surmised they had come from far back in the country, and it looked as though they had come on foot. The woman carried a market basket, and was no doubt selling something.

"Did you wish to see my aunt?" she inquired kindly.

The woman smiled timidly.

"No," she said in a slow, soft voice. "We wanted to see Miss Norton. . . . Why . . . are you—?"

For Eleanor was opening the door hospitably.

"Yes; I am Miss Norton. Won't you come in?"

The woman entered, drawing the child with her. Her eyes were fixed worshipfully on Eleanor's face.

"You don't know," she stammered, "what this means to me. I—I didn't know whether we'd even get to see you; but I've been planning ever since I saw by the papers you were here, to bring Mary in. Mary, shake hands with the lady. *This is the artist!*"

ELEANOR took the child's hot, dusty little hand and looked into the blue eyes that were raised wonderingly to hers, then turned to the mother.

"Do sit down and rest, both of you, and tell me how you came to know anything about me."

The woman placed her basket beside her. Eleanor noticed now that she had the same deep gentian eyes as the child.

She smoothed her plain gingham dress nervously, and went on:

"It seems kind of bold, me coming like this, a perfect stranger. I'm Mrs. Hart, from out by the Cross Roads. But I've thought so much about you and your work ever since I read in the paper first that you were going off to New York to study art—and then about the scholarship to Paris—and then your picture in the Salon, I sort of felt I just had to come and bring Mary—"

She stopped, embarrassed. Then, encouraged by the flash of surprised pleasure in Eleanor's eyes, she added:

"I used to draw a little myself when I was young. Of course I never had any chance, and when I was married—you know how it is on a farm with a big family." She smiled wistfully. "There ain't much time for drawing. But now, Mary! It seems like she's taking to it the way I did, only more. That's why I wanted her just to *see* you! She won't ever forget. She's like that, always remembering things. I want her to have her chance, mebbe, some day." (*Continued on page 98*)

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"Yes, I Am A Crank!"

And so is every person who has ever done anything, says B. H. Kroger, who operates a chain of thirty-six hundred stores

By Charles Lane Callen

A GOOD many years ago, forty-five to be exact, a wholesale-grocery salesman bustled into a Cincinnati store with the air of one who had little time to waste. With a practiced flourish, he placed a can of corn upon the counter and tapped it with an impressive forefinger.

"Ever see anything classier than that wrapper?" he demanded of the storekeeper. "Makes you hungry for stewed corn the minute you look at it." He went on, confidently, "That wrapper'll sell more canned corn in a day than you've been selling in a month. I'm putting you down for three cases. You'll want all of a dozen cases next week."

It was a little store, a mere one-man-and-boy establishment which the salesman "made" because he must. The storekeeper was small, slightly built, as unimportant appearing as his business, and scarcely more than a boy in years. Not so long before he had been soliciting orders and driving a wagon on the streets. Prior to that he had been a farm hand at six dollars a month "and found." By every rule, the imposing bulk and air of the salesman, twice his age, should have awed him.

"What d'yuh say?" boomed that worthy, poising his pencil over order book. "Price is right, stuff's right, and—" He stopped short, then stared in astonishment mingled with wrath at the meager figure opposite. The storekeeper calmly had picked up the can of corn, stripped it of its pretty wrapper, and there it stood between them, bare and characterless.

"What's the big idea?" the salesman demanded.

Deliberately the storekeeper crumpled the torn wrapper in his hand.

"My customers eat corn," he said crisply, "not wrappers. Since we understand that, now suppose you open your sample and show me what's inside. That's what you were hired to do."

The salesman blustered, he argued, he swore under his breath; but he did open the can, which he was hired to do. And next morning, with memory still rankling, he vehemently explained to a fellow salesman what had followed upon his use of the can-opener.

"He smelled that corn," he related. "He tasted it. Not content with that, he dumped the corn out and washed it, after which he had the nerve to tell me that it was full of hulls! Of all the blasted cranks I've ever met that fellow is the worst! His name is Kroger. I hope to Gawd he starves!"

Since that day, forty-five years ago, many hundreds of men, like the corn salesman, have sworn mightily under their breaths and called B. H. Kroger a crank. And Kroger cheerfully, heartily, unhesitatingly admits it!

"If a crank is somebody who knows exactly what he wants and who insists and persists until he gets it exactly in that way, you may just put me down as the worst crank in this whole town," he says.

However, Kroger has not starved. Instead, his crankiness very directly has helped him build a fortune.

A man who had no reason to be friendly to Kroger pointed him out to me as "one of the four biggest men in Cincinnati." He added that Kroger was reputed to be worth $60,000,000 and that Kroger stock was that day quoted on the Cincinnati exchange at thirteen times its par value.

"He began with one store. To-day he owns two thousand," he said.

I CHECKED up and found he had understated the facts. To-day Kroger is the head and founder of a great retail organization which operates more than 3,600 stores in Ohio, Michigan, Missouri, West Virginia, and Kentucky. The business of the B. H. Kroger Grocery and Baking Company amounts to $160,000,000 a year. It is the third largest baker of crackers, and its annual production of bread, for sale in Kroger stores, exceeds 100,000,000 loaves. The employee roll of one boy has grown until now it numbers 12,500 workers. Additionally and incidentally, Kroger is the president of the Provident Savings Bank and Trust Company, of Cincinnati.

I looked up Mr. Kroger. According to the evidence, it had paid him uncommonly well to be a crank and I was curious to learn how he had "got that way," and why, for crankiness never before had appealed to me as a profitable trait.

What was my surprise, therefore, when this man, who has spent a lifetime in dealing with people, informed me promptly and bluntly that I was a crank, that you are a crank, that everybody to a degree varying with the individual is a crank of one sort or another!

"Show me the most successful man in the world," said Mr. Kroger, "and I will show you the world's biggest crank. What is more, he *had* to be a crank to be successful! A great artist is great, why? Because he is a crank about form and shade and color; a great engineer because he is a crank about precision, materials, and design; a great writer because he is a crank about words and atmosphere and characterization.

"PICK out the best bookkeeper you know; he is a crank over accuracy and thoroughness. The woman whose appearance you admire is a crank about her hair and dress. And the cook whose food has the most delicious flavor and whose dinners are the most savory is the peer of all cranks when she buys her meats and vegetables and groceries.

"My business is that of dealing daily with thousands of cooks and housewives," added Mr. Kroger, his shrewd eyes twinkling, "and it was they, years ago, who taught me the virtue of crankiness. I became a crank deliberately and by design, for which I must thank the women. It was my mother, a wonderful woman, who started me on my cranky way."

I studied the man before me—slight of build, grayed, seamed of face; in spite of a ceaseless activity and seemingly exhaustless energy he has never in his life been entirely well. I noticed that his hand jerked nervously where it hung at ease over his chair arm. His face was as devoid of fear as a sheet of steel, that of a man used to fighting alone, and to constant fighting, with the odds often against him. But a shy softness tempered his direct, steady eyes, so that it did not surprise me

And an Egotist, Too!

"LET us be frank in this talk," said Mr. Kroger. "I have said we are all cranks. Likewise, most of us are egotists. We like to palm off our egotism as self-confidence; sometimes we call it 'faith in ourselves;' but, whatever we call it, it is the ego, the 'I' exalted. Purposeful, confident action *must* be founded on a belief in 'I,' for without that belief there would be inaction."

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later to learn that each summer, at his big farm near Cincinnati, he cares for several hundred anemic poor children. He never mentioned this in our talk, though it perhaps is his biggest interest outside of business.

Christened Bernard Kroger, he was born in Cincinnati in 1860, the fourth oldest in a family that was to grow to eight. His father, a small merchant, had come to America in 1827 from Alsace-Lorraine, working his way in a sailing ship. Big, affable, easy-going had been the elder Kroger, popular with his neighbors, open-handed, genuine. Farmers who had begun their journey into town long before daylight made up a goodly portion of the patronage accorded his little general store on Central Avenue; and fifteen or twenty of them with huge appetites usually sat down each day at the free Kroger table for noonday dinner. That was the elder Kroger's idea of "service to my customers." It made his store a gathering place. He sold dry goods, which farmers usually bought by the bolt. He died at seventy-one.

Young Bernard's mother was the disciplinarian of the family. Born in Germany, she had been brought to America at the age of three, a daughter of pioneers. Under her hand the Kroger home above the store was kept immaculate. Her meals, always on time, were famed for thirty miles around. A church woman, unswerving and literal in her faith, she dominated her household. There was no excuse except a serious illness to warrant shirking duty on Sundays. There was no excuse under the sun for untidiness and waste. Cleanliness *was* next to godliness; and industry was second only to cleanliness.

THE boy Bernard was like her, except in physique, possibly due to an admiration and a love which knew no bounds. Hardy and tireless, up to within a few weeks of her death at the age of eighty-eight, Mother Kroger knew not a sick day. At eighty-five she took a railroad journey unaccompanied. With undimmed eyes she read the best magazines, and was better informed on international affairs than most men. Many times, I've no doubt, she was called a crank.

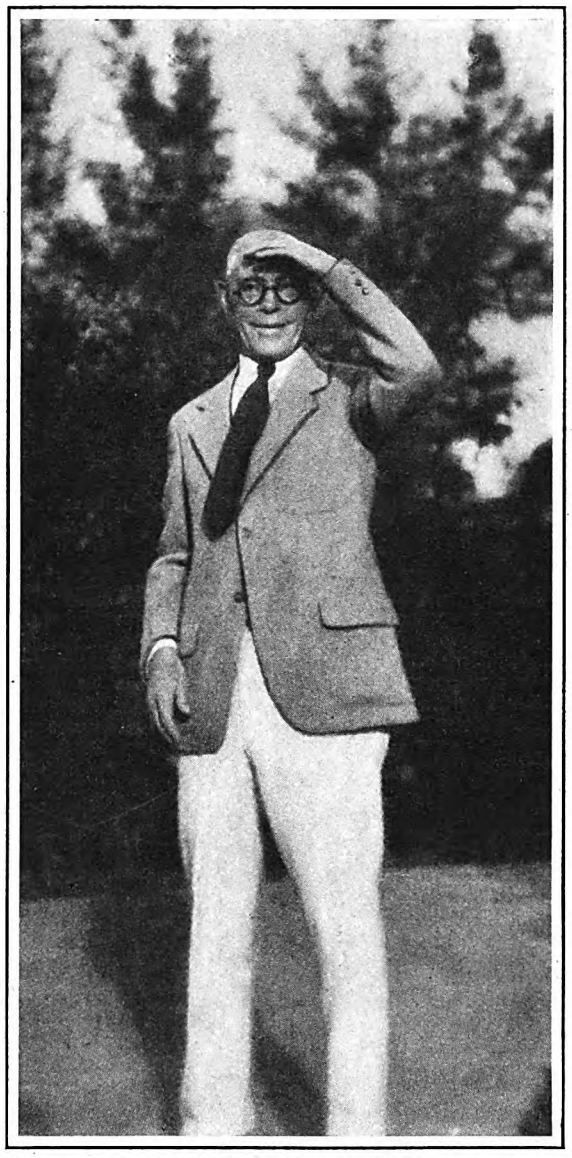
She was a crank in this way, Mr. Kroger explained: She insisted that a thing be done right; that it be done promptly; that it be done thoroughly. The store, for instance, sold among its endless variety of goods those old-fashioned cotton-stuffed "comforters" at one time to be seen in every farm bedroom. They were hand-made by neighborhood housewives. One of Bernard's boyhood duties was to carry the bundles of cotton to the makers and to return the completed comforters to the store for sale. His mother subjected them to inspection, and never accepted one her exacting nature would have refused for her own bed.

"Women will come in here to buy these comforters who are just as particular as I am," she was wont to say. "If I can see poor stitching they will see it too. The only way to satisfy a particular customer is to be more particular. Satisfy the most particular customer you have and you'll satisfy everybody."

Although she did not know it, she was stating a policy upon which one of the country's great businesses was to be founded. Bernard Kroger himself was too young to realize its full significance then, though later it was to be his guiding rule.

In the panic of 1873, the Kroger store failed.

Rather, the store itself did not fail, but "outside speculations" of the elder Kroger in real estate collapsed and the store and its stock had to be liquidated to meet the losses and pay debts. Bernard got work in a drug store. He was thirteen, but he had to work seven days a week, and nights. Even in adversity Mother Kroger's principles held iron-bound. "A job which keeps a boy at work Sunday and away from church is no job," she declared. Bernard went to church, though he had to quit his position at the drug store in order to do so. "I'd sooner starve," said Mother Kroger, "than have a boy of mine turn his back to duty." An iron woman! Kroger worshiped her.



Bernard H. Kroger was born in Cincinnati sixty-seven years ago. He was successively a drug-store clerk, a farm hand, a delivery-wagon driver, and finally manager of a grocery store on the verge of failure. Immediately he made the store pay. That experience led him to open a store of his own, from which beginning he has built one of the big retail organizations of the country. In addition to being head of the B. H. Kroger Grocery and Baking Company, which employs twelve thousand persons, he is president of the Provident Savings Bank and Trust Company, of Cincinnati

From the drug store he went to a farm, at six dollars a month. It was thirty-five miles from Cincinnati in a flat, marshy country. His bed was a bunk in the tool house, covered with a sheepskin robe. Mosquitoes from the marshes swarmed through the unscreened windows and made the nights a torment. Every bone and muscle in Kroger's frail body ached and groaned from the man's work he attempted to do.

"I was homesick," he told me. "I wanted to run away. Each morning I dreaded the daybreak and each evening I dreaded darkness."

HIS mental agony, to this day recalled with quiet horror, tested to the last ounce every bit of metal that was in him. On top of it, but causing no cessation in his work, came malaria with its paroxysms of sweating fever. The boy shrank to a bag of bones; his skin became as yellow as the ripe wheat in which he toiled. Thinking of what his mother would say of a quitter, however, he stuck it out. It was his first big fight.

A year and a half he worked on the farm. A Cincinnatian was the owner of the place, which was directed by a manager who had only the most rudimentary notions about farming. Kroger was learning nothing, getting nowhere—and he wanted, as he had never wanted before, to get ahead, to earn more, to be able to send more home to his mother.

"I was a spectacle, no doubt," he said to me, "skinny, yellowed, long-haired, big-eyed, and shaken by fits of the malaria. My clothes were worn out and patched. I wore leather boots which rattled about my shins. My cap was so faded you couldn't possibly tell what had been its original color."

So he came back to Cincinnati, looking for a better job. A remarkable fact was that he never doubted for one moment his ability to find such a job, and to handle it when once found.

"I've been accused of being an egotist," he went on. "I was a bigger egotist that day when I returned to Cincinnati from the farm than I've been at any time since. The years and experience have since taught me that I can be wrong probably as frequently as the next man, but that fact never occurred to me then. In my own estimation I was one hundred per cent right, all of (*Continued on page 183*)

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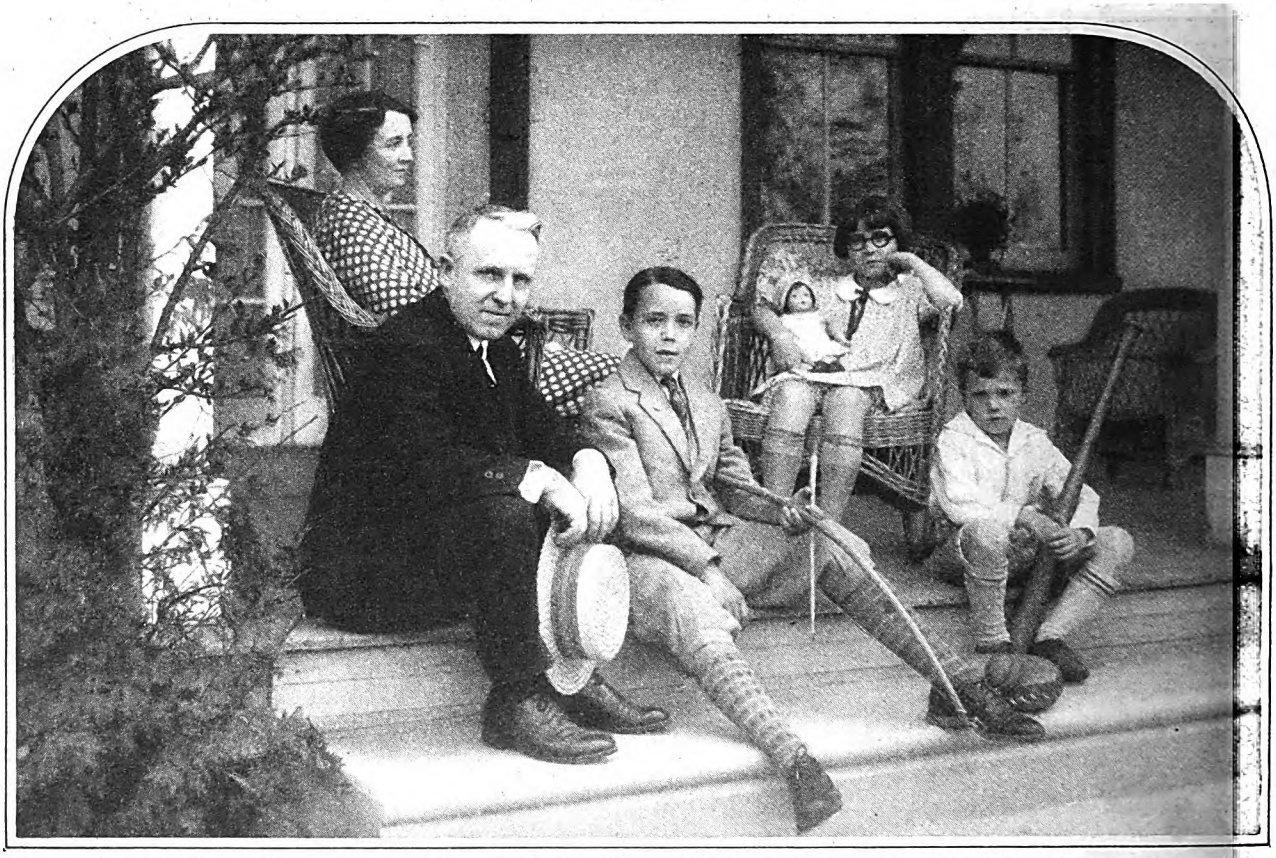

Mr. Jay S. Stowell and his family, at their home in Fox Chase Hills, Pennsylvania. Mr. Stowell is a Congregational minister; but for years he has been employed as a Home Mission and Church Extension worker by the Methodist Episcopal Church. His field extends over the entire United States and many of its territorial possessions. His books, among them "The Child and America's Future," have had wide sales. Mr. Stowell is a graduate of Oberlin College, Union Theological Seminary, and Columbia University. He became an itinerant missionary soon after leaving college

I Have Never Been Turned Away From A Cabin Door

By Jay S. Stowell

IS THERE any relation between the size of a house and the difficulty of getting past the front door?

I cannot prove it, but I believe there is. Hospitality to strangers seems to decrease in inverse ratio as extra rooms are added to the domicile. In a one-, two-, or three-room cabin there is always "room for one more;" but above that you never can tell. There seems to be something about the architecture of a cabin, whether it be in our Eastern highlands, in the adobe country of New Mexico, in the mining camps of Colorado, or the sage-brush plains of Montana that makes the whole world kin.

Experience revealed this truth to me after I had walked up to many doors in many different states and asked the simple question, "May I stay all night?"

Perhaps my experience has been different from that of others. It has fallen to my lot to go into the out-of-the-way places and to live with just plain everyday folks, no one of whom was under any obligation to extend courtesies to me.

Somewhere around twenty years ago I set out in the rôle of a Sunday-school missionary. How much good I did to the world I cannot say; but my experience taught me a few elemental truths.

I began my missionary work in the mountain country of West Virginia, and before I gave it up I had covered assignments in western Pennsylvania, in Montana, in western Colorado, and in Oklahoma. Since that time, as a writer for church and missionary organizations I have traveled repeatedly into all the states of the Union, and I have taken time to get away from cities and railroads and saunter back where plain people live, sometimes fifty miles from the railroad, sometimes much more.

BUT my first experience in asking hospitality of strangers began before I took up my missionary work, and it was the bitterest of all. Possibly it was fortunate for me that I did not then realize how many times I would be asking the same question in the years that have followed.

I was teaching school in a hidden hamlet in the foothills of the Adirondack Mountains, five miles from the railroad. The way was rough and hilly, and under the best of conditions the journey was an arduous one. On a night which I shall never forget I stepped from the train and watched it pull away into the darkness. Then I turned toward my destination. Snow had been falling all day, and high drifts were piled on both sides of the road.

I had not gone many rods before I knew that I was face to face with two grim realities, snow and night. I might have turned back, but there was little to turn back to. So I kept on. I covered a quarter of a mile and rested in a deep drift. I pushed forward, and in course of time covered another quarter. At three quarters of a mile I knew I should turn back. But a long distance ahead I saw a light, which lured me on. I would ask shelter of strangers. Surely a night like

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this they could not refuse to give shelter. How long it took me to negotiate that walk I do not know. Each step was taken with difficulty, and I beat back the billows of snow as a swimmer breasts the waves of the ocean. At last I reached the house and knocked on the door. I made my wants known. I was exhausted and far from my destination. Could I stay all night? I was curtly told that I could not stay; but that probably I could be cared for at the next house, nearly a mile away.

The refusal was like a blow in the face, but I made no protest. Summoning all my reserve I stumbled on my dreary way. Never before had I quite realized the awful dead weight of piled snow, snow so soft that one sank into it as into cold feathers, and so heavy that, to tired feet, it seemed as lead. My progress was slow and labored. But somehow I struggled on and reached the house.

It was now late and the house was in darkness.

I knocked.

There was no response.

I knocked again and again. I called.

A voice said, "Who's there?"

I told my tale.

"We can't get up," said the voice. "We're all in bed. You will have to go on."

Although I was well versed in the Scriptures, in the cold and darkness and in my bodily misery, I forgot about the man who won out because of his importunity. Foolishly, I accepted the answer as final. Despair and humiliation seized my soul. I felt like a beggar. I was ashamed. To turn back now was out of the question. Before me stretched a worse road than the one I had passed. I looked at the large, well-built house towering in the darkness, with its broad veranda, that so belied the soul of the house within.

Once more I took the road.

EVERY step was a struggle. The snow was deeper now; but the wind had ceased and the stars were shining through the clear cold air. I was no longer weary. That word is too weak. I was on the point of complete exhaustion. I would lie back in the midst of a drift, and then rouse myself and push on. I came to an abandoned house. In front stood a tall milk stand. The wind which had swirled the snow about it had left an inviting little cave, which spoke to me of rest. With an overwhelming sensation of satisfaction and relief I rolled into that snow nest. My tired muscles could do no more. I knew that I would be found dead—perhaps in a few days, possibly not till spring. It mattered little to me; death seemed to have no horrors. I was not brave, I simply did not care. Rest was the most desirable thing in the world. Nothing else mattered.

How foolish are the despairs of youth.

I had rolled under that milk stand to die. My worries were past, and I lay like a lump of lead. I kept no account of time. Gradually, my mind cleared. Instead of thinking about death I found myself considering ways and means of completing my journey. When I finally crawled out on all fours from my snowy haven I was a remade man. My struggles were not over; but a new strength had come to me. In the small hours of the morning I reached my destination. Six hours I had battled with the snow—but I had won.

Any grudge I might have held toward the unfriendly humans who doomed me to the experiences of that terrible night is gone. I know now what the trouble was—their houses were so large that they had no room. I have some vivid memories of being turned from other doors in later years, but always it was from the painted houses, the houses with comfortable verandas, the houses with many rooms, never from a humble cabin home.

Time passed, and I received my commission as a Sunday-school missionary, together with instructions to work a certain field in West Virginia. I was to go to the end of the (*Continued on page 180*)

If You Ask Me:

It costs a lot to be a snob

"A SNOB," said a little friend of mine recently, "is a fellow who pretends to be what he ain't because some other fellow is."

And that, I maintain, is a pretty good definition.

We all wish to put the best foot foremost. Indeed, I believe it is the duty of each of us to appear just as well as is compatible with his financial and intellectual honesty. In this day of high prices, we cannot make much of a "show" unless we have a great deal of this world's goods. But why want to make a "show"? There is nothing shameful in not having so much money as one's more fortunate neighbor. And pretense of wealth is invariably vulgar.

Since it costs so much to live decently, why add to the difficulties by doing things we cannot afford, just for the sake of what people will say?

"My dear," remarked a woman to me, "if I cannot entertain as well as the people who entertain me I won't entertain at all."

The poor lady is all wrong. Being a snob, or a would-be swell, she does not see that the greatest honor she can do a friend is to show such hospitality as she can afford.

I have in mind one of the homes where there is no sign of snobbishness, where husband and wife are too sincere to make pretenses. Their means are moderate—so moderate that a snob might look down on them. But in all my life I have never met with more exquisite hospitality.

The young wife does her own work in the little cottage in which they live. She is charming and attractive, and her wealthy friends seek her out and invite her to their houses. I have never heard her regret that she cannot entertain as they can. She receives them in her tiny home with the most beautiful and gracious welcome. She does not apologize for the simplicity of the fare nor for the inexpensive ménage. She sets before her guests the best she can afford, and no more. She has taught me many a lesson in the virtue of sincerity. She feels there is nothing shameful in being poor.

I took a much-traveled woman-of-the-world to this little home. When we left, she turned to me with a moved smile and said, "That is royal hospitality. I am more honored at having been the guest of that young wife than if I had been entertained in a palace. She is the *realest* person I have met in years."

Of course, being rich is mighty agreeable, and the rich are justified in procuring for themselves the best of everything. We would do the same if we could. But when we cannot afford it, why cripple ourselves, starve our bank accounts, and sacrifice our honor and self-respect to snobbery and the desire to be swells?

If you would be a swell, you must pay for it. If you have the money and the inclination, go ahead. But if you haven't the money—don't go in for pretense.

Those of us who do not try to be swells—or who have not the means to be—know certain joys of which our wealthy friends are ignorant. When we do manage, by saving or because of a run of luck, to gratify some longing, we enjoy it as we never would if it were an everyday occurrence.

As I've said before, it must be nice to be rich. But if one cannot be—it is awfully nice to be just sincere and honest and live right in the middle of one's pasture, content with all the simple, beautiful things that are there.

The price of being a swell and a snob is a sense of never-ending strain in pretending to be what one is not.

Virginia Terhune Van de Water

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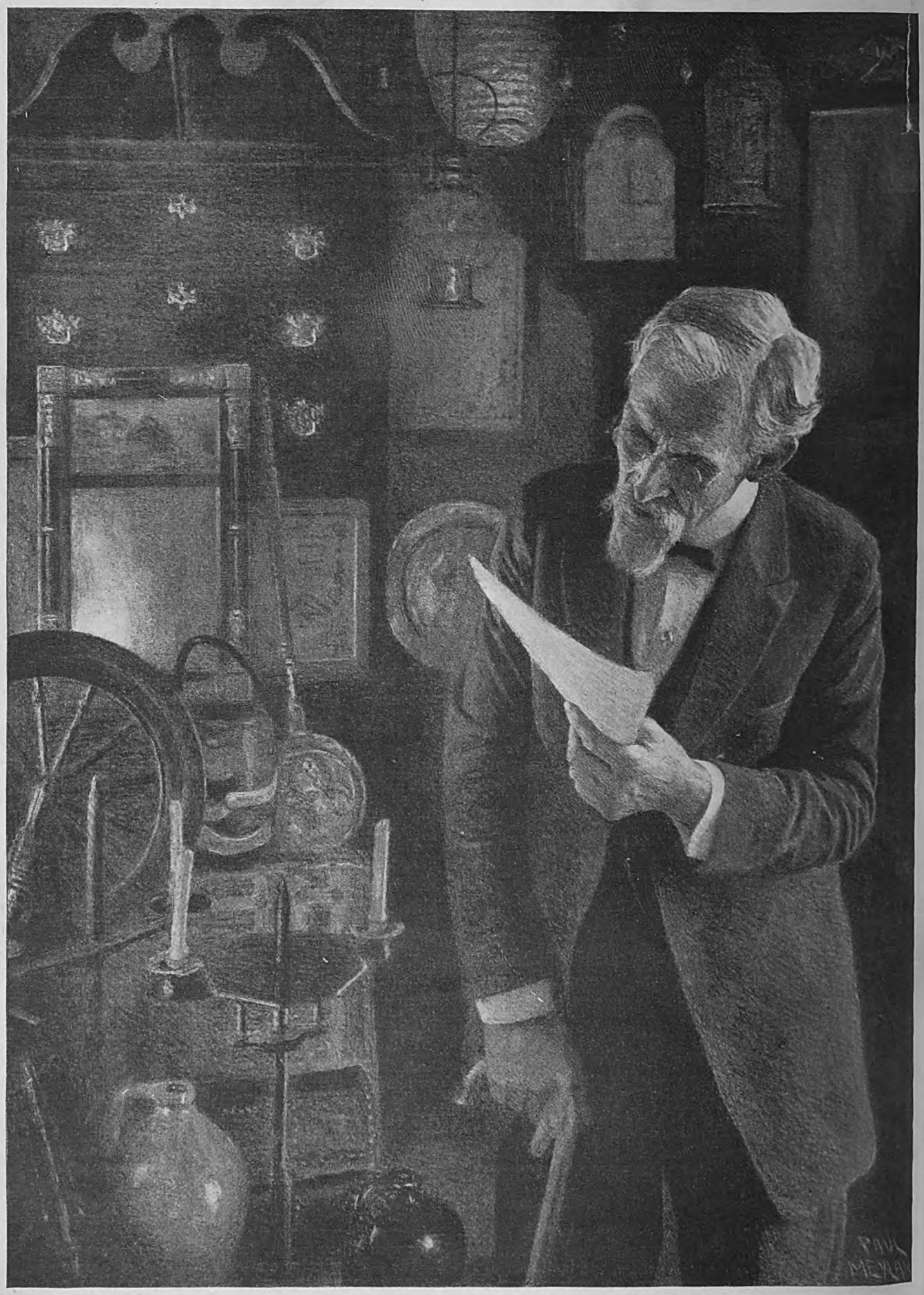

"Calc'late suthin's on my specs," said Grampa. "I can't seem to make this out. Don't make no sense"

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Scattergood Stirs Up More Than Rubbish

A story

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL MEYLAN

WADE LUMLEY was not so young as he had been when Scattergood Baines first walked barefoot into Coldriver, kicking up the dust of the summer road and delighting in the sensation of warm sand oozing upward between his toes. He still conducted the dry-goods store which his father had owned before him, and which *his* father had inherited from the first Lumley to take up his residence in the valley.

The three-story frame building was one of the landmarks of the village. In the hundred years of its life it had known many coats of white paint, and more than one family could tell how some aged member of it had been equipped there with his first baby clothes, and with the garments he wore upon his last journey.

The bookkeeping of this establishment had not altered in its simple method since the day of Lumley the First. The books consisted of two spindles. Upon the first of these were bills, upon the second were receipts. No inventory was ever taken, no clearance sales were ever held. Yet, on December 31st of each year, the proprietor knew exactly how he stood.

"Don't need no figgerin' to tell me that," Wade often said. "Allus pay what I owe the end of every year—and what I got left is mine."

It was simple, and it sufficed in a simple age and among simple people. But latterly times had been growing more complex. Wade's grandson—for Mr. Lumley's son was lost to him—argued with his grandfather for the introduction of more modern ways; but the old gentleman was adamant against such inroads. "What was good enough for my grandfather's good enough for me," he said, and there the matter rested.

So the Lumley store had lagged, and then staggered, and now was tottering. Even Wade himself realized this. He realized that the enterprise of whose antiquity he was so proud, and upon whose history he so loved to discourse, was upon the brink of dissolution.

In this emergency Young Wade Lumley, the fifth of his name, took his courage in his hand and called upon Scattergood Baines. Mr. Baines sat, as he usually did in summer, upon the piazza of his hardware store, ready to entice passers-by inside to purchase articles large or small from his stock. He looked down, eyes shaded by his flapping straw hat, as the young man stopped upon the bottom step.

"Mornin', young feller," he said.

"Mornin', Mr. Baines."

"Jest stoppin'," Scattergood asked, "or stoppin' for suthin'?"

"I kind of wanted to talk things over with you, bein' as how you're the head one to the bank."

"Um. . . . Your grampa's notes, mebbe?"

"I jest dunno what's to be done," said Wade.

"Your grampa 'n' me's old friends, Wade," Scattergood said, "and 'most everybody else is his friends too. I calc'late everybody's willin' to turn to and do what he kin."

"We can't reduce the notes. . . . And seems as though we couldn't keep on, though we manage to borrow more."

SCATTERGOOD pursed his mouth and puffed out his round cheeks. He looked at Wade briefly, and then allowed his narrowed eyes to travel off across the bridge toward the store in which the Lumleys had gone about their affairs so long that the memory of no man then living ran to the contrary.

"Money in the bank hain't mine, Wade. B'longs to folks that has saved it up and put it there for safe keepin'."

"I know it."

"We hain't got no right to risk it, Wade, nor to give it away. We got to do right by the folks that trusts their savin's into our hands."

"Seems as though," said Wade.

"If you can't pay down on them notes, it don't seem likely you kin pay off more notes on top of 'em."

"It don't," Wade said heavily.

"Your grampa's kind of set in his ways, Wade."

"He's all right," the young man replied firmly. "It's Grampa's store, and he's got a right to run it like he wants to."

"To be sure, Wade, to be sure. Hain't nobody questionin' it. But the rub kind of comes in right there. He hain't got the right to run it like he wants to with other folks' savin's. Git the p'int?"

"I git it," said Wade. "W-al, much obleeged. I didn't calc'late much was to be done. But I do sort of wish it could have been shored up to outlast Grampa. It'll most likely break him down to see the sheriff nail a notice on the door."

The young man turned away with drooping shoulders and walked a few steps. Only then did Scattergood seem to notice his departure.

"Goin' some place, Wade?" he asked.

"Back to the store."

"Give up kind of easy, don't you?"

Scattergood knew his people, knew their fierce pride and how it cut to the quick to be compelled to ask a favor. He knew it was beyond the power of one of them to press for mercy—and his eyes wrinkled in a kindly smile, though his lips remained grave.

"I calc'late I said all I got to say," Wade answered.

"Other folks may want to do some sayin'," Scattergood said. "Hain't I goin' to git a chance?"

Wade turned back, and stood waiting, awkwardly.

"Set," said Scattergood. "Um. Hain't no reason a store like yourn shouldn't pay here, is the'?"

"I calc'late we're kind of out of date. Newfangled things is the style, and our ways of doin' don't fit in."

"Figger you understand about the new ways, Wade?"

"I got idees," said the young man. "But Grampa, he don't hold with 'em."

"Many bills owin' to you?"

"A sight. Grampa never was one to press folks much."

"He wa'n't," said Scattergood. "And he wa'n't never one to look if a man could pay before he give him credit."

"Lots of bills he never expected to git paid," said Wade.

"I know," Scattergood said, and nodded. He did know. He knew of more than one family that had been carried through hard winters by the elder Lumley. He knew that no penniless father or mother ever asked for credit in vain. He knew many things—all to the credit of Wade Lumley as a human being; but few to his credit as a man of business.

"Don't b'lieve there's much collectible," said Wade, "even if Grampa knew who did the owin'. He kind of tears up the accounts after a while."

"NEVER held one of these here clearance sales, did he?"

"No, nor his pa, nor his grampa, neither."

"Old stock must 'a' accumulated consid'able."

"Top floor's full of it. When a thing gits so it clutters up the shelves we move it up-stairs. 'Tain't fit for nothin' but to burn; but Grampa, he likes to hang onto it. Says he put his money in it, and he can't bear to throw it away."

"How much money do you need—

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altogether, Wade?"

"I calc'late mebbe ten thousand 'ud see us through. Takin' up the notes and all."

"But how'd you pay it back? Goin' from bad to wuss, seems as though. Folks is gittin' into the way of goin' to stores that keeps more up-to-date stock and sich-like. Calc'late you kin build up a business agin?"

"I could," said Wade.

"IF YOUR grampa 'ud let ye. Uh-huh. Calc'late he'd ruther go bankrupt than to give you a free swing at it?"

"He don't figger it's our business ways that's ruinin' us."

"Couldn't he mebbe be showed?"

"It hain't for lack of my tryin'," Wade said.

"Calc'late he knows how bad things is?"

"He does, kind of, and yet he don't. Seems as though he's got a kind of faith things'll go on, somehow."

"I figgered so," Scattergood said. "No, your grampa won't never tolerate no change—that he kin help."

"I've wanted to fix up the winders so as to attract folks."

"Be kind of a pity," said Scattergood, with a sly twinkle in his eye. "Them things he's got in the winders now is perty familiar to folks. We'd miss 'em."

"The' hain't been a thing disturbed in them winders since I was born," said Wade.

"Calc'late them goods in the storeroom 'ud fetch anythin' at a rummage sale?"

"They'd fetch more at a bonfire," said Wade.

"Um. . . . G'-by, Wade. Hey, hold up a minute! I hear your grampa's goin' to the Masonic doin's down to Higgins Bridge to-morrow."

"He's been countin' on it."

"G'-by, Wade."

"G'-by, Mr. Baines." The young man turned away, discouragement eloquent in his drooping shoulders and bent head. Scattergood peered after him and waggled his head.

"Calc'late," he said to himself, "we got to play a mean trick on the old feller. Kind of hold his nose and make him take castor oil!"

Next morning, having first made sure Grampa Lumley had driven away to Higgins Bridge, Scattergood ambled across the bridge to the store. He stood in the doorway and peered into the dusky interior, smelling of calico and coffee, and so arrayed with stock that a progress down the aisles was close to an impossibility. Dresses hung on hangers, gloves and mittens dangled—though it was summer—strings of hats and caps flapped; barrels of sugar and boxes of fancy cookies elbowed crates of vegetables. There was even a smattering of millinery. The old hardware merchant waggled his head in silent disapproval.

Wade stepped from behind the counter to meet him.

"What kin I do for you?" he asked.

"You kin traipse me up to the top floor," said Scattergood.

"Suthin' there you want?"

"Jest want to prowl."

SO THEY mounted the stairs, themselves burdened with surplus stock. Racks of brooms, a couple of high-chairs, a crate of dishes! The second floor was given up to furniture and wall paper and carpets and curtains. But the third floor! It was a New England attic raised to the *n*th power! Bales, boxes, barrels, crockery, furniture, dress goods, women's cloaks dating back to post-Revolutionary days, tinware, pewter, china!

"Hain't never been up here before," said Scattergood. "It's dog-gone educational, hain't it? . . . You kin run along if you got suthin' to do, while I rummage."

"Hain't got nothin' to do," said Wade.

Scattergood remained an hour, and Wade marveled that he should spend so much time. The old man chuckled as he brought to light a couple of spinning wheels and a brace of bed warmers. He set in a group a dozen or more articles of brownish crockery. He lifted and tugged and sweated, and got himself remarkably dusty.

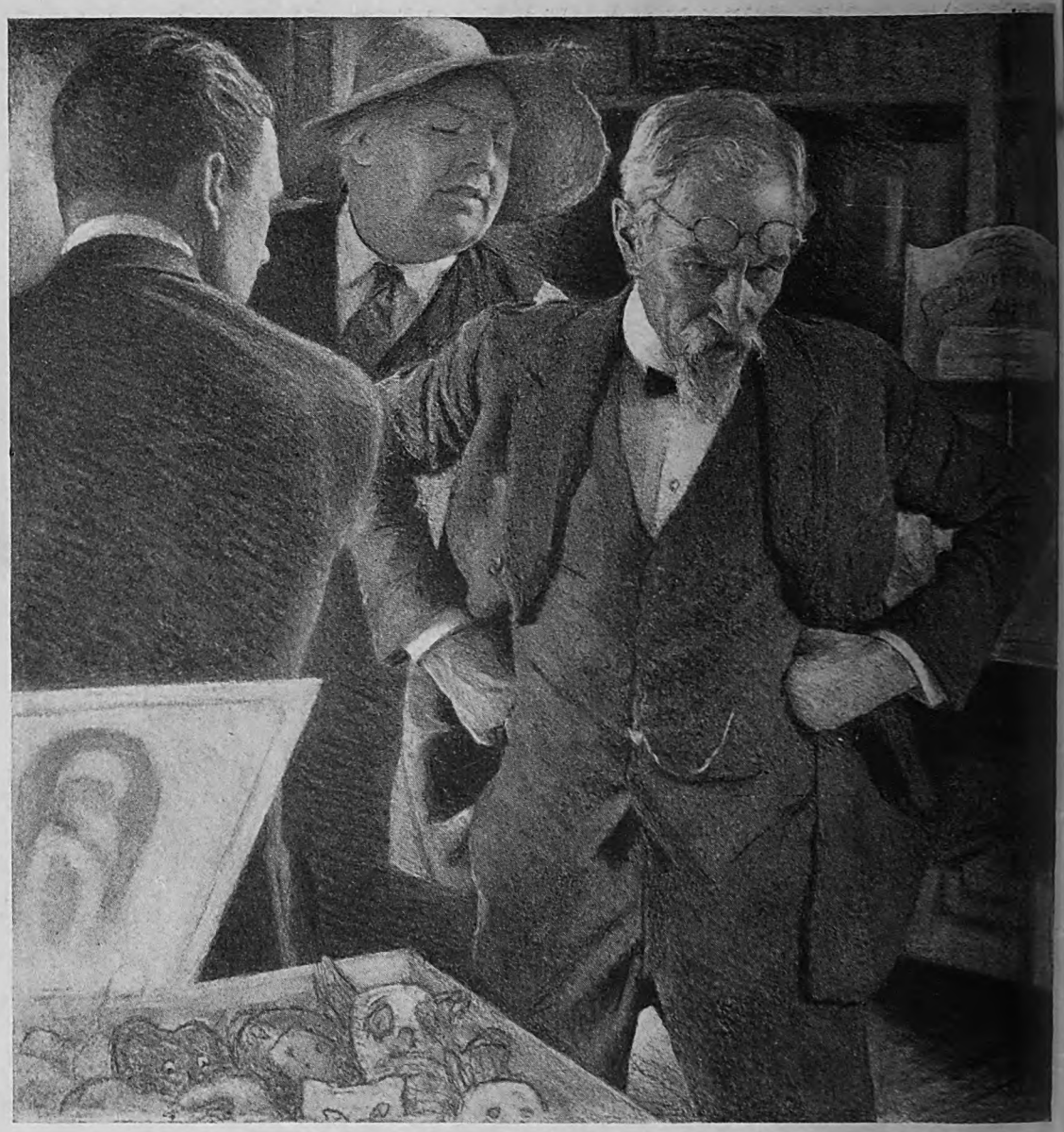
"Mebbe," said Wade, "if you was to tell me what you was lookin' for I might help ye."

"Hain't lookin' *for* nothin'. Jest lookin' *at*."

Presently he signified that he was finished, and they went down-stairs again.

"Kind of a conglomeration," Scattergood said. "Don't call to mind ever seein' anythin' jest to compare it to."

"The' hain't nothin'," Wade said wearily.



Grampa Lumley stopped suddenly and pointed to a vacant spot. "Where," he

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demanded of his grandson, "is that there box of prunes that's been settin' right there?"

"Um. Figger ten thousand'll put you onto your feet?"

"It would," said Wade, "pervidin' Grampa would countenance a mite of changin' around."

"Pity," said Scattergood. He regarded Wade under his hat brim. "Willin' to take a chance on gittin' into trouble—if it was done for Grampa's good?"

"He's been mighty good to me," said Wade.

"He's aimed to be good to everybody," Scattergood said. "He got all equipped up with the gumption to be a good man, without none of the gumption to make money. . . . Hain't no relative he's wantin' to visit for a month or so?"

"You couldn't git him away from this store for more'n a day to a time."

"The's allus a way," said Scattergood. "Tricks in all trades but Pa's, and he drives screws with a hammer."

"What you got in mind?" Wade asked.

"Hain't jest sure. Seems like mebbe the best thing 'ud be a rip-snortin' fire. Got plenty insurance?"

"It's lapsed," said Wade.

"Then we'll give up that idee," Scattergood said, so seriously that Wade wondered if the old hardware merchant actually had contemplated arson. "As I asked you once before, be you willin' to take a chance?"

"I be," said Wade. "I'll do 'most anythin' within the law to git Grampa out of this mess."

"I calc'late we kin keep this side of crime," said Scattergood. "Unless we conclude we got to commit assault and battery on Wade to kind of banish him out of here for a few weeks."

"Nothin' else'll do it," young Wade said feelingly.

BUT he was wrong. Rheumatism did it. Too much sitting on the grass at the Masonic picnic did for Wade Lumley's joints, so that he found himself in a decidedly creaky state and unable to move out of his big wooden rocker. This, young Wade drew out on the piazza every morning, so that the old gentleman could sit and watch his neighbors going about their business, and consequently chafe less at his own inactivity. Scattergood interviewed the doctor, who assured him Wade would be quiescent for a matter of weeks.

"Allus did credit a far-sighted Providence," Scattergood said, with what the doctor regarded as a lack of sympathy. "Um . . . Doc, you see to it that ol' coot don't move till I give you the word."

"What do you mean, Mr. Baines?"

"Didn't dodge around no corners, did I? Didn't leave you in no doubt where I stood? At all times," he said impressively, "I calc'late to mean what I say exact—exceptin' such times as I mean suthin' altogether different. This time I don't."

"He'll be a hard man to keep quiet," said the doctor.

"Then git you one of them yaller smallpox signs, and quarantine him up tighter'n Nellie Lakin's Sunday shoes," said Scattergood.

HE WALKED from there to the store. "Now," he said to Wade, "we kin commence to stir."

"Stir what?"

"This here mess," said Scattergood. "I figger about a thousand dollars'll fix up this front so daylight'll penetrate. And then we kin sort stock, and git in suthin' salable, and rig up some fixtures and what-not."

"But—that's what we can't do. We can't git no more credit, and we hain't got cash, and there's Grampa. He'd tear himself all loose if we was to do sich a thing."

"Nevertheless, we're a-goin' to."

"We can't be no more busted 'n we are," said Wade dolefully. "But I do hate to be owin' more folks we can't never pay."

"Mebbe we kin contrive to pay," Scattergood said.

"But jest what be you goin' to do?"

"I calc'late," said Scattergood, "to turn this here place into a store, instid of a rubbish heap."

"The Lord knows what Grampa'll say when I tell him!"

"He won't say nothin'—'cause neither you nor anybody else is goin' to tell him."

Wade shook his head dubiously. It was to be seen that he was alarmed; but, as Scattergood read his face, he could at least dodge a portion of the blame. Scattergood smiled.

"You kin tell him—when the time comes—that I overbore ye," he said, "and bullied you into it."

"I calc'late I kin bear my own blame," said Wade, a trifle testily.

"You might git Elsie to help you do it," Scattergood said in a casual sort of way; but the young (*Continued on page 192*)

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"I'd Rather Build A Mansion Than Merely Live In It"

Another "Just Folks" Article

By Allan Harding

SITTING in a deck chair, on a steamer homeward bound from Europe, I was so absorbed in reading a mystery story that I was temporarily deaf and blind to my surroundings.

Suddenly a sharp exclamation roused me to attention. Two men sitting near me had been carrying on a rumbling conversation. Then, apparently, the idle current of their talk had struck a snag.

"*Gosh!*" one of them exploded. "Don't talk about work! I'm sick and tired of it. I'm a slave to my job and what do I get out of it?"

"Not much, I should say, if that's the way you feel about it," replied his companion.

"Well, it *is* the way I feel about it," declared the first speaker. "Two more days of freedom, and then back to the treadmill. Come on! Let's go and have a drink and forget it!"

When his invitation was declined he lumbered to his feet, yawned, and headed for the smoking-room. The other man looked after him, muttered a low but eloquent "Humph," picked up his book, and began to read.

It was exactly two weeks later that I met John Jones—yes, that is his real name—and by a curious coincidence discussed with him the very same subject; for we, too, talked of work and of what a man gets out of his job.

Before telling you what John Jones works at, I am going to tell you what he gets out of it. Then if you can guess what his job is—well, you're a pretty good guesser.

He is one of the proudest men I have ever met. Proud because he knows he can do his work as well as any man can do it. Proud also because he not only *can* do fine work but also *does* do it.

He knows that he turns out jobs which are one hundred per cent perfect. So he has that air of confidence which comes from ability plus integrity.

He is a contented man, too. Not after the fashion of some men; the stick-and-stone sort who are contented so long as they don't have to stir themselves. He has his ambition. He pursues it with zest every day. And he has the satisfaction of daily achieving it.

He does not fear any man. Why should he? The world needs his work. We want what he can give us. He doesn't have to cringe to anybody. He envies no one. Because he knows he has the only things that are *worth* enjoying: happiness, contentment, self-respect, and the respect of others.

Now suppose you try to guess the job at which John Jones works with so much pride. . . . Perhaps he is a famous lawyer; a great doctor; a shepherd of human souls; a captain of industry; a farmer, raising wheat to feed the hungry; possibly the president of a savings bank, where the poor—

No! You're getting colder and colder, as the children say when they're playing "Hunt the Thimble." John Jones is none of these things. He is a plasterer! His father, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather were plasterers before him.

To you, perhaps, he is just a worker with his hands; a mere manual laborer. But if that is your idea, again you are on the wrong track.

From John Jones I gained a new respect for "mere manual labor," when it is performed by a man who has skill, intelligence, and a real sense of honor.

That man whom I overheard on the steamer, complaining that he was a slave to his job, angrily demanding what he got out of it? I found later that his job was the law; one of the most interesting professions in the world. Yet to him it was as dull as a treadmill. He hated it as the galley slave hates his chains.

I hope that man will read this story. I hope the thousands of other men and women to whom their work is a treadmill will read it and envy John Jones; envy him to the point of trying to have, for themselves, the things he has and which are worth envying.

JOHN JONES lives in Brooklyn, but he was born in Wales, the home of his people for generations before him. He looks a little like his famous countryman Lloyd George, except that his cheeks are rosier, his gray hair more abundant, and he is physically better set up.

John Jones has the best of it in another respect. Lloyd George became prime minister of England. But he lost that job and, so far, he hasn't been able to get it back. Jones *never* has lost *his* job! So he scores that point over the ex-prime minister, and over a good many other folks as well.

However, as an American citizen, he doesn't bother his head much about what Lloyd George is doing. He has been in this country forty years; ever since he was eighteen years old. In those forty years he has been busy with his own ambition. And he has achieved it.

His ambition was to be as good a plasterer as any man with two hands, two eyes, a brain, and a conscience could become. He believed in following the Bible injunction to do with all his might whatever his hands found to do.

One of the results of this belief was a certain ceremony which took place not long ago in a great bank building which was approaching completion in New York.

John Jones had been in charge of the plastering in this splendid new building. Following the architect's blue prints he had produced elaborate cornices, moldings, cartouches, the tricky curves of groined ceilings and rounded coves.

"At one point," he told me, "I made the steel workers and metal lathers take down their work and do it over again. There had been an error in the measurements. If I had plastered the beamed ceiling as it was constructed, the panels would have been the wrong size for the frescoes which were to go in them."

"BUT is it up to you to correct the mistakes of others?" I asked.

"It certainly is, if their mistakes would make my own job less than a hundred per cent perfect!" he said emphatically. "I have no right to hide behind another man's errors."

"Did the steel workers and metal lathers resent your putting them to all that trouble?" I asked.

"Yes," he said with a grim smile; "I was the most unpopular man on the job for a while. But the thing had to be *right!* I wouldn't go on with it until it *was* right. And in the end I don't think they nursed any grudge against me."

The ceremony I spoke of was, in part at least, a result of this stubborn insistence on having things "right." One day a group of well-dressed men entered the lobby of the almost finished bank building and asked for John Jones the plasterer. A little impatient at being interrupted, Jones came forward to meet them. He had no idea of their purpose in coming. He didn't even know who they were.

Moved by curiosity, other workmen edged nearer to the little group. What was going to happen to Jones? After all his insistence on having the work of other men done right, had he himself made a slip of some sort? Who were these visitors, anyway?

The spokesman for the strangers quickly answered these questions. He explained that they came from the New York Building Congress, an organization composed of architects, builders, contractors, and representatives of the men employed in the building trades. Its purpose is to promote better relations, higher standards, and better methods in the industry.

One way of doing this, he said, is to recognize the value of high-grade workmanship and to reward the man who does such work. Therefore, it gave him great

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pleasure to present to John D. Jones, plasterer, a Certificate of Honorary Craftsmanship as a mark of esteem and appreciation on the part of the New York Building Congress. Whereupon, he handed to the surprised Mr. Jones a handsomely engraved document in which the essential facts were set forth in black and white.

"How did you feel?" I asked him, when we were talking of this tribute that had been paid to his craftsmanship. "I was pleased, of course," he said. "A man is glad to know that his efforts are recognized and appreciated. Most bosses and employers don't seem to understand this trait of human nature. They are afraid that praise will make a man conceited and hard to deal with. But I think they should regard praise, or perhaps I should say appreciation, as part of his wages. If he earns it, and doesn't receive it, they are 'holding out' on him.

"I can say this freely, because I've had nothing to complain of in that line. My employers have been generous in their appreciation. But I know plenty of good workmen who are not so fortunate. And I want to tell you that it takes a lot of good honest backbone to go on doing your very best, without knowing whether anybody except yourself sees the value of what you are doing.

"I AM one of thousands of skilled workmen in the building trades: carpenters, bricklayers, plasterers, painters, electricians, lathers, steel workers, plumbers, and so on. We make the houses in which you live. We construct the buildings in which the business of the world is carried on.

"Don't think for one minute that we don't know what we are worth to the communities where we live. Just because we wear overalls and can't keep our hands and collars clean, we don't despise our jobs. On the contrary! We know that we carry on one of the most essential of all industries.

"I think it might help everybody concerned if the so-called 'white-collar class' could understand our point of view. I am convinced that the average workman at a skilled trade has more *respect* for his job than the average clerk or bookkeeper has for his.

"Moreover, the workman is likely to be happier. Half the clerks and bookkeepers in the country would rather be working with their hands than standing behind a counter or writing figures in a big book. With comparatively few exceptions, a boy's instinct is to use his hands rather than his brain. The chief reason why he changes as he grows older is because he thinks he will be more 'respectable' in a white-collar job.

"Thousands of men who hold such jobs are never so happy as when they are painting the kitchen floor, building a garage in the back yard, tinkering with the electric bell, or working in the garden. That's a fact and everybody knows it.

"But that isn't the whole story. Suppose a man's chief concern is the money he gets for his work. Well, in these days the skilled workman is better paid than most of the salaried white-collar class.

"For example, I work five days a week, seven hours a day, and earn seventy dollars. If I would work overtime, I could earn a great deal more, for we receive time-and-a-half pay between certain morning and evening hours, and double pay for night and Sunday work.

"But I won't work overtime. I care more about my health than I do about the extra money. I have seen too many warning examples. One of my friends worked overtime on a job all day Saturday, all that night, and all through Sunday and Sunday night. He earned several hundred dollars. But on Monday morning he came to the job dull and fagged. It didn't pay. Inside of two weeks he fell ill. After a time he recovered and came back to work. A little later he was taken ill again. And that time, because he was too worked out to make a fight, he died.

"I have had only one illness in over forty years. That was three years ago when I had a long siege with influenza. First my son had it—and died. On the day he was to be buried, I came down with it. For two weeks I was unconscious of what was happening around me.

"When I came to myself, I found that my family had been almost wiped out. My son, my wife, my oldest daughter—all were gone. Only one daughter was left. She, with her husband and little girl, lives with me now.

"I was five months getting over that illness. But if I hadn't been the sound, healthy man I was, I *never* would have got over it. And if I hadn't been industrious and thrifty, with money put by for just such emergencies, I should have come out of it with a load of debts which would have kept me half sick with worry."

"You seem to have ordered your life according to a definite plan," I said.

"Well—" he hesitated, "I never thought of it that way. But I've always known what I wanted. Perhaps that's the same thing."

"DID you want to be a plasterer?" I asked.

"Yes!" he replied; and this time there was no hesitation.

"I was born and bred to the job," he went on. "For three generations—perhaps longer; I don't know about that—my people had done that kind of work.

"When I was a child my father left Wales for a time and we lived in England. One job on which he was employed was the building of a row of cottages at Crewe. I was only eight years old then. But after school and in the evening I worked beside my father, putting on the laths—as far up as I could reach.

"You can't do a good job of plastering unless all the work that has gone before it has been well done. From the foundations to the roof, everything must be right. If the foundations are not solid, if the walls are not weatherproof, if the roof leaks, if the lathing is imperfect, sooner or later the plaster will tell the story. So the plasterer is concerned about the quality of other men's work as well as his own. That makes his job harder. But it also makes it more interesting.

"Until I was eleven years old I went to school, working with my father at odd times. Then I left school and worked every day. We went back to Holywell and I lived there until I was eighteen years old. I liked my work and could do it as well as any man in all the country around. I was happy and healthy. I didn't smoke or drink. I never have touched tobacco or liquor.

"I hadn't much education. Never have cared for books. But I had something besides work to interest me. As you probably know, the Welsh are keen about music, especially about singing. I learned to read music and found more pleasure in it that in reading books.

"In my opinion, I hit upon one of the secrets of a happy life. I had work to do and I took pride in doing it well. But music gave me another outlet and a totally different one.

"Before my illness, I was for years the tenor soloist in (*Continued on page 155*)

PHOTOGRAPH BY D. JAY CULVER

John D. Jones, plasterer, is a craftsman of the old school, whose delight is in expert work. The New York Building Congress awarded him a Certificate of Honorary Craftsmanship, a coveted prize among New York workmen. But Jones had never heard of the prize until it was handed to him in recognition of his faithful and skillful labor! His home is in Brooklyn and, in addition to his work as a plasterer, he was formerly a tenor soloist in several leading churches of that city

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A rare old photograph of frontier days, showing Captain John R. Hughes (on chair) with his company of Texas Rangers and a Mexican bandit. (Below) Captain James B. Gillett, of Marfa, Texas, as he looks to-day

PHOTOGRAPH BY W. D. SMITHERS, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Quick On The Draw!

Captain "Jim" Gillett, Texas Ranger, city marshal, and cattle ranchman, knew the frontier in the days when "shooting irons" were the court of first and last resort—His adventures in helping to tame the wild Indians, and the wilder white men who had "gone bad"

By George W. Gray

YOU have read of the "two-gun man" of the West, the shooter who is not content with one pistol but who pulls two, and with deadly accuracy fires both at once? He has been the hero of many a Wild-West thriller. But did you ever actually see one of these double-triggered boys?

Captain James B. Gillett, of Texas, says *he* never saw one. And I don't know a man who has had more experience with gun fighters than this soft-spoken border ranchman. He is famous throughout the Southwest as a frontiersman and peace officer. Adjutant General King, of Texas, used to introduce him as "Jim Gillett, the best shot in the world."

"No, sir," said Gillett, as we were sitting talking together in a Mexican restaurant in San Antonio, "I never saw anybody fire two guns at once in serious fighting; and I don't believe many of the so-called 'two-gun men' ever existed. I've heard that Wild Bill Hickok could shoot two guns at the same time, but I never saw him do it. I wouldn't think of attempting it."

"Did you carry two guns?" I asked.

"When I was a Texas Ranger, and on horseback most of the time, I carried a rifle and a six-shooter. Later, as city marshal of El Paso, I wore two six-shooters, and I kept two sawed-off shotguns at strategic points in the town.

"I'll bet I've stopped a dozen killings in El Paso by presenting one of those

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guns. I think Wells-Fargo Express guards originated this weapon. They found that when ten or twelve inches were sawed off the barrel, a shotgun would scatter buckshot over a wide area. Officers all along the frontier adopted it, and none of us ever found a more effective implement for stopping desperate men at close quarters."

"Could you hit a mark by firing from your hip?"

"No, sir," emphatically replied Captain Gillett. "A man might try that as a fancy trick; but when you get down to business, it is mighty important to aim at what you want to hit. In all my experience with both officers and desperadoes, I never saw a man shoot from the hip. All of them would pull the pistol, point it from the shoulder level and fire. There's a lot of stunt shooting that I never heard of until I read about it in story books.

"Shooting was serious business with us on the border, and there was no time for circus tricks. Ammunition was precious. I can't remember ever engaging in target practice. As a boy, I learned to shoot by hunting wild game, and as a Texas Ranger at the age of eighteen years, I continued my education by hunting bad Indians and outlaws.

"EVERY man carried a gun on the border, the bad men as part of their business equipment; the honest men as protection against the bad ones. Those fractious fellows who infested the saloons, camps, bosques, plains, and mountains of western Texas could pick a quarrel for precious little cause and on mighty quick notice.

"I remember my first experience. I was a mere kid of a cowboy. The men of our outfit were eating around the camp fire when two of them got into an argument. Suddenly one of them pulled a pistol. There was a flashing of fire, and the other dropped, shot through the heart. I was so close to this fracas that my right shoulder was powder-burned.

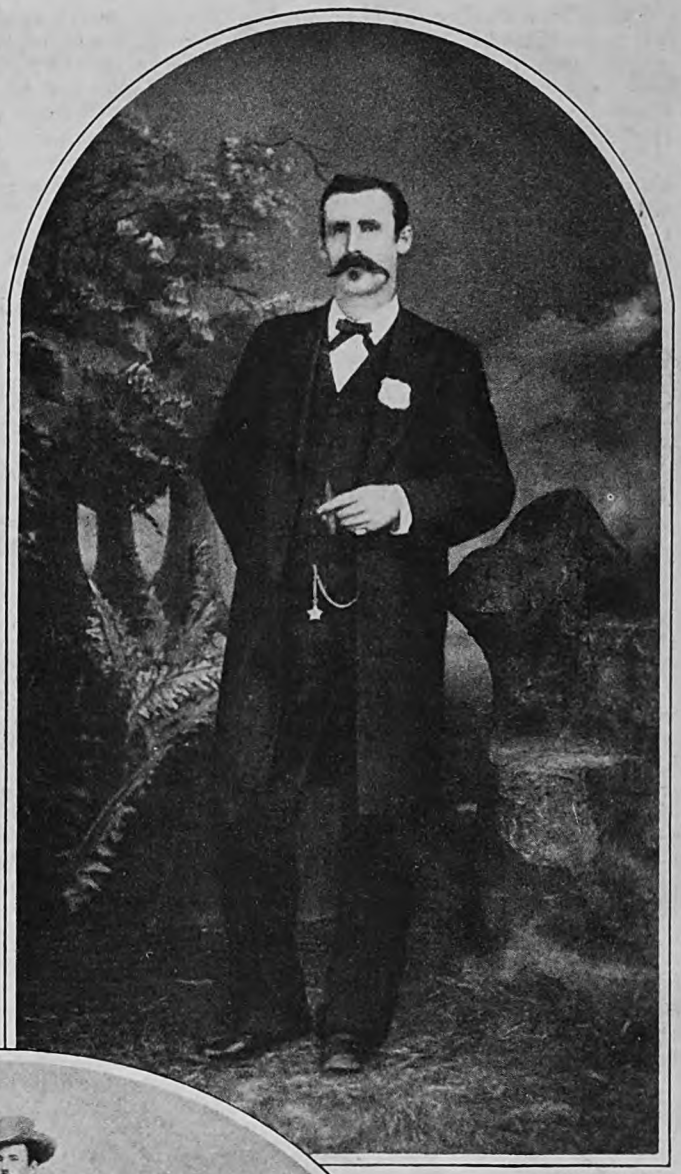
"It was said that John Wesley Hardin, the preacher's bad boy who went wrong and killed twenty-seven men, shot six of them because he objected to their snoring. But when I helped to escort Hardin to the penitentiary, he claimed that story was all wrong. He said that he had killed only one man for snoring. Hardin's brother was shot down because he was brother to the outlaw, and not because of any crime he had committed. And eventually John Wesley Hardin himself, after being pardoned by the governor and released from prison, was shot down from behind.

"An attitude of absolute fearlessness, backed up by a gun and the ability to use it, was the officer's only hope in coping with desperate fellows. On one occasion, I was pursuing a much-wanted outlaw through the mesquite brush of Kimble County. Both of us were mounted and riding headlong through the scraggy timber. My face was bleeding from a dozen cuts inflicted by the sharp branches of the mesquite, but I was steadily gaining. The fugitive must have realized that soon I would be right at his back, for suddenly he reined his horse to a quick stop, leaped down and, shielding himself behind his mount, leveled his shotgun at me as he yelled with an oath, 'Stop, or I'll put a load of buckshot through you!'

"My horse was going at a dead run, and I could see the two holes of the outlaw's double-barrel shotgun growing bigger and bigger as I rushed toward them. Within twenty-five yards I stopped and jumped down, my rifle ready. But he was not willing to fight on such terms, and he broke from the cover of his horse and ran. I fired. The bullet grazed him so close that he ran back to the shelter of his horse. I was panting and excited from the long chase, and could scarcely draw a steady bead, but I had my rifle leveled, waiting—when another Ranger galloped up, and, outnumbered, the outlaw surrendered.

"If I had flinched when he ordered me to stop, that fellow would surely have let me have both barrels of his gun. He was under indictment for assault to kill, and he was notorious in the community as a shooting man."

"I suppose there is a certain unnerving effect in being chased," I remarked, "especially in being chased by an expert marksman. Did you ever have that experience, Captain?" I asked.



PHOTOGRAPH BY BLISS

PHOTOGRAPH BY F. PARKER

Dallas Stoudenmire, city marshal of El Paso, Texas, in pioneer times, whose dramatic story is told in this article. (In oval) Captain Gillett in 1879 as a first sergeant of Texas Rangers, mounted on "Dusty," the horse which he rode more than ten thousand miles along the Southwestern frontier

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"Well," said the Ranger, "I know what it is to be chased by a mob. This was one of the most desperate and dangerous episodes of my life. It happened later, during my service under Captain G. W. Baylor, on the Rio Grande border.

"The experience had its origin in a Christmas festival held in the little Protestant church in Socorro, New Mexico, in 1881. The exercises were interrupted by a disturbance in the rear of the congregation. Mr. A. M. Conklin, editor of the Socorro 'Sun,' was in charge of the meeting, and when he went back to investigate he found that two young Mexicans were the disturbers. They boisterously dared Mr. Conklin to fight. He answered that there was nothing to fight about, that they were welcome to attend the meeting; but that they must behave. He made them take their muddy shoes down from the pew, and he cautioned them to keep quiet.

"A few minutes later the two Mexicans left the church, mumbling curses and abuse. They were brothers, Abran and Enofre Baca, and they were well known in the town. Abran was about twenty-five years old, and Enofre twenty-three.

"The exercises ended without further incident, and the meeting broke up. As Mr. Conklin passed out of the church with his wife on his arm, the two Baca brothers stepped out of the shadows. Abran grabbed Mrs. Conklin and jerked her to one side, while Enofre pressed his six-shooter against Mr. Conklin and fired. The editor tumbled off the church steps, dead. The Baca brothers scurried off into the darkness.

"This murder created great excitement, for its victim was one of the most popular men in the community. For weeks, scouting parties combed the whole territory in search of the murderers. The governor of New Mexico offered five hundred dollars for their capture, and the citizens of Socorro published that they would pay an additional five hundred dollars for the Baca brothers, dead or alive. When copies of these proclamations arrived in our Ranger camp, the captain passed them around, and each Ranger read them with close attention. In those days, one thousand dollars was a big reward.

"The murder occurred in December. Late in March, we arrested two suspects, and one of them proved to be Abran Baca. I took him to Socorro and delivered him to the authorities, and received one half of the reward.

"THE Socorro authorities immediately began the prosecution of Abran Baca; but his family hired clever lawyers who got the case transferred to a distant county, where he was tried and acquitted. He immediately left New Mexico. The people of Socorro felt outraged by this acquittal, and it made them all the more determined to see that the other brother got a punishment appropriate to his crime.

"Along in May, little more than a month after my return from Socorro, I met a friend who was just in from Mexico. He said there was a young man in the little town of Saragosa who fitted the description of Enofre Baca. I told him I would give him twenty-five dollars if he would visit Saragosa and make sure that the man was Baca. A few days later, he was back with the definite information that the man was Enofre Baca, and that he was employed as sales clerk in a store. He gave me a full description of the store.

"I now began to figure how I could get Enofre Baca. I feared that it would be useless to make formal complaint to the local authorities in Saragosa. During a previous experience, with a Mexican murderer who had taken refuge in Mexico, the authorities had let my prisoner escape. I didn't want to give Baca that chance.

"The more I thought about it, the more strongly I felt that the only way was to go there unawares, simply take the man quickly, put him on a horse, and race to the border and across to the United States. I knew that the commander of my Ranger company, Captain Baylor, would never agree to such a program. Nevertheless, I decided to do it, and I began to lay out a definite plan.

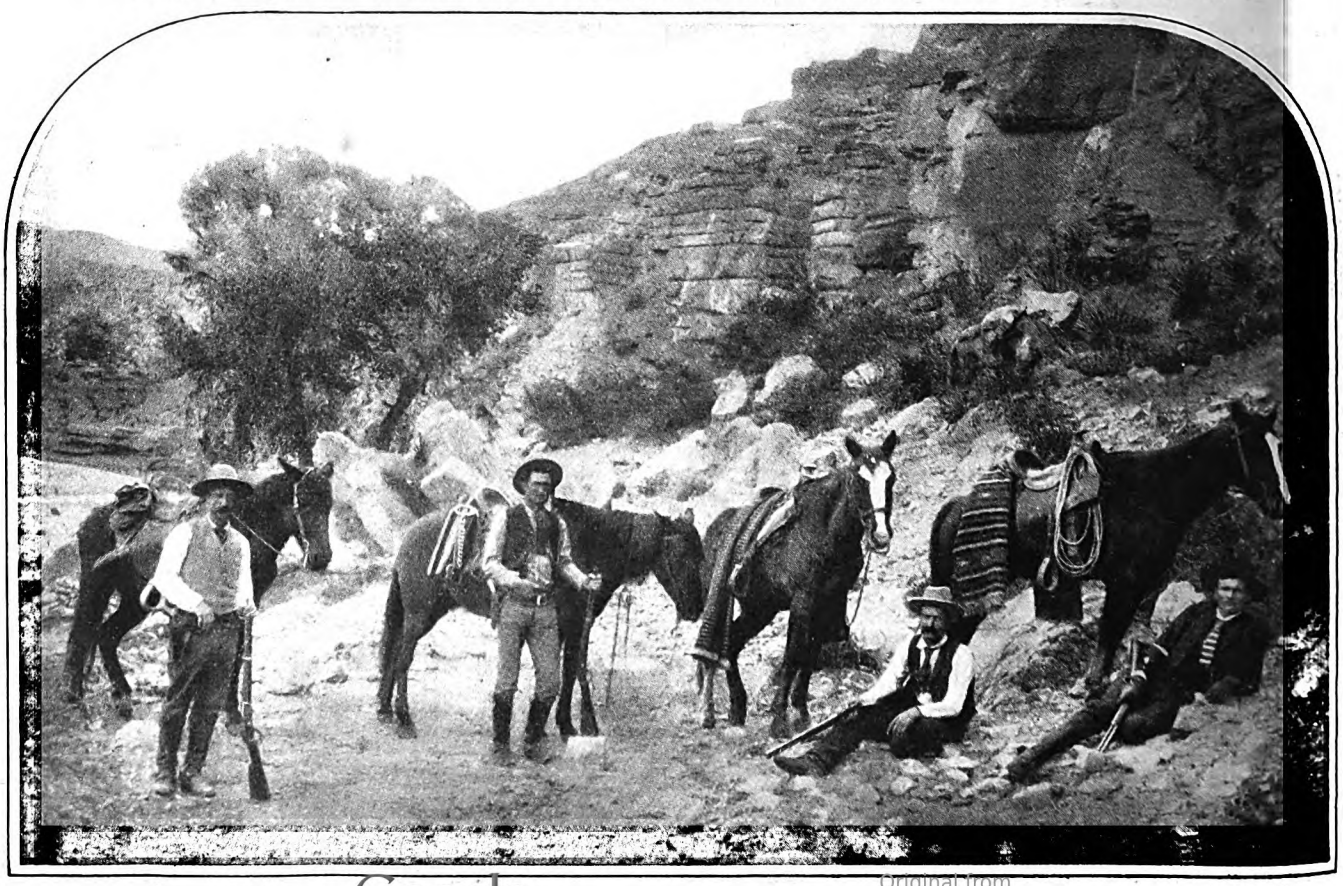
"I knew that one man couldn't handle the situation, so I selected one of my comrades in the Ranger company, George Lloyd, to go along with me. He was a little fellow, but as fearless a man as ever I knew.

"We left our Ranger camp at seven A. M., crossed the Rio Grande at the ford, and immediately struck out into the bosque, or woods, for I didn't want to run the risk of meeting people on the public road. In this way, we got around on the west side of Saragosa and approached from the thick brush. It was after eight o'clock when we reached the front of the store.

"I jumped down from my horse. Lloyd, who remained mounted, caught my bridle and held old Dusty while I went into the store. This was according to our plan.

"Enofre Baca was at the counter measuring out a piece of cloth. His customer was a Mexican woman; there were two other women in the place. I walked up to Baca with (*Continued on page 165*)

Texas Rangers in the Big Bend country in the early days. "Absolute fearlessness, backed up by a gun and the ability to use it, was the officer's only hope in dealing with desperate men," Captain Gillett says



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I Feel As Young As I Ever Did

By Irving Bacheller

THERE is only one human being of whom I have definite knowledge—myself. I am to tell how it has come about that, at sixty-seven, I feel as young as I ever did. Indeed, I am younger than I was at twenty-one. I have not the solemn outlook, the burdened sense of responsibility, nor the all-embracing knowledge that I had then.

To-day, I have excellent health.

I possess a growing capacity for fun.

I have made considerable progress in learning how to live. I have no fear or worry.

I have become fairly well acquainted with myself. Better still, about half the time I am now happy in my own company.

I have found my way to the work I love, to many friends, and to more than my legitimate share of peace and happiness.

Forty-five years ago, I had nothing like the measure of good things which I now enjoy. My life began in a rather stern period of our history and among people who had known the hardships of pioneering. Only thirteen years before I saw the light, anesthesia had just come into use.

In the land of my birth, fun was unpopular, save with the very young. A friend of mine tells this little story of his boyhood on a farm in northern New York: Another young lad had come to visit him. They played croquet in thick, heavy grass. They threw stones at a mark. It was poor amusement. They went to my friend's father, begging him for advice on the general subject of having fun. The man gave a moment of thoughtful consideration to the matter.

"Well, boys," he said, "if I was you, I'd see which can weed a row of onions the quickest. When you've done that, I'll try to think o' suthin' else."

Sunday leisure was the only kind we knew. It was a sad and lonely leisure. What a stropping of razors in the morning stillness! Later, what a snoring of weary men! It was a funless, dreadful day. Sometimes we washed up and went in tight boots to meeting at the schoolhouse. And we usually came home with head and feet aching.

You can readily see that my talent for fun was not impaired by over-exercise. It was perhaps fortunate, for nowadays I see young people who at thirty seem to have worn out their capacity for innocent fun.

I have spoken of my rather solemn spirit at twenty-one. Some of it came of this somber background. In part, it was an inheritance—a shadow of the near past. Poverty, Disease, Pain, and Decay had been like robber barons preying on the human caravans for ages. They worked night and day, seizing whom they could, and now and then stampeding great detachments into the valley of the shadow of death. They robbed men of cheerfulness and comfort, with every kind of torment they were able to contrive. The multitude limped along with many afflictions, and its spirit was well voiced by the mournful poetry of Isaac Watts. In my youth four beloved members of my family died of ills that are now curable.

To me, this was a sad world—a vale of tears. Indeed, mine was almost a joyless youth. I was not robust. My best fun was fishing with an alder pole in the brook after I had done my stint in the woodshed. At thirteen, I went to learn the "mercantile business" in a country store, sweeping and scrubbing and selling kerosene and tea and crackers—chiefly kerosene—and telegraphing with the old key and register. I worked for kindly, good people; but I was homesick and unhappy. Life began to look rather hard and stern to me, and to smell of kerosene. I had a right to my solemn feelings.

AS TO my sense of responsibility and vast knowledge, I was like most young men of my time. Our knowledge was free from doubt or hesitation. We thought that we knew the remedy for all the troubles of men and, therefore, we felt a strong sense of responsibility. We did not realize that the most abundant thing in the world is not knowledge but ignorance. Fortunately, I soon found out that I had rather more than my share of this general stock of ignorance. I now know that no man can have enough learning to make a sure foundation for conceit. But before I made this discovery I had already acquired my share of this undesirable quality.

The age of invention had begun. The scientists were astir. They were the prophets of a new faith. It was faith in the truth of God as revealed by science. The wealth of the human family was incredibly increased and distributed. The hours and severity of its toil diminished.

The world began to cheer up. And, along with a lot of other folks, I began to cheer up too.

At this time there were two differing fellows under my vest. One personality was serious-minded, even shadowed with melancholy. He was inclined toward religion. The other fellow was merry-hearted, optimistic, even a bit reckless. In certain crises, the latter dominated the situation. He had a strong will. He could fling worry to the winds. So it came about that events which appalled certain of my friends only made me laugh. What was trouble to most boys was fun for me. Was it because I had become acquainted with troubles, so that I could correctly estimate their relative importance?

I HAVE never forgotten the death of our beautiful white mare. She was a fast trotter, and a showy, proud, high-headed creature. My mother and the children wept. My father said:

"Save your tears for some event more worthy of them."

Often I have thought of those words when my eyes were growing moist.

I remember, after spending a few careless holiday weeks with a young friend in a Vermont hotel, my pal summoned me to a conference in our room. He was in a most serious frame of mind. The hotel keeper was insisting upon the payment of our bill. We had to borrow the money from a relative.

After settling with the innkeeper, we took an inventory, and found that we had scarcely enough cash to take us back home. The solemn look in my friend's face amused me. I lay back on the bed and roared with laughter. My subliminal self has ever had this method of appraising events which look unduly serious to other people. I remember that my friend laughed with (*Continued on page 137*)

Education is Dangerous Unless You Know What *Not* To Do With It

"THE danger of a *little* learning is amusingly illustrated by the story of a neighbor of mine who had an educated dog," relates Mr. Bacheller. "My neighbor said: 'I had taught this dog to find things I had hidden. One day I tied a fuse to a stick of dynamite and shoved the thing under a stump I wanted to blow out. I lighted the fuse, and ran. Suddenly I saw the dog running at my side with the stick of dynamite in his mouth, the fuse trailing and sputtering behind him. He seemed to be saying, kind o' conceited: "See how smart I am!" I tried to grab the fuse and smother it, but he dodged. I didn't have no time to argue with him so I just run. He kep' close to me. I clim a tree an' done it supple—and saved my life, and I've always thanked God that dogs can't climb. I tell ye, an education is a bad thing unless you know what *not* to do with it and when not to use it.'"

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I'm A Regular Old Omens' Home

By H. I. Phillips

NO REALLY intelligent, perfectly balanced person, according to the experts in such things, is superstitious. Which, if true, puts me in the unintelligent, unbalanced, half-baked class in this, the very first paragraph.

For I am superstitious. In fact, in certain cases I am super-superstitious. I believe in signs. I'm a wonderful host to omens. I never snubbed a portent in my life. I am a hail fellow well met when it comes to meeting auguries, auspices, harbingers, et cetera and et cetera. Nearly any old, worn, feeble superstition that has been left out in the cold by a fickle public can come in and have a nice comfortable home with me. I am a kind of Old Omens' Home.

Of course it has its drawbacks. Even a few superstitions cramp one's style considerably. When you have as many as I have, they become positively uncomfortable at times; but I am not complaining. I wouldn't be without them for anything.

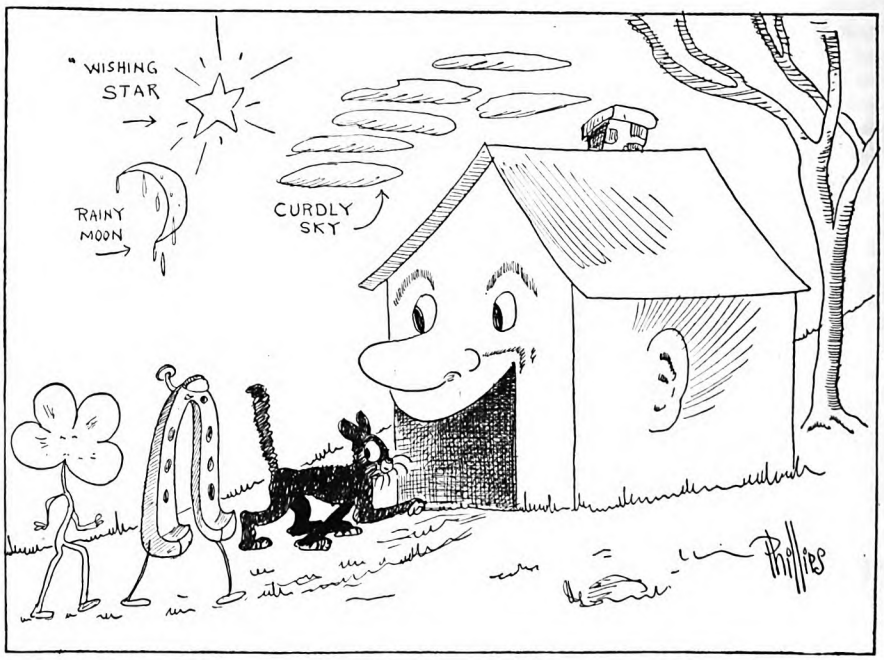
How I got that way is something I can't explain. I began with one superstition, and worked up to one of the finest collections in the land. This first superstition, I remember distinctly, came to me when I was about seven or eight years old, in the form of a rhyme quoted by a boy a few years older. We were walking through a street paved with the old-fashioned huge, square flagstones when this boy cautioned me never to step on the cracks. As he put it:

> If you step upon a crack
> You will break your mother's back.

That struck me as a rather horrifying suggestion, and I thereafter stepped over all sidewalk cracks as if my reputation as a dutiful and not inconsiderate son depended upon it. The impression left by that omen left me wide open to attack.

MY PARENTS were but mildly superstitious. They believed in a good many old-fashioned weather portents, such as "Rain before seven; clear before 'leven," and "Curdled sky never leaves the ground dry," but the atmosphere in my home was far from a superstitious one. I had a grandmother who used to interpret events from the formation of the leaves at the bottom of a cup of tea, and another who thought there were some peculiarly medicinal properties in a handful of April snow.

But my own superstition complex must go back beyond even their time. I had some ancestors among the first Massachusetts colonists up around Salem. Those Massachusetts colonists were a superstitious lot, particularly the Salem ones, and I have a hunch some of my forefathers may have been among those who fell hardest for the witch delusion and the evil-eye talk. If so, my susceptibility to superstitions may come from them, F. O. B., Salem, as it were. Even to-day a little evil-eye gossip would go a long way with me, if I had just been through a spell of particularly hard luck.



Welcome, one and all!

The belief that evil can be averted by crossing the fingers, and that it is bad luck to walk under a ladder, I heard as a very small boy; and, looking back, it seems to me my early boyhood playmates had more than a reasonable quota of superstitions. The horseshoe omen was then the outstanding one in this country and, as horseshoes were in those days plentiful, I saw to it that I had a big collection. My understanding of it was that there was a year's good luck to be counted on for every nail in the shoe; and I am quite certain that by the time I was twelve years old I had carted home enough horseshoes and nails to take care of me for a century or so.

I never questioned the authenticity of omens. They seemed good things to have around, and I just appropriated them on their face value, no questions asked.

I still believe black cats bring good luck, despite the fact that a lot of people regard them as omens of evil. A black cat, or even one that is swarthy, crossing my path, following me on the street or straying into my home or office, gives me just as much kick as it ever did. I have four black cats on my desk before me now as I write. They are not live black cats, of course; although I would not object to live ones if I had them. Two of them are wooden, one is tin, and one is upholstered with real hair.

"If you really believe a black cat brings luck, why don't you depend on one instead of a whole zoo?" you ask. Well, they were given me by relatives and friends who knew of my regard for them, and I believe them potent in the order of precedence. The oldest I have had ten years, and it is getting feeble, and suffering from wear and tear. One eye has a tendency to drop out every now and then, and the head gets loose. I regard a black cat with one eye out or with a loose head as losing much of its effectiveness, and never fail to replace the eye and to strengthen the neck immediately. It is getting to be quite a care in its old age, but it can have anything it wants.

OF COURSE I don't expect too much from them. Despite the fact that my desk is guarded by four of them, disagreeable letters find their way to it, my typewriter gets all out of kilter at critical moments, communications and notes get mislaid, and recently a ten-dollar bill disappeared from an envelope in a top drawer. Not even a black cat can take care of everything. But the four of them do very well.

My solicitude for them when we move from one home to another is extreme. I place them in a box very carefully and hand it to the most gentle-looking of the moving men, with these words: "This is a very valuable package. Break a few chairs if you must, bust a barrel or two of dishes if it is necessary, tear a leg off the $3,800 player piano, if you feel the urge, but guard this as you would your life."

I am not partial to rabbits' feet. People who have tried them tell me they are very good; but I began with black cats and see no reason to shift to rabbits. Cats and rabbits don't get on well together,

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anyway. At times I have carried lucky pennies and charms, and as a boy I toted around in my hip pocket a horse chestnut, on a neighborhood gardener's story that it would keep away rheumatism, rickets, whooping cough, mumps, or, what have you?

ONCE, on a trip to Bermuda, I wore a small pouch of salt suspended from a string around my neck, on a friend's recommendation that it would ward off seasickness. I didn't happen to be seasick on the outward voyage, and just before the homeward trip I recommended the idea to an elderly gentleman who seemed deathly afraid of the sea. On the second day out I came upon him, prostrate in a steamer chair, wrapped in blankets, and looking very wan.

"How do you feel?" I asked.

"Terrible," he said, and then, very sheepishly, "Say, don't say anything to my wife about my wearing that salt bag. She'd never stop makin' fun of me about it."

That man didn't believe whole-heartedly in his charm in the first place, or he wouldn't have been so ashamed. You can't expect any charm to give you a square deal if you're giving it only fifty per cent support.

One superstition I am very serious about is the one that decrees it bad luck to walk under a ladder. I'm not exactly afraid to walk under a ladder; I'm not absolutely convinced a major calamity would happen if I walked under it, or slept under it for that matter; but I do feel that, in view of the widespread feeling about the matter it is just as well to walk around it.

Frankly, I want the omens on my side, whether they're weak or strong. Very silly, you say? Probably so, and all very well. You walk under the ladders, and I'll walk around them. I feel better about it. And there are days in my walks around New York when it seems to me somebody is using a ladder in front of ninety per cent of the buildings. I always walk around them, and I notice that I have lots of company in my detours.

The author whistles in a dressing-room

A few months ago, after an outing on an island in Long Island Sound, I sat with some friends in the rathskeller of a Connecticut restaurant for a luncheon. Two stairways led from the entrance to the street, one going to the right and one to the left. As we started out of the rathskeller I saw a ladder across the steps to the right with a man at work on it. One member of the party, a well-known Connecticut editor and politician, noticed this, and said, "You fellows don't mean to tell me you're superstitious about walking under a ladder!"

"We certainly are," was the answer.

"Well, you poor saps!" he replied.

Whereupon he took three steps up the stairs toward the ladder, and then, thinking better of it, made an about-face and came up with the rest of us.

"Oh, well," he said; "in case there is anything to it, I might as well play safe."

I have a friend who is a New York magazine editor, and who always walked under ladders up to a few years ago. Now he makes it a point to walk around them, and far around them, too. His reform took place in Baltimore on the way to a wedding. It was in the winter, and he had left the Belvedere Hotel in that city, wearing a new chinchilla overcoat and what is known as a hard hat. Not far from the hotel he noticed an extension ladder against a building and stretching over the sidewalk. My friend was not superstitious. He walked boldly under the ladder, and, as he did so, something hit the sidewalk at his feet, and he found himself in a geyser of white paint. A painter had chosen that moment to drop his bucket.

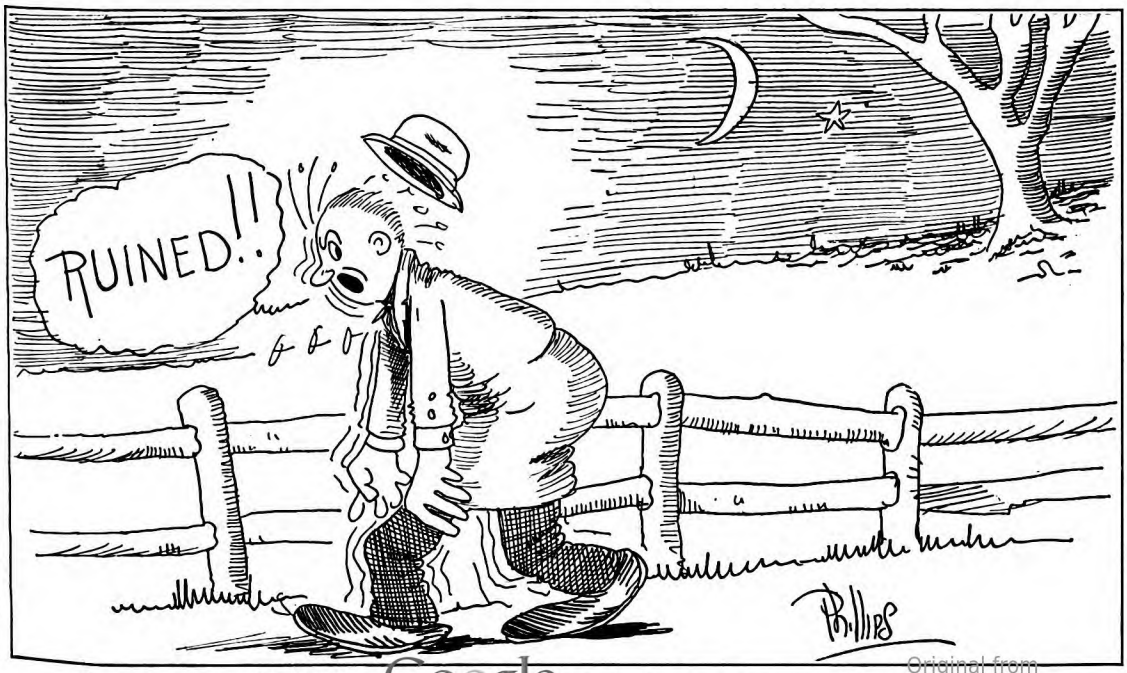
MY FRIEND jumped to one side and looked down on his nifty chinchilla garment. At the bottom it looked like good polar bear. Around the belt line it resembled spotted deer. From there up it was imitation civet cat. His hat was not without its white splotches. Hurling a few remarks at the painter, he hurried back to the Belvedere and appealed to the valet to put him in such shape that he might go to the wedding and not be mistaken for a cover design for Whittier's "Snowbound."

"All I can do is to soak it in gasolene," said the valet.

"Soak it in anything," ordered my friend, "anything but white paint!"

A gasolene bath did remove the paint; but it didn't improve the coat much, and he arrived at the church for the wedding

(*Con'd on page 187*)



Sensations of a superstitious man who has looked at new moon over the wrong shoulder

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Last instalment

"Scotch

A story you

By Mil-

Bertha was staring beyond him at the door. Rigid, white as a ghost,

WITHOUT waiting to determine whether Pelgram was armed, Gladden lashed out at him. Anger made him reckless; hate made him blind.

He felt his knuckles sink into the fleshy neck, strike hard against the rigid jaw. Pelgram's face, bloated and splotched with rage, loomed in Gladden's vision. He struck and struck at it, tracking a red smear down from the mouth.

He heard himself sobbing in a strange voice, but he felt nothing. There was a salt taste on his lips. He sagged to his knees, without breath, sprang back like a spring and hammered at the swollen mask, the dark, evil eyes that remained, in that bloody struggle, fixed and malicious, cunning and triumphant.

Gladden tried to blot them out. He caught the rancher by the cloth of his shirt, jerked him forward and butted at him with his own head, skull against skull. The light in the hallway swung in a long arc. Gladden discovered himself standing on his head, grabbing Pelgram by the legs. He pulled hard and threw him to the floor.

They rolled across the porch, thrashed and grunted on the edge, bumped down the steps into the gravel. Gladden had forgotten any good reason he might have had for protecting himself. His wet face and sticky hands did not frighten him. He kept at the job of blotting out Pelgram's eyes, until a dull blow just under his left arm paralyzed him. He felt faint. He saw Pelgram getting slowly to his feet.

"There. That'll fix you!"

Then the light snapped out.

A useless reiteration. He woke to this bitter realization in his own bed. He heard the doctor, he judged it was the doctor, say, "I've got it. Missed the heart! He's lucky!"

What had missed his heart? Certainly not the farcical futility of his struggle. A bullet, a mere matter of lead and impact, is incapable of inflicting a wound equal to the awareness of failure.

He slept, however, when he was told to sleep, and woke again to lamplight, to Bertha, watching him, to an even worse calamity. For he saw, at once, that there was something behind Bertha's eyes which had not been there before. He remembered Mrs. Pelgram, running down the road in the dark. Rather than face the thing she had done, he fainted away.

"You lost a lot of blood," he heard Olive say. "But you're going to be all right."

This third awakening was tranquil and clear. He became conscious of bandages, of a neat round pain under his arm. "I remember," he said; "I had a pain just like that when a piece of shrapnel hit me in the knee. Only it was a triangular pain. This one is cold. Shrapnel's hot."

"You lie still," Olive said.

"I'm perfectly lucid. What happened?"

"You were shot."

"Was it a long time ago?"

"Last night. Sleep if you can."

He could. He felt her hand, cool and firm, pressing him down into sleep, down and down. A long blank broke into light

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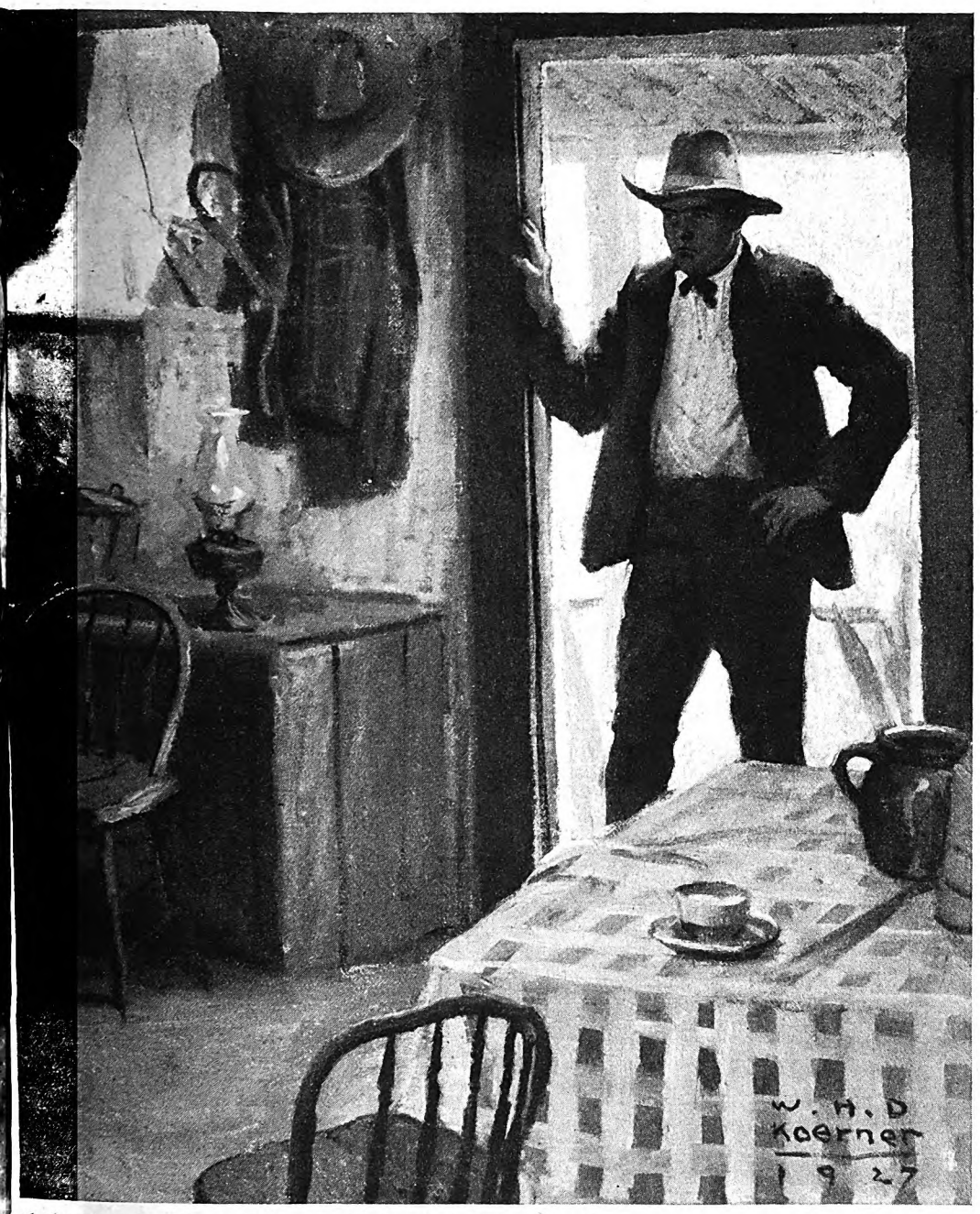

the very breath of her spirit seemed to be checked by what she saw

Illustrated by W. H. D. Koerner

Valley"

will never forget

dred Cram

and he floated back to his responsibilities, the interrupted need to take part in the wildly uproarious, complicated farce that life is. Olive had gone. In her place, serious and sympathetic, Hansen.

"I'm afraid it was my fault. I'm sorry. He very nearly killed you. The worst of it is, we can't punish him. You fired four times to his once."

"Out in the canyon! And over his head!"

Hansen smiled. "So I supposed. But you had no witnesses. Pelgram's crowd will all swear to the same thing. You'd better keep still."

"Then I'm licked?"

"Not exactly. I've heard rumors that Beale's crowd intends to start work at once. And Calabri's rebuilding the line."

"Already?"

"You've been unconscious for more than a week."

"Holy smokes! I can't afford to be unconscious. There's so much to do."

WHEN he moved, the pain went through him like forked lightning.

"Stay where you are. I'll come out every day. Olive Smith and her mother are here now. Bertha's staying home from school." Hansen hesitated. "A fine kid, Bertha. I'd talk to her, if I were you."

"About what?"

"She's not happy." Hansen rose, sighing, his fat sigh of frustration. "Not quite happy—women—we don't realize—"

"What on earth are you driving at?"

Hansen offered his hand. "Good-by. Take care of yourself."

"But what do you mean?"

Hansen shook his head. "There aren't words for it. I'm sorry if I blundered. Good-by again."

Gladden lay where he was, alone, trying to gather up the broken pieces. His pain was easy to understand: he could feel the path of the bullet where it had plowed down through the flesh, to emerge at the waist. It hurt, but not too much. Fainting was worse. Loss of consciousness was like drowning.

Gladden had always wanted to die wide awake and fighting, to go out shouting if not rejoicing. He hated mystery. Hansen had insinuated that Bertha was unhappy, and that there was something definite he could do about it.

Mrs. Pelgram, of course! Slow poison. The acid of insinuation, corroding the surface of a child's mind, scarring and defacing.

He tried to sit up, and called, "Bertha! Bertha! Come here!"

Olive answered.

She seemed older. Taller. He looked up at her with the questioning, defenseless expression of an unaccustomed invalid. It was like her to say nothing, neither to rally him nor to pity him. Her lovely eyes were kind and grave.

"Hello," Gladden said.

She sat down near him. "Bertha's not here. She's feeding the chickens. Can I do anything?"

It was on his tongue to say, "You can love me!" But he only shook his head. The idea of emotion frightened him.

"This is a mess," he said. "I ought to get up. How can I thank you?"

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"I like you," she said. She propped her chin on her hand and regarded him steadily. "I like you, Jim Gladden!"

"But you don't love me."

She closed her eyes. She was so near that he could see the faint shiver that ran over her from head to foot, the sudden quickness of her breath, the tightening of her lips. She opened her eyes again. Very slowly, she leaned forward, slipped off the chair and knelt beside the bed.

She was strong and alive. Gladden's weakness defeated the need of the moment. He should have taken her in his arms. Instead, with an effort, he covered her hand with both of his. "You could love me, Olive?"

Then, suddenly, he thought of warning her. "Don't love me! I'm not ready. This is only a notion of mine. Because you are beautiful and brave."

She passed surely among his unspoken objections. Holding fast to his hand, she seemed to consider, to weigh, to balance love and friendship.

In that unreasonable, hushed moment, she was more precious to him than ever because she was unflinchingly honest. Her face was close to his; she was more real than himself; he could feel her breath, the dear warmth of her flesh. Alone in the ugly, bare room, they were silent, since there was no need to pretend or to argue. They looked love in the eyes. There was no desire, no pain; nothing but pity and truth.

Outside, the trees stirred; there was a chatter of birds, a gay, insistent, exciting confab; far off, the questing cry of a train.

GLADDEN and Olive sensed the divine certainty of love. For them? They trembled on the brink, breathless and silent. The listless dream mastered them. The weakness. The surrender. A tide rising. A moment, already changing, that might never come again.

Gladden thought, "I love her!"

Olive's head drooped forward. She whispered, "I don't know, Jim!"

So it was lost. On the turn of a word. An impulse, hesitant and reasonable, where there should have been ecstasy and recklessness.

"I don't know, Jim. I like you. But love—" She bent quickly and kissed the back of his hand. "I'm sorry! Can't we go on, just as we were?"

"We can, of course!"

They smiled. Tears welled across the bright question in her eyes. Love doesn't always come when it is called; it is an informal and haphazard visitor. Olive knew this. She admitted failure where another woman might have experimented with a substitute.

"I'm sorry," she said. "It would have been nice!"

"Let's try," he said quickly.

She shook her head. Briefly, lightly, she touched his hair.

"It isn't done that way!" she said. "We can be friends—that's all. We don't love. Not really."

And Gladden knew that she knew.

When he began to move about again, the holidays were long over. February was already turning the leaves of the almanac-calendar on the kitchen wall.

The world he returned to was different. The hills were green. Poppies, whole fields of them, had the metallic brilliance of copper. Mustard flung down carpets of yellow in every orchard and the ditches were bright with lupine, Indian paintbrush and flowering weeds.

A warm sun after many weeks of rain tempted the fruit trees. Blossoms, like wax, burst along the bare stems. A cleaner, bluer sky, a blacker earth, air sweeter and more keen, so still that sound carried great distances. The tapping of hammers, the barking of farm dogs, the clatter of tractors, and the high, shrill voices of children. The earth had come to life.

Gladden responded with the eagerness of the convalescent; his weakness admitted impressions, reactions, that health and activity shut out from consciousness. He found life as new and as naked as birth itself. He was shaken by the privilege of being alive. He was mentally an adventurer, physically a sluggard. He liked to sit in the sun, testing his capacity for happiness.

But this could not last forever. Calabri had had to stop the work for lack of funds. There was plowing to be done. Tuerta, fat and lazy, watched the comings and goings of strange men in her pasture. Oil! Oil! Oil!

They bridged the ford, and for the first time Gladden was able to drive across. A muddy road scarred the hill almost to its summit, while heavy trucks lumbered upward with material. Before many days, Beale reported, the noisy business of erecting the derrick would begin.

He brought with him groups of preoccupied oil men, who paid no attention to Gladden or to the farm; they discussed briefly the game and the stakes, departing, as they had come, in high-powered cars bearing city plates. Their presence, the concise importance of their speech, their absorption and indifference annoyed Gladden; he wanted them gone. He resented their air of proprietorship. After all, the land was not theirs.

At moments, he hoped they would be cheated, and that, having thrust their shaft into the secretive earth, they might fail to find the oil they hoped for. Again, for the sake of the children, he hoped for success. They could not expect a substantial fortune from a single well; but they might at least look for enough to placate the wolf at the door.

In this case, he would buy property farther down the Valley, since it was not part of his plan for them that they should live for long in the reek of petroleum. Fruit-growing was a healthier, saner business.

ALREADY Gladden had found property that appealed to him, a sheltered tract at the foot of Soledad, which Hansen thought might be available. A house could be built in a small grove of trees. There was a natural spring, rich soil. With Pete, Gladden climbed a fence to inspect the land. They sat on the crest of a low, round hill, thigh-deep in poppies, and built a house out of words.

They couldn't be bothered with details. The house just grew and grew, until it included a swimming pool, tennis courts, a fine garden and a gymnasium. Pete was excited. After every new flight of imagination, he would slap his knees and say, "Gosh!" in a tone of great reverence and surprise.

Gladden had to shake himself out of his lassitude. He postponed as long as he could thinking about Pelgram. When at last he brought his mind around to it—reminded by the sight of an ugly scar—he remembered Mrs. Pelgram's running down the road toward the ranch, and the look in Bertha's eyes.

The Bertha who had happened since his illness was new to him. She was trying to be everything she hated to be: she had turned domestic. She scrubbed and cooked and made beds, and went out to the barn to see the kittens only when she had finished tidying up the house. The kittens were almost cats now. They required more and more food. But Bertha accepted this, too, as inevitable, a part of her feminine need to serve.

GLADDEN suddenly realized that, whatever it was Mrs. Pelgram had said to her, he'd better not ask any questions. Yet the thing got under his skin, like a barb. It worked and bothered him, sleeping or waking. Finally, he said:

"Bertha, Mrs. Pelgram came here, the night I was shot, didn't she?"

"Yes. She did. I sent her away!"

Bertha looked at him, then looked away again. There was a flash of protest, a plea for mercy in her eyes. He saw with horror that she was blushing. It was the dark, painful flush of humiliation.

"What did she say to you? I have a right to know. If she made you unhappy, I'll—I'll—"

"I guess nobody can help being unhappy some of the time," Bertha said. "After you grow up, it's usual."

"It needn't be. Besides, you aren't grown up. What did she say?"

"Have I got to tell you?"

"Don't you want to tell me?"

"No."

"Well, I can guess."

She put out her hands. There was such a look of panic on her face that Gladden felt a pang of remorse. But he couldn't stop now, until he found out why Bertha had changed, why she ran away from him, why she tried so hard to please him, why she never went barefoot any more, or turned somersaults, or chinned herself in the orchard, or forgot to wash her neck, or to brush her hair.

"There are only three things she could have said to you. Either she told you that I am a fake and an impostor, or she told you that I tried to kill her husband, or she said that people were talking about your being here with me. On all counts, she lied. But if you believed her—if you *still* believe her—I'll go away. I'll *have* to go away, don't you see, if my being here makes you ashamed or unhappy."

For a long time Bertha was silent. Her back was turned. She stood by the kitchen sink, hands and arms immersed in hot suds. The suds crackled and bubbled, but she did not move. Her silence frightened Gladden into a burst of anger:

"So you believed her! You'd take her word against mine!"

"It isn't you," Bertha said in a dull voice. "It's everybody. She said—" Passionately, flaming, Bertha flung around to face Gladden. "Jim, it's not my fault! I didn't know! I don't want it so! But the girls at school. People. They talk. They laugh at me. Half the time, I don't know what they mean! But I know it's

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With Pete, Gladden climbed a fence to inspect the land. They sat on the crest of a low, round hill, thigh-deep in poppies, and built a house out of words

omething ugly. And I feel ashamed. I lon't want to. I don't know why. But feel ashamed!"

Gladden stared at the floor. He found t impossible to speak. A chilling paralyis, something deadly and cold, clutched t his spirit. He saw now, how he had ailed. He had imagined himself in a leasant, a safe, Arcadia, removed from he clacking tongues of little, idle people. This clean land, this clean sky, this solation! Why did not the very fact of pace and sunlight purify, chasten, and estrain?

Well, by heaven, she should not know what they meant! Not if he could help it. There still remained his uncle Steven, a ready-made career, the transfer of his guardianship to Olive and her mother. . . . What was nobody's business had become everybody's business. Even Hansen had tried to warn him, had told him to talk to her.

How could he talk to her? What could he say? He had never admitted to himself that he might love this child. Now, lifting his eyes with a weight of pain and chagrin behind them, he looked at her.

For the first time he failed to see the child he had found that night on the dark, dusty road and had carried in his arms across the ford.

This was not a child. He noted with a deep sympathy the young curves of her body. How dear, how desirable, how mysterious she was! Why did her frailty and her resistance make his heart ache? He supposed that all men must at some time pity women for their very loveliness.

A strange mental up-tilt, a loss of equilibrium made him certain that the old Bertha was gone; this was a stranger.

He managed to smile at her with his best, most reassuring twinkle. At once she began to tremble.

"You made me tell you! Now you think I'm a fool!"

"No. I think (*Continued on page 141*)

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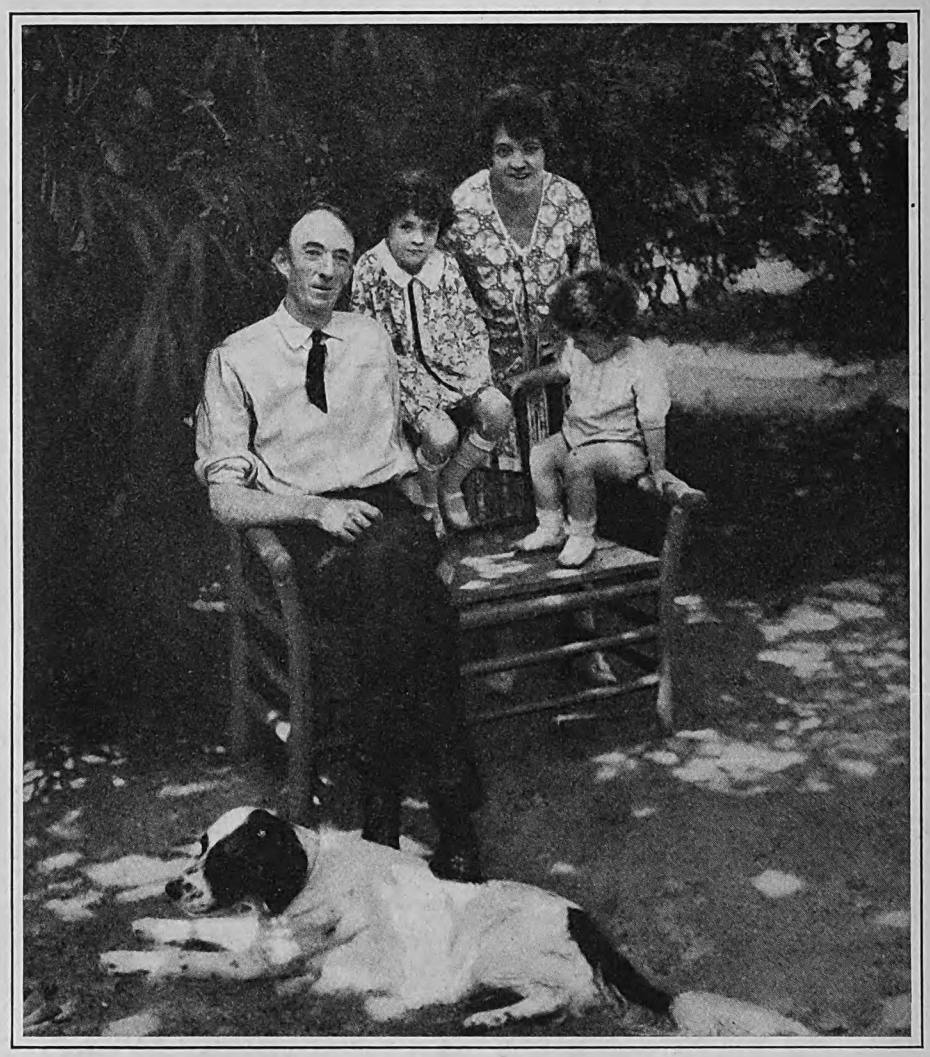
INTERESTING PEOPLE

Herbert Ravenel Sass Was Twenty Years Storing Up Material for "War Drums"



Herbert Ravenel Sass and his family. This picture was made in the front yard of his home in Charleston, South Carolina. Mr. Sass was for years a newspaper man, before he became a well-known writer of fiction and magazine articles

THERE was a time when the buffalo ranged eastward from the great plains almost to the Atlantic coast, perhaps quite up to it; when panthers stalked their prey where the great cities of the East now stand; when deer by countless thousands grazed in the valleys where Eastern farmers now plow the fields; when sunrise along the Atlantic shores of America was heralded by the call of wild turkeys and of innumerable other birds. And then came the time when buckskin-clad hunters began to penetrate into the vast wilderness, when Spaniards plotted with Indians against the safety of the English settlers, and when pirates were common along the South Atlantic coast.

Those were days of startling adventure; of romance, of danger, and of intrigue; men and women. But of all the romances of that time, none is more amazing than the story of Alexander McGillivray, who ruled as prince of the Muskogee Confederacy, a great organization of Southern Indians. His father was Scotch; his mother was the daughter of a French captain and an Indian princess.

Perhaps you have never before heard of this Alexander McGillivray and his principality in the raw, new world that now is the oldest part of the United States; possibly you have given these early days of America but little study, even though the tales that are told of America's youth are among the most fascinating in all history. But in Charleston, South Carolina, there is a man who has lived, as literally as books could enable him to live, in the sunrise days of the New World. From the time he was a child, Herbert Ravenel Sass gloried in the exploits of the wilderness hunters, lost himself in the stirring fights with pirates along the Carolina coast and steeped himself in the history of Spanish plotting against English settlers.

"Some day," Sass promised himself, "some day I am going to write a book about those times, an adventurous romance about those people who knew America when I should like to have known it; and I shall put into that book, against the background of the marvelous wild life of the early days, wilderness hunters with their long rifles, Indians, pirates, Spanish plotters—and Alexander McGillivray!"

In "War Drums," a fiction romance of the early America wilderness, Mr. Sass has done just that. It is the stirring serial which begins in this issue of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. It is full of adventure, suspense, and romance; it has an historical background, but it is all fiction—except that Lachlan McDonald, the hero, is a character based upon the real Alexander McGillivray, or suggested by him. There are fights and flights and intrigues and escapes in this gripping romance, which is never dull.

Herbert Ravenel Sass was born in Charleston forty-three years ago. His father, George Herbert Sass, was a lawyer by profession, a public official by occupation, a poet and literary critic by preference. In the home where Herbert Sass grew up his father had accumulated a library of more than three thousand volumes. But young Mr. Sass, while an inveterate reader, as was his father, was also a boy who loved the woods.

"Almost from my earliest days," he says, "I had a passion for natural history—for the woods, the marshes, the beaches, the lore of birds and beasts. I have never yet passed up a chance for an outing in the wilds, and, thank heaven, the coast of South Carolina is still a place that abounds in wild life and wild places."

But Mr. Sass had a long apprenticeship to serve before he entered the field of creative writing and became nationally known as the author of short stories and articles that dealt, mainly, with wild life. For a time after his graduation from the College of Charleston, he worked in the Charleston Museum, and then for fifteen years on the "News and Courier" of that city, most of the time as assistant editor. His duties kept him fairly close to the office, for he was an editorial writer, but his love for the out-of-doors was fed by a column he conducted, called "Woods

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nd Waters." In this column all manner f anecdotes about wild life was printed.

"More than once," he says, "while I as pounding out an editorial I would lance out of the office window and see n eagle or a stately heron or a flock of reat wood ibises sailing over the house-ops of Charleston. Then I would long o be free of office duties. But all the ime I was storing up material in the ope that the day would come when I ould make a break and write the things wanted to write. Sometimes I would ome almost to the decision that I should strike out 'on my own,' but then I would remember that I had heavy responsibilities and no money, so I'd go on plugging at the job.

"Meanwhile, I had written a few things for national magazines. Then, one happy day, Charles Livingston Bull, the illustrator, came to Charleston and we roamed about together in the woods near by. He urged me to turn free-lance writer. And the words of daring he said to me would not get out of my consciousness. For a time I compromised by getting up before dawn and writing on my own stuff, then going to the office. Bull repeated again and again his assurance that I could make good. So, finally, I took the plunge."

From the start, the stories Mr. Sass wrote were successful. Within two years the biggest magazines were seeking his work. Short stories and articles by the dozen built up his reputation, and then he tackled that novel he had promised himself to write. "War Drums" is the result. Into this romance he has put his best writing, and the accumulated enthusiasm, knowledge, and imagery of half a lifetime. JAMES C. DERIEUX

Louis Dorn Knows Ten Thousand People and Can Call Them All by Name

HE WAS of medium build, square-shouldered, and bronzed by the wind and sun. The years and hardship had put lines in his face and had urned his hair to gray. He had been in outh Africa, and had not set foot on merican soil for twenty-five years. Africa nd time had so changed him that even is own family had not known him.

He sauntered unobtrusively into the eception-room of the White Company's ig motor-truck plant in Cleveland. The enches were filled with waiting men. Dorn, the reception clerk, was jumping om telephone to desk, from desk to telehone, with a dozen duties on his hands at nce. The man from South Africa stepped onfidently up to Dorn's window.

"Hello, Louie," he said, and thrust out browned hand. "Here is one face you've orgotten."

Louis C. Dorn looked up. For half a inute he scanned the stranger's face, and en his hand closed heartily over the exended brown one. He repeated the ther's name.

"You win!" grinned the visitor. How did you ever recognize me, hanged as I am, after twenty-five ears?"

"Louie" Dorn is reputed to know en thousand faces and to be able to ecall the names and businesses of eir owners. Dorn is said never to orget a name or a face among the undreds who deal with his desk every ay.

For an hour, not long ago, I sat ear Dorn's desk in the White Company's reception-room over which he as presided for fourteen years. The tream of men was constant. Many f the callers, I learned, visited the ompany no more than once or twice year. One man had been there but nce before, four or five years preiously. Dorn had seen him at that ime less than five minutes. Yet this an, and every other who came hrough that door, was greeted by ame. Dorn also recalled the salesen's companies' names, the product hey sold, and the purchasing agent hey desired to see. Not once was he rong.

"What is the secret of it?" I asked im.

Mr. Dorn, who is fifty-three, setled back in his chair to explain. Anyody, he insisted, can have a good memory, provided he is willing to train it.

"One of my first jobs," related Mr. Dorn, "was in a retail shoe store here in Cleveland. I fitted shoes on a good many strange feet in a day. Customers came and went, but I didn't know them.

"One day I went out and bought a ledger. After I had waited on a customer, I put down his name in my book, the size and style shoe he had bought, the price he had paid, and anything else worthy of note. I promised myself to recognize that man the next time he came in, and to insure my doing this I took a careful look at him. The first customer, I noticed, wore an odd-looking watch charm. Six months later when he came in again his face puzzled me, but I recalled him at once by that charm.

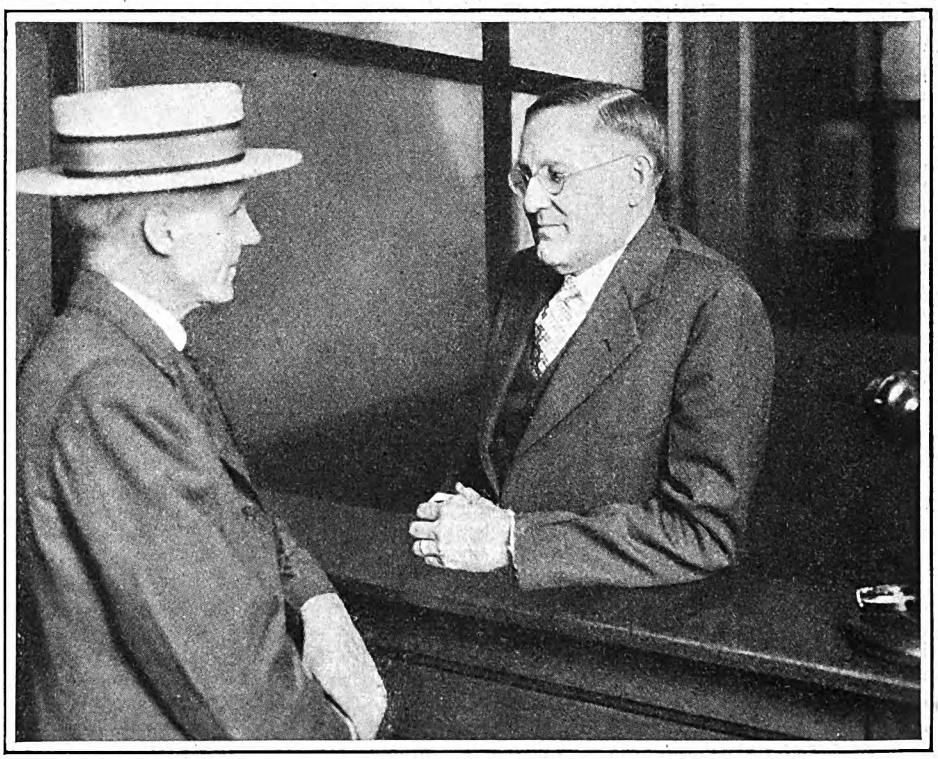
"Thereafter I tried to remember the peculiarities of people, and by associating the peculiarity with the name the moment I detected it again, I was given a clue to the name; the name, in turn, suggested facts previously set down in my book and which I had taken care to memorize.

"I did this for seventeen years. It was difficult at first. Gradually it became easier. My eye, trained to detect individualities, got so it caught them at a glance. Constant memorizing made me less and less dependent on my ledger, until finally I did without it altogether.

"There was one man who, years ago, was given to wearing very fancy striped and flowered vests. Then he got married and I didn't see him for a number of years, during which time his wife cured him of his taste for fancy attire. He showed up again as soberly dressed as a minister, but his face suggested the bygone vests, and from vests I recalled who he was.

"It may be only an odd way of pronouncing a word, or an odd droop of a shoulder, or a way of walking, yet all of us have these peculiarities that make us individuals. Take the pains to hunt them out and you won't easily forget a man thereafter."

A visitor whose business is of little im-



Louis C. Dorn has been reception clerk at the White Motor Truck Plant in Cleveland, Ohio, for fourteen years. In that time, he has remembered the name and business of everyone who ever entered the reception-room

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portance also may be readily discovered, said Mr. Dorn, and he explained:

"He will evade telling you his business, for fear his man will refuse to see him.

"The experienced man, and the man who believes in his product or proposition, will unhesitatingly state his name, his business, and whom he wishes to see.

"While the stranger is doing this, and later waiting on a nearby chair, I size him up. Perhaps it will take a talk with him to bring out an identifying mark, but always I can find one.

An officer of the White Company, who was a shoe-store customer of Dorn's, recognized his particular ability and had him established in the White Company's reception-room fourteen years ago. In addition to handling all visitors to the plant, Dorn serves as a passenger transportation agent, in which capacity he expends yearly for railroad tickets and the like more than $100,000.

WILLIAM S. DUTTON

She Makes Cincinnati's Women Visitors Feel at Home

DURING the past six years Miss Amy Virginia Pace, of Cincinnati, has been hostess probably to more guests than any other woman in America. She has helped to entertain, as the official hostess of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce, approximately 700,000 people.

She is young and slender, with bobbed brown hair and dancing eyes. Miss Pace was only nineteen when she became Cincinnati's hostess, which means she is only twenty-five to-day. Cincinnati claims for her the distinction of having been the first and the youngest city hostess in the country.

After finishing high school, Miss Pace took a stenographic course in a business college and went out to search for work. The Convention Bureau of the Chamber of Commerce just at that time happened to be overwhelmed with work. The manager, Thomas Quinlan, told Miss Pace that he would be able to employ her for a week or two, but somehow that young lady discovered so much undone work and so appropriated it to herself that she became indispensable. She was always on hand and available in emergencies.

One of these emergencies arose when a convention of railway bridge builders was scheduled for Cincinnati. Among the visitors were several hundred ladies. The bureau manager looked about in desperation; and there, ready for orders as usual, was Miss Pace.

"Jump in," the manager directed, "and see what you can do with this convention. We can take care of the men. I'm going to leave the women to you."

Miss Pace had never attended a convention. Furthermore, she knew that conventions were important to Cincinnati. The delegates spent several millions of dollars yearly in the city. If these ladies were given a poor impression of the city, other conventions might be lost.

"I was frightened," confessed Miss Pace, "until I sat down to think. I reasoned that these visiting women would like to do about the same things I would like to do in a strange city. They would want to see what we had that was interesting, visit our stores, and go to our best show. I decided to treat them exactly as if they were friends from another place coming to visit me."

So Miss Pace met her visitors at the station. The first afternoon she had them as her guests at a card party where, over the little tables, they soon became acquainted.

Once acquainted, the personal contacts helped to weld the party together.

PHOTOGRAPH FROM J. R. SCHMIDT, CINCINNATI, OHIO

Miss Amy Virginia Pace is the official hostess for the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce, in which capacity she has entertained 700,000 wives of men attending conventions there

"I engaged special street cars," she explained, "so my party would not be broken up unnecessarily. I showed them through stores by starting on the top floor and going down in order. At the Zoo, when it was time to leave, I blew a whistle, to summon my guests. Last of all we had the theatre party."

The manager of the convention bureau kept vowing that he would have to engage a hostess regularly to entertain women visitors. He envisaged for this duty a woman much older than Miss Pace, with a much wider social experience and an imposing carriage.

"I'll look around," he told her, "until I get somebody to act as hostess. I know it takes your holidays and evenings, but it's only temporary and I know you won't mind helping out."

Miss Pace did not mind. In fact, she enjoyed her work. Her ingenuity, tact, and charm were given free expression.

And with every convention she won new friends and the Chamber of Commerce was congratulated anew on its choice of a hostess. The convention bureau manager suddenly ceased to look for a hostess. To clinch the decision, he made Miss Pace the assistant manager of the bureau.

Since then Miss Pace has handled several hundred conventions. Some of them have been as small as 25 delegates; a few have been as large as 30,000. She has entertained single parties of as many as 500 women at once.

Vacations she has given to perfecting herself in knowledge of the cities and sections from which her guests are drawn. Visitors spoke of their home towns, so she went to these towns. "It delights a visitor," she said, "when I have knowledge of her own city.

"The most frequent question I'm asked," she said, "is 'How large is Cincinnati?' The next thing is a comparison of Cincinnati with *their* city.

"Point out a public building, and unless it cost more than a similar building at home, the visitor is not greatly impressed. But when it comes to homes the reverse is true. 'You pay $40,000 for such a house here?' they say. 'Why, in our town you could buy finer than that for $20,000!'

"My funniest experience, I think, was furnished by a nice plump Western lady who had been close to my side for three days. All of this time, while listening to me talk, she had seemed literally to devour every word I said. We were returning to the hotel on the last day when she spoke for the very first time.

"'What *is* the name of this town?' she asked. 'Cincinnati, you say? My stars! Here I thought all along I was in Cleveland!'"

SHERMAN GWINN

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War Drums

(*Continued from page 11*)

ıstody of Mistress Wilkinson, just two ıys after you rode to Willtown. On the ıme ship came Mr. Richard Barradell, Hampshire and London, whom you ıiscall a popinjay. He is not the lady's ver, and he returns to England on the Queen Bess' to-morrow, so you can disıiss him from your mind. So far, she as remained in Stanwicke's town house, nd all Charles Town is agog with her eauty. But she goes to Stanwicke Hall ıortly."

"That's better," said Lachlan. "We re getting the story now. And your ardon, old friend, for my jest about the le. You will tell me of this lady for iendship's sake, and because of the days e've spent together."

Momentarily the hunter's eyes twinled. Yet his countenance was grave.

"It might be better if I told you nothıg. Listen, lad. Take my word for it, you ill not like this girl, this Jolie Stanwicke. he is proud and overbearing and shortempered. She has been much in London, nd holds herself a great lady, and all that he has seen in Charles Town she laughs o scorn."

"She did not laugh to scorn," Lachlan aid thoughtfully, "a Prince of the Musogee Nation and a Chief of the Family of he Wind! Nay, the titles seemed to please er. And though she saw him defeated, he was gracious enough to call him—beind his back—a handsome youth and a earless one, and to praise him for the fight ıe had made."

ALMAYNE seemed struck by a sudden thought.

"When do you go to Talasé?" he asked ıopefully. "Your warriors have arrived. have seen them in the streets."

The young man smiled.

"I had intended leaving on the third lay from this; but the journey may be postponed. My father bids me come to ıim, but not in haste. As for my braves, hey can rest here for a while, and await ny pleasure."

Almayne, drumming restlessly on the able, raised his eyes suddenly to meet the ther's gaze.

"Lad," he said earnestly, "it is time you started for Talasé. Your father ıwaits you there, your mother is eager for your coming. In all the Muskogee towns he Red War Club has been set up. The Bloody Stick and the Chips of Wood have been sent to twenty chiefs. There is war n the wind—war with both Choctaws and Chickasaws and perhaps with a great tribe from the West. Your father has sent for you, and you must go."

Lachlan met the other's gaze gravely.

"It is strange, Almayne," he said. "I never before have known you show such eagerness to be rid of me."

The hunter's face was troubled.

"Lachlan," he said slowly, "I will tell you again what you already know, because the telling of it now may serve a good purpose. When your father came here from Scotland in his youth, many years ago, I fell in with him and a great friendship grew between us. We followed the wilderness trails together as hunters and as scouts against the Yamassees and the Spaniards at St. Augustine. When your father became a trader and the owner of a pack train, I was his partner; and I went with him when he established his post at Talasé in the country of the Muskogees.

"I was with him when he met Sehoy Tourville, the daughter of the French captain, Louis Tourville, and a Muskogee princess of the Family of the Wind. I was present when he married Sehoy, and I know that he married her for her loveliness and goodness, and not, as some say, in order to gain the power which afterward came to him. I was with him when the Muskogee chiefs made him High Chief of all the tribes. I know what he has done since then for the people whom he has ruled. And I know that he has always looked to you to carry on that work when he is gone."

The hunter was silent for a moment. Presently he continued:

"ONONLY one point we differed. Your father thought that in order to fit you for that work you must be sent here to school in Charles Town. I held the opposite opinion. I said that you must remain in Talasé; that you must grow up there: that, if you were to rule the Muskogee nation as its High Chief or King, you must grow up a Muskogee brave and not a young English gentleman.

"In the end we compromised. Until you were eighteen, Talasé was your home. Your father was your teacher and he taught you all that an English school could have taught; yet you were an Indian and your friends were Indians. But at eighteen your father sent you here to Charles Town to Francis O'Sullivan, whose pupil you have been for five years, and from him you have had an education such as few other men in this New World can boast. Now, all that is over. The time of your training is ended. The time of your work draws near. To fit you for that work, your father has spent half his fortune on you; and now, with war threatening his people, he says to you, 'Come,' and sends his warriors to escort you home, like the Prince that you are."

Once more Almayne paused, his hard gray-blue eyes suddenly alight. He leaned forward and struck his fist upon the table.

"What are you, boy?" he demanded fiercely. "Are you Lachlan McDonald of Talasé, Prince of the Muskogee Confederacy? Or are you Lachlan McDonald, Gentleman, of Charles Town, with time to waste on every pretty girl who crosses your path?"

A long silence followed. It was the younger man who broke it.

"Thank you, Almayne," he said slowly. "You were always my friend, and you have said to me what needed to be said."

He paused as if to choose his words with the utmost care.

"I will answer your question," he continued. "I am Lachlan McDonald, Prince of the Muskogee. And I am also Lachlan McDonald, Gentleman. Because I am the former, I shall go home to my people. Because I am the latter, I hope to perform before I go a certain duty which chance has laid upon me here."

His black eyes searched the other's face. He leaned forward across the table.

"There is a lady in Charles Town who is in trouble," he said slowly, "the loveliest lady that I have ever seen, the lady Jolie Stanwicke. With or without your help, Almayne, I shall see what may be done for her."

The hunter's answer came quickly.

"You'll get no help from me," he cried angrily. "And I'll tell you nothing—except this: that you are playing with fire; that you are planning a course from which no good can come."

"In that case," replied Lachlan with a shrug, "I must fend myself from the fire as best I may. So you won't help me, then? You'll tell me nothing more?"

"I'll tell you nothing!"

"All the more credit to me when I have solved the mystery unaided." Lachlan called the black boy to him, paid his score, pushed back his chair and arose.

"Good-night to you, Almayne," he said.

"Where now?" the hunter asked gruffly

"The night's young," answered Lachlan. "There's time to make a beginning in this affair of Mistress Jolie Stanwicke, whom I still prefer to call the Lady Sanguilla. I think I shall pay a visit to a certain Captain Lance Falcon in his room at Ramage's tavern. Perhaps I can learn from him what I have failed to learn from you."

Almayne spread his hands in a gesture of resignation.

"Sit down, Lachlan McDonald, Gentleman," he said gloomily. "I am in charge of the affair of Mistress Jolie Stanwicke, and Captain Lance Falcon is her enemy and mine. Since you are bound to meddle in what does not concern you, there are certain things that you had better know."

JAMES ALMAYNE, the hunter, and Lachlan McDonald talked till after midnight at Jem Marshall's inn. Before they parted, certain matters had been concerted between them; and Lachlan was thinking deeply of these matters when, on his way to his lodgings, he passed by Ramage's tavern. Falcon lodged there when he slept in town instead of on his brig, and as Lachlan walked slowly along the street, he watched curiously a lighted window of an upper room, thinking possibly to catch a glimpse of a man with whom he had already had a somewhat memorable passage and who seemed likely to become even better known to him in the near future.

The man interested him keenly. None seemed to know certainly who he was or whence he came. In the taverns, where he spent his money freely, he was a hero. He had dined at the Governor's Mansion and he enjoyed terms of intimacy with Edward Stanwicke of Stanwicke Hall, master of two Carolinian baronies and one of the greatest landholders of the Province.

Yet it was well known that his brig, the "Good Fortune," was in reality a ship of war, well armed, well manned, with a crew of marvelously disciplined cut-throats:

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and some who remembered the pirate wars whispered that Charles Town might find one day another Stede Bonnet on her hands, and prophesied a time when Captain Falcon and his men would dance on air at Execution Dock, where Bonnet and his crew had danced so grimly.

Lachlan had passed by now some yards beyond Ramage's tavern so that he could see over his shoulder not only the east window fronting the street but also another window in the south wall of the house, facing a small courtyard. Suddenly this second window, which also opened upon the corner room occupied by Falcon, fixed his attention.

In the bright moonlight Lachlan saw a small white object like a little ball shoot upward from the courtyard toward this south window, strike against the wall of the house just below the window sill and drop back into the yard.

LACHLAN halted, instantly alert. A high fence separated the courtyard from the street; but his ears were the ears of an Indian hunter, and presently he heard faintly the sound of someone moving in the courtyard. He knew then what was coming moments before it happened.

This man, whoever he was, was searching in the grass of the courtyard for the little white ball which he had tried to throw into Falcon's window. Presently he would find it; and when he found it he would throw it again.

Some minutes passed. Then upward into the moonlight soared the little white ball once more. This time, the thrower had evidently stationed himself directly below the window; and this time his aim was better. The white ball soared a little above the window sill, then dropped upon it and rolled inward.

Lachlan, from his watching place in the street, could see what the thrower of that mysterious missile could not see: To the latter, peering straight upward at the window above him, it must have appeared that the white ball had dropped from the sill into the room; but Lachlan knew that it had not fallen into the room, that it still rested on the sill, some inches from the edge. He could see, moreover, that it quivered slightly in the light breeze; and at once a faint hope stirred in him.

His eyes remained fixed on the window, while his hearing groped for each stealthy sound that came from the courtyard beyond the fence. He heard the man who had thrown the little white ball make his way out of the courtyard through a gate that opened on an alley behind the inn.

Lachlan realized that he could only play a waiting game. He chose to wait, however, in the now empty courtyard instead of in the street, where some belated passer-by might interrupt his vigil. Scaling the fence, he dropped to the ground on the other side.

For a long while thunder had been muttering in the distance, and Lachlan watched hopefully the black cloud from which these mutterings came.

At last the squall burst, with a sudden glare of white lightning and a thunderclap like a frigate's broadside. And Lachlan saw with delight that the curtains of the lighted window above him were blowing outward in the breeze which swept through the other window into the room.

From his post in the courtyard he had not been able to see the little white ball on the sill; but he knew now that it was there no longer. He had seen it quiver in the light airs before the squall came. Beyond a doubt that first gust blowing through the room from the east had blown it outward from the window sill.

The next task was to find it; and just as the first volley of rain began to fall he lit upon it in the grass. Stealthily, yet swiftly, he made his way out of the black courtyard through the gate opening on the rear alley and hurried homeward through the rain to examine his prize.

It was what he had expected, but far better than he had dared hope for. The white ball was a bit of white cloth rolled and bound with a light cord. Within the ball was a closely folded square of paper. Eagerly he spread this out upon the table in his room and read by the light of his candle the following in Spanish:

Antonio the Indian will deliver this in the usual way. It will make known to you Don Ruy Ortiz, now my lieutenant, who but recently arrived at St. Augustine from Barcelona. By Don Ruy I send you news of Chief Concha's prisoner, and Don Ruy will request certain information that I would have from you.

His sloop will enter the River of Stono. You will anchor your brig in mid-stream in the River Ashley off the old Cypress Wharf. At *12* o'clock of the night after this is delivered to you, Don Ruy will come by canoe to your brig. See that you *display two lights*, one above the other, for his guidance.

The letter was signed "J. M."—plainly the initials of Don Joachim de Montiano, the Spanish commandant at St. Augustine.

He read the letter twice, whistled softly, and smiled, his black eyes shining.

"So," he murmured, "our captain is on good terms with the Spaniards, and will receive a visitor from St. Augustine tomorrow night. And he is much interested in someone whom Chief Concha holds as a prisoner. A strange coincidence, that, and one which would interest Almayne."

FOR a while he sat frowning, putting two and two together, going over in his mind certain facts that Almayne had made known to him. Suddenly the frown vanished. For some minutes he studied a plan which had leaped full-formed into his brain. Then he went swiftly to work.

Carefully, with a knife point, he erased the "2" in the numeral "12," then with his quill and ink inserted in its place a cipher, so that the "12" became "10." This accomplished, he refolded the paper, replaced it in the cloth, rolled the latter again into a ball and bound it with the cord. He then blew out his candle and went down once more into the street.

The squall had passed, but the moon had not yet emerged from the clouds. A few minutes' walk along unfrequented ways brought him to the alley behind Ramage's inn. He entered the courtyard and saw at a glance that the light still shone in Falcon's window.

Lachlan smiled, interpreting this as possibly meaning that Falcon expected a message. With greater skill than the first messenger had shown he threw his little cloth ball and saw it pass through the window; and watching from the cover of a cassena bush, he had the added satisfaction of seeing Falcon appear at the window for a moment and wave his hand.

Lachlan, invisible in the blackness below, bowed with mock courtesy.

"Good night, Captain Lance Falcon," he whispered. "Good night and good luck, until we meet at the Sign of the Two Lights at ten to-morrow evening!"

Lachlan slept late the next morning. When he had arisen and had breakfasted, he turned his back on the April sunshine which made Charles Town as fair as Eden, climbed once more to his room, and sat down at his table with quill, ink, and paper before him.

For some moments he sat idle, his thoughts seemingly far away. But when of a sudden a black and russet oriole of that slim, graceful species which was called sanguilla in Carolina burst into spirited song in the oak just outside the window, he awoke from his dreams. A quick smile lit his face. Bending his head, he began to write:

TO MISTRESS JOLIE STANWICKE: I must ask your pardon at the beginning for addressing you thus boldly upon an acquaintance which was due to accident. I shall risk your displeasure for a reason which you may or may not deem sufficient—to wit, the fact that I am now engaged upon your service, and in your behalf shall this night hazard my life.

I have learned from the hunter, Almayne, my old friend, of your predicament and of your quest, and we are become allies in serving your need. Thus I know that you have come to Carolina seeking that lost lover of yours, Gilbert Barradell, who has your heart, and who came to this New World a year ago to seek his fortune. I know that he vanished in the wilderness not long after his coming here; that he was traced to the country of Concha, the Appalache chief, and that there all trace of him was lost; that his brother, Richard, who sails this day for London on the "Queen Bess" has engaged the services of Almayne as your last hope of finding him; and I know, too, that your father, for reasons of his own, disapproves your quest.

It may be—and I pray God so—that I can help. Almayne believes, as you are aware, that the man Captain Lance Falcon has knowledge which we need. Last night chance permitted me to confirm this suspicion in some measure, and at the same time opened to me an opportunity (I hope) of learning more.

To-night, at some risk, I shall grasp that opportunity. This letter will come to your eyes only if misfortune befalls me. If all goes well with me, I shall reclaim it unopened from Almayne, to whose safekeeping I entrust it.

He sat, then, for a while considering what he had done. Why had he written this letter? And why was he about to venture his life for this girl whose loveliness was not for him, because it was already pledged to another?

IF HIS deception were discovered, what chance would he have alone on Falcon's brig, with that crew of cut-throats? He believed himself, thanks to Mr. O'Sullivan, his Irish teacher, to be one of the best swordsmen in the New World. But one rapier could not withstand forty cutlasses.

And was she so beautiful—this Lady Sanguilla, as he had named her? In the dim garden, where he had seen her for the first and only time, Lachlan had not been able to distinguish her features clearly. Her hair, he had thought, was red or bronze-gold; he had been thrilled by the richness of her voice; she had moved with indescribable grace, and she was slender and of more than middle height, and there had been something about the way in which she carried her head. But as for beauty—well, Almayne, who had de-

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scribed her grudgingly as a miracle of loveliness, might not be a trustworthy judge. Yet, even in that dim garden—

He mused for a long while at his writing table, curiously considering these and other matters. At last he arose, slipped under his belt the sealed letter addressed to Mistress Jolie Stanwicke, and went out to find Almayne.

He spent some hours with the hunter, for there was much to be argued and discussed, and there were certain things to be done in preparation for his enterprise. He talked also with two tall young Indians, Muskogee warriors from Talasé, who had arrived in Charles Town two days before to accompany Lachlan on the long and dangerous wilderness journey to the Muskogee capital. In the late afternoon, after dining sparingly at Marshall's tavern, he returned to his room.

It was at ten o'clock that he was to meet Falcon on the latter's brig. Three quarters of an hour before ten o'clock, Lachlan went softly down the stairs and into the street.

The moon and Lachlan McDonald were good friends; but never before had she seen him as he was now—a swaggering young soldier of fortune. A red feather nodded in his broad-brimmed hat; a scarlet sash was wound about his buff jacket; a serviceable rapier swung at his side. Withal, there was something foreign about his gear, or about the way in which he wore it—something which smacked not at all of Charles Town or the English folk who dwelt there. Swarthy as the swarthiest Spaniard, lean, lithe, and straight as a sapling pine, Lachlan McDonald on this night might well have been Don Ruy Ortiz of St. Augustine, to any man to whom Don Ruy was unknown.

THERE was one disagreeable possibility which might spoil everything at the start, the possibility that Falcon might recognize this false Ortiz as the man with whom he had wrestled in the Stanwicke garden.

Determinedly Lachlan put this thought from him; and logic seemed, in a measure at least, to be on his side. He had leaped upon Falcon from behind. The latter had not seen his assailant's face until after some minutes of desperate struggle, and by then that face was grimed and bloody. He had seen it, moreover, only in the half-light of dusk. He would hardly recognize it, Lachlan told himself, when he saw it again.

There was no time to lose. At twelve o'clock the real Ruy Ortiz would board Captain Falcon's brig, and before that hour arrived the false Ortiz must have concluded his business and bade his host good-by.

He walked swiftly, therefore, by the most direct course, toward the place for which he was heading, passing presently beyond the old city wall and out upon the meadows and commons to the west of it, where as yet only a few houses had been built. A creek made in here, and at a small boat landing on the shore of this creek a tall figure loomed suddenly in the darkness.

It was Almayne—no longer clad in hunter's garb, however, but looking a nondescript seaman in soiled, open-necked shirt and loose trousers, a blue handkerchief about his head, a cutlass strapped to his belt. A few words passed between them; then they dropped from the end of the landing into a long cypress pirogue which waited there. Amidships sat two figures almost indistinguishable in the gloom, the two Muskogee warriors of Talasé. To these Lachlan whispered a grave greeting in their own tongue.

"Striking Hawk, Little Mink, my brothers," he said, "you have come, as you promised. It is well."

Almayne loosed the rope which held the pirogue to the landing, pushed the boat clear, and seated himself on the forward thwart. In a moment the long paddles wielded by the two Indians were driving the canoe swiftly and noiselessly down the winding creek to the river.

Presently they swung to the left and dropped straight down the Ashley toward two lights, one just above the other, which glimmered faintly far out in the stream.

SUDDENLY the brig loomed black before them, not ten yards distant. They ran under the vessel's stern, then eased the pirogue along to the ship's waist, where her rail was nearest the water line.

No sound came from her. Lachlan rose, placed his foot in Little Mink's cupped hands, reached upward and grasped the bulwark. Next moment he stood on the brig's deck.

He stood silent, watchful, his back to the bulwark, his hand on his sword hilt, his eyes searching the gloom. He saw nothing, heard nothing. The dim deck lay empty before him. If there were any living thing on Lance Falcon's ship, it kept itself hidden, and it made no sound. Yet somehow Lachlan knew suddenly, with a queer tingling of his spine, that unseen eyes were fixed upon him.

The knowledge startled yet steadied him. His hand left his sword hilt and, sweeping off his hat, he bowed low.

"By our Lady, Captain Falcon," he said in Spanish, "yours is a merry ship! For a moment I thought I had stepped into a tomb."

There followed several seconds of silence. Then a form detached itself from the shadows, and a deep voice spoke.

"Welcome, Don Ruy Ortiz," it said. "I have been waiting for you. It is generally the custom of my visitors to ask my permission before they tread my deck."

Lachlan laughed easily.

"A thousand pardons," he replied, "if I have transgressed a rule of the sea. I know little of such matters."

His tone changed suddenly, became stern and hard as steel.

"As for your permission, Captain Falcon, I came not here to seek favors. If you like not the manner of my coming, there are those who, perhaps, can alter your tastes."

It was a bold stroke. For a tense moment Lachlan awaited its effect, his hand once more on his sword hilt, his face close to that of the tall man who confronted him. He could hear the latter's quick, hard breathing, could almost see his lips frame an oath. But the oath became a laugh.

"My faith, Señor, I had not meant to ruffle your feelings," said Falcon, "but only to give you friendly counsel. He who boards a ship unannounced in the night may find his head split by a cutlass before he can speak his name."

Lachlan bowed gravely.

"I will treasure your advice, Captain Falcon. And now to business. The sooner it is dispatched the better. My paddlers will await me in their canoe."

He had hoped that that business might be conducted in the darkness of the brig's deck; but Falcon led the way aft, and Lachlan followed perforce. Falcon entered the cabin ahead of him, lit lamps, poured red wine from a handsome silver vessel, and, motioning him to a chair beside the table, seated himself opposite.

"I have sent my men ashore, Señor," he said, "except three or four who are asleep below deck. My crew will return in an hour and till then we shall not be disturbed. . . . By my faith, Don Ruy Ortiz, I think that I have somewhere seen you before."

Lachlan looked his host coolly in the eye.

"It is not likely, Captain Falcon," he replied, "unless you have traveled in Catalonia or Valencia or have visited the Sicilian coast, where I served in Gonsalvo's command. I came only last month to St. Augustine, and I have yet to pay my respects to the English in Charles Town."

For a long moment he endured the ordeal calmly, while Falcon stood frowning; then the latter smiled and made a gesture as though to dismiss the matter.

"'Tis some trick of the memory," he said lightly, "some whimsy of the mind. And now, sir, to our affair. You have certain tidings to give me, I believe."

"I hope, Captain Falcon," Lachlan replied, "that my news is more valuable to you than it appears. It is brief enough. My colonel, Don Joachim de Montiano, bade me tell you that Chief Concha, the Appalache, still holds his prisoner."

Lance Falcon nodded slowly, twisting the end of his stiff mustache.

"And what of the affair of Chief Concha's daughter?" he asked eagerly.

Lachlan reached beneath his sash for a kerchief, pretending to rub a spot on his sleeve. He was in deep water at the very start. There had been no mention of Concha's daughter in the letter.

He lifted his shoulders in a shrug and spread his hands in a gesture which might have meant anything.

"As to that, Captain Falcon," he said, "I am given to understand that it progresses very slowly."

IT WAS a blind stroke delivered with a silent prayer that it might not be a blunder. Its effect was startlingly dramatic.

In an instant Falcon's face was convulsed with rage. His thick brows drew together in a black scowl and his closed hand struck the table with a crash. Lachlan pushed his chair back a little that he might more quickly leap to his feet if the need arose; but in a moment the man opposite him seemed in a measure to regain his self-control.

"I knew it," Falcon growled. "I knew that nothing would come of it. I was a fool to listen to Montiano. Henceforth, I do what my own judgment tells me."

Again Lachlan plunged blindly.

"You are too hasty, Captain Falcon," he remarked quietly. "I did not say that the affair was at a standstill. I said that it progressed slowly. Is not that something gained?"

The question seemed in some measure to renew Falcon's anger.

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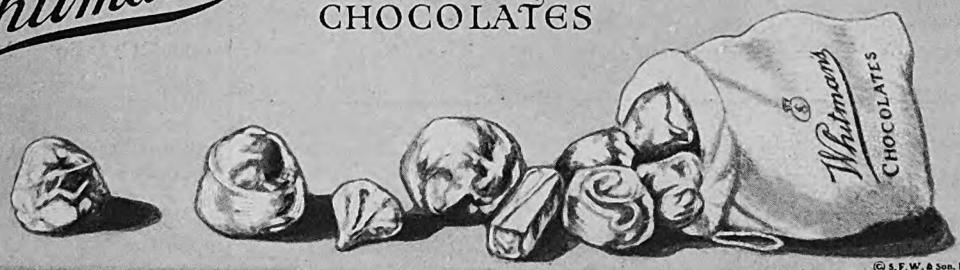
Chocolates that concentrate the rare riches of the Spanish Main. Found in the pictured package of PLEASURE ISLAND—and brought home to you at the nearest store selected to sell

Whitman's PLEASURE ISLAND CHOCOLATES



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Try this method of Cleaning Teeth

Take advantage of this Free Trial Offer—
See your teeth grow perfectly clean

TEETH that flash and sparkle when you smile; teeth so clean you love to show them . . . you can have them quickly, easily, if you will use this simple cleansing method.

It is a scientific method, developed after thousands of experiments. It is a method that has been used by three generations. Today more dentists recommend it and more people prefer it to any other dentifrice made. Leading dental authorities now say that the one function of a dentifrice is to clean. They warn against relying on any dentifrice to correct diseased conditions of teeth or gums.

CLEAN

Your dentist will urge you to use a dentifrice for *one* reason only—to keep your teeth *clean*. If you think your teeth or gums need treatment for any disease, don't expect a dentifrice to cure you—but go to your dentist at once.

Simple—Scientific

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is based upon a scientific cleansing principle. It has a dual action. When you brush Colgate's on your teeth, two things happen: First, the finely ground calcium carbonate rubs loose the clinging food particles and safely polishes the enamel to a sparkling brilliance. Second, a delicious, aromatic foam sweeps over the teeth and gums, seeks out hidden crevices, rinsing them scientifically and removing the very causes of decay. Keep your teeth "Colgate" clean; visit your dentist regularly, and you are doing the safest, most sensible thing in the world to keep your teeth healthy and beautifully.

Colgate & Co
Est. 1806

Make this test—
See teeth grow cleaner

Send today for the generous trial tube of Colgate's. Brush your teeth with it for a week and note the difference! You will be amazed at the brilliant cleanliness which this method brings.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 200-J, 595 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Please send me a sample of this cleansing dentifrice.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

In Canada, Colgate & Co., Ltd., 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal

"Upon my life, Señor Ruy Ortiz," he cried irritably, "I do not know, and I am not likely to know so long as I trust to your commandant, Montiano, in this matter. Why he should be so tender toward this Gilbert Barradell I cannot guess. But this I will tell you—that I am done with dallying and paltering. The matter is my private affair. It is no part of my bargain with Montiano that I should follow his wishes in this business. I shall defer to him no longer. Within the week I shall set sail for the southward, and when I reach Concha's town I shall deal with Barradell as I think best."

At the first mention of Barradell, Lachlan's heart had given a mighty leap. It was true, then. Chief Concha's prisoner was indeed Jolie Stanwicke's lost lover. What had been hitherto mere conjecture was now a certainty. That there was much more to be learned was obvious; but it was obvious, too, that an effort to learn more would be desperately dangerous.

All this Lachlan realized in a flash; yet yielding to impulse, he ventured greatly.

"So be it, Captain. It is not for me to dissuade you."

He lifted his wine to his lips.

"To your success!" he murmured and drained the glass. Then, with a quizzical smile, he said softly:

"THERE is a proverb in my country which affirms that when you have dealt with My Lady's lover, you have still to deal with My Lady. Will that be easy, Captain?"

He did not know what storm this rash impertinence might provoke. He had scarcely spoken the words before he regretted them. Yet, to his amazement, Falcon smiled.

"I perceive," he said, "that Don Joachim de Montiano has told his lieutenant much but not all. There will be no trouble about the lady, Señor."

He held out his left hand, palm upward, and tapped the palm with the forefinger of his other hand.

"I hold her father there," he said slowly. "I can crush him when I choose!"

He broke off suddenly and, reaching for the wine, refilled his glass.

"But enough of this matter, Señor," he said. "I see that you have nothing more to tell me regarding it, and that Montiano's object in sending you here was to prevent me from acting upon it in my own way. In that object he has failed. As I told you, I shall sail southward within the week."

He raised his finger as Lachlan began to speak.

"Spare me your remonstrances, Señor!" he exclaimed. "My mind is made up. If Don Joachim values my services to him here, he will not seek to thwart me."

"Your services have indeed been valuable, Captain Falcon," Lachlan murmured. "I make no doubt they will be suitably rewarded."

"As to that," replied Falcon briskly, "I ask but little—though I might ask much, not only for what I have done for the King of Spain in Charles Town, but also for what I have refrained from doing to him upon the seas. I carry letters of marque, as you doubtless know, but since my bargain with Montiano, I have touched no Spanish ship."

"And your work in Charles Town?"

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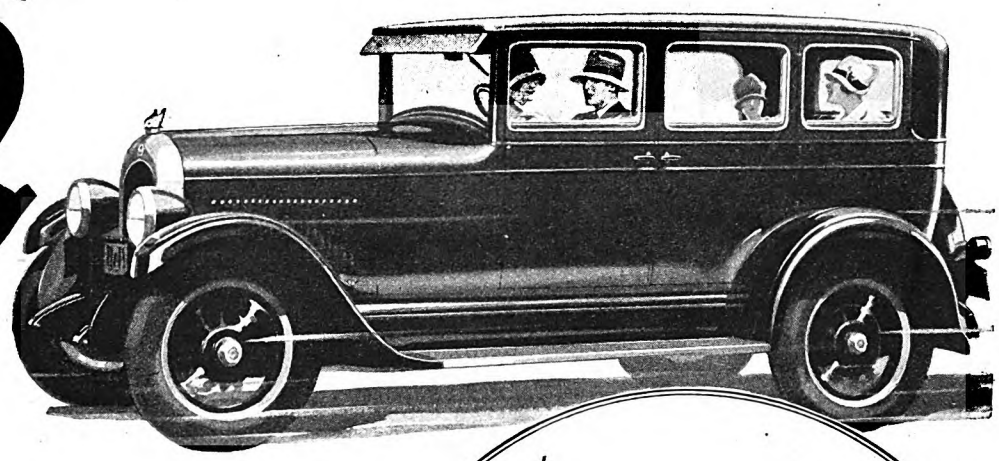
NEW CHRYSLER "52"



Still Higher Quality— Yet Lower Prices

LOOK at the car pictured here—the new Chrysler "52"—a big, roomy, full-sized automobile with typical Chrysler dash and beauty.

At its astonishingly low price—the lowest for which you have ever been able to buy a Chrysler—the new "52", beyond any question, completely overshadows and dwarfs any car of comparable price.

Through Chrysler Standardized Quality of scientific engineering and precision manufacturing, these big, roomy cars give you 52 and more unvarying miles an hour; pick-up of 5 to 25 miles in 8 seconds; power that purrs smoothly and silently; comfort beyond compare—all at the cost of an ordinary car, plus a beauty of line and coloring, a luxury of appointment, and the staunchness of wood and steel body construction that you have come to expect only in far more expensive cars.

That's why thousands and thousands have already bought the new Chrysler "52". That is why scores of thousands more will buy it. That is why, once you see it and try it, you will not even consider any other car of equal price.

Coupe $725; Roadster (with rumble seat) $725; 2-door Sedan $735; 4-door Sedan $795; De Luxe Sedan $875; f.o.b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax. Chrysler dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan. All Chrysler cars have the additional protection against theft of the Fedco System of numbering.

$725

TO $875 F.O.B. DETROIT.

- 52 miles per hour
- 5 to 25 miles in 8 seconds
- Full-sized Bodies, for adult passengers

New Chrysler "Red-Head" Now Available for New "52"

The new Chrysler "Red-Head" engine, giving extra speed, pick-up and hill-climbing ability, is designed to take full advantage of high-compression gas. It is now standard in the Roadsters of the new Chrysler "52" and is available for all other "52" body types at slight extra cost. Any Chrysler dealer will gladly give you full particulars and an impressive demonstration of the "Red-Head" engine advantages.

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

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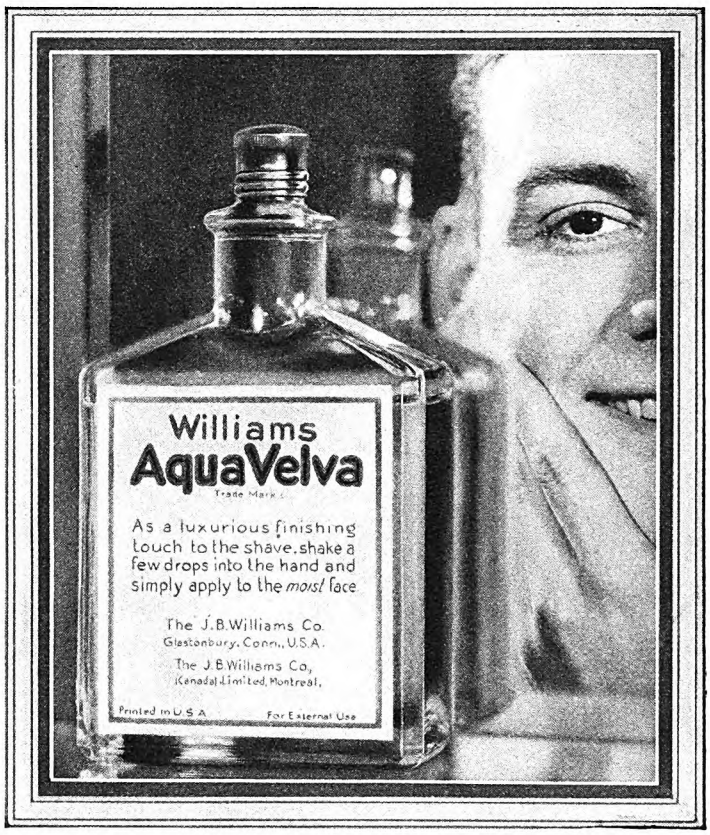

The After-shave is *half* the shave!

AT the first touch of Aqua Velva's cool, sparkling drops, you can feel your skin wake up with new life. Any little nicks of the razor, seen or unseen, are quickly soothed—sterilized for easy healing.

Flabby tissues are stimulated, and the skin is made buoyant with a new feeling of vigor that sets up a man for the whole day.

Aqua Velva, made expressly for after shaving, is the scientific result of 87 years' study of what the skin requires to keep it in perfect condition. Its daily use is the finest possible protection against the irritations caused by wind, sun and weather.

Aqua Velva sells in large 5-ounce bottles for 50c in the U.S.A. By mail postpaid on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it.

Williams Aqua Velva

FOR USE AFTER SHAVING

FREE Trial Size. Simply write "Aqua Velva" on a postcard and mail to The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 110, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canadian address, 1114 St. Patrick Street, Montreal.)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WILLIAMS SHAVING CREAM

Lachlan asked, not too eagerly. Here was a new lead worth exploring.

"The time is not yet ripe," Falcon answered. "It is not ripe, but it is ripening. The defenses of Charles Town are weak and they are not being strengthened. It is rumored that the Cherokees are ready to move against the English. If Spain will rally the Indian nations to her side—But let that wait, Señor Ruy. I shall visit your commandant at St. Augustine within the fortnight. He can wait until then for the information which he desires."

"As you will, Captain Falcon," said Lachlan easily. "So short a delay can be of little moment—though, if you have nothing to tell me, I might have been spared this journey."

HE PUSHED back his chair and arose. "I think, then," he continued, "that I shall bring my visit to an end. My sloop lies in the River of Stono, and it took my paddlers two hours of steady work to bring me here. With the tide ebbing, 'twill take them longer to return."

"Aye," said Falcon, "and 'twill be well if you get to sea before daylight. Your Spanish sloops, no matter how disguised, still look like Spaniards."

He rose, put on his hat and took a step forward towards the door; but midway he halted suddenly. A murmur of voices came from the deck without. Lachlan heard them also, heard them with a thrill which set his heart beating a little faster.

"My men from below deck," growled Falcon irritably. "They are faithful scoundrels; but I prefer that they shall not see you."

He stood, his head cocked on one side, listening. A hail rang out from the deck and was answered from the river.

"Strange," muttered Falcon. "The time has passed quicker than I thought."

He turned to Lachlan.

"We will wait here a little, Señor Ruy," he said. "Apparently my crew are returning from the town, and when they have come aboard, perhaps I can get you off unobserved into your canoe."

Lachlan nodded, and for some moments they waited in silence. His keen ears told him when the approaching boat ran alongside the brig; but he listened in vain for the loud jests and laughter which he thought would mark the return of Falcon's crew. At last came the sound of footsteps, the footsteps of three or four men. They came straight to the cabin door and halted outside; then, after a moment, a loud knock sounded on the panel.

Falcon, frowning, muttered an oath.

"Come," he growled.

The door swung open. Without stood three men of Falcon's crew, evidently the men who had been sleeping below deck; while in front of them, framed in the doorway, stood a short, squat Spaniard, bearded and swarthy, one hand raised to his plumed hat, the other resting lightly on his rapier hilt.

He lifted his hat and bowed to Falcon. He did not see Lachlan because the latter was hidden from him by the door, which opened inward.

"I am an hour before the appointed time, Captain Falcon," he said suavely; "my paddlers made a swift journey from the River Stono. I am Don Ruy Ortiz of St. Augustine!"

(*To be continued*)

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Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

To women who guard the family budget—1927 is a turning point

A BUDGET is a great responsibility. One unexpected pair bill due to faulty lubrication takes away the money ou hoped to spend on things e family needs.

In today's cars you have oted new colors, new lines, ew style. New driving comort, too. New ease in handling. ew power. New ability to peed up and slow down in affic.

But—

Higher engine temperatures nd faster working speeds acompany these changes.

And many oils which worked all right" a few years go are showing serious shortomings today. Raising repair ills. Increasing carbon deosit. Causing other troubles.

They *haven't the margin of afety needed* for 1927 driving onditions.

As you drive over today's mproved country highways, ou find faster speeds both comortable and safe. *But this puts new burden on your engine and on our lubricating oil.*

As you crawl through rowded streets remember this: A few blocks of frequent starting nd stopping *can injure your lubricating oil* more than miles of straight-away driving.

YOUR guide—If your car is not listed here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's and remember that . .

182 automobile and motor truck manufacturers approve it!

The correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1927		1926		1925		1924	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chandler Sp. 6	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
" *other mods.*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler 60, 70, 80	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" *other mods.*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Dodge Bros. 4-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jewett	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Overland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
" 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Paige	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Star	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Velie	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight 4	....	....	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
" " 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....

There is one oil which will surely keep your automobile bills at the lowest possible point.

That oil is the 1927 Gargoyle Mobiloil.

When you turn to the 1927 Mobiloil, you use the oil which is asked for by more automobile engineers than any 3 other oils combined.

The Mobiloil Chart tells you exactly which oil to use to meet the mechanical needs of your particular car. Every Mobiloil dealer has it.

We advise you to ask for the oil both by name and grade designation, thus: Mobiloil "E," Mobiloil Arctic, Mobiloil "A," Mobiloil "BB," Mobiloil "B," Mobiloil "C," Mobiloil "CC." The Chart tells which.

And Mobiloil is the most convenient oil you can buy—it is sold by more dealers than any other oil you can name.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

VACUUM OIL COMPANY MAIN BRANCHES: *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas*

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

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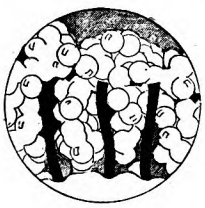
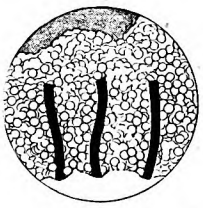
Ordinary Lather



This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against whiskers.

Colgate Lather

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.



"Small-bubble" lather *makes shaving simple*

COLGATE bubbles are wringing wet; and water softens the beard, says science. These tiny bubbles get down deep where whiskers sprout out—soak them soft at base—razor whisks them off. See lather pictures above.

How "small-bubble" lather works

The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each hair.

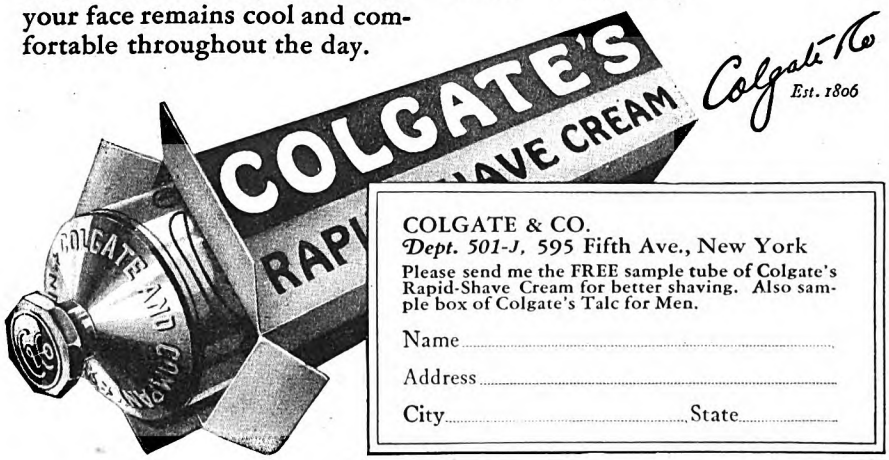
2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

Because your beard is properly softened at its base, your razor works easily and quickly. Every hair is cut close and clean. And your face remains cool and comfortable throughout the day.

Clean shaven—neat—trim

A WEEK'S SHAVES—FREE. The coupon below will bring a generous trial-size tube—free.

EXTRA DIVIDEND! A sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men—the new after-shave powder that *keeps* your face looking freshly shaved all day long.



Colgate & Co
Est. 1806

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 501-J, 595 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me the FREE sample tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. Also sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

Five Cents for Luck

(*Continued from page 23*)

Not until she was met at her own door by incoherent mutterings did she allow herself to think ahead of the moment. Even then she put the future resolutely out of her mind as she ran to the wee baby nurse who, with arms outstretched on the table and head fallen forward, had gone to sleep on her feet.

Then followed hours of waiting. Nothing seemed to move—not even time. Only the disease lived and grew and tortured the moaning boy. Outside the wind whistled around the house, the snow beat on the windows and the voice of the prairie sang a wild, savage dirge.

Jean refused to listen; and after another eternity the doctor arrived, big, capable, kindly, and, oh, so cheerful! But Jean knew from his expression that there was a fight ahead, and silently, capably, she stood by his side, obeying his slightest move.

One hour — two — three — five hours passed before, white and shaken but triumphant, the doctor looked up. "Just in time. A close shave; but we've won!"

Jean couldn't speak after the blessed words, but she didn't need to—not with words. Her tightly-shut lips, her shining eyes as they rested on the sleeping boy, were enough. Then, with a shaky smile, she turned toward the doctor: "I'll get you a cup of tea and something to eat. You must be nearly dead."

"And what about you?" he asked. Their eyes met. Without a word more they shook hands.

AFTER that, time took wings to itself. Days and weeks passed in quick succession, until Harry was sitting in their one rocking chair, wrapped in a blanket. Jean came in with her apron bulging and opened it for him to peek at the contents. "Did you ever see anything like that at this time of year? If we only had a market for them—but—" she laughed. "I said that if you got better I'd never complain about anything again." She went to the cupboard to put away the eggs, humming a bar of "Red Wing."

"You shouldn't be doin' the chores," Harry spoke impatiently, and with one thin hand he flipped the blanket from around him. "When do you think McGregor will be here with the boots?"

"He should be back day after tomorrow. I hope he is, for I'd like him to look at Hughey. He hasn't been well since that trip for the doctor. I'm afraid I drove him too hard."

"Just as likely it was McGregor." Harry spoke irritably. "I hate to be lying around, when—"

"Now, young man," Jean stood over him, shaking her finger playfully, "you'll do just as I say. I have the doctor's orders. You don't think I'm going to pay good money for advice, and not follow it?"

"We haven't any money left, have we?"

Jean laughed. "I still have the five cents! Do you know, someway I feel I'm going to keep that."

"Hasn't Father—?"

"No, not yet; but he has a job now—in Regina. He'll be able to send us some-

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Admired always *the engaging* MOUTH of YOUTH

A GAY carefree smile, pretty teeth, these belong to Youth. And to later years, when one has learned to keep the mouth glands active.

For your fine white teeth and hard, healthy-pink gums, your pure and wholesome mouth — all depend on natural fluids from active, youthful mouth glands.

But the modern soft foods, easily chewed, do not exercise the mouth glands, do not keep them young. The fluids gradually slow up, teeth start to decay, gums soften dangerously.

To correct this, Pebeco Tooth Paste was given an important additional ingredient which restores the mouth glands to their full normal activity.

Brush your teeth with Pebeco. It cleanses even where the toothbrush cannot reach, and its sharp tang leaves a healthy, tingling after-sensation. Your mouth feels young. Your lips take the upward quirk that so easily becomes a joyous smile.

Made by Pebeco, Inc., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors, Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N.J. Distributed in Canada by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited.

Where the tiny Mouth Glands are, three on each side

The mouth glands are 20 times more active when we chew. The fluids they produce wash away food deposits and counteract the acids in the mouth. But soft food makes them lazy. Pebeco contains the important ingredient to keep them always working.

How attractive, popular you can be

Everyone applauds your charm when your smile is gay, spontaneous. And how self-confident you feel knowing you have the lovely Mouth of Youth.

"Pebeco is splendid," happy users say. "Its salty taste is so refreshing and the clean, tingling after-sensation lasts and lasts."

PEBECO *keeps the Mouth Glands young*

Copyright, 1927, by Lehn & Fink Products Company

FREE OFFER: *Send coupon today for generous tube*

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. D-33
Bloomfield, N. J.
Send free your new large sample tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste
PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

(THIS COUPON NOT GOOD AFTER OCTOBER, 1928)

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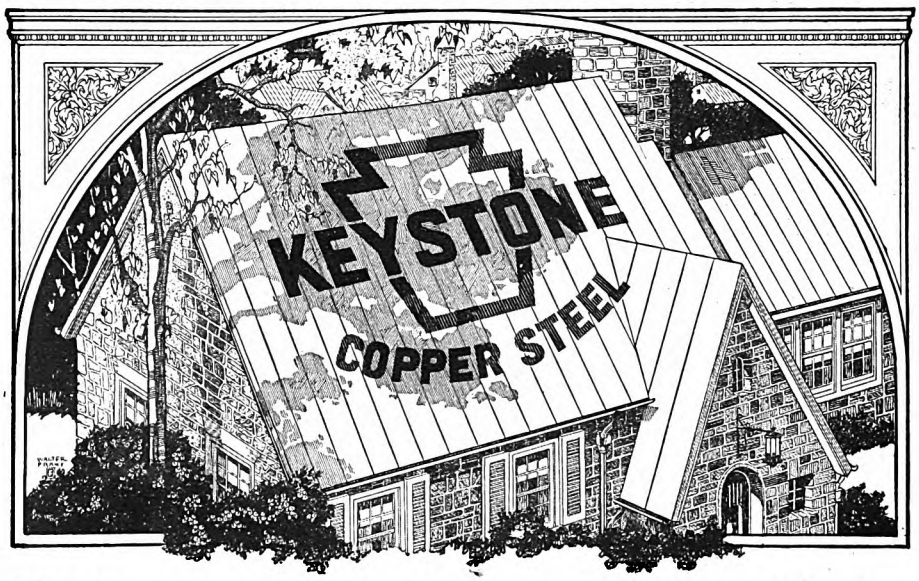
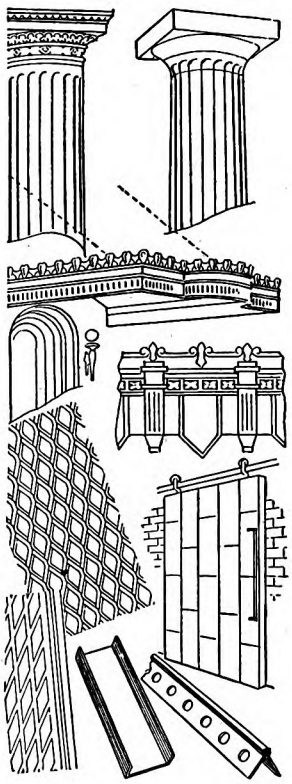


STEEL plus Copper means service plus satisfaction from exposed sheet metal work. This alloy gives a new measure of endurance. It is to your interest to use

KEYSTONE



Rust-resisting Copper Steel

Sheets

AND ROOFING TIN PLATES

Better building construction, no matter how large or how small, is depending more and more each year upon the utility of sheet metal. For repairs, replacements, or for new construction, Sheet Steel has become an important factor with architects, contractors and property owners.

Columns, doors, metal lath, ridges, roofing, gutters, conductor pipe and spouting, ventilators, cornices, skylights, and sheet metal work are better and more enduring if made from KEYSTONE quality (alloyed with copper). Supplied in Black and Galvanized Sheets, and Roofing Tin Plates. Sold by leading metal merchants.

Send for booklet FACTS—It will give you some surprising information relative to the superiority of KEYSTONE Quality as determined by actual time and weather tests.

AMERICAN SHEET and TIN PLATE COMPANY
General Offices: Frick Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Manufacturers of High Grade Steel Sheets and Tin Plates for every purpose

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thing soon. He thinks we'd better go there to live."

"You don't want to?" Harry half rose from his chair as he asked the question, but quickly fell back.

"No, I don't; but—" She did not finish the sentence.

NEXT morning Jean was much longer than usual at the stable doing the chores. Several times Harry went to the window to look for her. When she did come in, he jumped from his chair, "Mother, Mother! What is it? What has happened? Is it Hughey?"

Jean looked toward him but not at him—her gaze seemed to go through him. "Yes; Hughey is dead." Her voice hard, flat, drained of all emotion.

"Dead! Hughey!" Harry looked in horror.

"Hughey dead!" Bess shrilled, and began to cry.

"What are you going to do?" The boy's anxious eyes followed his mother, who was going methodically about her ordinary tasks.

"Going to do?" she repeated. "There is nothing to do. We are through."

"You mean—?" He walked to the window and looked out at the snow-covered prairie.

Jean laughed shortly. She hummed the chorus of "Red Wing." She laughed again. "I'll use that five cents to buy stamps to let your father know we will go to Regina and do odd jobs!"

"But—Mother—"

"It's no use, Harry." Jean smiled, but not her old smile. Something had gone out of her. "Your doctor bill is not half paid. I shall have one; we would have to buy another ox; your father can't do it all, and keep us besides. Maybe it will all be for the best. I can keep boarders; perhaps your father can get—" Her voice trailed off. That night she wrote to Jim, telling him she would sell what they had and join him in Regina.

Next afternoon Mr. McGregor returned from his second trip to Swift Rapids. He had exchanged the boots.

"I examined them myself this time," he explained as he watched Harry try them on. Then he dug into his bulging pockets and drew out another parcel, which he handed to Jean. "I made that feller in the store give me them fur his mistake."

Jean opened the parcel with the eagerness of a child, "Oh, how good!" She held up a pair of slippers for herself. "Mr. McGregor, are you sure you didn't add a little persuasion out of your own pocket?" she demanded.

"Now, Mis' Carroll, don' you be askin' questions that ain't your business," he protested; but he flushed and shuffled from one foot to the other. "If I hadn't been such a danged fool before!"

"Don't say that," Jean spoke sharply. "You've been like— I haven't words to say what you've been to us this winter, and it makes me more sorry to leave. But—"

"Leave!" the little man shouted.

"Yes, Hughey's dead. We can't—Jim hasn't had much work—and—" Jean handed him the letter and the five cents. "Will you get that posted?"

"And the new road just startin'!" McGregor lamented as he put the letter and the money in his pocket. "I heerd the

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This Mennen combination ~50 cents

all 3 for the price of one

Millions of men use Mennen Shaving Cream—and we want them all to know the complete Mennen shave. We are therefore making this demonstration offer—buy the shaving cream and get a tube of Skin Balm and a can of Talcum for Men *free.*

First, Mennen Shaving Cream brings you *dermutation*—which softens the beard, relaxes and levels the skin peaks around each hair, and provides a smooth, even surface for the razor. No little nicks and cuts left behind to smart and bite—but the sweetest shave ever.

Second, Mennen Skin Balm is a cooling, soothing, healing, antiseptic and mildly astringent face lotion in a handy tube—no bottle to break—for after-shaving use. Skin Balm is neither greasy nor sticky. It has a wonderfully refreshing and invigorating scent.

Third, Mennen Talcum for Men is a man's talcum, tinted the color of the skin—doesn't show—removes face shine after shaving.

To make you better acquainted with the last two your dealer will give you all three for the price of the shaving cream alone. Get yours today. The supply is liberal but not unlimited.

The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., and Toronto, Ont.

MENNEN

The Improved

SHAVING CREAM

superintendent's to be over it next Saturday; after that a train a day, with a dining car and everything. Dang it, that's hard luck!"

"A dining car?" Jean looked toward him. "Did you say a dining car?"

"Yes, so I heerd."

"Then they'll want eggs?"

"I s'pose so," McGregor agreed grudgingly, as if afraid to stir hope in the desperate eyes looking into his.

"Mr. McGregor, do you think they'd buy my eggs?" Jean was standing with tensely clasped hands, staring into his face.

"I—I—can't say as to that. But, Mis' Carroll, how'd you git them there? It's twenty-five mile to Cargill station, the nearest one, and Hughey being dead!"

Again Jean was oblivious to her surroundings. She was looking far beyond them. With a determined set of her shoulders she reached out her hand. "Mr. McGregor, give me back that letter and the nickel. I'm going to have one more try."

"But, Mis' Carroll," he began; then he stopped. McGregor knew when he met inevitables, like the coming of a new day, and pioneer courage.

ON SATURDAY Jean stood on the crude new platform at Cargill station. Her wind-whipped skirts betrayed her feet wrapped in sacking. She shivered uncontrollably and her teeth chattered, despite the red sweater that she pulled tightly around her throat.

In front of the platform stood the first through train, the engine puffing like a triumphant black monster, champing to bound on into its new domain. Jean was walking along, looking anxiously at the cars.

"I want to find the dining car," she explained to a man in the trim uniform of the road.

He looked curiously at her, as he pointed toward the end of the train; but his glance did not reach her. Jean was looking for a man in white. She thought chefs always wore white.

Presently she saw a car with tables, and a man wearing a white smock. She beckoned to him. He bent down and looked at her. Again she beckoned, peremptorily this time. He hesitated, then he walked away.

She met him at the bottom of the car steps, "Fresh eggs," she said. "You need eggs, don't you?" She wished her teeth wouldn't chatter. It made her sound so queer.

"Why! Why!" The man's eyes swept over her, right down to the sacking on her feet. "We use eggs; but we get our supplies in—"

"Yes—I suppose," Jean interrupted; "but these eggs are fresh and large. I wish you'd look at them—try some if you like. Twenty dozen—big, big ones; and they're not frozen."

She smiled her wide smile, "That's why I'm so cold. I came quite a piece, and I put the blankets and my coat over them. I was afraid they'd get frozen, but they didn't. They're awful big eggs. Will you look?" She pointed back behind the platform to Bob and the jumper.

"I'll—I'll ask the dining-car conductor." He sprang up the steps and disappeared.

Presently another man came out. He,

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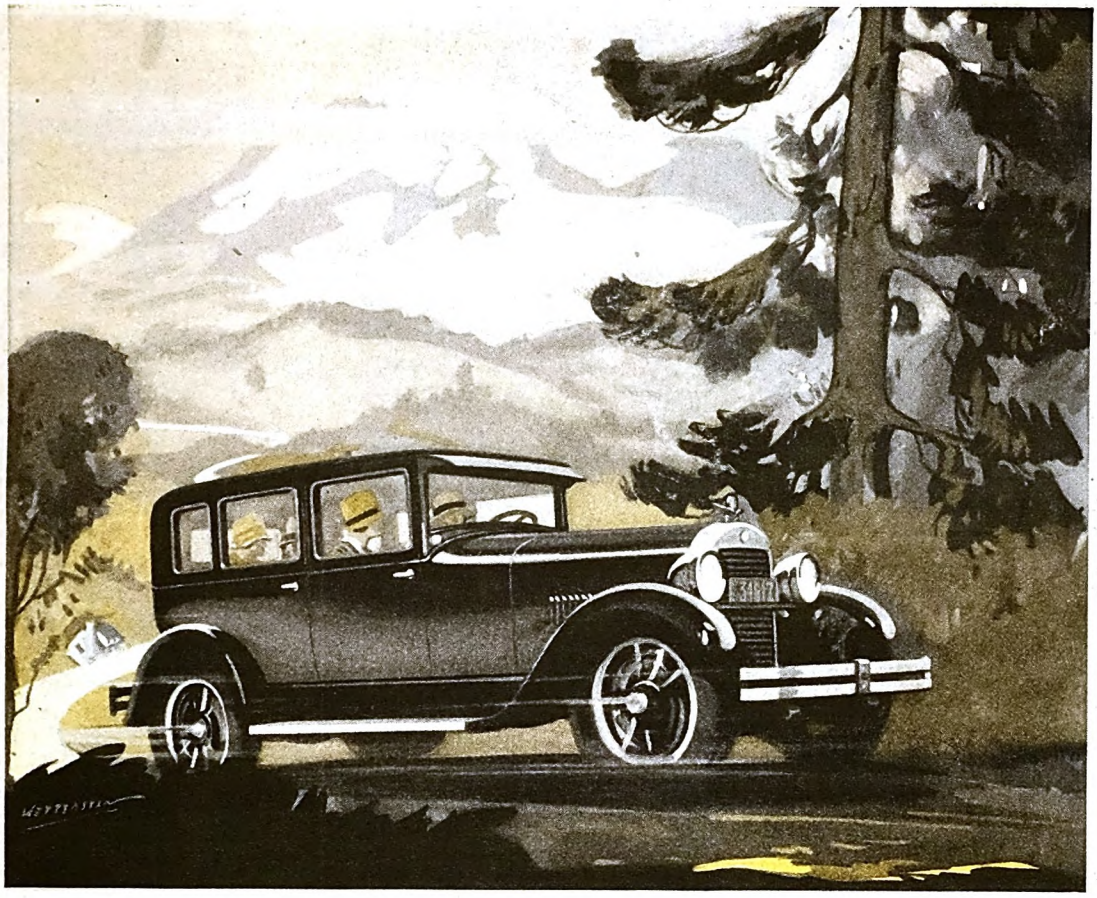

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Thousands daily riding in the New Essex realize by what immense margins it holds its leadership—greater in power, performance and reliability—larger, roomier, more beautifully turned out and appointed. And the very public enthusiasm which acclaimed Essex world values of the past was the inspiration to this even greater Essex; while buyers by hundreds of thousands gave the broad experience and resources that made attainment possible.

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James B. Graham

President of the Lycoming Trust Company and a leading citizen of Williamsport, Pa., calls The Dictaphone an indispensable convenience for modern executives

"A great saver of time"

"It is the greatest possible convenience to have at hand," declares James B. Graham, President of the Lycoming Trust Company

You need only read his testimony to realize how much The Dictaphone can help any executive. A trial (see coupon) will convince even the most skeptical

"IT'S the greatest time-saver I ever had the privilege of using. Available day or night, before or after hours. Convenience itself."

Sharp and clear comes this statement of facts from James B. Graham, President of Lycoming Trust Company, Williamsport, Pa., the largest financial institution in Northern Central Pennsylvania. Mr. Graham is Chairman of the Board of Lycoming Manufacturing Company (makers of Lycoming Motors), of Spencer Heater Company, President of Crescent Refractories Company (makers of high-grade fire brick), and President of the Williamsport Y. M. C. A.

Directness is characteristic of this forceful man. Too busy to tolerate the cumbersome and old-fashioned, he employs the modern Dictaphone method—and gives credit where due. He continues:

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declares that, if it weren't for The Dictaphone, she never could handle her present positions as secretary to Mr. Graham and head of a department

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"He talks so fast, I'll be getting writer's cramp soon."

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"Yes, I do mind staying late."

"Those awful waits while he chats over the phone."

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too, looked from her red hood down to her awkwardly clad feet; but Jean was not conscious of his scrutiny.

"I have eggs," she began again, "fine fresh eggs. I know, for I gathered them myself—and they're large. I wish you'd try them; maybe if you do, you'd take some every week. They're not frozen, not cracked. I upset once, but I saved them. I held them up." She raised her arms to show him. "I fell down; but I saved the eggs."

"We buy our supplies in—" the man began.

"Yes; but if you need eggs—maybe those other people are near a railroad. You see, you're the only chance I have, and—"

"All aboard!" Away up toward the front of the train the conductor's voice rang out, as if he too enjoyed man's conquest over distance.

The man to whom Jean was talking stepped back into the train; the great mass began to move forward.

"But, I say," Jean spoke to the passing cars. "I say I have twenty dozen eggs—fresh and large. What—what?"

On and on the train moved. Jean turned her back to it. In her hand she held the five-cent piece. "I'll have to spend you, spend you to send a letter to Jim. Spend you to tell him—"

"EXCUSE me, madam. One of the dining-car men told me you have some fresh eggs for sale." Jean looked around at a gentleman in plain clothes who was standing regarding her. Vaguely, she noticed that the train had stopped.

"Yes." She was too dazed to be coherent. "Did you ever have eggs for sale—nothing in the world but eggs—and nobody wanted them?" She looked hard at him, demanding an answer.

"No," he said, "I never did. But I remember hearing my grandmother tell about living away out in the bush Down East, and not having anything to sell but butter, and no market for it."

"Yes, my grandmother was a pioneer Down East too," Jean agreed, with interest. "They had it awfully hard." Her teeth were still chattering. "I'm thankful we've never had to go through what they did. But, sir, would you buy my eggs? They are large and fresh, and I—"

"How far did you come?"

"Twenty-five miles straight; but, Bob—" she looked toward the ox—"Bob gets lost every few miles. I guess I traveled about fifty."

"Yes; we'll take your eggs." He motioned to the man in white to go for them. "How many have you?"

"Twenty dozen." Jean's voice was hoarse with excitement. "Perhaps you'd better count them."

He put his hand in his pocket and drew out a roll of bills. "Let me see—they are forty cents a dozen." He held a ten-dollar bill toward her.

Jean looked at it, but did not take it. "I—I can't give you the change." She opened her hand and showed the five-cent piece. "That's all I have." She laughed unsteadily. "I was going to spend it for a stamp to tell Jim I'd given up. But if you'll take some eggs every week, I'll get the mail carrier to bring them here for you. If—if—you could do that—I'll not write

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Why spend yourself on what a *machine* can do?

Every woman has been through it—that thankless job of housecleaning—that wearisome and joyless toil that faces her spring and fall.

Dragging dust-cloths and stepladders through the house, stooping and straining to reach under furniture and over moldings, wrestling with smudged draperies and such.

Some women suffer it still, and more's the pity—needlessly spending their energy and charm on work a *machine* can do, easily and with *all the furnishings in place.*

The light, deft, efficient dusting tools of The Hoover take all this sort of labor off a woman's shoulders; they bring all the hard-to-get-at places within easy cleaning reach.

You want The Hoover because of the time and labor its dusting tools will save you in housecleaning, but you want it more because of

"POSITIVE AGITATION"

and the *faster, easier, deeper* cleaning it performs *regularly* on carpetings and rugs.

The Hoover is easy to buy. If you already have an electric cleaner, your Authorized Hoover Dealer will make you an allowance on it in trade, delivering you a new Hoover, on easy payments if you like. Cash price, the Model 700 $75.00, or the Model 543 **$59.50.** Dusting Tools $12.50. Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

The HOOVER

It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

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You can make mine P. A.

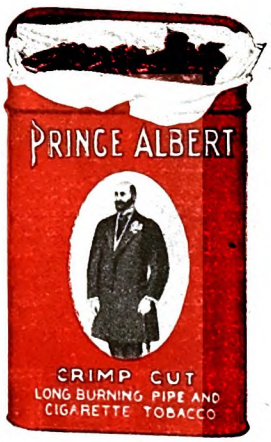
THAT'S my standing order. Anywhere. Any time. Prince Albert gives me what I want in a pipe. Morning to midnight. Seven days out of seven! I get a brand-new thrill every time I open a tidy red tin and breathe that rich, rare P. A. aroma. There's no other fragrance like *that,* Men. Appetizing! Tantalizing!

And when I put a load to bed in the bowl of my pipe and light up . . . *there's* a thrill that takes a better man than *I,* Gunga Dhin, to put into words! Cool as a creditor calling a loan. Sweet as the thought that you are able to pay. Fragrant as you smoke it, too. Fragrant and long-burning. What a smoke, Men!

Prince Albert is so mild you can smoke pipe-load after pipe-load. It never bites your tongue or parches your throat. Yet it has that full-bodied richness that reaches *deep down* and satisfies your pipe-hankering as nothing else can. P. A. is what I call a *balanced ration.*

Get this one, big, fundamental fact: You haven't scratched the surface of pipe-pleasure unless you have smoked Prince Albert! There are joys you will *never* know until you pack that old pipe of yours with P. A.! That's my story. It will be *your* story, too, when you know good old P. A.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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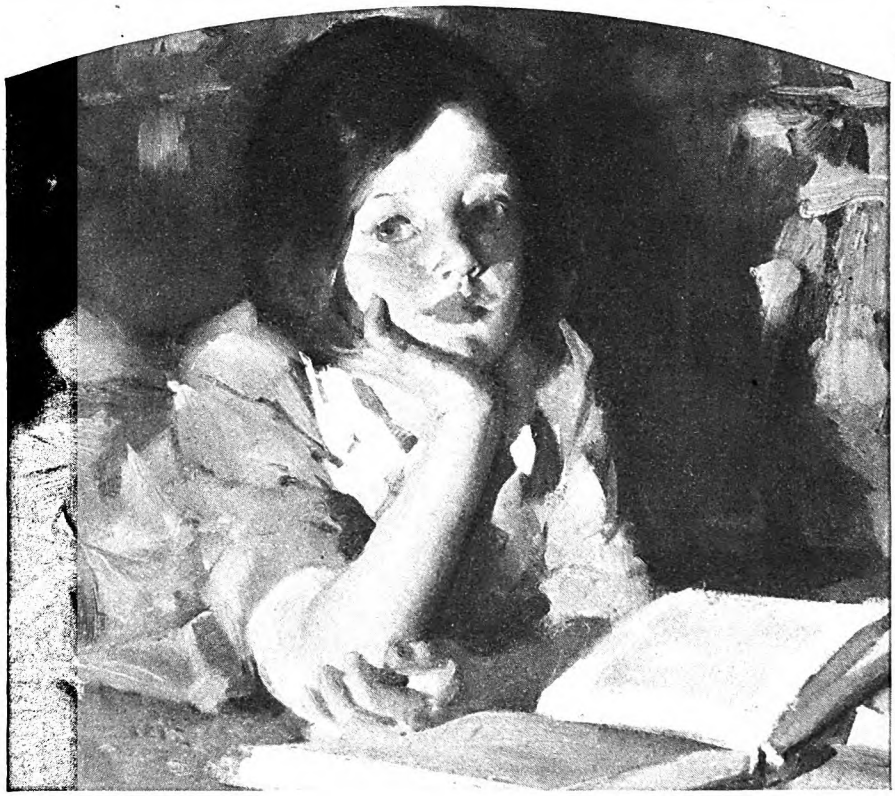

Already dreaming of the years you cannot share

She cannot know how much she needs your care in little things like this

HOW much you do for her day in and day out—planning and working for the years when she must face the world for herself. Years of which she, too, already dreams.

Not perhaps until she has children of her own, will she realize fully just what her mother's care has meant. Care not only in the big things, but even more in that endless round of little things which count for so much.

It is one of these seemingly small points which is now the center of interest in a nation-wide school movement. The American Medical Association and the National Education Association are pointing out the importance of school day breakfasts. They have found that children's grades and health are vitally influenced by the kind of breakfast they eat. This slogan is now displayed on the walls of over 50,000 schools: "*Every boy and girl needs a* hot cereal *breakfast.*"

Only a *hot* cereal can furnish the boundless energy which children need to meet the strain of school work.

You already know well that one *hot* cereal which authorities have for years recommended for growing children—Cream of Wheat. You probably also know why it is recognized as ideal:

First, it brings a remarkable store of mental and physical energy—just the elements needed most by little minds and bodies. Second, Cream of Wheat is so easy to digest. Third, children enjoy its delicious creaminess.

It is so simple to safeguard your children in this little thing. Begin now! Tomorrow morning start them off to school, ready for a good day's work. Give them a *hot* bowl of good old Cream of Wheat.

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This little girl has learned to read well because she eats the right foods. Every school morning she eats a hot cereal breakfast—*Cream of Wheat*

MY RECORD

Mon.				
Tues.				
Wed.				
Thurs.				
Fri.				
Sat.				

***FREE**—Mothers say, this plan works wonders—*

To arouse your child's interest in eating a hot cereal breakfast, send for attractive colored poster to hang in her room. There is a four week record form on it, which the child keeps herself, from day to day, by pasting in gold stars. Poster and gold stars sent free with authoritative booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children," and sample box of Cream of Wheat. Mail coupon to Dept. P-7, Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

For a girl aged.....*For a boy aged*.....

Name and address.....

greatly aggravated by microbic toxins from diseased tonsils, abscessed teeth, and so on, as well as by emotional excitement, nervous stress, eye strain, overwork, loss of sleep, indigestion, chronic constipation, and possibly by certain disturbances in the ductless gland system.

If you are a sufferer from periodic sick headaches, I would advise you, between attacks, to exercise daily in the open air; play golf or some other outdoor game, take tonic baths, and get ten hours of sleep nightly. Relax an hour or two in the middle of the day. Avoid alcohol, coffee, and too much meat. Eat regularly—at least three times a day. A daily sweat is good, but change of climate is of no value.

WHEN you get up in the morning with a dazed or dizzy feeling, pressure on one side of the head, and you feel you should step very carefully in order not to jar or move the head unduly, you know that before a few hours have elapsed you will be the victim of a headache attack. Although you are not hungry, you should eat a light breakfast of bland food, such as cornflakes and cream, toast and butter. After breakfast, go quietly about your usual duties. Do not attempt anything unusual that day. In one or two hours, if the stomach becomes highly acid, take a scant teaspoonful of ordinary baking soda in one-half glass of water, and while busy with your day's duties drink a glass of cold water every thirty minutes until you have taken at least eight glasses. Eat a light lunch, such as whole wheat bread and butter, or crackers and butter, and in the evening take your usual meal.

When threatened with an attack avoid concentrated proteins such as meat, eggs, nuts, cheese, baked beans, and the like. During an attack, it would also be well to avoid these protein foods, as well as rich gravies, pastries, tea, and coffee. If not too greatly nauseated, take food during the attack. Buttermilk and green vegetables are especially recommended.

Naturally, you will ask: What can I do to help myself during the migraine attack?

A hot foot-bath for ten or fifteen minutes, commencing with a temperature of 105° Fahrenheit, and rapidly adding hot water until 115° to 125° Fahrenheit has been attained, will do much to relieve you, especially if hot compresses are applied over the forehead and eyes and an ice bag to the back of the neck. After three or four minutes, reverse the procedure and apply the hot compresses to the back of the neck and the ice bag to the forehead.

Hot compresses applied to the spine and stomach, hot leg-baths, or hot tub-baths, are also of value in averting an attack of migraine.

People subject to migraine headaches should make every effort to lead an even, regular, and tranquil life, free from nervous strain, mental worry, emotional excitement, and unusual physical stress.

Neurasthenic headaches: Next to migraine, probably the most frequent headache is the neurasthenic or "pressure" headache. In many cases there may be a toxic side to these headaches—the patient suffering not only from nervous exhaustion, but also from auto-intoxication. However, I think this the exception rather than the rule. More often these headaches are due to erratic

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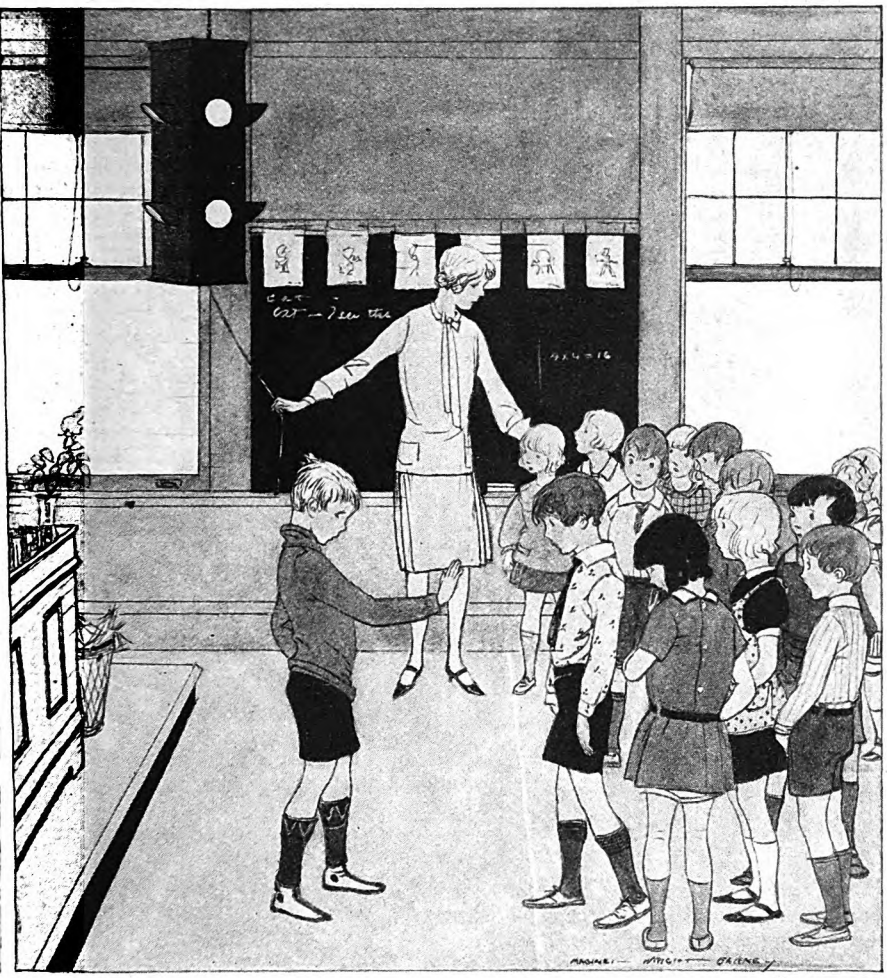
Is Your Town Safe?



© 1927 M. L. I. Co.

These boys and girls are being taught to save their lives! They are learning the meaning of the "Stop" and "Go" traffic signals. In many schools the children make their own semaphores, and the teacher appoints different members of the class to act the part of a Traffic Officer so that the lesson of caution at street crossings can never be forgotten.

EVERY five minutes someone dies from cancer. Every six minutes someone is killed by accident. One death in every 13 is caused by cancer—one in 15 by accident. One—a tragedy foreseen weeks in advance when beyond hope of prevention. The other—swift annihilation that could have been prevented.

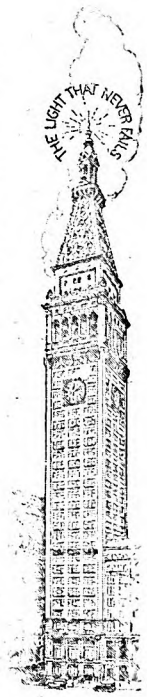
Most fatal accidents need never happen; 90,000 a year in the United States—240 a day—deaths from various causes that could be prevented. One half of the children who are killed are the little untaught ones less than five years old. And accidents claim all too many persons past middle age—who have not adjusted themselves to the swift pace of passing vehicles.

In cities where public caution and protection are taught, the deathrate from accident is far less than the Nation's sad average. Modern scientific Safety Campaigns are organized in these cities. The Mayor, the Police Department, local associations, clubs, societies and citizens of ability and initiative are working together for safety in industry, in the home and on our streets. The newspapers which help to promote Safety Campaigns find a quick response.

These continuous safety programs are as carefully and skilfully planned as a great battle, but with this difference—a battle is planned to end as many lives as possible and a Safety Campaign is planned to save as many lives as possible.

No longer has one a right to say, "Accidents are bound to happen. You can't prevent them." Today accident prevention is neither a beautiful dream nor a vain hope. It is a splendid reality. In cities which have said, "It can be done" — it has been done. In some cities the deathrate from accident has been reduced more than half.

Do you know how many people were killed by accident in your town last year? You will find, again and again, that a little forethought or a little more care would have avoided many tragedies. Help to prevent such deaths.



700,000 Americans seriously injured last year; 23,000 killed by one cause alone—motor vehicle accidents.

Appeals to individual caution have failed to stem the constantly rising tide of accidental deaths. Last year the New York State conference of Mayors decided to conduct an "entire city" Safety Campaign. Albany, N. Y., was selected for the test, and the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company was invited to send safety engineers to co-operate.

A vigorous educational program was undertaken. Every stage of this campaign was carefully mapped out in advance. During the first six months of the demonstration, while practically the entire city supported it, accidental deaths of all kinds were reduced 31%. Fatal accidents to children were reduced 33⅓%. Fatal accidents in homes were reduced 71%.

Based on the results in Albany, the Metropolitan has prepared two booklets, "Promoting Community Safety" and "The Traffic Problem", which outline practical ways and means for accident prevention. Send for two copies of each, one for personal study and one to send to your Mayor. If your town has a working safety organization, support it whole-heartedly. If not, help to establish a local Safety Council.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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TRADE **YALE** MARK

She just knows they'll be safe in a Yale-locked closet

A YALE LOCKED CLOSET—such an inexpensive, yet sure way of protecting personal property!

We Americans are away so much—motoring or yachting; at the theatre or the club; that we simply *must* have Yale protection.

Your silver and jewels, your furs, your cigars, your valuable papers—put these behind a Yale Deadlock or Deadlatch and you'll know they'll be guarded every moment of your absence.

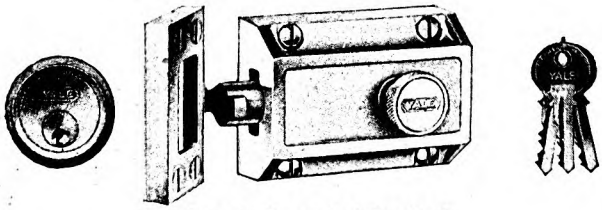
Yale features several distinct types of auxiliary locks for home-closet use—

Yale No. 42RB and No. 042RB Deadlatches
Yale No. 44RB Automatic Deadlatch
Yale No. 2F Deadlock
Yale No. 10F Steel Bar Deadlock
Yale No. 193 Rotary Bolt Deadlock
(the one pictured below)

Each one of these offers effective modern improvement over the ordinary lock—the *safe* over the *unsafe*.

Go, yourself, to a hardware dealer who has the Yale line. He will advise you and help you select the right lock for installation on your Yale Locked Closet. *Printed directions for applying packed with each lock.*

Send for booklet just published—"You may not have a skeleton in your closet but—"



Yale No. 193 Rotary Bolt Deadlock

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Company
Stamford, Conn., U. S. A.
Canadian Branch at St. Catharines, Ont.

YALE MARKED IS YALE MADE

nervous behavior. Auto-intoxication has become a fad with many neurasthenics. The best proof that these headaches are not generally due to so-called auto-intoxication is the fact that they can often be completely relieved by a warm soap-suds enema. If the headache resulted from the system being flooded with poisons, how could flushing the colon immediately cure the headache? The fact is, the headache was a reflex nervous manifestation, and, of course, was promptly cured when the cause was removed.

Nervous patients also suffer—many of them chronically—from cold hands and feet. The least excitement causes them to break out in a cold sweat; they sometimes also suffer from excessive blushings.

Quite often the headache of neurasthenia, nervous exhaustion, or brain fag is hardly a pain; it is an unpleasant feeling of pressure or constriction, the feeling usually being strongest in the region of the forehead and top of the head, although it is sometimes felt at the back of the head.

Prominent among the underlying causes of these exhaustion headaches may be mentioned worry, grief, fear, anger, anxiety, introspection, psychic strain, overwork, nervous tension, overstudy, and all other influences which are contributory to nervous exhaustion and brain fag.

Prevention is the main thing in the management of these nervous headaches. If we permit nervous exhaustion to creep upon us, headaches are certain to follow.

If you are a victim of neurotic headaches, you must live a regular life. Have set hours for eating, working, and playing, and see that you get eight or nine hours of sleep. Avoid alcohol and tobacco; drink sparingly of tea and coffee, and also avoid all forms of excesses or overexertion.

Neurotic headaches are sometimes relieved by eating; but the food should be limited to hot liquids, toast, or crackers.

Cold compresses, if persistenly applied, will cure most of these headaches. Other methods of relief are alternate hot and cold compresses to the head; alternate hot and cold sponging of the entire spine; rubbing with menthol ointment, five to ten per cent, to relieve the sensation of pressure; a very hot colonic flushing of three or four pints of water at 108° to 110° Fahrenheit; warm foot-baths at 110° Fahrenheit, or hotter, given for ten minutes, followed by a short cold foot-douche.

Neurasthenic headaches are usually greatly benefited by change of climate, new scenery, or other diverting influences, but sometimes the only cure is several months of absolute rest in bed.

Indurative or rheumatic headaches: The majority of sufferers from this form of head pain seem to be women of middle age. They give a history of being free from headaches in their younger years, but of having these irregular attacks come upon them as they grow older. The pain, as a rule, covers the whole of the head, with the exception of those cases where it begins about the back of the head and the nape of the neck, sometimes radiating down toward the back and shoulders.

This form of headache does not cease at night. In fact, occasionally it is even more severe when the patient assumes a

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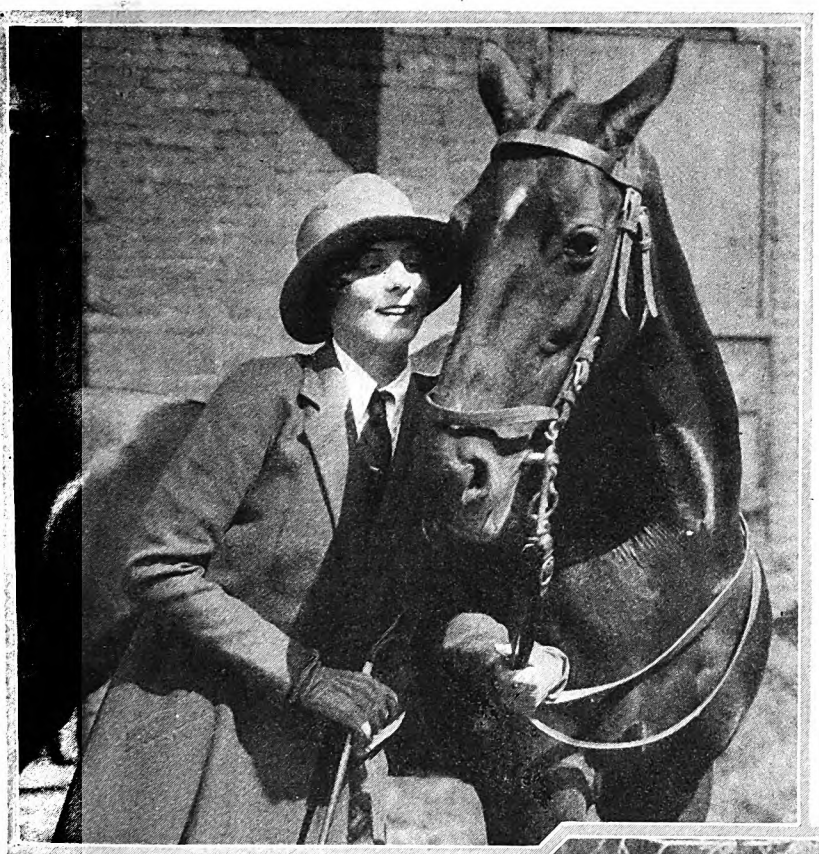
"NERVOUS, MISERABLE . . . *I had to give up every outdoor sport*"



Philadelphia, Pa.

"Riding, swimming, tennis—I was forced to give up each of my beloved sports. And my dancing, too . . .

"The doctor's words sounded hopeless! 'Auto-intoxication' had become chronic! I feared I would be afflicted my whole life long.

"I led a miserable existence. Something had to be done. I tried medicines. To no avail. I was terribly weak—oppressed by an overwhelming desire to sleep continuously.

"Then one day my mother handed me several cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast, saying, 'You have tried everything else.' It was with a mere flickering ray of hope that I began eating it—three cakes a day.

"Today I can snap my fingers at the word 'chronic.' For in 5 months my auto-intoxication had *disappeared*. I've never felt better in my life. I'm riding again, and fit for any strenuous sport. And I am thinking of starting my dancing again, too." —*Mrs. Cyril E. Allen.*

WHEN the body is depressed by intestinal poisons, Fleischmann's Yeast gets surely at the source of the trouble.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a food as fresh as any vegetable from the garden. It cleanses the digestive tract of accumulated wastes, strengthens the intestinal muscles. With elimination regular, the assimilation of food becomes normal, the blood is purified — the tone of the whole system is raised. Indigestion, skin disorders yield to the action of Fleischmann's Yeast.

Start today on this easy, natural road to health. You can get Fleischmann's Yeast from any grocer. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in any cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Health Research Dept. J-45, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

This modern, natural way to health

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold), or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians say it is best to eat one cake with a glass of hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Train yourself to regular daily habits.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

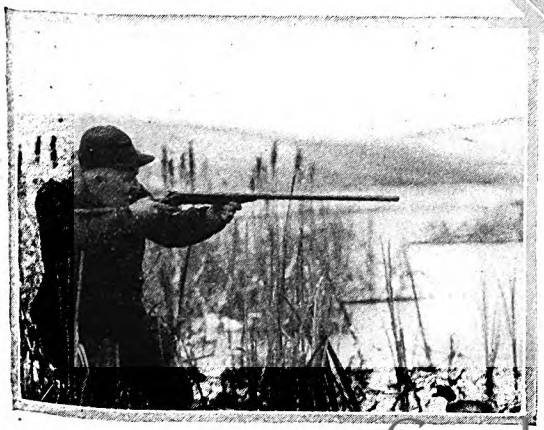
ABOVE, MRS. CYRIL E. ALLEN, *of Philadelphia*

RIGHT

"THREE YEARS AGO I was told that, to avoid a nervous breakdown, I vitally needed a rest. My whole system was run down from overwork. On returning from my vacation boils started to break out upon my face and neck—the result of the condition of my blood. Ointments and poultices seemed only to alleviate—not overcome—the disorder.

"Numerous friends advised Fleischmann's Yeast. I began eating it regularly at meal times. Soon the boils simply faded away and I have had none since. I still eat Fleischmann's Yeast daily to keep 'fit'."

LEIGHTON M. REID, Detroit, Mich.



LEFT

"I WAS under the anxious responsibility of starting my own business and nursing it along the road to success. Of course my hours were long, and I overworked. Soon my system was run down. At the same time I began to suffer from constipation. My digestion, too, was impaired. One day someone recommended that I try Yeast. . . . I did try it. Today, after taking Fleischmann's Yeast regularly for two months, I find myself, to be brief, 'enjoying the best of health'."

LEO S. KILLEEN, St. Paul, Minn.

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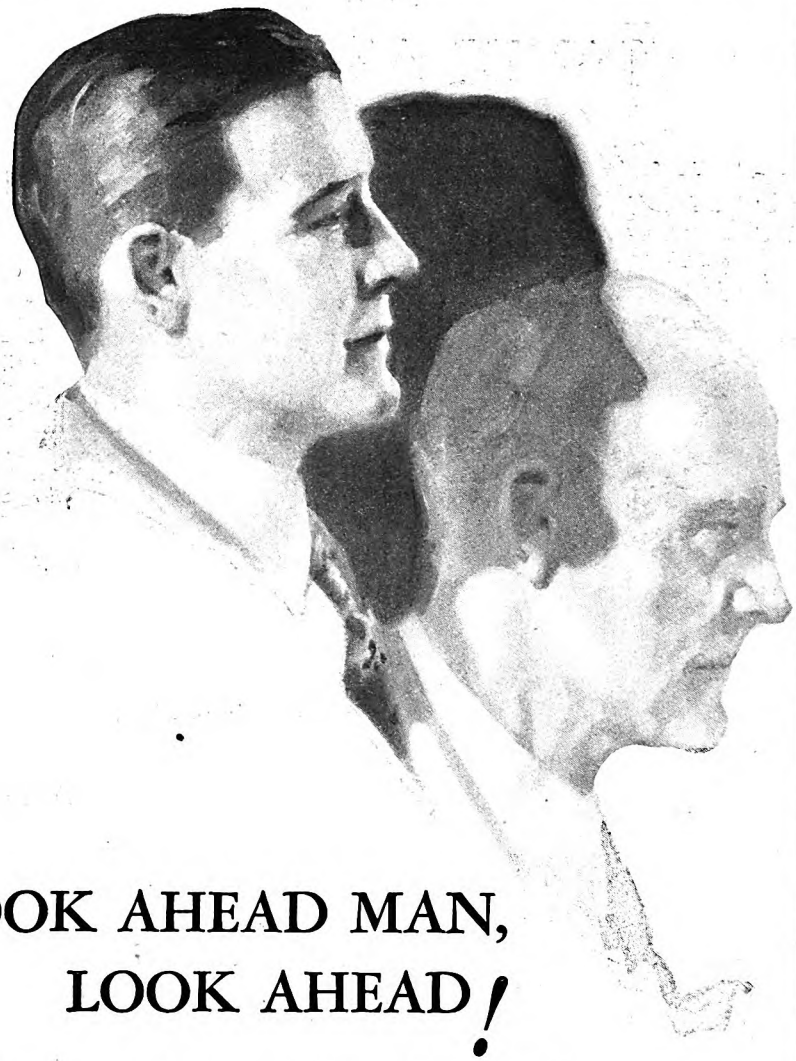

LOOK AHEAD MAN, LOOK AHEAD!

YOU are up and doing. Business is fine. Lots of health. Lots of enthusiasm. Full of the love of living. Not much time to be full of the fear of *not* living. But, Look Ahead Man, Look Ahead!

You don't have to be "preached" into the idea that you're now riding on the crest of a wave. *But* you *do* need a hint, such as this, to put some of today's funds into life insurance that will provide for you in the tomorrows that lie ahead. Look Ahead Man, Look Ahead!

Send for free booklet, "Seven Keys to Contentment." It will help you plan your insurance program. Just send the coupon. Look Ahead Man, Look Ahead!

"Provide through Provident"

Provident Mutual

Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia, Penna

Founded 1865

PROVIDENT MUTUAL LIFE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
Send me booklet, "Seven Keys to Contentment," free of charge
(To insure correct mailing, please print name and address)

Name_____

Address_____

Date of Birth *Month*_____ *Day*_____ *Year*_____

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reclining position. It is seldom associated with nausea and never with vomiting.

The rheumatic headache is brought on by exposure; it often starts with a chill following excessive perspiration; in the case of women, chilling as a result of washing the hair. The first and most important thing in treating it is to avoid all forms of chilling and sudden exposure.

The next step in the treatment is the application of heat. Hot compresses followed by proper massage is the surest method of gaining relief from this serious affliction. The first few treatments may aggravate the headache, but if the patient will persevere, the vast majority of cases can, in time, be relieved. Generally speaking, these headaches require persistent daily massage during four to eight weeks.

Blood-pressure headaches: We now come to the headaches which owe their existence to variations in the blood and the blood pressure. Headaches are known to result from both high blood pressure and low blood pressure. In this group of headaches will also be included those associated with hardening of the arteries, as well as the headaches which result from anemia.

Any influence which can cause blood to accumulate in the head can produce a *congestive headache*. The return of blood from the head is many times interfered with by the wearing of too high and too tight collars as well as too heavy hats.

Women around forty years old, who have high blood pressure, with slight kidney involvement, suffer inordinately from headaches of this type. The head is hot; face flushed; arteries of the neck throb; the eyes are red; and the patient complains of a bursting feeling, as though the brain were too large for the skull; the hands and feet are generally cold.

This form of headache, where the brain is overfilled with blood, is not due to the popular notion that the "blood is too thick" or that one has "too much blood."

A good illustration of this type of headache is that which almost invariably occurs in the early stage of a fever or other acute infection, such as influenza. The patient's face becomes red, the eyes are bloodshot and abnormally bright, and the pulse rapid and full.

The congestive headaches of school children are usually due to stomach and bowel complications. High altitude and extreme solar heat are also productive of conditions which predispose to congestion.

Headaches of this nature usually yield to those measures which relieve the congested blood vessels of the head by mechanically drawing the blood into the large vessels of the trunk and lower extremities, such as the hot foot-bath, the hot full bath, hot-blanket packs, electric-light baths, and hot-water bottles to the extremities—used in connection with ice bags or cold compresses to the face and head. Mild friction to the scalp is also helpful. These patients should rest with the head and shoulders elevated.

When we come to the *headache* of *high blood pressure*, we encounter a more persistent form of head pain—but one in every essential very similar to the congestive type we have just considered. The pain of high blood pressure is generally of a throbbing nature, and is accompanied

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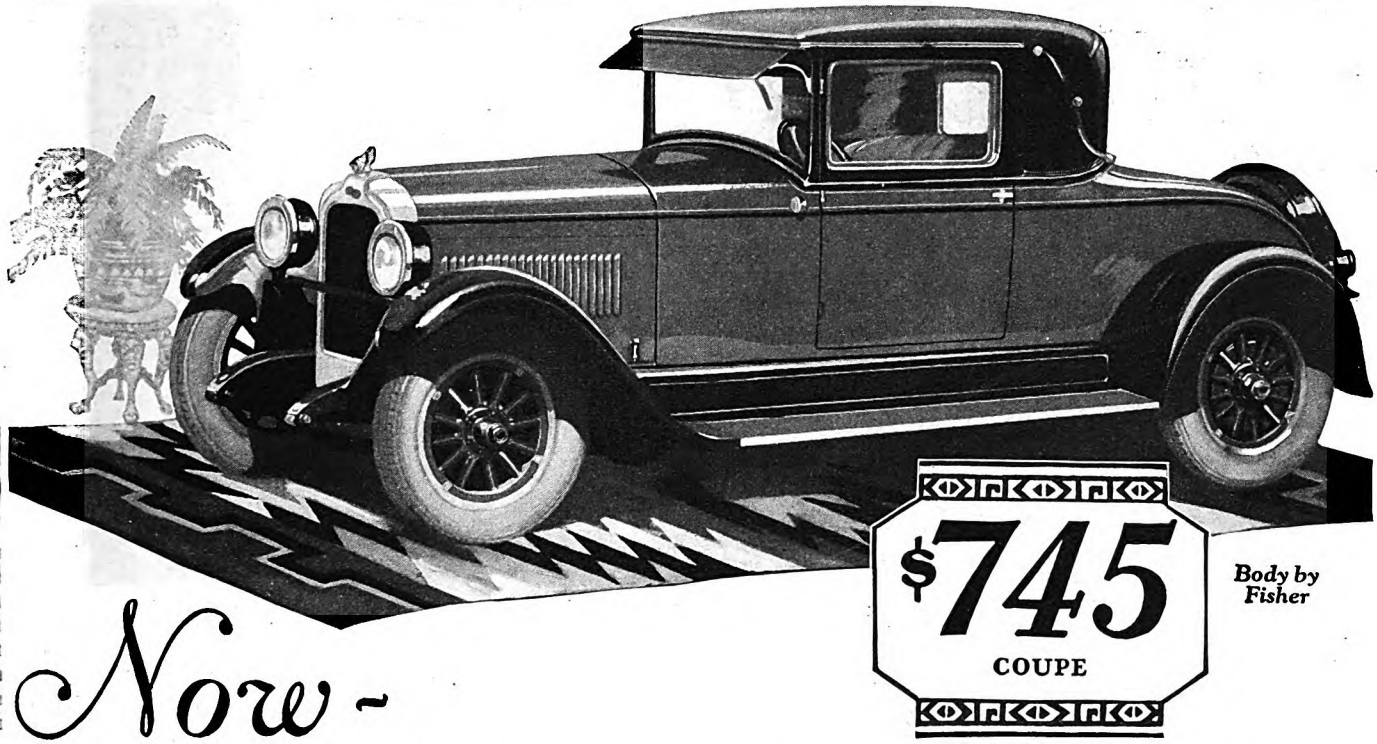

Now - An even *better* car at even *lower* prices

Since its first day before the public, the Pontiac Six has been scoring a series of triumphs. First came the triumph of its introduction, which resulted in world record sales for a new make of car! Then came a steady succession of important improvements in quality, luxury and convenience—

—improvements that resulted in smoother operation and greater handling ease, in greater comfort, greater economy and greater owner pride—in higher standards of quality and higher levels of popularity!

And now Pontiac Six again represents a sensational new standard of value—the result of this notably finer quality, combined with beautiful new Duco colors on Bodies by Fisher, at lower prices on all body types.

This history-making announcement has turned all eyes on the Pontiac Six.

It has created a known standard of what buyers have a right to expect in a low-priced six. It is causing thousands to make *comparison* the basis of their buying—

—and because no other six at or near $745 offers so many luxury and quality features, Pontiac Six sales continue to establish new high levels. Visit your nearest dealer. See and drive the finest low-priced six in automobile history!

New low prices announced July 15th on all passenger cars

Two-Door Sedan	$745	Sport Cabriolet	$795
Sport Roadster	$745	Landau Sedan	$845
De Luxe Landau Sedan	$925		

Pontiac Six De Luxe Delivery, $585 to $770. The New Oakland All-American Six, $1045 to $1265. All prices at factory. Delivered prices include minimum handling charges. Easy to pay on the General Motors Time Payment Plan.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN
General Motors Products of Canada, Ltd.—Pontiac Division—Oshawa, Ontario

The New and Finer

PONTIAC SIX

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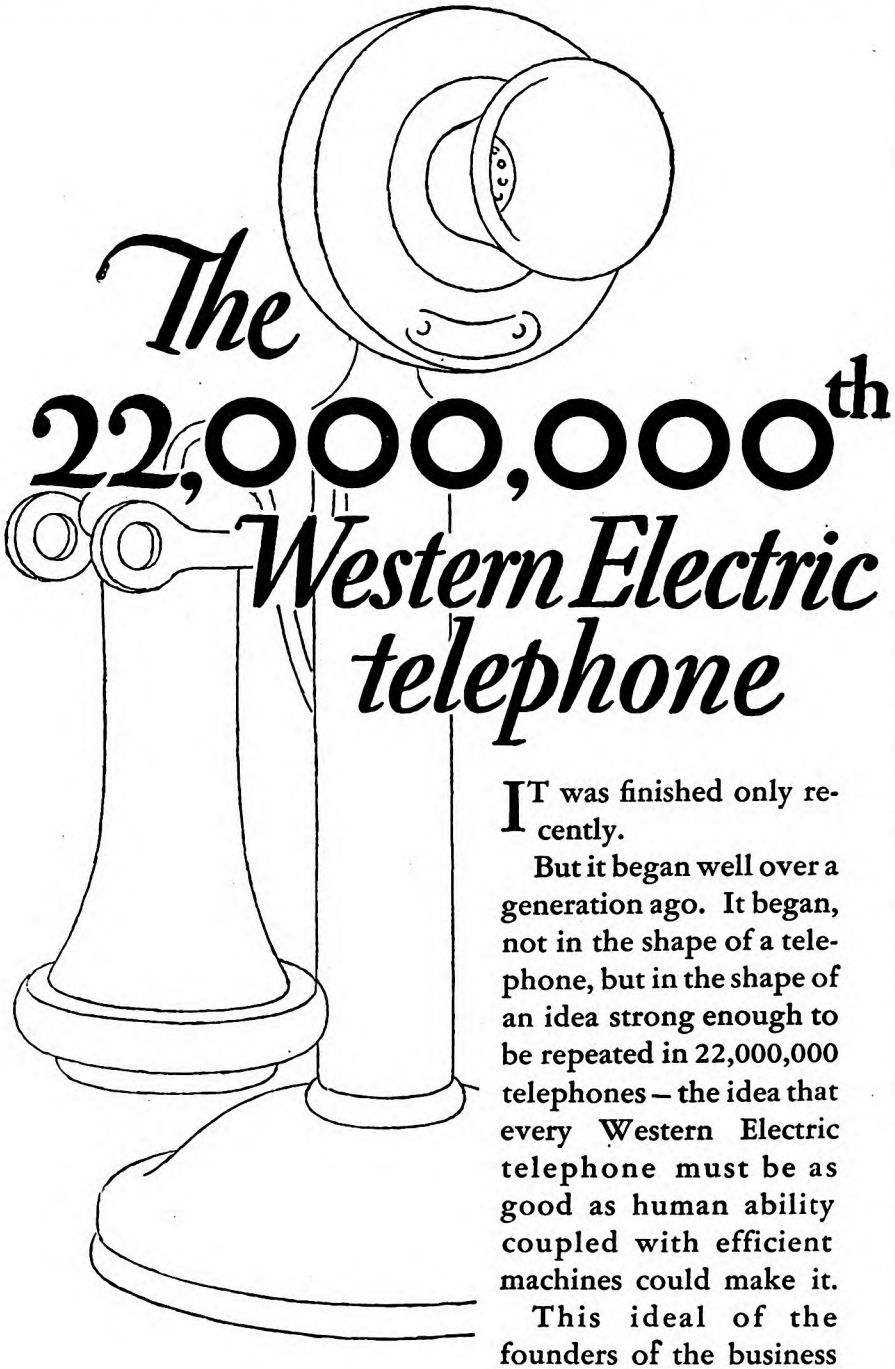
PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT



The 22,000,000th *Western Electric telephone*

IT was finished only recently.

But it began well over a generation ago. It began, not in the shape of a telephone, but in the shape of an idea strong enough to be repeated in 22,000,000 telephones – the idea that every Western Electric telephone must be as good as human ability coupled with efficient machines could make it.

This ideal of the founders of the business still inspires the workers of today. That it will continue to be their aim is one assurance that telephone service in America will continue to maintain its supremacy.

Back of your telephone

Western Electric

Since 1882 Manufacturers for the Bell System

by a fullness of the head, especially marked, and made more severe, by coughing or by any other sudden exertion.

The eye is often affected—almost bloodshot in appearance, the face is flushed, and a general nervous irritability accompanies the malady. The sufferer often complains of a sense of pressure back of the eyes—which appear to bulge slightly forward.

Stooping, lifting weights, sitting up suddenly, lying down quickly, hard straining at stool, physical exertion, all are factors in producing or aggravating a high blood pressure headache.

Dizziness and vertigo often accompany headaches of this sort, as also does another group of sensations, such as numbness, tingling, and twitching, weakness in a limb, or in one half the body.

The treatment of high-blood-pressure headaches, in addition to these remedies already suggested for the relief of congestive headaches, consists in keeping the *feet and legs warm, the bowels open, and the head cool.*

Almost immediate relief may be obtained by immersing the body in a full bath at 98° Fahrenheit. This neutral bath will bring the blood immediately to the skin, lower the blood pressure, and greatly relieve the pain in the head.

Rubbing the skin with cold water, or with coarse salt slightly moistened with cold water, will help equalize the circulation; a hot enema is also helpful.

However, for most of these blood-pressure headaches, rest, fasting, and sleep are vastly superior to any other treatment.

HEADACHES due to impoverishment of the blood—*anemic headaches*—are produced by either an anemic state of the blood stream, or result from the fact that too little blood is sent to the head by the circulatory apparatus, as in the case of low blood pressure.

Before these headaches can be permanently cured, the condition of the blood must be improved. Owing to a deficiency in red corpuscles, the blood is crippled in its oxygen-carrying capacity, resulting in under-nourishment, digestive disorders, and poor circulation. If possible, an outdoor life should be led: abundant fresh air and sunshine are of paramount importance. A liberal diet—rich in fats and proteins—cream, butter, eggs, olive oil, nuts, oranges, spinach, and tomatoes, should be used in addition to ordinary foods. Short cold baths, if the reaction allows them, or hot baths followed by a brisk cold rub should be taken every morning; and, if possible, frequent sun baths. Moderate physical exercise and special exercises designed to deepen the breathing and quicken the circulation of the blood are all good. Concerning the treatment of the headache proper, I would recommend the following method: Apply a hot-water bottle or bag of hot salt to the back of the head and neck, and very hot compresses to the painful points in front, or on top of the head. Keep this up for ten to twenty minutes—depending on the severity of the pain. Great relief is often obtained by following these hot applications with cold friction to the head, given by dipping the finger tips in ice water and rubbing the scalp.

Toxic headaches: Most of the headaches that used to be called toxic I have

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Those Winning Smiles

That come when teeth are film free

Dentists urging NEW-FOUND WAY to tooth beauty and adequate protection against tooth and gum disorders

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free

(*Above*) THE ANCIENT SPORT OF ARCHERY is immensely popular among Long Island summer residents, among whom are Misses Cabot, Deane and Morrissey. This pictures another situation where Pepsodent-bright smiles are quite apparent.

(*Above*) "THE AMERICAN COLLEGE GIRL," says Consuelo Flowerton, "has come to realize that on glorious health, beauty depends. And on healthy, film-free teeth, as gained by Pepsodent, rests the radiance of one's smile."

(*Above*) SUSAN TALBOT is winning unusual recognition by the excellence of her work. And through the brilliance of her smile, made gleaming white by Pepsodent, she's won innumerable friends.

IF your teeth are dull, lustreless, "off-color," discard old ways of brushing for a while. Try cleansing them of the dingy film ordinary brushing has failed to combat successfully; of the film to which present-day dental opinion charges many serious tooth and gum disturbances.

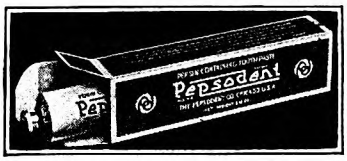
In other words, do as thousands are doing on dental advice; turn to Pepsodent. Not simply a medicated dentifrice, but a special Film-Removing Agent compounded in collaboration with world's dental authorities to REMOVE FILM FROM TEETH.

Run your tongue across your teeth. Note the film that you feel; that slippery, viscous coating. Note whether your present brushing method is failing in its duty.

Film is the great enemy of pretty teeth and gums, a chief enemy of *healthy* teeth and gums. Film clings to teeth and forms a breeding place for germs. It invites the acids of decay. It is the basis of tartar. And tartar, with germs, are the dentally *proved cause* of pyorrhea. You must remove film thoroughly *twice* daily, say dentists, from your teeth.

Pepsodent is *made* by its makers for that purpose, and urged by dentists. It removes film. It firms the gums. It multiplies the alkalinity of the mouth's saliva. It meets the dominant dental opinion of today in a dentifrice. It is the kind of dentifrice you want in your home.

FREE — 10-Day Tube



Mail coupon to
The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 1286, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

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Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,
191 George St. . . . . Toronto 2, Can.
42 Southwark Bridge Road . London, S.E.1, Eng.
(Australia) Ltd., 137 Clarence St., Sydney, N.S.W.
Only one tube to a family 2584

PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

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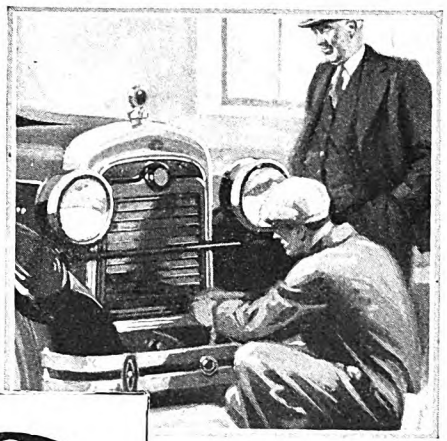
Motor Protection Must be AUTOMATIC

If you would effectively combat cold—destroyer of motor life and efficiency



SCIENCE has developed—in *automatic* motor protection — a positive and effective means of putting an end to the great annual repair bill now caused by cold. *Automatic* so you *can't* guess—you can't forget.

Your car needs this vital protection at 60° Fahrenheit. That's when cold strikes its first blow.

"Over-choking" warns you

Coughing, spitting noises and delayed starting are the danger signals. Out comes the "choke"—flooding cold cylinders and cylinder walls with raw gasoline. Excessive dilution follows, fouled spark plugs, high gas consumption, extreme carbonization, corrosion and rapid cylinder wear. These are the troubles that bring *big* repair bills—troubles for which cold alone is responsible.

Winterfront regulates motor temperature

The radiator on your car was put there to waste heat—thus to prevent overheating in hot weather. An efficient radiator throws away 35 to 40% of the heat of the fuel. At 60° Fahrenheit there is no heat to spare, yet heat-waste continues through the radiator. Obviously, therefore, there is only one place to efficiently control motor temperature—that's at the radiator, where heat-waste occurs.

Pines Automatic Winterfront completely covers the radiator, and remains closed until the motor is warm enough to operate without damage to vital parts. The shutters then begin to open, *automatically*, allowing the entrance of exactly enough cool air to maintain a scientifically correct temperature.

Closes Itself when your motor needs heat.

Opens Itself when your motor needs cool air.

Important— When your motor stops, Winterfront shutters start to close and are fully closed while your motor is hot.

With a Winterfront on your car, you "warm-up" in seconds. You lose the dangerous "choke" habit because Winterfront eliminates the need for it. Your motor starts quicker and easier with less battery strain. You enjoy a noticeable increase in gasoline economy—snug warmth inside your car — summer-time smoothness and flexibility in your motor.

Put on any car in ten minutes

Pines Automatic Winterfront is sold by automobile and accessory dealers everywhere. It is installed in less than ten minutes without changes of any nature to your car. *Models for all cars—priced $22.50 to $30.00. Special models for Ford, $15; Chevrolet, $17.50; Dodge Four, $20. Slightly higher prices in the Rocky Mountain area and West—also Canada.* Pines Winterfront Company, 424 North Sacramento Boulevard, Chicago.

Pines Automatic Winterfront is the Only Automatic Radiator Shutter on the Market

It is automatic because—

There is no other way to assure you of timely, constant protection against the destroying force of cold. When cold strikes, Winterfront is *always* ready. You can't forget to operate it. There's nothing to remember. Its results are possible *only* because it is *Automatic.*

The motor car dealer who recommends and sells you a Pines Automatic Winterfront is considering your interests first. Take his advice. Your dealer will supply you.

135

PINES WINTERFRONT—*It's Automatic*

come to regard as neurasthenic. Still, we do meet—every now and then—a case that seems to be real toxic headache.

A woman patient of mine, thirty-four years of age, suffers from irregular attacks of this form of headache. In describing it to me she said:

> My headache is not always the same. I usually have pain in the forehead, most severe just above or back of the eyes. It is a sensation of fullness, and sometimes it is more painful when I jar my head, as in walking. The pain often extends up from the forehead so that the whole top of my head hurts, and occasionally I suffer from a painful constriction band extending around the head. Sometimes, when I have a bad headache, the pain is diffused—extending over the whole head.

That is a pretty accurate description of the headache of toxemia. When the blood is toxic the tender nerves and blood vessels of the brain and scalp are much irritated by these poisons.

It makes not the slightest difference how the poison gets into the blood, or what is its origin. A piece of tainted meat, or salad made from some spoiled vegetables, will produce a headache just as promptly and effectively as an overexposure to the July sun or an attack of influenza.

Poisons entering the body from the outside, such as lead, morphin, arsenic, alcohol, ether, and so on; or those poisons resulting from such intricate and complicating conditions as the toxins of pneumonia, typhoid fever, chronic Bright's disease, diabetes, all result in the head pain which may be classified under toxic headaches.

Deficient elimination by the kidneys, together with chronic constipation, is perhaps among the chief causes of the toxic headache. Headache is also often associated with gout.

FATIGUE is often accompanied by headache, partly toxic in character, and partly nervous in origin. The same is true of the headache which results from sitting too long in a stuffy room.

These poisons, of course, go all over the body, wherever the circulation goes, but they produce their promptest and loudest pain outcry in the region where the nerves are most exquisitely sensitive. When your head aches, nine times out of ten your whole body is suffering, but other regions are not able to express themselves so promptly and so eloquently.

Sometimes these headaches result from the gradual accumulation of acid substances in the blood stream, and are promptly relieved by reducing the amount of bread and meat in the diet, and by the temporary use of soda or other alkalis.

Toxic headaches, when due to tobacco, alcohol, tea, coffee, or other poisons, demand, first, cessation of the intake of such articles; and, second, profuse sweating measures, followed by a brisk cathartic. The patient should take copious drinks of water. The diet should consist exclusively of vegetables, fruits, cereals, bread, and milk. Meat and eggs should be temporarily avoided.

People who have a tendency to toxic headaches should employ some form of sweating bath, followed by a cold spray or rub. Immediate relief during an attack can be obtained by the application of cold compresses to the head and a hot

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High compression cars are here at last!

THE ADVENT of Ethyl Gasoline has in the last year brought a new standard of automobile performance to hundreds of thousands of car owners. As an Ethyl user, you have had the benefits of greatly increased speed, more power on hills and heavy roads, quicker acceleration, and complete elimination of "knock."

But the real high compression automobile is here at last!

Ethyl Gasoline has made it possible!

Ride with Ethyl in a high compression motor and get the thrill of a lifetime. Ethyl Gasoline is available throughout the United States and Canada at pumps which display the "ETHYL" trademark.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION · 25 Broadway, New York City

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BRAND OF ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND
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NEW YORK, U.S.A.
Knocks out that knock

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Pipe Smoker Applies Medical Training Selecting Tobacco

Some folks act on "hunches," some on emotion, some on pet theories, and still others on cold logic.

Here is a pipe smoker in the "logic" class. And the reason, as he explains, is that for three years he has been taught to take nothing for granted, but to prove his way as he goes.

427 Lyons Avenue
Newark, N. J.
Oct. 16, 1926.

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

Most medical students by the time they reach the third year of their work have absorbed the scientific spirit. That is, we take nothing for granted unless it has been confirmed by experiment or other reliable means. Prove it, we say!

Some time ago I decided to start smoking a pipe. Choosing the pipe was easy enough, but finding the tobacco to go with it was not so easy. I experimented, trying one tobacco after another. Some would have a fragrant aroma, but oh—what a taste they would leave! Others left my mouth like a furnace. A few reminded me of a poorly ventilated chemical laboratory.

I had almost decided that what I was looking for—a cool, sweet taste and a pleasant aroma—was impossible. Finally, I took the advice of one of the fellows and tried your good ole blue can. Eureka! You can't get me away from it now.

You should call Edgeworth—"money's worth."

Sincerely yours,
Irving H. Plaine

To those who have never tried Edgeworth we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 3 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

[*On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 254.1 meters.*]

foot-bath. When the bowels are inactive, as they generally are, the patient should take a large dose of castor oil and a warm-water enema.

Reflex headaches: We now come to the pains in the head which are produced by some specific irritation or general disturbance occurring in some part of the body remote from the head—referred pains—or sympathetic headaches.

The behavior, intensity, and location of the pain, in reflex headaches, varies greatly and is, of course, more or less dependent on the offending organ or system which is responsible for these manifestations.

1. SEDENTARY HEADACHE: Many highly nervous and hereditarily predisposed individuals suffer from vague head pains, and distressing head sensations, as a result of sedentary living and the habits of modern civilization.

In other cases it is luxurious living associated with physical idleness and intellectual indolence that brings about that state of body and nerves which is so frequently characterized by chronic headache and backache.

Several years ago, I was completely baffled by a case of persistent headache occurring in a man around forty years of age. All the tests of an exhaustive examination had failed utterly to disclose a single clue to the nature and origin of this man's head pains. He was not toxic and he was not nervous. After a year's study I came to the conclusion his headaches were simply a result of the unnatural sedentary life he was leading. I became more insistent about his getting out of doors and engaging in active exercises. In six weeks his chronic headache disappeared—and it has not returned.

2. HEADACHES OF WOMEN: The periodic headaches of women are best treated after the methods already discussed under the head of congestive head pains.

While headaches of this sort are relieved by cold applications to the head accompanied by the hot foot-bath, they are more intelligently treated by directing remedial efforts toward removing the underlying causes found in the anemic and nervous states, as well as those abnormal anatomical conditions which may be responsible for the unnatural and unnecessary suffering occurring at these times.

3. STOMACH TROUBLE: Chronic indigestion, no matter what the cause, never fails to produce recurrent headaches in certain types of nervous individuals. No doubt these headaches are sometimes more or less of a toxic nature, while at other times they are simply reflex—stomach ache in the head.

Sometimes headaches occur when the stomach is allowed to go too long without food, or if it is denied food at the customary meal hour. In other cases, where there is too much gastric secretion—too much acidity—we have a very definite form of reflex or toxic headache which is close kin to migraine in its general behavior. A tablespoonful of milk of magnesia will frequently relieve a headache of this sort.

These headaches are also greatly relieved by drinking an abundance of hot water; by hot foot-baths and general cold applications to the head, and by copious hot enemas.

4. CHRONIC CONSTIPATION. While the distressing headache so often associated with chronic constipation has been heretofore regarded as a part of the toxic picture of so-called auto-intoxication, nevertheless I believe that much of this constipation headache is purely reflex in nature. That this is true is shown by the already mentioned fact that a warm soapsuds enema is able immediately to cure the headache. Now, if this headache were toxic in nature, the result of poisons circulating in the blood, it is obvious that the blood stream, as well as the bowel, would have to be cleansed in order to effect a cure. The fact that emptying the bowel produces a radical cure is sufficient to prove that the headache was purely nervous or reflex.

5. DISPLACED INTERNAL ORGANS: Many times a sagging stomach, a displaced kidney, or a tumble-down colon may be sufficient to start up reflex headaches.

Many times a headache of this sort is cured by putting a patient to bed for three months on a fattening diet and rest cure; a proper-fitting abdominal support will also cure many of these cases.

6. CONSTITUTIONAL DISEASES: There are a number of constitutional disorders which are often attended by headaches; while among the more common organic disorders which may cause headache the following should be mentioned: Adenoids, diseased tonsils, crooked nasal septum, nasal polypi, sinus infections, ear disorders, eye troubles, diseased teeth, neuralgia, kidney disorders, brain tumors, syphilis, epilepsy, goitre, and pituitary compression.

It is obvious that their cure consists in improving the constitutional defect or the organic disorders which produced them.

IN THE real treatment and permanent cure of headaches, drugs are practically worthless. While they afford temporary relief, they do not get to the root of the trouble. In fact, drugs cure headache in about the same way that chloroform kills the pain attending a surgical operation.

The majority of headache sufferers have a more or less irritated condition of the nervous system, and most drugs only serve to aggravate and perpetuate this condition. The headache remedies which guarantee to cure in a few minutes must certainly contain very powerful drugs, and should be looked upon as exceedingly dangerous compounds. Occasionally a large dose of "headache" medicine kills suddenly by overwhelming the heart or the vital nerve centers.

As a matter of fact, the frequent use of so-called "headache remedies" is no doubt in itself responsible for many cases of chronic and persistent headaches.

VACATIONS are over; the fall with its stimulating weather is here, and most of you feel as if you were sitting on top of the world. Next month, in "Getting Ready for Winter," Dr. William S. Sadler tells you how you can continue to sit pretty all through the artificial life of winter, with its attendant colds and other minor ailments. The article is full of valuable and timely health hints.

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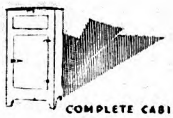

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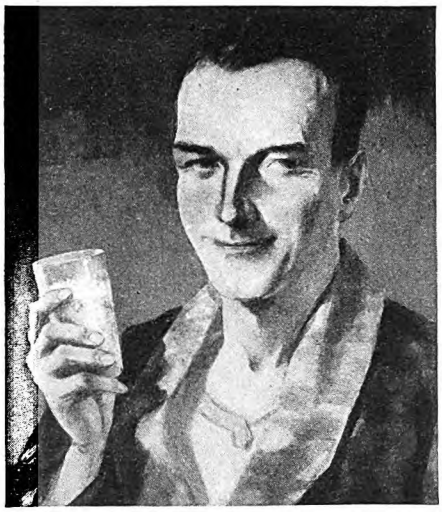

DON'T let Headaches cost you money

WATCH a man trying to work when he has a headache—

He fusses over trifles—he snaps at his secretary. Routine tasks he manages to struggle through somehow—but anything of importance he pushes aside till the morrow.

Don't let headaches slow you up. It's expensive and it's unnecessary.

To really correct a headache you must get at the condition that causes it. The simple, natural way to do this is by the use of Sal Hepatica, the standard effervescent saline.

Congestion in the stomach or intestines is a common cause of headaches. Congestion produces excessive blood pressure. The result is dizziness and headaches. Sal Hepatica relieves a headache because it promptly removes this congestion.

Sal Hepatica contains the same health-giving salines as the famous European spas. Not only does Sal Hepatica relieve headaches but it is the approved treatment for many other ills as well.

For Sal Hepatica sweeps away the poisons set up by foods retained too long within the intestines. These poisons may result in indigestion or poor complexion, in hyper-acidity or rheumatism; they are at the root of kidney and liver and other organic disorders.

Keep free of headaches—keep free of the poisons of waste. Take Sal Hepatica promptly when you need it.

Send for the free booklet which explains more fully how Sal Hepatica relieves headaches and other ills.

For booklet please address
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. L-107, 71 West St.,
New York City

Sal Hepatica

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In Her Own Country

(*Continued from page 41*)

Eleanor looked into the child's shy eyes, and then caught the woman's work-roughened hands in her own.

"Oh, I'm so glad you came!" she said impulsively. "Did you bring anything Mary has done?"

The woman reached for the basket. From layers of protecting newspapers she drew out the well-thumbed drawings.

Eleanor leafed through them. Childish of course and out of perspective, but the sure, subtle lines and curves that proclaimed skill *were there*.

She looked into the woman's anxious eyes.

"They're good," she said. "She has the gift. If only—"

Then she stopped with a small cry. As she had glanced down again at the papers, another, unnoticed before, had slipped into view. She picked it up. It was a strong, crude drawing of the old Black Oak! The woman laughed nervously.

"It was foolish of me to put that one in. That's one I drew myself long ago. I just brought it, I guess, to show you I liked the old oak too. But my, I can't bear to look at the spot now since it's been cut down."

Eleanor's throat felt tight.

"You *knew*, you recognized it!"

"My, yes! Who wouldn't? The minute I set my eyes on it in the paper I said, 'Well, who'd ever have thought that the old Black Oak would hang in a picture gallery in Paris!' It just seemed somehow to bring me nearer to . . . to . . . oh, everything I've thought about, and couldn't ever have. . . . It made me feel almost as if I was there too."

ELEANOR leaned forward, her dark eyes caressing the older woman's face.

"Would you like me to tell you about it, just as I saw it, just as it looked to me?" she breathed.

"Oh, if you *would!*"

And Eleanor told them. There, in the big quiet kitchen, she poured out the story of beauty that she had longed to tell.

There was no effort. She forgot her outline. It was as though all the scenes her own artist soul had feasted upon were now spread out afresh to satisfy the hunger of her listeners.

"Look—Paris dreams—nocturnal, nebulous,
Under the blue moonbeams hung from wall to wall—
Yonder, behind her veil of mist, the Seine,
Like a mysterious and magic mirror,
Trembles. . . ."

She quoted the words with her heart in them, and the woman's face grew alight and the child's deep eyes were like stars.

She poured out her stored memories, gay and somber, but all shining now with the glory of another's understanding.

Time was forgotten. The woman's shabby hat slipped over her ear; the child's dusty hands clasped Eleanor's Paris gown. What were externals? They were living together the three golden years in the city of artists!

When Eleanor stopped at last, breathless, apologetic, the woman rose to her feet. Her eyes were full of tears.

"You don't know. . . . I couldn't ever tell you what you've done for me to-day. I'll have something now to think about as I go 'round at my work. I'll have something now all my life long to—to wonder about. And Mary, she'll never forget this day. I can't thank you."

"Wait," Eleanor said gently, and hurried up the stairs. From the bottom of her trunk she drew out her finest sketch, washed in dim colors. It was exquisite. It would have brought a price in New York. She had saved it to show to Willetsburg.

She carried it back to the woman, who gave an involuntary cry of delight.

"It's for Mary," Eleanor explained, "and here," catching up a pencil, "I'll write on the back of it something she must read every day. *You* will understand what it means."

She wrote in her high, clear hand:

Beauty! Old yet ever new.
Eternal voice and Inward Word.

She showed them out the front door as though they had been of the blood royal, and as she spoke her last good-by to the woman, she whispered:

"And when Mary's old enough, I'll see that she gets her chance!"

WHEN they were gone, Eleanor stood on the porch marveling at the change in herself. All the hurts had gone from her heart as though they had never been. All the warm gladness of life was leaping once more in her veins. For she knew what she must do. She must leave Willetsburg to-morrow. She would come back often; but never again for long.

For she had work to do! Blessed work! All that that poor woman's coarse and roughened hands had not been able to do, was now hers to accomplish. All that hundreds of others like her had been denied—they who felt the beauty in their souls and yet could not create it—all this was hers now to give to the world. It lay upon her like a sweet and glorious burden.

Suddenly up the walk came Bess Laird.

"I just blew in," she said, "to say I'll take you 'round to Belle's to-morrow in the car."

Eleanor roused herself.

"I'm very sorry, Bess, but I'll have to cancel all the rest of the parties. I'm leaving for New York to-morrow."

"Why, Eleanor, are you *crazy?* And Helen's luncheon on Thursday! Why, you . . . why, you *can't* go!"

"But I must. I *must* go in the morning."

The rest of the conversation was duly reported to all the old crowd before Bess slept that night.

"And, you know, I think Eleanor's *getting queer!* They do sometimes, artists and writers and things. I said to her, 'Well, why did you just decide now you had to go back? Did you get word?' And she looked straight past me, honestly, as if she didn't see me, and she said, 'Yes, I did. The *inward word!*' Now can you make any sense of that? I ask you!"

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How I Tamed My Temper

(*Continued from page 15*)

This rule has at times been very difficult to follow. There is nothing harder for a man to bring himself to do than apologize, especially if he knows he was only half or less than half to blame, and that properly his antagonist ought also to apologize for his share.

But it is this very unpleasantness connected with the humiliation of a public apology that gives the rule its greatest value. After a few experiences, you will remember subconsciously, during any argument, that if you let yourself go you must apologize for it by and by. And knowing in advance that you are going to apologize if your speech becomes too intemperate makes for great temperance in language.

The very first time I applied this rule was of course the hardest.

I was in a public billiard room, playing pool. My opponent named a shot, drove his cue-ball into a difficult combination, and the ten-ball dropped into a corner pocket. I picked it out and started to "spot" it. "Here!" he said, "what are you doing that for? I called the ten-ball in the corner."

"You called the two-ball," I answered.

There was no money at stake save the price of the game, and no reason for me to take it seriously, except that I had been playing in "hard luck"—meaning I wasn't playing as well as usual. He had beaten me two or three games.

"You may have meant the ten," I insisted, "but you said the two."

"No;" he replied; "you may have misunderstood me, but—"

I dropped the ball into the pocket whence I had lifted it and said, pointedly, "Anybody can win a pool game that way!"

He was several years older than I and had good control of his temper. To all intents and purposes, I had publicly accused him of cheating. He flushed, looked at me hard for a second, then said, very quietly, "If that's the way you feel about it, we'll call it off."

He racked his cue and paid for the game, although I was behind him in the score.

I left the pool-room and went for a walk.

The square in which that place of business stood was very long on two of its sides, and I walked completely around it, passed the pool-room door, and went around again. I still believed he had announced his intention of pocketing the *two-ball*. My reason, however, told me that, if he had done so, it was a slip of the tongue of which he was not conscious. He meant the ten, and he honestly thought that he had said "ten."

To apologize before all those acquaintances who had ceased playing to listen to our dispute was hard. And for precisely that reason, if no other, it had to be done.

I went into the room, raised my voice sufficiently for everybody to hear, and asked them to take note that I had not meant to imply that Frank Smith was not a square player, and that I apologized.

"Why, that's all right," said Frank. "You needn't have done that. We all get hot under the collar once in a while. I ought to call my shots more clearly, anyway." Then I insisted on reimbursing him for the game, and he was wise enough to let me do it without more than the most perfunctory protest.

And that was that. Frank Smith was my good friend for as long as I remained in that town. And if I lost anybody's respect by that *amende honorable*, I never saw any evidence of it.

When I was only partly to blame, and apologized, either the other man had to apologize also for what he had said, or the sympathy of the innocent bystanders, who may have more or less sided with him in the beginning, tended to shift and be with me. American men, by and large, are likely to be fair and just in their verdicts. And most of them, whether or not they ever themselves apologize for error, are inclined to think no less of the man who does.

There frequently, of course, is some little man present who, if you do not recognize an opponent by getting angry with him, will say you were a coward and "took it;" or, if you do get into a row and later apologize for your share in it, will call you "yellow" and a "quitter." But my observation, which is based on a wide acquaintanceship over a long stretch of years, is that those men are persons whose opinions count for very little.

I once gave a Boston editorial room, where I was managing editor, the shock of its life by apologizing to a desk editor whom I had unreasonably called down the night before. Sharp words are not uncommon in the heat of a newspaper work day, and no experienced newspaper man resents them, provided they are just; but mine had been unjust. I knew how I had felt when a boss whom I couldn't answer back had called me down unfairly, and I saw no reason why, because I had a little brief authority, I should not make public apology to a subordinate.

My editor-in-chief, when we went out together to supper at midnight, had heard of the incident. He said, mildly, "That little speech you made to the staff was of course very honorable, but I'm afraid you've shot your discipline all to smithereens."

I was managing editor of that paper for several more months, and after that I was city editor in charge of the second largest editorial staff in the city of Boston, and if any boss ever had more enthusiastic, hard-working, loyal workers than I had, with a greater *esprit de corps*, I have never come in contact with him.

Beating an ingrained tendency of disposition takes a long time of course; I was no "changed man" after that night of bitter self-appraisement following the fight with the young thief in my room. No miracle was worked. However good rules may be, they won't carry themselves out.

Few men have more than three or four real friends, anyway. But control over one's temper will give every man a far

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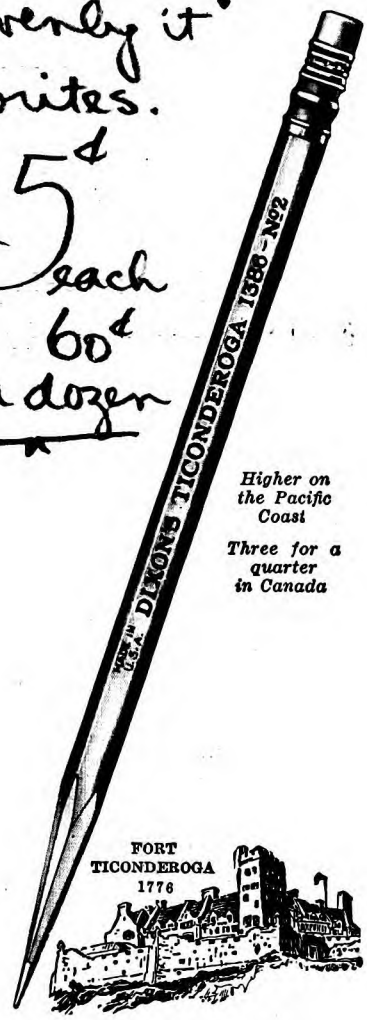

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A COLLEGE education is estimated to be worth $150,000 to the man who has one. Will you be able to afford a college education for *your* son or daughter? This page tells how you *can*.

How to get the things you want

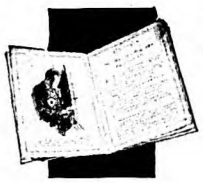
THOSE children of yours—how your hopes and plans are wrapped up in them! You want to give them the best chance in the world for happiness and success; you want to be sure that they will have an education adequate for the demands of modern life.

But a college education costs money. When the time comes, will you be able to afford it?

You can make certain *right now* that your children will go to college! All you do is deposit a few dollars a month with us—so little, really, that you'll hardly miss it. And when the time comes, your boy or girl goes to college and it's all paid for.

We have just published a little booklet that tells all about it. It's rather an unusual book for a life insurance company to put out. For it talks, not about death, but about *life*—about getting the things you want *while you live;* about having the most possible fun with the least worry.

Wouldn't you like to have a copy? Sending your children to college is only one of the things it tells about; some of the others are listed at the bottom of this page.



Read the list. These are things you want, aren't they? The booklet tells you how to get them.

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HERE are just a few of the things you can do under the Phoenix Mutual Plan:

1 RETIRE with an income when you are 60 or 65.
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wider circle of friendly acquaintances. Friendship, or the close acquaintanceship that passes for it, is half made up of overlooking or forgiving the human failings of those one likes.

After these years, being now the governor of my temper, I will not be drawn into any quarrel unless the issue is so certainly a question of right and wrong, as I see it, and the right so completely on my side that I am willing to have an irrevocable breach. And such a situation doesn't arise in the life of the average man once in a decade.

Let no one understand this to be an argument for not being as violent as necessary when there is no other honorable or practical way out. Even the Founder of Christianity once became angry and hurled the money changers and merchants out of the great temple that had been called a house of prayer and had become, as he put it, "a den of thieves."

But His anger was not over any petty matter of personal precedence or prestige.

One of the greatest of Americans could keep his temper when a group of citizens came to him with the tale that his Secretary of War had said, "Lincoln is a fool." He could smile and say, "Well, Stanton may be right; he often is." Because Stanton was a valuable servant to his country, and in Lincoln's mind that was the important thing.

I KNOW a man sixty years old who boasts that he has "always said what he meant"—meaning he has allowed his temper to ride him masterfully—and that he has never once in his life apologized to anyone. Not a month ago this man's closest and most friendly business associate for a dozen years said to me, regretfully, "So far as I know, he hasn't one friend in the world." And the speaker did not except himself.

I have known for some years another man, who once said to me, "No man can say anything I don't like in my hearing and get away with it, whether he's my boss or anybody else. That's the kind of man I am! I tell 'em all where they can get off."

He is in many respects a likable man, and he has friends. But he ought, with his education, experience, and ability, to be earning, at the age of fifty, at least eight or ten thousand dollars a year. Instead, he is holding with discontent a job that pays him perhaps sixty dollars a week.

Well, it is seven years now since I have experienced a brain storm, and as that was a justifiable one and therefore shouldn't count against my score, I can truthfully say that I haven't been licked by my temper for sixteen years.

And during the past year, since the record stood at fifteen, I have thought several times of writing this little piece, with the hope that it might prove helpful to someone else who was finding his or her disposition hard to control; but each time I have hesitated.

"How do you know you've really got it under control?" I would ask myself. "As the years pass you aren't tempted as much as you used to be. How do you know, if you really had occasion to lose your temper—if something should happen which almost, but not quite, ought to make you lose your temper—how do you know that

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you wouldn't blow up with a loud crash? Suppose you were to write an article like that, and then something should happen to prove that you couldn't keep control of yourself after you had boasted about it, how ridiculous you would be."

And then, several weeks ago, I had the test. It wasn't at all an important matter, but it was an exceedingly exasperating one, and in the old days I would have exploded spectacularly.

I thought of all the smart and cutting things to say that would have given me momentary satisfaction and turned a small matter into a big one—and I didn't say one of them. My pulse didn't increase one heartbeat above normal. In the face of really great provocation, I kept my temper absolutely and completely.

So now I know that I have it mastered. I know now that when one says his temper is "ungovernable," he is mistaken. Any man can learn to control any temper he may have.

The king who is reputed to have said more wise things during his lifetime than any other man in all the thirty centuries since, included this in his proverbs:

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

My Worst Fault and How I Overcame It

Prize Contest Announcement

"OPEN confession," says an old proverb, "is good for the soul." J. Frank Davis has started the ball rolling with his article "How I Tamed My Temper." We may not all be hot-tempered, but, being human, we all have our faults. The contest this month, therefore, is "My Worst Fault and How I Overcame It." Maybe you remember stammering and blushing and wishing to crawl into a closet when the spotlight shone on you for a minute. Or perhaps you used to be always late for appointments, until your pocketbook, pride, or feelings got a severe jolt and you decided to cure yourself of that habit. Maybe you had the habit of being evasive and dodging issues, before you learned that it pays to meet a situation squarely. Cast back in your memory for your worst fault, and tell us how you overcame it. If you haven't overcome it, tell about the fault, anyway, and what it has cost you in happiness.

For the best letter of not more than four hundred words we offer the following prizes: $30, first prize; $20, second prize; $10, third prize. Competition closes October 20th. Winning letters will appear in the January, 1928, issue.

Address "Fault," Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Contributions to this contest, and any enclosures, cannot be returned, so you must make a copy of your contest letter and of any enclosures, if you want to preserve them. Manuscripts and inquiries not connected with the contest must be sent under separate cover to the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

"—this luncheon will cost you more, Bill!"

"I've Said Good-bye to Indigestion!"

Both buyer and salesman had often lunched together before, but this time the buyer said: "Today I'm going to eat heavily."

"Great—but where did you get the new appetite?"

"Well, Bill, I've found a way to enjoy bigger and better lunches."

"How is that?" said the other.

"Why you see I now know how to fix my old enemy—indigestion. I just eat a few Life Saver Pep-O-Mints after each meal and presto—no more discomfort and suffering. I've said 'Good-bye' to indigestion."

* * *

Why suffer from indigestion when you can relieve it so easily by using the same old method that our grandfathers used—peppermint?

Use it in this delicious new form—Pep-O-Mint Life Savers; the little candy mints with the hole.

Try them after meals when you first feel that heavy logy feeling coming over you or to relieve the irritating distress of indigestion. Pep-O-Mint is displayed at all good stores so that you may help yourself.

Six popular flavors: Pep-O-Mint, Wint-O-Green, Cinn-O-Mon, Lic-O-Rice, Cl-O-Ve, Vi-O-Let. Five cents a package everywhere.

They are "life savers"—

—as an aid to digestion

P. S.
Have you tried LIFE SAVER FRUIT DROPS? Three refreshing flavors—Orange, Lemon and Lime. 5c a package.

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Remember

You can't paint a house with *"apple-sauce"*

SOME folks say that "apple-sauce," the popular term for blarney, is a blessing. It makes one feel good even though it is obviously untrue.

But when someone tells you that a "cheap" paint will do a wonderful job—save you money—outlast good paint and so on—*that* kind of "apple-sauce" *is no blessing.*

As a matter of fact, "cheap" paint isn't cheap at all. The *low price* is possible only because the paint is poorly made *of poor stuff.*

Compare the formulas

If you want to save money, demand to see the formula of any "cheap" paint you are tempted to buy. Compare it with the ingredients of SWP House Paint—the world's standard of quality for half a century.

Note that in SWP Outside Gloss White, for example, there is 90 per cent of *white lead carbonate, white lead sulphate* and *zinc oxide,* in a scientifically *"balanced"* formula.

To assure superior quality and unvarying uniformity, Sherwin-Williams mines and makes its own special white lead carbonate, white lead sulphate and zinc oxide exclusively for SWP House Paint.

There's a **Joker** *in the "cheap" Paint can*

Now examine the "cheap" paint formula. Note that it contains only 50 per cent or less of the basic ingredients—white lead and zinc oxide. Note the *large percentage* of useless material—fillers—mere "apple-sauce" used to fill the can.

There you have the reason why "cheap" paint can be sold at a low price, also why it is so costly on the wall.

The Master Touch

But quality of ingredients alone does not make a fine house paint. Formula alone does not

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Up-to-date painters everywhere are using SWP House Paint. They realize that its beautiful colors—creamy smoothness—brushing ease—covering ability—and durability—can only be produced by scientific processes and modern machinery.

make a fine house paint.

Even formula and ingredients combined do not assure a fine house paint like SWP.

The SWP "balanced" formula is openly printed—and has been for years. Every paint manufacturer in the world, we imagine, has studied it.

Yet today there is only one SWP House Paint—the accepted leader throughout the world.

Why is this? Because there is an element in every can of fine old SWP House Paint that cannot be duplicated or imitated successfully.

It is the *Master Touch*—that inimitable touch of superiority with which the few great scientists of the world have been endowed.

Edison, the wizard of electricity, has it. Burbank, the great American horticulturist, was blessed with it. Marconi, discoverer of wireless, has it.

And so, too, the scientific men at the head of Sherwin-Williams' laboratories add to the fine materials of SWP House Paint the Master Touch that has set it above and apart from *all* others—as the leading house paint of the world.

This Master Touch of science is evident in the quality of the raw materials made by Sherwin-Williams. In the delicate "balancing" of ingredients. In the wonderful power-driven machines which mix and grind SWP to its creamy-smooth texture. In the critical analyzing, testing and proving which daily guard and control each step in the SWP process.

This is the vital element of SWP which no "cheap" paint even *attempts* to have—and which no paint regardless of price can successfully imitate.

Naturally, no individual can equal, by hand, the scientific skill and modern machinery that produce the creamy texture of SWP.

Gallon price no guide to cost

When you hear or read that some "cheap" paint will save you more money than SWP House Paint put it down as "apple-sauce."

Cost of paint is figured by the job—not by the gallon. A gallon of SWP House Paint covers 360 square feet, two coats.

Will a cheap paint do this? *No*, Sir. If you get 250 square feet per gallon, two coats, you will be doing well.

SWP costs more per gallon. But by the job—it costs no more and often less, *because fewer gallons are needed.* And think of the difference in the *quality* of the paint film.

Greater beauty—two to five times longer life

As to permanence there is no comparison. SWP House Paint, due to the extra-fine quality of Sherwin-Williams Linseed Oil, forms a tough, durable film *that weathers very slowly.*

SWP colors, famous the world over for rich beauty, *do not fade or* wash out.

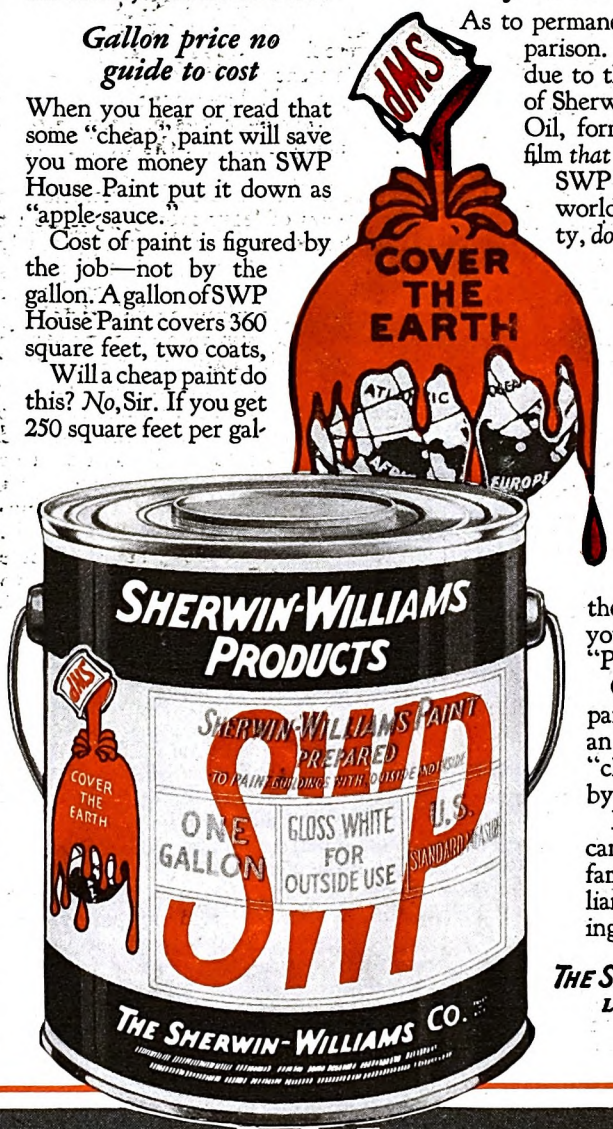
On the wall SWP House Paint lasts two to five times as long as the average "cheap" paint. And it costs only about half as much for repainting.

"See Paint Headquarters"

Before you let "cheap" paint get the laugh on you, see your SWP dealer—"Paint Headquarters."

Get his advice. Compare his estimate with an estimate of any "cheap" paint. Decide by what you learn.

If you want color cards, or a copy of the famous Sherwin-Williams Household Painting Guide, write us.



THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.
Largest Paint and Varnish Makers in the World
Cleveland, Ohio

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS SWP HOUSE PAINT

PAINTS • VARNISHES • ENAMELS • OPEX LACQUERS

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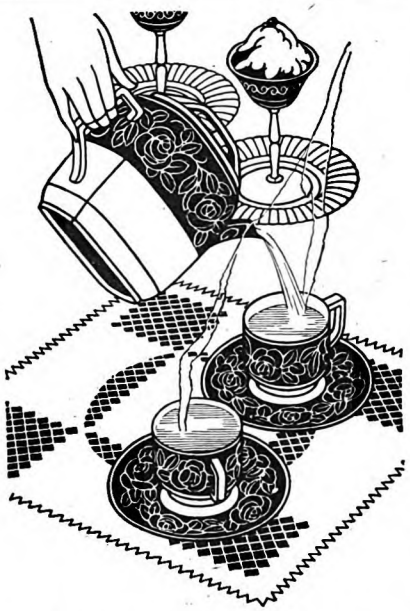

At noon—each day

JAPAN TEA

Relax as you enjoy it

At luncheon, when you've had quite enough to eat, give yourself just ten minutes more to *linger* over a cup or two of steaming, fragrant Japan Green Tea.

Drink it slowly. Relax as you enjoy it. Taste with leisurely appraisal its fine full-bodied flavor.

Then, all through the afternoon, note the result. You're fresh and wide awake.

No mid-afternoon slump of energy. No four o'clock fatigue.

Japan Green Tea is tea at its best—tea in its natural state, uncolored, unfermented, with all the flavor-laden juices of the fresh leaf preserved by immediate sterilization.

Specify Japan Green Tea when you buy. Packaged for the home under various well-known brands. Several grades and prices. The best you can buy will cost you only a fraction of a cent a cup

The Biggest Thing That Lindbergh Has Done

(*Continued from page 16*)

or even more. It is a conservative statement to say that the offers he received within the first few weeks alone amounted to more than eight million dollars.

"This includes only the propositions in which he was guaranteed a fixed sum by responsible individuals or companies. He had dozens, perhaps hundreds, of other invitations to join in business enterprises of all kinds.

"Of the definite contracts offered him, the largest ones, in the amounts guaranteed, were from motion picture producers. One firm went as high as $750,000—and probably would have gone higher. The most amazing offer was one for $2,500,000 for a flight around the world.

"HE COULD have made several million dollars of 'easy money'; yet he let these chances go, without apparently feeling a pang of regret. For instance, a movie concern offered $240,000 for not more than forty minutes of his time!

"They asked him to do a very simple and not undignified thing: merely to stand in front of a camera, which would register both sound and motion, and to read the first account of his flight as it was published in the New York 'Times.' It would be hard to find an easier way of making a quarter of a million dollars! Yet Lindbergh unhesitatingly declined to take it.

"He never even looked at most of these movie offers. When they were read to him he would make only one brief comment: 'I'm an aviator; not a movie star.'

"He knew what he was and what he wanted to be. And, like a good golf player, he everlastingly 'kept his eye on the ball.'"

MacDonald's estimate of the business offers which Lindbergh received covers only the first few weeks after the flight to Paris. I was told of a later one, of half a million dollars, from a national organization of women.

This also was a motion picture contract, but quite different from the purely commercial ones. The women, it seems, wanted a picture which would be an inspiration to the boys and the young men of America. This new world hero, clean, modest, courageous, and victorious, was the ideal they wanted to set up in the mind of youth. But Lindbergh, who had refused to be made into a movie sheik, declined also to pose as the ideal hero.

The first contract he did sign was with G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers, for the publication of "We," the book in which he tells his own story. Commander Fitzhugh Green, who obtained this contract for Putnam's, told me what happened.

"We knew we had to meet strong competition," he said. "Other publishing firms were bidding for the story and some of these bids were superficially more attractive than we were willing to make. Nevertheless, I went down to Washington, hoping for a chance to present our case to Lindbergh after he reached there.

"When I arrived at the place where the 'Memphis' was to dock, I found a crowd composed of distinguished government officials, diplomats, army and navy officers, and famous people from all over the country. I began to realize then what I was up against; and I didn't try even to speak to Lindbergh.

"But I knew that MacDonald had crossed with Charlie on the 'Memphis.' I knew that he had been very close to Lindbergh and that Lindbergh liked him. Fortunately, I was acquainted with Mac, so I waited to greet him when he came ashore.

"We had barely shaken hands, however, when he practically 'passed out.' The strain and overwork had made him really ill. For forty-eight hours I stayed with him, missing all the big events and not even laying eyes on the man I had gone down there to try to sign up.

"Lindbergh had given MacDonald a card bearing written instructions that Mac was to be allowed to see him whenever the card was presented. As soon as my patient was able to be up, we drove to the temporary White House, showed this card, and were admitted.

"After Mac had finished his business with Lindbergh, he introduced me. We had a fifteen-minute talk, and I came away with Lindbergh's promise of the book. When he reached New York the contract was signed.

"The way in which the whole business was put through gives an interesting slant on his character. The reason he gave me his attention in the first place was because he had confidence in the man who brought us together. That was the best passport I could have had.

"Neither then nor later was there any argument about money. He accepted, without discussion, the terms we offered. But before signing the contract he had his representative investigate the standing of our firm. He wanted to be sure of being associated with a company which had a dignified and honorable reputation.

"YOU will laugh when I tell you what were the only things he did discuss. They were syntax, unity of paragraphs, and style! He hated the idea of writing a badly-constructed book just as he would hate to fly a badly-constructed plane.

"'I'm not a writer,' he said. 'But when I was in school, I was taught that a sentence must have a subject and a predicate. I was taught that all of a paragraph must be about one thing. And I was taught that there is something wrong with the style if you can't read a thing aloud and take breath at the same time.'

"Lindbergh didn't seem to be thinking of what he was going to get out of the job. His only concern was to make it a *good* job of workmanship.

"He is quick to catch an idea; but he doesn't waste words talking about it. When we went over the plan of the book together, our conversation—if you could call it a conversation—was a queer one.

"After an airplane has been put in condition, two men go over the list of all

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ll the mechanism is in here

It's all in a single hermetically sealed casing inside these coils . . . . . there's no machinery underneath, none in the basement

OU will notice that the unit of the new General Electric frigerator is on top of the cab-t. There are many important sons why it should be there. neral Electric engineers, in fifteen rs of intensive research, found t the top-unit design was most icient . . . and most economical.

ith this arrangement, no heat is nerated under the refrigerator. It rises above. This cuts down cur-t consumption. And the air-oled coils also play an econom-l part in the running of the neral Electric Refrigerator.

e top-unit means no installation oblem. All the mechanism—th a permanent supply of oil—enclosed in one hermetically aled casing. This is merely low-ed into the top of the cabinet. ere is no plumbing or assem-ing. There are no belts, pipes, drains or stuffing boxes. There is a constant circulation of air through the coils which actually prevents dust from settling.

This simplified refrigerator is unusually quiet. It is very economical. It is generously roomy because, with a given over-all size, a minimum of space is occupied by the freezing chamber. Even the smallest model—the five cubic foot size—has a shelf area of nine square feet. Each refrigerator is guaranteed by General Electric. There are many models. You will want to see them before you decide. Let us send you the address of the dealer who has them on display and booklet 10-A which is interesting and descriptive.

• • • •

Electric Refrigeration Department
of General Electric Company
Hanna Building Cleveland, Ohio

GE Refrigerator

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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Old Briar

TOBACCO
THE BEST PIPE SMOKE EVER MADE!"

"My happiest discovery in fifteen years Old Briar Tobacco!"*

Here are words of sincere appreciation that reach right out to every pipe smoker. Every day, from everywhere, men are writing that Old Briar Tobacco is bringing back to them all of the old pleasure, solace and contentment of pipe smoking.

It is the superior quality of Old Briar Tobacco that makes men—thousands of them—enjoy their pipe smoking as they have never enjoyed it before.

Light up your pipe filled with Old Briar Tobacco. Draw in the ripe, blended fragrance and aroma of its selected leaf. Taste Old Briar's full natural flavor, its rich body. Smoke it awhile. Then notice how cool it is—and how smooth!

It has taken years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending and generations of tobacco culture to produce Old Briar Tobacco. Step by step Old Briar has been developed—step by step perfected!

Of all the pleasures man enjoys, pipe smoking costs about the least.

*The above unsolicited praise is from a pipe smoker who has tried *"them all."*

TO DEALERS: *Old Briar is sold in sealed Pocket packages at 25c and sealed boxes at 50c, $1.00 and $2.00 If your jobber has not supplied you, write us and we will send you a supply by prepaid Parcel Post at regular Dealer's prices.. Every box and package of Old Briar has our unlimited guarantee.*

IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT HAVE OLD BRIAR

Tear out this coupon and mail to:
United States Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

SPECIAL OFFER: So many thousands of pipe smokers have found so much extra enjoyment in a pipeful of Old Briar, it is a guarantee to you that you, too, will find it is the best tobacco you ever smoked. On receipt of this coupon with your name and address, we will mail you the regular 50c size of Old Briar Tobacco. In addition we will send you a 25c package of Old Briar—extra—if you send us your dealer's name. Send no money, but pay the postman only 50c when he delivers the tobacco.

Print Name.....
Address.....
City and State.....
Your Dealer's Name.....
Address.....
If you prefer—send stamps, money order or check with coupon. Tear out now, while it's handy. A-10-27

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, U. S. A.

the parts. One man reads the list, item by item. To the reading of each item, if it has been properly taken care of, the other man responds, 'Check;' and this is indicated on the list.

"That was what Lindbergh did. As he went over the points in the outline for the book, he responded to each one with this brief 'Check;' the workman's way of saying, 'That's all right.' It was all he said, but it was enough.

"It had been planned, for two reasons, to have an experienced writer help in getting the story on paper. In the first place, early publication was desirable; and nobody believed that a man who was scarcely allowed time to eat and to sleep could possibly manage the slow business of writing thousands of words.

"In the second place, an experienced writer might be able to turn out a more readable book. Charlie could *tell* the story in a quarter of the time he would need for the mere act of writing it. The experienced man could get it all down and would know just how to handle it. He would be a kind of super-secretary. The story itself would be Lindbergh's and he would sign it. This is the method usually followed in similar cases.

"At first he agreed to it. Then, although he realized that he might lose money by his decision, he changed his mind and determined to write every word of the book himself.

"He admitted that this would delay publication, and that this delay might make him lose thousands of dollars. He knew he couldn't write as brilliantly as the man who was to have been his collaborator. But it was contrary to his instinct to claim, as his own achievement, something which was not absolutely and entirely his.

"Every word of 'We' was written by Lindbergh's own hand. I have sat in the room with him while he worked. During the terrific first week in New York, in the midst of that unparalleled excitement, he would snatch every possible hour, shut himself up, and write.

"In another room, a score of important men would be asking to see him. Many of them wanted to offer him positions which the average young man would consider the chance of a lifetime. Lindbergh didn't even want to be told that they were there.

"Once, when I was talking of the difficulty of his finding time to write the book, he replied: 'Don't worry! I said I'll do it—And I *will* do it!'

"A GOOD many people were disappointed because he and his mother made no public display of feeling when they were together. In reply to a comment, almost a complaint, about this, Lindbergh merely replied: 'Mother and I understand each other.' He seemed to think that was all that was necessary.

Commander Green had been exceptionally close to Lindbergh, so I asked him to sum up his impressions.

"He is a clean chap," said Green thoughtfully; "clean, courageous, modest, honest, and with remarkable concentration of purpose. He instinctively wants to stand on his own feet—and he keeps his feet on the ground."

In the amazing details of the Lindbergh affair must be included an unprecedented eruption of poetry. One New York news-

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"You Must Have Spent *Years* on Shorthand"

"No; *I Learned it in 6 WEEKS!*"

HER employer laughed aloud. "Six weeks! You're joking, Miss Baker. No one could learn shorthand in six weeks."

"But I *mean* it, Mr. Chapman. When I came here to work for you I had only studied shorthand for *six weeks*."

The president of the large corporation hesitated; the girl was evidently sincere; she expected him to believe her. But *six weeks!*

"You're fooling, of course, Miss Baker. You have been with us not more than a month and you are by far the most competent secretary I ever had. Surely you don't expect me to believe that you gained your present speed and accuracy in only six weeks! Why—a great many young ladies who have been here with us, had studied shorthand for ten months or a year or more and still they made a great many errors."

"That wasn't their fault, Mr. Chapman. That was the fault of the system they were taught. Old fashioned shorthand requires months of hard study and practice and even when it is mastered it is difficult to read. But Speedwriting is very easy. I—"

"Speedwriting!"

"Yes. Haven't you ever seen my notes? You can almost read them yourself. See—"

The big business man took his secretary's note-book.

"Why, this is remarkable, Miss Baker. It's in simple A.B.C.'s!"

"Yes, surely. That's the secret. That's how I learned it in so short a time. *Anyone* can learn Speedwriting. There are only a few easy rules. There are no hooks or curves; every 'character' you use is a letter you already know—one that your hand needs no special training to make."

"And it's called *Speedwriting?*"—Mr. Chapman was more than interested.

"Yes. Isn't it simple? Can't you read that? See—here is the first letter you ever dictated to me. Those notes are a month old, but I can read every word of them. That is another advantage Speedwriting has over all other systems—notes *never* get cold. And my notes are just as plain to another Speedwriter as your handwriting is to one of the salesmen."

"Well, that's the most remarkable thing I ever heard of. I could use that myself at board meetings and a dozen other places—You can write it rapidly too!"

"You have never dictated too fast for me yet, and I haven't had to retype a single letter since I've been here. One boy I know who studied Speedwriting *in his own home*, took *court testimony* at the rate of 106 words a minute after only 15 hours of study."

"Miss Baker, where can I get some literature on Speedwriting? I am very greatly interested. I really believe I'll take it up myself!"

"I answered an advertisement in a magazine and Miss Dearborn sent me a booklet. I'm sure she will send you one if you want it."

"I certainly do. Will you take care of it for me!"

"Yes sir!"

Two months later every stenographer in Mr. Chapman's organization was a Speedwriter!

Speedwriting
The NATURAL SHORTHAND

Tens of thousands have been freed from the drudgery of the old fashioned methods of learning and writing shorthand by this marvelous new system. Speedwriting may be written with a pencil or on a typewriter; it can be learned in a third the time needed to master any other system; it is more accurate, and it can be written with amazing rapidity.

A FREE Book
Describes *Speedwriting* Thoroughly

Put this coupon in the mail tonight. It will bring you an illustrated book full of examples and stories of successful Speedwriters all over the world. No matter *what* your need for shorthand may be—you can fill that need *better* with Speedwriting.

Never mind looking for the scissors, just *tear* the coupon off and mail it to

BRIEF ENGLISH SYSTEMS, Inc.
200 Madison Ave., Dept. 10K
New York, N. Y.

Also offices at 1415 Royal Bank Building, Toronto, Ontario, and Transport House, Smith Square, Westminster, London, Eng.

Brief English Systems, Inc.,
200 Madison Ave., Dept. 10K,
New York City.

I *do* want to know more about Speedwriting. You may send me the free book without obligation on my part.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

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Could you use an extra $1000.?

An extra thousand dropped in your lap! . . . How many wonderful ways to spend it! A new car! A trip abroad for two! . . . Of course you could use that extra thousand. So, right now, make up your mind to be one of the winners—

1001 *cash prizes* *in* POSTUM'S $10,000 *Contest*

Three big contests in one! Three first prizes of $1,000 each! 998 other prizes! No tricks! Just a little easy writing! Read the details. They may mean a $1,000 to you!

The 30-day-test contest

THOUSANDS have made this famous test—used Postum in place of caffein beverages for a month and noted their progress—and become regular Postum users forever after! Hundreds had written us about it before this contest started. How wonderful it was to find a hot drink that gave them everything except regrets! Now we want to hear from *you*—whether you are a life-long user of Postum, or only a beginner. The best letter wins $1000! 333 additional cash prizes!

The Instant Postum made-with-milk contest

Teachers and mothers throughout America tell us Instant Postum made with milk is the best hot drink for boys and girls. A drink made of whole wheat and bran, plus all the body-building nourishment of milk! Healthful—easy to make—and loved even by the children who "don't like milk!" Tell us why *you* think Postum is the best hot drink for children! $1000 for the best letter. Hundreds of other prizes!

The "How I make Postum" contest

Some people are enthusiasts for Instant Postum, prepared instantly in the cup with boiling water or hot (not boiled) milk. Others swear by Postum Cereal—prepared by boiling, or in a percolator. Then opinions differ on the proper strength of the drink—whether it should be strong, weak, or "medium." As with other hot drinks, a little experimenting is needed to suit the individual taste. Hundreds of cash prizes for the best letters on this subject—beginning with a $1000 prize!

Read the rules on this page—then enter the contest while there is yet time!

Subjects and Prizes

1. **"What the 30-day test of Postum has done for me."**
2. **"Why I think Instant Postum made with milk is the best hot drink for boys and girls."**
3. **"How I make Postum—and why I like it best made *my* way."**
   (Letters on any subject not to exceed 300 words in length)

For the best letters on *each* subject: First prize, $1000; second, $500; third, $250; fourth, 3 prizes of $100 each; fifth, 4 prizes of $50 each; sixth, 5 prizes of $25 each; seventh, 10 prizes of $15 each; eighth, 25 prizes of $10 each; ninth, 35 prizes of $5 each; tenth, 35 prizes of $3 each; eleventh, 68 prizes of $2 each; twelfth, 146 prizes of $1 each for first and second subjects, 145 prizes of $1 each for third subject.

RULES

1. You may write on any one or all of the subjects, and submit as many entries as you care to.
2. Write the subject at the top of the first page of each manuscript you submit.
3. Write plainly on one side of the paper only. Neatness counts.
4. Write your name and address on each manuscript.
5. In case of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the full amount of each prize tied for.
6. Contestants agree to accept the decisions of the judges as final.
7. No communications will be acknowledged, and no manuscripts will be returned.
8. Employes of the Postum Company, Inc., are not eligible.
9. Address envelopes to "P. O. Box 584—F, Battle Creek, Michigan."
10. Manuscripts must be received before 5 p.m. December 31, 1927.

(Prizes will be awarded, and the names and addresses of prize winners announced as early as possible in 1928.) This contest is not limited to residents of the United States—it is open to everyone everywhere.

THE JUDGES

U. S. Senator Royal S. Copeland, M. D., former Health Commissioner of New York City; Alice Bradley, Food Editor, Woman's Home Companion; Sarah Field Splint, Home Economics Editor, McCall's Magazine.

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Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms—Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, and Postum Cereal, the kind you boil. If you are not one of the millions who now purchase Postum, you may obtain a sample of either Instant Postum or Postum Cereal by addressing the manufacturer.

paper alone received about fifteen hundred poems! In these, he was called the Columbus of the Air, the Lochinvar of the Skies, the Ambassador of Good-will, the Winged Crusader, and a dozen other literally and figuratively high-flown titles. Some of these efforts had genuine literary merit. All of them burned with an enthusiasm as sincere as it was intense.

The New York "Times" attempted to classify the hundreds of letters it received about Lindbergh. It was found that most of them expressed simply "wild enthusiasm." Some were incoherent, as if the writers' emotions could not find words.

Others were clearly expressed and came from persons of high standing and, ordinarily, of dignified conservatism. But even these were filled with superlatives.

One letter, from the dean of an Eastern college, a sound economist of international reputation, was as extravagantly enthusiastic as any of his young students might have written.

Many suggested various gifts for "Lindy." Some asked that funds be raised by popular subscription, so that the aviator and his mother would be spared financial worry. One demanded the raising of a sum "so big that even Lindy wouldn't have the nerve to refuse it."

Others suggested that the Government grant lifelong annuities to both Lindbergh and his mother. Seventeen writers were worried lest the young man be obliged to pay income tax on his twenty-five thousand dollars prize money.

There were letters asking that statues be erected to him. The preference seemed to be for bronze ones; and it was specified that they were to be "life-sized."

THOSE who wrote about giving things to Lindbergh needn't have been worried on that score. Hundreds of people were not only thinking of it; they were actually doing it.

Of the gifts sent to him in Paris, those which had permanent value were packed and forwarded by express to this country. On these alone, a valuation of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars was placed.

When he finished his flights at St. Louis, several armored trucks full of gifts were waiting for him there. These did not contain the most valuable presents, for they were sent to the safe deposit vaults of a bank.

Neither did they include the two automobiles which were presented to him: one a sports sedan, the other a roadster, painted silver gray, the color of the monoplane which was his famous partner in the "We" combination.

Among the Lindbergh gifts were an exquisite diamond airplane and a golden key. The former was presented by French aviators, the latter was "the key to the city of London" and was presented by the Lord Mayor of London himself.

There were gold medals, gold plaques of honor, loving cups, crosses and decorations, given by kings, presidents, cities, and distinguished societies.

In contrast with all this magnificence were the humble offerings which ranged from candy to pajamas. A good deal of this generosity took a practical turn. People sent him overalls in which to work at his engine; soap with which to "wash up," liniments for the healing of tired or

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Restored Enchantment

This is the Eveready Layerbilt that gives you Battery Power for the longest time and the least money.

THERE is no doubt of it—radio is better with Battery Power. And never was radio so worthy of the perfection of reception that batteries, and batteries alone, make possible. Today more than ever you need what batteries give—pure DC, Direct Current, electricity that flows smoothly, quietly, noiselessly. When such is the current that operates your receiver, you are unconscious of its mechanism, for you do not hear it humming, buzzing, crackling. The enchantment of the program is complete.

Batteries themselves have improved, as has radio. Today they are so perfect, and so long-lasting, as to be equal to the demands of the modern receiver. Power your set with the Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486. This is the battery whose unique, exclusive construction makes it last longer than any other Eveready. Could more be said? In most homes a set of Layerbilts lasts an entire season. This is the battery that brings you Battery Power with all its advantages, conferring benefits and enjoyments that are really tremendous when compared with the small cost and effort involved in replacements at long intervals. For the best in radio, use the Eveready Layerbilt.

Radio is better with Battery Power

At a turn of the dial a radio program comes to you. It is clear. It is true. It is natural. You thank the powers of nature that have once more brought quiet to the distant reaches of the radio-swept air. You are grateful to the broadcasters whose programs were never so enjoyable, so enchanting. You call down blessings upon the authority that has allotted to each station its proper place. And, if you are radio-wise, you will be thankful that you bought a new set of "B" batteries to make the most out of radio's newest and most glorious season.

NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC. UCC New York—San Francisco

Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

EVEREADY Radio Batteries *—they last longer*

Tuesday night is Eveready Hour Night—9 P. M., Eastern Standard Time

WEAF—*New York*	WGR—*Buffalo*	WGN—*Chicago*	WRC—*Washington*
WJAR—*Providence*	WCAE—*Pittsburgh*	WOC—*Davenport*	WGY—*Schenectady*
WEEI—*Boston*	WSAI—*Cincinnati*	WCCO { *Minneapolis* / *St. Paul*	WHAS—*Louisville*
WDAF—*Kansas City*	WTAM—*Cleveland*		WSB—*Atlanta*
WFI—*Philadelphia*	WWJ—*Detroit*	KSD—*St. Louis*	WSM—*Nashville*
		WMC—*Memphis*	

Pacific Coast Stations—9 P. M., Pacific Standard Time

KPO—KGO—*San Francisco* KFI—*Los Angeles*
KFOA—KOMO—*Seattle* KGW—*Portland*

Have you heard the new Victor record by the Eveready Hour Group—orchestra and singers—in Middleton's Down South Overture and Dvořák's Goin' Home?

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injured muscles; goggles to wear while flying.

He received enough lotions and other toilet articles to stock a beauty parlor. There were even patent fish hooks, evidently intended for use on a vacation, in case—as one man put it—"the poor guy ever gets a chance to rest!"

There were drawings and paintings, many of them made and sent by children. And several manufacturers offered to furnish the materials with which to build a home for him.

Speaking of homes, there were letters from girls who were eager to join Lindbergh in another "We" partnership; this time a matrimonial one. But his correspondence contained surprisingly few of these "mash notes." Most of the letters from girls were dignified expressions of congratulations. Only in rare cases did they ask for a personal meeting.

Not that they wouldn't have given a year of their young lives for the chance to know him! Standing in one of the crowds which gathered in New York wherever it was rumored that Lindbergh would appear, I happened to be within a few feet of the young man as he waited for his car. In front of me stood a woman; with her was a girl of perhaps eighteen.

When Lindbergh came out, there was a shout of welcome, but it quickly gave way to silence. I had seen him several times, so, instead of watching him, I watched the crowd.

No one could have doubted their enthusiasm. There was affection, almost tenderness, in their faces. But my strongest impression was of something else. They seemed to look at him with a searching wonder, in which there was a trace of fear. Not fear of him! But fear lest they be disappointed in him. They were afraid their idea of him had been "too good to be true."

While he stood there, head and shoulders above us, we were packed close about him. Yet no one pushed or jostled him. It was in the courtyard of the huge apartment house where he and his mother were staying with friends. The open windows were full of people watching him. There was the crowd below. Yet, after the first shout of greeting, it was so still you could almost have heard a pin drop.

After he had gone, speeded by another great shout, the girl in front of me turned to the woman beside her and said breathlessly: "I touched his sleeve, Mother! He didn't know it, but I touched his sleeve!"

THE men who were closely associated with Lindbergh, in those days of feverish excitement, tell some astonishing stories of people's eagerness to meet him.

On one occasion in New York, a man offered MacDonald *one thousand dollars* simply for the chance to shake hands with Lindbergh! He apparently had no motive except an overwhelming desire to meet the boy who had aroused his profound admiration.

"I promise I won't try to talk to him," he said to MacDonald. "I won't speak a word to him. All I ask is to be allowed to shake hands with him."

It will interest you to know that this offer was not accepted. To have taken money, under such circumstances, would have been contrary to MacDonald's ethics, both personal and professional.

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This family saves $12 a year on tooth paste—*and has whiter teeth*

Now with 50 years' experience to guide us and new methods of manufacture to cut costs we are able to produce a perfect dentifrice at a price that appeals to all.

The name is Listerine Tooth Paste. Your druggist has it. The price is 25c for a large tube.

Using a tube a month, you pay $3 less per year than you do for costlier dentifrices that accomplish no more.

Think of what a saving there is when there are several in the family.

Listerine Tooth Paste contains sixteen ingredients to meet every requirement for healthy teeth, gums and a sweet condition of the mouth. It whitens teeth as never before—with less effort and in less time because of a new polishing ingredient contained in no other paste.

Because of its marvelous results and its amazing economy, thousands now use it in preference to older and costlier dentifrices.

Get a tube at your druggist. Note its large size. Try it. See how it makes teeth gleam. How good your mouth feels. How little polishing is necessary. You will be delighted.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

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Resinol Soap for the woman who travels

gives a sense of exquisite cleanliness, while its Resinol properties protect the skin against dryness and roughness.

YOU are thrilled at the thought of the coming trip. For weeks—perhaps months—you have been studying maps and schedules. Gowns, hats and all the accessories have been selected carefully to make you look your best on all occasions, but how have you planned to protect your skin in the strenuous days to come?

There is no space to give to an array of cosmetics, and no time to use them if she had them so the experienced traveller safeguards her skin with a product that will meet all the requirements for thorough yet quick and gentle cleansing. She is wise when she selects Resinol Soap because—

It quickly yields a rich sparkling lather in practically all kinds of water, thoroughly cleanses the tiny pores, and rinses easily.

It gives a delightful feeling of cool and refreshing cleanliness, because of its distinctive Resinol fragrance.

But, most important of all, it contains the specific Resinol ingredients so favorably known through the other Resinol products—those ingredients which soothe the skin under all conditions, protect its natural oil, and keep it soft and velvety.

All druggists and toilet goods counters sell Resinol Soap. Buy a cake today—try it a week, and you will want to enjoy it always whether at home or abroad.

For the annoying little blemishes which sometimes mar the complexion use a touch of Resinol. This ointment has been prescribed by doctors for more than thirty years in the successful treatment of various skin disorders. Excellent for sunburn and chafing.

Prove these statements. Send 10c with the coupon below for the new and larger size samples of the Resinol products.

Send 10c for the new Resinol combination

Resinol, Dept. 12-H, Balto., Md.

For the enclosed 10c please send me the larger size samples of Resinol Soap, Ointment and Shaving Stick and the Resinol Soap booklet.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

It is worth mentioning here that he might have made a good-sized fortune for himself, out of his association with Lindbergh, if it hadn't been for these inhibitory ethics. At least he might have tried. He was offered commissions, running as high as twenty per cent of certain contracts, if he could get Lindbergh to sign them. He might have made $200,000 during the one week he was in New York; but he refused to commercialize his friendship with the young aviator.

Many of you know, from your own experience, that one of the things people did was to cry over Lindbergh! I have seen women do it. And I have heard men acknowledge that they did it.

What kind of men? Well, they were decidedly not the crying kind, at any rate. One was the booking agent for a prominent theatrical firm; and I can assure you that theatrical booking agents are about as "hard-boiled" as any human being you can find anywhere.

I know other men—shrewd, dignified and usually unemotional—who admit having found themselves shedding unaccustomed tears over "that boy," as they call him.

At least one radio announcer was compelled to break off his broadcasting during the arrival of Lindbergh in New York, because his emotion made it impossible for him to control his voice.

DID you read about the dinner given to Lindy at the Hotel Commodore? It was the largest public function of its kind that has taken place in the country's greatest city. The list of guests was almost a metropolitan roll of fame.

When the young guest of honor entered the banquet hall, scarcely a man was standing on the floor of the immense room. And the very good reason was that they all were standing on the chairs! Standing—and almost raising the roof with their cheers.

When these excited gentlemen "came to," some minutes later, a good many found themselves in queer company. Perched on the same chair, clinging to each other, even hugging each other, were coupled men who were total strangers, men who were business rivals, men who were bitter political enemies, men who were separated by racial antagonism.

There they were; young and old, Jew and Gentile, Republican and Democrat! Some in smiles and not a few in tears. But all of them, for once, swept together by a current of overwhelming and mutual emotion.

I could go on indefinitely, recounting these details of what Lindbergh did; and, more particularly, of what we ourselves did. But the real point at issue is: *What did he do to us?*

We know that he set the world on fire with excitement. But what was the fuel that fed the flame of our enthusiasm?

To answer that question, we shall have to dig down into our own hearts; even into our souls. If we will do this, and if we will take a good look at the treasure we bring up, we shall know what I think is the biggest thing that Lindbergh has done.

I have asked a good many people how they accounted for the unprecedented furor over this one human being; and I have received various answers, each containing its kernel of truth.

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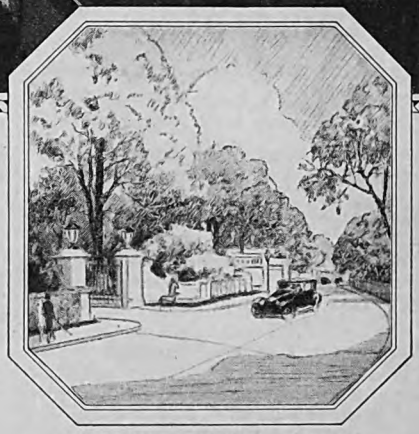
PAVEMENT of portland cement concrete adds a lasting distinction to any street. On fashionable boulevards or busiest commercial arteries its true, rigid surface remains unmarred by traffic year after year—indefinitely. No concrete pavement has ever worn out.

When the concrete street *must* be cut through for underground piping or conduits it may be quickly and easily patched with no unsightly blemishes left to mar its even surface. Thus concrete provides a pavement of *enduring* beauty.

Firm, rigid, unyielding concrete is the ideal paving material—the engineer's answer to the challenge of modern traffic. It requires little maintenance. And it is the safest street, wet or dry.



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PORTLAND CEMENT

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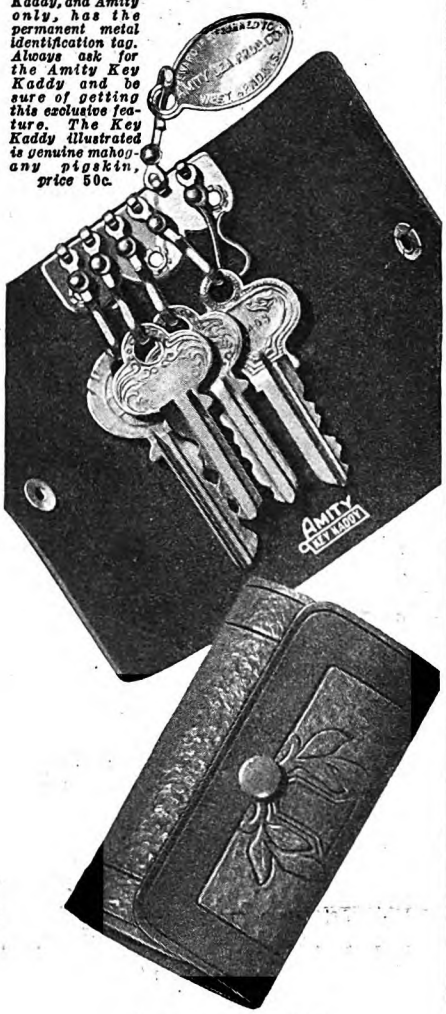

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They keep your keys handy—and bring them back to you when they are lost

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AMITY

it's leather

Some say we were stirred by patriotic pride. First, because an American had performed so splendid an act of daring and of skill. Second, because he then had borne himself so creditably in the spotlight of world-wide admiration.

I know there is truth in this. I was in London when Lindbergh arrived there. I saw him as he left Buckingham Palace after his audience with the king. In spite of the rain, a crowd was waiting to cheer him.

It is hard to describe how I felt. After months of travel abroad, I knew that foreign nations were none too fond of Americans. The crowd was waiting to see Lindbergh. But I was waiting to see whether, in the eyes of a foreign people, Lindbergh would do credit to my love of my own country and my pride in it.

His car drove very slowly, so that we had a good look at him. Young, handsome, modest, dignified, but without a trace of affectation, he instantly won all hearts. After he had passed, there was a confusion of excited comments; exclamations of wonder at his youth, of admiration over his appearance and his manner.

I remember that, as Lindbergh came out of the palace, the sun came out of the clouds. I am not exaggerating when I say that it "came out" also in my heart as an American. I was so proud of him.

Yes, there was a strong element of patriotic satisfaction in our enthusiasm. But that wouldn't account for the response in foreign countries.

When I have pointed this out, people have replied that the British admired his sportsmanship and that the French were captivated by his courage.

These explanations, too, have their kernel of truth. But they are a long way from the whole truth. If Lindbergh had been arrogant and conceited, if he had been a mountebank, if he had said and done the wrong things, even if he had been himself, but twenty years older, the whole story would be different.

It is curious that everyone seems to recognize the comparative unimportance of the thing which riveted our attention on him. I have not found a single person who gave the flight itself as the real cause of our enthusiasm. Everyone admits that this achievement merely "turned on the light." The thing that did "get us" was what we saw after the light had been turned on. And that was the man himself.

One woman put it in this way: "He is a sort of symbol; a universal son. We love him with the same pride and happiness that a father, or a mother, would feel toward their own boy, if he was all that they wanted him to be."

Another said: "He is the modern 'perfect knight; without fear and without reproach.' He has all that we want for ourselves: youth, honor, romance, victory. He is the dream that is in our own hearts."

WHILE I was writing these words a letter was brought to me. It had been written by a man who saw Lindbergh in Washington and who watched the crowds that gathered to greet him. The whole letter is extraordinary; but there is one paragraph in it which is so pertinent to this story that I am going to quote it here.

"These multitudes," he wrote, "seem as if they were driven by an inner and overwhelming desire, the desire to get one clear view of the man himself. After one deep, possessive look at him, they turn away with an expression of complete satisfaction."

In that phrase, "a deep, possessive look," there is a world of meaning. He is the dream that lies more or less hidden in our hearts. And we "turn away with complete satisfaction" because, in him, we possess our dream.

WE ARE getting very close now to what I think is the biggest thing that Lindbergh has done.

Ever since the war there has been an outcry against "modern" character, ideals, and morals; especially against those of the younger generation. Most of us have contributed our share to the chorus of denunciation. All of us have had to listen to it.

You hear it in every stratum of society. The high-brows talk of the "moral degeneration of the age." The low-brows say: "Ain't it perfectly awful!" The old folks raise their eyebrows in horror—and the young folks defiantly raise Cain. The professional reformers bewail the passing of "the good old days." The professional cynics shrug their shoulders and reply: "*Autres temps, autres mœurs.*" Or, if they don't speak French, they say: "Get it into your bean that times have changed, old thing!"

And this is the big thing Lindbergh has done: He has shown us that this talk was nothing *but* talk! He has shown us that we are *not* rotten at the core, but morally sound and sweet and good!

At the time Lindbergh made his flight a particularly atrocious murder was the leading front-page story in the New York newspapers. They were giving columns to it every day. There were other crimes and scandals on the front pages.

Lindbergh banished these to almost complete oblivion. Not exactly that either. We ourselves banished them! For if it had not been for the things *we* did, the Lindbergh news would not have demanded much space.

There wouldn't have been much to write about, if there had been no public demonstrations; no parades, dinners, receptions; no tidal wave of letters and telegrams; no truck-loads of gifts; no reams of poetry; no songs; no cheers and shouts; no smiles of pride; no tears of joy; no thrill of possessing, in him, our dream of what *we* really and truly want to be!

When, because of what we believe him to be, we gave Lindbergh the greatest ovation in history, we convicted ourselves of having told a lie *about* ourselves. For we proved that the "things of good report" are the same to-day as they were nineteen hundred years ago.

We shouted ourselves hoarse. Not because a man had flown across the Atlantic! Not even because he was an American! But because he was as clean in character as he was strong and fine in body; because he put "ethics" above any desire for wealth; because he was as modest as he was courageous; and because—as we now know, beyond any shadow of doubt—*these are the things which we hold most* in life.

To have shown us this truth about ourselves is the biggest thing that Lindbergh has done.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

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Freeman's Whale

(*Continued from page* 33)

lling himself this, and also that it uld not endure . . . of course it could t!

This last took him out of his repose and t him ransacking the place for disrded equipment. He found waders at could be patched, a good old rod, a are reel; and when the youngster owed up the next day he was equipped wn to fly dope—speechless with gratide, and faced with an absurdly small ries of tasks to pay for what he had ceived.

When this trouting thing takes real ld it usually assumes the virulence of a sease, and it had hit Mickey with the ll force of its infection. He was on the ream every hour that he could be away om camp. The headway he made was markable, and if more time lay before m, Manners predicted at the end of his st week, he would be a great fisherman r his years.

"Time enough," growled Jim. "I fixed at. This boy needs the woods. He's me too strong. They tell me his family's or as church mice. We need a boy ound here sometimes. Hank can use m, he says, and the scout master anged it with his mother by wire."

He looked around the table defiantly en, as though daring any one of the oup to suggest that he was being sentiental, or was taking an interest in the y. . . . And, of course, none dared.

So young Mickey came to live with ank, the caretaker, over the garage, as e had come to live in the heart of old m Freeman. The incredible had happened. The shell had cracked; the long ears without admitting affection, without a vital interest in anyone, had ended his complete surrender to this boy!

THE man believed that he kept the strange, precious thing a secret. He as gruffer than ever, even with the boy; e spoke no word of Mickey to the others, nd when the lad was mentioned he either ept a dour silence or changed the subject.

But they knew, those old friends of his. le could not hide the gleam in his eye, ould not always wholly conceal the ellowness of his mood which invariably ollowed a day on the river with Mickey. nd so, this night, when he talked again f his Whale, and grew voluble as he escribed how the fish had escaped, Manners waited, ready to make his try.

The rest drifted off to bed; but Manners ngaged Jim in argument and, in the first ap in the talk, shot it at him:

"Jim, you think a lot of this young Mickey."

No use to palaver with Jim Freeman. Ie hated indirect methods. But now Manners's assertion gave him a jolt, and e checked his cigar on its way to his lips.

"Seldom you'll find a boy who wants to o *anything* well," he grunted.

Manners nodded. "Maybe, though, here are others," he suggested. And hen the publisher did not respond, he eaned forward to lay a hand on Freenan's knee. "There's no use fooling ourelves, Jim. You've reached that time when you need what we all need—someone to be fond of, someone to watch over and bring along and take pride in."

Jim got the cigar to his lips somehow.

"Your interest in this strange kid proves that. It's fine of you to take him up. But, Jim . . . Jim, old friend, you have one of your own blood to—"

Freeman got to his feet with that.

"No, no! *Not* my blood!" he said through shut teeth, suffering. "No, Manners, it's no blood of mine. It's a rat's blood! She's Regan's wife; her brat is Regan's!" He stopped suddenly and dropped his cigar into the fire. "Don't, Dick," he said flatly. "The boy would be impossible. Regan's brat!"

SO THAT was that; and, more than that, because Manners's overture had stripped old Jim's need bare, and made way for the realization that he was asking something of the life that had left him only fishing. He faced himself that night as he lay staring into the darkness. After all these years of listening to him growl defiantly at life, these men *knew!*

He ground his teeth and tossed under the torture. They knew he had to have something, somebody, after all, and were feeling sorry for him, knowing his weakness. . . . Wel', he'd show them! He'd show them he could stand alone!

He went to Detroit and stayed four days, each one agony. He came back, more surly than ever, and when young Mickey greeted him he took no notice. He fished alone, savagely, flogging the river through the last days of a hot, dry August.

Late one afternoon he sat on a log below the pool where lived his Whale. So intent was he upon himself that for a long time he did not hear the splashing downstream, and when he looked up the boy was casting within a hundred feet of him. Old Jim got quickly to his feet, impelled to flee. He did not want to be near Mickey, did not want to sense that boyish charm. . . .

There was one of his own . . . one of his own. But Mickey saw him, and he could not run away under fire. So he began changing a fly, and when Mickey called out to ask his luck he merely growled into his mustache.

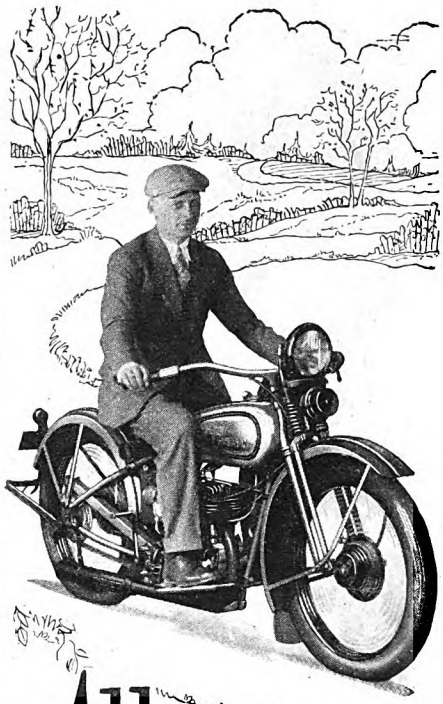
"Waiting for the Whale to show, sir?" the boy asked as he came up, and Jim grumbled that perhaps he was.

"Pretty slow, now." Mickey looked at the setting sun. "Last few nights, though, there's been a big hatch about this time. Fish went crazy last night; but I couldn't make 'em take what I had. I thought—"

Gentler impulses were clamoring in Jim again, but he would not heed them. He was trying to thread a fly, and his hands shook until he was in a rage.

He made the knot finally, sprayed oil on the hackle, and looked glumly at the pool above, wondering how he could send this boy on his way, and quiet his disturbing emotions.

It was very still and the river murmured drowsily. A dance of gnats filled the air and a hatch of small flies had suddenly come on, winging up-stream.



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PINAUD'S

Eau de Quinine

The river was flecked with them, and yet, for many minutes, no fish showed.

Then a vicious little plop sounded across the river, and another from below. A small fish jumped in the riffle and, between breaths, the river teemed with activity!

"Here it is!" cried the boy, breaking short. "Dog-*gone*, it's on!"

He turned and waded across, and began casting. And old Jim, wholly against his will, followed with his gaze, beset by conflicting desires, by need and pride and prejudice and weariness. And then—

Above him, the deep hole under the alder-cloaked bank was purple velvet—dark, and so still that one could see, even in the fading daylight, the submerged log across its bottom. Dark and deep and still, yes—but now its surface was swollen and broken by a mighty surge. The water bulged upward, broke slightly, and a shadowy hulk slid back beneath the log.

FREEMAN forgot Mickey, forgot the battle within him, and moaned. Then he began to cast, expertly and swiftly.

His fly rode the velvety pool erect and natural, dropping with no more disturbance than a spent insect would make, not retrieved until it had entered the eddy below. Once, twice, a dozen times, the fly went across that sheet of placid water. Again the line sang through the false casts, again the fly settled, and once more the pool bulged as the great fish rose.

The man's right arm drove backward and the trout settled to his lair. He had not been within his own splendid length of the lure. Jim muttered sharply and cast again. Once more the trout rose, this time on the outer edge of the hole, six feet from where the concealed barb dallied, and Freeman drew in his leader to break off that fly.

Across the river Mickey was chattering to himself.

"Won't take it!" he cried. "Wasn't even after it! It's your big one!"

Old Jim was threading on a Grizzly King, and only nodded.

Again the trout rose and the boy, who had left off his own fishing and come close, whimpered.

The fresh lure took the water and the Whale surged upward, unfrightened by the drawn-gut leader above his home, uninterested in its fly. Again and again he fed, ignoring the Grizzly King. And while old Jim changed to a Wickham's Fancy, the boy stood in mid-stream, breath catching audibly each time the huge trout disturbed the tranquillity of his pool.

"What you got on?" Freeman asked, voice husky, all other emotions wiped away now by the excitement.

"The one I made myself. See?"

"It's a Drake," muttered the man. "Might do. Try it."

Mickey gawped. "You mean, you want me to try *your* fish?"

"Go ahead; we'll get him between two fires."

The boy edged away as the Whale's dorsal fin flashed in the dusk. He took his stand out in the stream, made his false casts to dry line and fly, and then dropped the lure in the riffle. It came out of the rough water to the glassy pool, lying on its side, a draggled, unimpressive creation of the novice, and—

The fish swirled!

The lad cried out as he struck. "Missed!" he gasped. "Missed, but I think—" He did not say what he thought. He dried his fly and put it down. Again the tiny fly, made to imitate a Drake, floated across the pool on its side. Again . . . and yet again. . . .

His next words came in a shrill scream: "*I got him on!*"

On, indeed! The great trout, sulking for the moment, had shot from his retreat and smashed that badly tied fly. He smashed as Mickey shrilled the word. And the boy drove the strength of his small arm into the butt of the rod as the fish sounded, diving for the log which had been the Waterloo of seasoned fishermen. But now he drove downward at a new angle, and pitted against him was a green boy, wholly rattled, disregarding the frailness of his tackle in that frenzied instant.

Against the butt, then, went every ounce of which Mickey was capable. It went sharply, frantically, inviting disaster. But the tackle did not give, and the pull, at right angles to the trout's canny course, turned him sideways and upward and he missed his log! Old Jim, floundering out of the way, could just make out that streak of shadow sweep across the greeny-yellow of the snag, swing toward his feet, pass outside by inches and rush for midstream.

"Look out!" the man croaked. "Look out! You got him out of his back yard!"

Out, and charging across and down the current, the line laying back a fin of water, humming as it tightened!

"Give it to him! Give him line! . . . Slack! *Slack* him!" Freeman roared as Mickey screeched again that he had him on.

He stripped line from his reel, then—panting through parted lips, edging downstream as the trout swirled and doubled and hesitated in the riffle. That pause gave Jim time to reach Mickey's side.

"He's coming to you, now; but that's because he wants to. Watch him, now. . . . . Careful. Now! Give it to him!"

Again the fish had rushed, this time for the far bank, angling with the current, and Mickey followed, thigh-deep, floundering over slippery stones, yielding line a foot at a time.

"Give it to him; keep on!" Freeman urged. "Give him all—"

"BUT that jam!" panted the boy with a nod. Freeman had nothing to say, then. The slash of line through the water was swinging that way, swinging in a majestic arc toward the tangle of submerged stuff. "If he gets there—"

Yes, if he reached there, it would be over. A crisis had come, and Mickey braced himself, one foot far forward, water tugging at his hips, and gave the Whale the butt again. He leaned back, and his right arm trembled and gave with the strain. His rod slowly straightened. He had not strength in that wrist to hold it bowed. He moaned, and let go the small slack of line. Then with two hands he jammed the butt against his side and shut his eyes. Gut held, line held, noble old rod held—and Freeman's Whale, with a mad swirl, swung short of his sanctuary, doubled and drove down the river, straight through the next riffle.

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How *dare* you say, "I have no opportunity"

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Listen, then, to these actual experiences—and when you have heard them, tell us, if you can, how you *dare* to say, "I have no opportunity!"

Mill Man Becomes Auditor —then Treasurer and General Manager

At sixteen, Ralph H. Berndt—his schooling ended with the eighth grade—entered the Carnegie Union Steel Mills, at Youngstown, Ohio. His wage was $2.15 a day, and his working day was twelve hours long.

Six years later he was assistant roller—drawing good wages and with prospect of promotion.

Looking ahead, however, he saw himself "an old man at fifty—and with nothing then to look forward to but retirement and probable poverty."

"Realizing that hands and feet would do for me no longer," he writes, "I decided to give my brain a business training. Accordingly, I enrolled with LaSalle for home-study training, gave up the mills forever, and made a humble start in my new profession."

His apprenticeship was short. Almost before he knew it, an opening came with W. C. Du Comb Co., Inc., Detroit, and he got the place—as Accountant, then Auditor! Raise followed raise.

Late in 1925 he was made Treasurer and General Manager of this company; and so highly does he value his LaSalle training that he is now on his second course—in Business Management.

Clerk Becomes Accounting Engineer Wins 60% Raise

"You've picked a blind alley." That was what many good friends of Harry J. Williams thought when he took a job as clerk with the Lehigh Valley Railroad.

"Blind for some, perhaps," said Harry Williams, "*but not for the man with specialized training!*"

Acting on his conviction, he enrolled with LaSalle for Higher Accountancy training—and soon won advancement to the position of Accounting Engineer, with an increase in salary of better than 60 per cent.

"Mr. Williams proves exceptionally competent in his new capacity," writes Francis N. Loughnane, Division Engineer. "He shows marked ability and is a very creditable product of your great university."

Send for These Free Books

You are eager to get ahead? Then you will find it of vital importance to learn more of the success-methods which Berndt and Williams and thousands of others have employed so profitably.

We have therefore prepared a special 64-page book which outlines these methods in detail. It also points out the big opportunities in the field you are in or wish to enter—shows you how you can fit yourself to grasp them.

The coupon brings this book to you without cost or obligation—also a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," the inspiring story of how one man, after many wanderings, found the path to responsibility and power.

Measure your will to succeed by what you do with this coupon—NOW!

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTION

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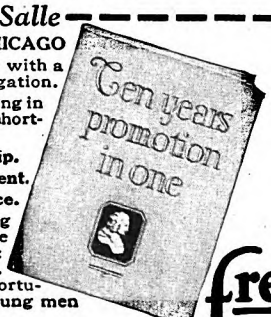

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Introducing Ref-Ex

a scientifically-planned card-indexed, self-check reading, reference and consultation service for executives

LaSalle now offers to executives a new, unique and invaluable service known as Ref-Ex.

Ref-Ex is card-indexed, "brass tacks" business information built especially for the convenient use of the busy executive. It affords instant access to fundamental facts, analyses and principles that underlie all successful executive work. It is supplemented by current business surveys and carries the privilege of confidential consultation on specific business problems. Write on your business letterhead for full particulars.

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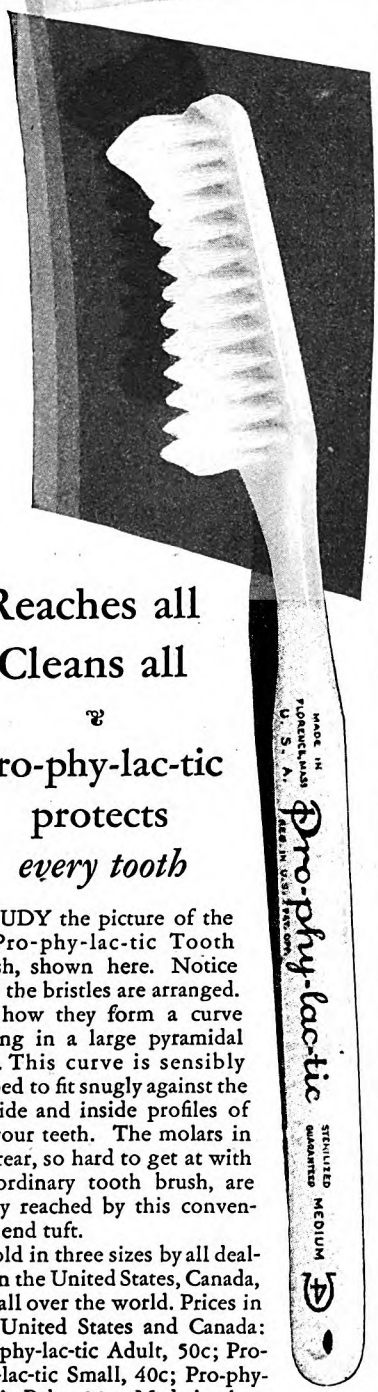

Reaches all
Cleans all
&
Pro-phy-lac-tic
protects
every tooth

STUDY the picture of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush, shown here. Notice how the bristles are arranged. See how they form a curve ending in a large pyramidal tuft. This curve is sensibly shaped to fit snugly against the outside and inside profiles of *all* your teeth. The molars in the rear, so hard to get at with an ordinary tooth brush, are easily reached by this convenient end tuft.

Sold in three sizes by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world. Prices in the United States and Canada: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium, soft—with white handles or colored transparent handles—red, green, orange. (A larger Pro-phy-lac-tic with four rows of bristles is priced 60c.) Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Mass.

"Good lad! Now—give it—"

No need to counsel yielding. The boy had yielded, with wrists and hands and body and feet. He was running down the shallows, water flying about him, stripping off line as he ran. He ran through water made wine by a sunset, ran with old Jim Freeman lumbering after, panting.

Mickey gave ten feet . . . twenty . . . thirty. Sixty feet beyond, froth showed where the great square tail broke the surface. Another fifteen feet, and the reel would be bare. The boy began to grudge it as he floundered along . . . another five feet . . . another three—then stopped.

Somewhere down there the Whale had paused, and Mickey moved with caution, drawing line in through the guides with his left hand now, letting the slack float on before him. Jim caught up, but they did not speak. Was the Whale free? Had he snagged the leader? Was he gone?

Ah, no! He was not gone, but he was doing his best to go! He took them into deeper water, where Mickey was powerless to check the rush. But that maddening pull on the trout's jaw set him frantic. He rolled over, again and again, churning the water to bubbles, slapping with his tail as though to smite and break the leader. But he did not, and nosed on doggedly again.

SUCH a fish; such a fight! Every trick in his big bag was used, and with variations. But the things Mickey had learned from Old Jim, combined with the audacity of youth, met and mastered them.

No running, now. When they moved with the fish they walked slowly. Mickey gave line no more, and at intervals took a few inches . . . a foot or two. When the fish sulked he held the rod in both hands, and when, for the first time, the Whale's belly showed as he worked across the riffle the youngster grinned and spoke the only words that had been uttered in long:

"Cryin' out loud, but I got your fish on!"

Old Jim pulled his mustache.

"Tired?"

"Nah!"—with more strength of spirit than of voice.

"You're half through . . . maybe."

Half through! Those slender hands half through that tough pulling, that sudden yielding, those adroit maneuvers!

The boy commenced taking line again, and the fish showed a fresh burst of vigor. He waited, patiently for one so young, tooling the Whale back and forth; then took again . . . so slowly, so carefully.

He began leading the trout about, across stream, back; into the current a few feet; then let him float down. . . . After a long, long interval he raised the tip of his rod slowly. The great fish, lying on his side, followed with only a slow wriggle!

Mickey fumbled for his net.

"Not that!" warned the man. "Not that dinky. . . . Here, I'll net him."

He disengaged his long-handled, deep net and shook it out.

"I'd—If you don't mind, I'd rather you didn't," the boy said, and Jim Freeman looked sharply at him. "It'd be better for me to, wouldn't it?"

For a moment the man frowned, hurt and offended, and then a strange warmth expanded his throat. Silently he handed over the net, and the boy slipped it quietly into the stream, down below the wary fish. Then, with a swoop and a lift and a gasp, he dragged it through the current and, dropping his rod into the water, stumbled for the bank with a gleaming burden writhing heavily in the mesh!

AFTER it was all over, after the Whale had been weighed and measured and handled reverently by the Whirling Duns; after the boy Mickey, so white, so silent, so graciously humble in his achievement, had been saluted with all the extravagant praises that the group could conjure, old Jim Freeman sent Hank for his chauffeur.

"Why shouldn't I?" he demanded when questioned. "I'm a newspaper man, and if this isn't a story, I don't know one!"

He went, with the constrained boy beside him, and in the ticket office of the tiny station the old man seated himself before a pad of telegraph blanks.

Express, Detroit, Coll NPR., [he wrote.]

Note to Worthington: Set full-face in box Page One Must. End Note.

The largest brook trout taken from the famed Au Sable River within the memory of the present generation of fishermen was captured to-night by a—

"How old are you, young man?" he asked.

"Fourteen," came the boy's voice from the shadows behind him.

—fourteen-year-old Detroit boy. The fish weighed four pounds one and one-half ounces, and measured twenty-one and five-eighths inches in length.

The boy is—

He hitched about in the chair.

"Mickey, what's your name?" he demanded, suddenly aware that he had never known it. Queer—he had been just "Mickey" to everyone around the club.

For a moment the boy did not reply, and old Jim turned further so that he might see. The partly shadowed face behind him was set in a curious expression.

"Jim," he said faintly.

"Jim. That's James." He wrote it so. "What else? James . . . ?"

A queer sound, and then the boy spoke again, rather stoutly:

"James Freeman Regan, sir."

The pencil began:

F-r-e-e—

It stopped and the old man stirred slowly in his chair.

"James Freeman Regan," he repeated aloud dully. "Regan . . . James . . . Freeman . . ." He closed his eyes, and all manner of emotions went rampant within his breast. James . . . Freeman . . . Regan. . . .

He straightened with an effort and wrote it out then:

—man Regan, son of Marjorie Freeman Regan and grandson of James Freeman. The latter was with the boy when he made his capture, which was only accomplished after an hour's grilling battle.

Young Regan has demonstrated that he is not only a fisherman of parts but a youth of character, determination, and great promise.

No right to that next-to-last paragraph, perhaps, but he took it. He took it. And the style of the final sentence was archaic,

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To make our food delicious, modern cooks and chefs have stripped it of roughage and fibre. There is nothing in our diet to exercise the gums—nothing to stimulate them to health.

Rouse your gums from their life-long lethargy

The soft foods you eat have put them to sleep; IPANA and massage will stir them to health

THE troubles that assail our gums today are troubles brought upon them by the "easy" life they lead—a life of too much luxury—too little work and exercise. For the gums, like every living tissue, need activity and use.

But the gums of most of us get very little. The dentists lay the blame upon the soft foods we eat, which, they say, deprive the gums of the exercise and stimulation they were meant to get from our diet. And so our gums become lifeless, dull and dormant. They lose their tone and health.

It's all very simple. Nature put fibre and roughage in our food to massage and rub the gums—to offer resistance to the teeth. But to give us dainty and delicious things to eat, our wives and our cooks have stripped out of our food all these coarse materials. We subsist upon a soft and creamy fare. In short, as one famous dentist puts it, "We live in an age of pap."

How Ipana and massage offset the harm that soft food brings to gums

Our gums no longer receive the brisk stimulation that speeds the fresh, revitalizing blood through their walls. Deprived of the sustenance they need, the tissues grow weak and flabby. "Pink tooth brush" is the warning that commonly betrays the onset of more severe, more serious troubles.

The dental profession tersely informs us that we may hope for improvement only if and when we make up to our gums the stimulation so vital to their health. But the method the dentists propose—massage, with the fingers or with the brush—is both simple in performance and effective in results.

And today thousands of dentists recommend Ipana Tooth Paste as the medium for this massage, as well as for the ordinary cleaning of the teeth. For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic agent which strengthens and stimulates the gums. Its presence in Ipana is perhaps the strongest reason for the professional support that has made Ipana so widely known and used throughout the country.

Make a 30-day trial of Ipana

Even if your gums seem entirely sound, start today to give them the benefits of Ipana. And in fairness to them, do not be content with the ten-day trial. True, the sample tube is gladly sent on receipt of the coupon, and it will prove both Ipana's delicious taste and its remarkable cleaning power. But the full-size tube from your nearest drug store contains over a month's supply—a better test of all Ipana can do for the health of your mouth.

Even for healthy gums a twice-daily brushing with Ipana is a wise protective measure.

IPANA Tooth Paste

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. J-107
73 West Street, New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

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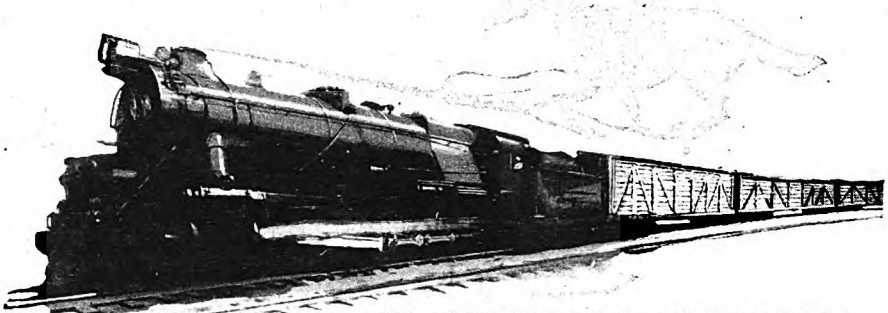
"MAN O' WAR"

A Limited Train *for four-footed passengers*



"Man O' War" is one of the most important trains in the great fleet of 60 named Pennsylvania freights that have set remarkable records for regularity and dependability of on time arrival. Month after month these "Limiteds of the Freight Service" have held to their schedules rigidly

TODAY ocean liners are like magnificent floating hotels. Passenger trains offer the traveler anything from a sumptuous dinner to a shave and haircut.

This being the case even live stock can quite properly expect to ride in de luxe fashion.

That is the Pennsylvania's reason for running "Man O' War"—a limited train for live stock. This big freight, named and scheduled like any passenger limited, brings in its cargo of cattle and hogs on time.

And though the best of service is rendered to patrons—there's no extra fare.

"Man O' War" swings out of the Chicago yards every evening to begin its run to Eastern Markets. All its four-footed passengers are comfortably settled in large well-equipped stock cars of the most modern type.

"Man O' War" doesn't carry a diner, but everybody eats together the following evening at the Pittsburgh Union Stock Yards where the cuisine is unsurpassed.

And there's a five hour rest period here, after which the stock hops aboard again and "Man O' War" pulls out on the final lap of its journey.

Shower baths for "High Hat" hogs

When the weather's sultry and "Man O' War" has hogs aboard, the institution of the shower bath comes into play. At watering stations along the route the cars containing hogs are drenched frequently. Could even the most particular hog ask more?

Live stock coming off the Chicago Market as well as shipments from other Western Stock Yards routing through the Chicago Gateway are carried by this dependable Pennsylvania freight train. And "Man O' War's" consistent on time arrivals at Eastern Terminals have won for it a big reputation with the live stock trade.

Shippers:

Are you giving the man who routes your freight the time and opportunity to effect the economies, contribute to the new business strategy which in many industries is considered the most important development since Mass Production?

The Industrial Traffic Managers of many organizations have been instrumental in the speeding up of turnover—in the reduction of inventories—and in the opening up of new selling territories to which improved freight transportation has given them access.

Such trains as "Man O' War" and other named Pennsylvania carriers are materially aiding the Industrial Traffic Managers in their constructive tasks of building business for their organizations.

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

obsolete. He would have fired a reporter who wrote so for his "Express." It was the style of newspaper reporters of another day, of the men who wrote news when Jim Freeman was young and not an old bear; when life lay invitingly before him, when he had tolerance and kindness and tenderness.

He signed his name laboriously and shoved the sheet toward the operator. Then he rose and faced his grandson.

"You knew?" he asked in a whisper.

"Yes, sir; after you gave me that line."

"And your mother knew?"

"No, sir. I . . . I didn't tell her."

Pause. "Why not?"

The boy twisted a pants button with nervous fingers.

"Well, she's always *said* you were a . . . a fine gentleman. But everybody else's always said you were a . . . a kind of an old bear. And I got intrusted in what you could teach me before I knew . . . and then I . . . I wanted to find out why a fine gentleman wouldn't like . . . like my" (swallow), "my mother, sir."

Jim Freeman raised a hand to tug at his mustache.

"And did you find out?" he asked; but before the boy could reply, went on: "Never mind. I'll tell you why. I'll *try* to tell you how . . . how a surly old bear can . . . hurt himself and others. . . . I'll do it on the way down." He slipped an arm through Mickey's, and they started out for the waiting car. "We can get to your mother's by breakfast time, and . . . and maybe she'll help us understand about me, James Freeman Regan!"

Strange Comrades

(*Continued from page 28*)

study nature, trying to fathom its ways, we realize that the way of it is the art of God; and we realize, also, that the Bible has satisfying answers for almost every problem that we raise. For example, here is this matter of the unaccountable affinity of representatives of different families or species. What lies behind it? Is it not a faint but tangible evidence of the certainty of a coming millennium? The Bible declares that the lion and the lamb shall lie down together; that a child will some day be able to play safely by the deadly den of the asp. I never see an odd companionship but I think, "Here is a faint but thrilling glimpse of what shall be the way of the world when the millennium comes. There shall be no more *fear*, which is always a severing force between hearts."

One day, while I was casting a net for perch and bream in an old canal, I heard a curious rustling and elfin trampling coming toward me out of a dense strip of marsh. I thought an otter might be coming through the reeds toward the canal. To my surprise, however, out there crawled, in very excited childish wriggles, about twenty tiny alligators. Doubtless they had just been hatched, back on the mainland edge of the marsh, and were now making a break for their favorite element. Almost before I could collect my wits they were in the water, paddling delightedly, and floating luxuriously. I threw the net over the entire

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WHERE LIFE IS BETTER

What *every San Franciscan* owns:

Climate: Average 59° in summer; 51° in winter. Less rain falls in San Francisco's wettest month (January) than in Atlantic Coast cities in July. No extremes of heat or cold.

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For every San Franciscan, here or on the way, these advantages spell *opportunity*

Californians Inc. has published a beautifully illustrated 48-page booklet *"California, Where Life is Better."* Your copy is ready—send for it with the coupon below.

Many California schools are built like early Missions

Vacation-time in 30-century-old giant redwood groves near San Francisco

Growing-up Californians go to schools equaled only by those of Massachusetts . . . . . graduate to the great beautiful colleges on San Francisco Bay . . . . .

THE urge to go farther and farther West has been in America's veins for generations. Your children, too, will feel it when they grow up.

Bring them now! They will grow strong and sturdy in California's glorious outdoor life, and make their permanent friendships and associations while they are young.

California's five million people strike an average of prosperity which is almost unequaled in America. They enjoy life because life is enjoyable, twelve months in the year—and because in average per capita wealth, average savings deposits, ownership of automobiles and all living comforts, they are about twice as well-off as the average American family.

Come and see for yourself

For the man with capital and ability there are opportunities in plenty throughout northern and central California, and in the fast-growing San Francisco metropolitan area where more than a million people now live. Come and see!

San Francisco is America's second seaport, the business and financial capital of the West, the rail and water and market outlet for the Great Valley, of which a famous economist and engineer has said: "If we were to scan the whole nation for the greatest opportunity of national development we would find that it lies right here in the Great Central Valley of California."

This family came—and stayed

Read this authentic letter from a new San Francisco family—then come out to California on your next vacation and see for yourself.

"*San Francisco, July 10, 1927.*

"Our three children started school in one of the largest cities in the East. Now they are in school in a beautiful California city—a suburb of San Francisco—and the improvement in their schooling is just one more reason why we are glad we live in California.

"When we first drove past their school, with its palm-bordered walks, its roof of red Spanish tiles glowing against the soft background of our wooded hills, we could not doubt that cities with the vision to build schools as lovely as these must be equally far ahead in teaching methods. After four years, we know that is true.

"In time, our boys will enter Stanford or the University of California, and they can still be at home. In the meantime, they are growing strong and sturdy in their all-year-round life out of doors. It makes us wonder, when we see them playing tennis or baseball in midwinter, whether we ourselves can fully realize all that California is doing for them in building up their minds and their health for the years of opportunity ahead. *(Name on request)* C.F.O."

San Francisco is your starting-place when you come to look California over. And here are the headquarters of Californians Inc., a non-profit organization of business institutions and citizens active in the sound development of their State. Californians Inc. is equipped and ready to give you free information on any business or agricultural inquiry, to plan your trip through California and up and down the whole Pacific Coast.

Come and see—Now!

As the first step, send this coupon for the 48-page illustrated free booklet, "California, Where Life is Better."

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A sailor of the seven seas returns to his home port—San Francisco

MAIL *this coupon for* FREE BOOKLET *about life in California*

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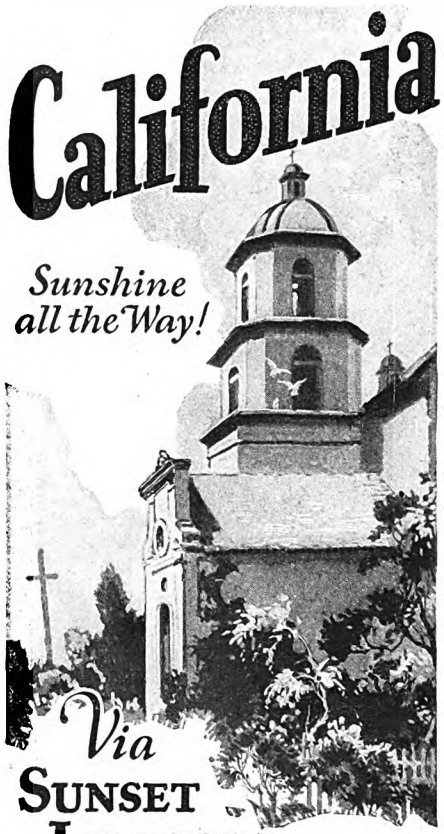

OLD MISSIONS and churches, quaint and colorful, weave their magic spell over the Sunset Route between New Orleans and Los Angeles and San Francisco. Here Spaniard, Indian and Mexican have contributed landmarks and customs which make this a veritable foreign tour.

Sunset Route

THE SUNSET LIMITED, a luxurious all-steel train, leaves New Orleans daily at 10.40 A. M. Club Car; Observation Car; Ladies' Lounge and bath; *Superb equipment throughout.*

Another excellent train, the ARGONAUT, with wide vestibule Observation Car and through sleeper for San Diego via Carriso Gorge, leaves New Orleans daily at 11.00 P. M.

Liberal stopovers at New Orleans, Houston, San Antonio, El Paso, Tucson, Phoenix, etc. Convenient service for the Apache Trail motor side trip.

While in the West see the whole Pacific Coast from Mexico to Canada—thriving cities, age-old missions, gigantic trees, majestic peaks, the romance and picturesqueness of the Orient—1500 miles of inspiration and beauty, at an additional cost of only $18.

For information and literature address

New York: 165 Broadway and 531 Fifth Ave. at 44th St. **Chicago:** 33 West Jackson Blvd. **New Orleans:** Pan. Am. Bank Bldg. **Houston:** So. Pacific Bldg. **Los Angeles:** Pacific Electric Bldg. **San Francisco:** Southern Pacific Building.

Southern Pacific Lines

crowd. When I drew it ashore, I found that I had caught twenty 'gators at a cast—no mean record. But as the little things were a size smaller than the meshes of the net, all but three of them crawled away safely. They were back in the canal in a twinkling.

My three captives I took home. They were made comfortable in a huge half-hogshead in the yard, nearly full of water, a receptacle in which we were wont to keep terrapin. At that time there was a large terrapin in the tub. I had two boards across the width of the tub, and flush with the water, so that the captives could sun themselves. I marked the tiny alligators in order to discern whether any difference in behavior could be detected. One of them was decidedly smaller than the others; it must have been a runt. It was this baby that established a comradeship with the fresh-water turtle.

Among creatures so cold-blooded, and apparently so cold-hearted, friendliness would seem unusual; and it does strike one as odd, especially when it is displayed by a member of one species for one of another. But over a period of months, during which I kept and observed these pets, I became assured that what we call sympathy and affection can be felt even by the most taciturn and phlegmatic creatures. If it were not so, why was it that, while the two stronger alligators always basked on the boards, the forlorn little one would never be content unless he lay high and dry on the back of the drowsy terrapin? If they were not friends, why was it that, while the two strong brothers fed voraciously and without any regard to table manners or the rights and feelings of others, the baby, when meal-time came, would climb down from his perch on the terrapin's shell, and would eat with the terrapin?

AMONG wild creatures there are cases of strange comradeships for special purposes at certain times of the year. Leaving out wholly the perfectly normal matter of the mating of the sexes, we shall find that, from the close of one season to the mating time that follows, perhaps nearly a year later, the old males have a way of consorting. I have long noticed that with the whitetailed deer two old stags are very likely to be found together between February and September.

Two bucks that may be the bitterest rivals and enemies during the mating season become old cronies during the summer months, and are often to be seen evidently on terms of the most intimate friendship. As deer have an exceedingly limited range, and as they are very fond of their home woods, individuals can be observed frequently. I remember two grand old stags that I roused on a half-dozen occasions. I saw them feeding together, running together, standing side by side, and lying down together. This last observation I made in the depths of a pine thicket when the deer suspected no intruder in their sanctuary. Far under a glimmering canopy I saw them lying on the brown pine straw.

Each one was lying on his right side; and they were lying back-to-back. Thus each old strategist could watch through a certain arc for the coming of enemies. I believe this posture in which they were couched was by design; they were double-teaming it on the sentry business.

There is something of deep and poignant appeal about an unexpected comradeship; for there is manifested a freedom of trust, an absence of fear that are the testimony of the presence of affection. We are off our guard with them we love; and I find that strange comrades enjoy a spiritual relaxation that only mutual sympathy and faith can give. For one heart to have faith in another is a beautiful thing. Even among human beings whose love for each other is natural, it is a beautiful and a great thing, for love means utter confidence, the utter risking of all. As Beaumont and Fletcher so touchingly put it:

They have most power to hurt us whom we love;
We lay our sleeping lives within their arms.

ONE April morning when a shower was falling, and when the songs of robins were mingling with the rain; when the pine trees were hanging in a mist; and when all nature seemed to be sweetly submissive to the fragrant ministration from the clouds, I wandered out into a pasture in search of two odd comrades of which a farmer-friend had told me. He said that he believed that either the pig or the turkey was demented; perhaps both. At any rate, during the winter, when both had spent much time in the sunny stable yard, an intimacy had sprung up between them; and as soon as they had been turned out into the meadow, instead of separating they had apparently sealed a compact of fellowship. I wanted to see these two friends together.

Under a hawthorn bush in a sheltered part of the meadow I found them, partly sheltered from the misty drizzle. The hog was half buried in a loamy bed; the turkey stood near, very slim and glistening in the rain. The pig eyed me with a pig's drowsy but bright-eyed insolence; the turkey beadily watched me. I decided to make them perform for me. I stooped, pretending to pick up a stick. Both started from beneath the shelter, the pig with an awkward rushing gallop, the turkey with a stately waltzing gait. When they had gone about thirty yards, both stopped and looked back at me with undetermined bright eyes. Then they moved off together, contented in their strange fellowship, two creatures utterly dissimilar yet bound by some mystic attachment, some unaccountable tie of kindness and good will.

How mysterious, indeed, is all attachment, all sympathy, all devotion! When I ponder the strange comradeships I have seen, life seems richer, more exciting in its promise; I feel that there are myriads of veils which we should lift so that we may catch fleeting glimpses of divine meanings and purposes in all our relationships. I find life full of arras marginal to mystery. And I find that we have in us strange, perhaps divine, reservoirs of strength; but these are never tapped until we ourselves throw the joyous levers of trust, of comradeship, of unselfishness. Then only can we feel the very strength of God moving in us gladly. Only when we love another can we feel vital and immortal.

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

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Make Somebody Happy

Cinderella's Sweetest Day

There is a little, lonely Cinderella lurking in the heart of every one of us who is gladdened by acts of kindness that change the drab, grey world of everyday into a land of love and happiness.

In order that everyone may have an opportunity to express his appreciation of kind thoughts and deeds, there has been set aside one day out of each year—a special time for making others happy—known as "The Sweetest Day in the Year."

October 8 is Sweetest Day—the day when we should stop, look and listen—the day to check up—to see if we are sacrificing the finer feelings of the human heart to the rush of modern living. It is the day to show our family and friends that we still care. They will not know this unless we show them.

In the complex life of today, do we not owe it to those we love and to ourselves to pause for at least a little while to show that we are grateful? Sweetest Day gives us the opportunity to prove our affection—our appreciation for the good things that have come to us.

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SWEETEST DAY

Saturday, October 8 ~ Lest we forget

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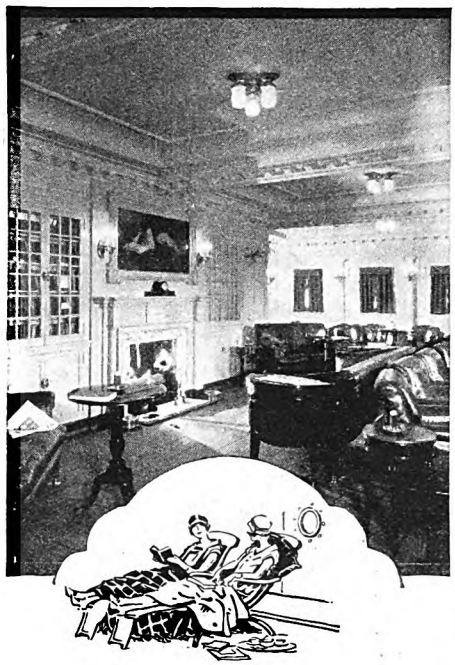

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On a Farm in the Hills She Built a City of Trees

(*Continued from page 34*)

agreed. The farm would have to be sold as Major Smith had sold the farms before it. The money would then belong equally to the two girls. There was no other way.

No other way?

Something tugged at Evelyn Smith's heart. For the first time in her life she stepped from the background; it happened that she was never to return there.

"There *is* another way!" she said quietly. "Father wanted the farm at Amawalk to go on. He saw a future there, a business in trees, something bigger than we can understand. It is true that Mabel and I know nothing of trees, but we can learn. It is true that growing trees may be a man's work, but women have done men's work before. We won't sell the farm. We'll sell the trees as Father planned!"

It was a long speech for Evelyn Smith, but she held to every word of it. No arguments, no pleadings could move her. To every objection she returned one answer, "Father believed it could be done." It was in December of 1908 that Major Smith had died. In the spring of 1909 Evelyn Smith came to Amawalk with her sister. And Evelyn, the older, came to stay!

Few women, or men either, ever have entered into a venture more poorly prepared for it than were these two girls. They were products of the drawing-room who had never so much as washed a dish. They did not know a pick from a spade, a king bolt from a singletree. And they were to work in the dirt, with sweating horses and foreign labor from the employment agencies of New York, with foremen prejudiced for generations against "taking orders" from women, and at a time when women in business were subjects of criticism.

THERE is no more exacting a culture than tree culture. It takes years of painstaking, skillful cultivation to grow what the nurseryman designates as a specimen tree, which is a perfect tree. So rare are these trees that invariably only a few are listed in a nursery catalogue, subject to special request price quotations. Many nurseries do not list them at all.

At Amawalk, ignorant of trees, and therefore ignorant of the impossible, Evelyn Smith put a literal interpretation upon her father's dream. *Every* tree sold was to be a specimen, a perfect, unblemished tree! Every tree grown was to be a perfect tree at maturity or it would not be permitted to live!

Not only did this girl, who was not yet twenty, propose to turn a hobby farm into a commercial enterprise; she proposed in addition to do something which the most experienced nurseryman had not as yet even dared to attempt.

And then, as if this height of audacity were a mole hill, she leaped still above it. Tree nurseries were, in truth, nurseries of young trees. They grew and sold only small trees. A tree ten feet in height was considered big, one twenty feet a monster. The bulk of the business was in tiny trees—two, three, and four feet high. It was considered impractical, if not commercially impossible, to ship and transplant really large nursery trees.

"A tree must mature before it can attain perfection," said Evelyn Smith. "If we are to sell only perfect trees, we must sell only mature trees. Henceforth no small trees will be sold at Amawalk! We will sell big trees exclusively!"

And while they laughed she started to work.

She *did* grow perfect trees, not by the dozens but by the hundreds of thousands. What once were the biggest trees sold by nurseries became her smallest, while her biggest trees, transplanted and thriving, lifted their tops in undisputed supremacy seventy and eighty feet toward the stars.

To-day, in the realm of trees, this woman is spoken of as a genius and recognized as one of the greatest living authorities on arboriculture. The Amawalk Nursery—exclusively hers since 1919 when she bought the controlling interest—stands first and unique among tree nurseries. Its nucleus of 30,000 trees has grown to a multitude of more than eighty times that. The old farm of 249 acres has expanded into a property that covers two square miles.

GO TO Amawalk. There, in the course of a season you will meet a varied and distinguished company. Landscape gardeners and architects from all over America and foreign countries; celebrities of the theatre and famous artists; leaders in business and the professions; home experts, garden experts, and tree experts; park commissioners and public officials; writers, editors, publishers; aviators, orators, and preachers—figures whose interests and callings embrace the whole gamut of human activities, these you will meet there. For the lonely hill farm of nineteen years ago has become a shrine; the white farmhouse has become a salon of the noted. Jog your imagination, and at Amawalk you indeed will see a city and feel its throb—the Capital City of Trees, where a queen rules.

I found Evelyn Smith a listener, a thinker. When she does speak, she condenses a paragraph into a sentence, a sentence into a word. The impression she makes on you is one of detachment; you feel that she is seeing, thinking, beyond you.

Her associates at Amawalk are trained and able men. One of them told me: "The work we are doing here now she planned three or five years ago. What she is now planning, we will do five years hence." Said another: "I don't believe I've yet suggested a move or a policy that Miss Smith had not long ago foreseen, and was waiting for the time when I also would see and propose it."

The manager, as we drove over the nursery, stopped his car beside a field of tiny trees. "It will be twenty years," he said, "before those trees will be sold.

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Is there no hope?

hen the clock hands aren't where ey ought to be . . . . .

When time and trains are up to eir old tricks of waiting for no an . . . . .

When she-who-gets-the-breakfast ows signs of getting hysterics . . . . .

What then? What then? Is there hope?

es! For there's a food already oked to crisp perfection. ape-Nuts! It stands on the elf in its cheery yellow pack-e, ready to serve. Pour a lib-al helping of these delicious lden kernels into a bowl. en milk—the top of the bot-is best. And there's a meal!

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Styles in trees change just as do styles in clothes. Yet when those trees are ready for the market they will be in style."

"How do you know?" I asked.

His eyes registered implicit faith. "Miss Smith had them planted," he said. "She knows."

Turning, he let his arm sweep in a semicircle that took in hills and woods and a town or two in the distance. "See that outer fringe of farm lands?" he demanded. "That land is between us and the towns; it cuts the towns off from us. It belongs to Amawalk and Miss Smith bought it for $150 an acre, which was only a few years ago. To-day that land is worth $3,000 an acre! Real-estate developers are all about it, running streets through the farms and dividing the fields into lots. Miss Smith saw that coming, and it came."

THE manager's gaze came back to the field of newly-planted trees, and in his eyes I saw a gleam. More than 300,000 new trees were put into the ground of Amawalk last year, and as many more will have been planted by the end of this year, to be sold fifteen, twenty, thirty years hence.

"Last year," he explained, "we sold 20,000 big trees and planted fifteen times as many little trees for the future. Again it is the same this year—sell 20, plant 300. She sees that need coming too!"

Yet Evelyn Smith does not pose as a seer. Just a little bit conservative, in her hair, in her dress, in her manner; still shy and somewhat puzzled why people should make such a fuss over her. She is genuinely amused when anybody alludes to her foresight, and vastly so when called a genius.

"If the truth were known," she told me, "I am slow-witted. I must feel my way step by step, sure of one step before I take the next."

"Yet more than a dozen years ago," I reminded her, "you foresaw and provided for the needs of to-day. To-day you are making provision for 1950."

"I am simply making such provision for 1950 as 1927 indicates should be made," she protested. "The population is increasing. More people means more homes; more homes means more trees. Every time a city or a town adds a new street, that street will need trees. The country is just awakening to the value of trees. I am guided by a hundred signposts, and I plant trees that will always be popular and not in and out with fashion."

But suppose we go back to that first spring at Amawalk and follow down the years that alone reveal the woman. She did not know one tree from another. Most of us, I think, would have turned at once to books had we been in her place. From what others, the experts, had written, we would have studied trees.

Evelyn Smith went to the trees themselves. She went to the half-dozen men who were attending them, who likewise had gained their knowledge direct from trees. The laborers were foreign-born—Italians, Poles, Russians, whatever the New York employment agency happened to send. Her shocked friends protested, warned her that it was dangerous for two women to be alone on a farm with such helpers.

The men did not disturb her. They helped her, as they were able, for she said frankly, "I know nothing. I want to learn."

They told her the names of the trees. Often, when they did not know them, she went to her father's records—the receipted bills he had left, the rough record he had kept of planting, and to tree catalogues found in a drawer of his desk. Before that first year was out, she was able to name every tree, describe it, and tell its use.

She destested method. She hated detail. For this very reason she schooled herself until she became as methodically exact and precise as a clock. There are a number of varieties of the Norway maple. One of these, known as Schwedler's Norway, is blood-red in the spring and changes later to a dark purplish green; but when not in leaf it is not unlike some other maples.

"Mark it," directed Miss Smith. "Put an 'S' on its base. Then we'll know it, whatever the season."

A trifling detail, yes; but few nurserymen of the day had thought of it. As the shipping season of trees is before they leaf, Schwedler's maples often were sent to buyers when not ordered, and vice versa. Miss Smith by a detail insured herself against mistake. The incident is typical of a thousand others.

"I was not penniless," she explained to me, "for jointly with my sister I owned land and trees. Nevertheless, when Father died it was necessary for me to do something."

There was no choice other than work. With whatever it entailed, work was a necessity. Therefore, at the very outset she accepted work for what it was, a thing which tried mind and body, which was frequently distasteful, which demanded sacrifice and sweat. She expected and committed herself in advance to effort, as a ship captain does to bad weather.

And consequently she mastered work. When the job demanded, the demand was met. She learned that the only joy in work comes through mastery of it, that mastery must come before love!

"No," she confessed, "in the beginning, I can't say that I loved trees. That came as I grew to know them."

SHE learned, both work and trees, through her mistakes.

One day the men transplanted some evergreens. Weeks passed, and some of the newly transplanted evergreens were living and others were dead. Why had some lived and some died? Like a detective solving a mystery she searched for the reason, checking again each move in the progress of the transplanting, interviewing the men who had performed the labor, pondering and piecing together the clues.

Finally she felt she had the reason, but before being sure she must test her theory. A thriving, healthy young evergreen was uprooted but no especial care was taken to protect its roots. The roots were left exposed to the air, and then the tree was transplanted, just as had been those others which had died. A second evergreen was put through this process, but with this tree every care was taken to protect the roots. She had the men keep the earth packed about them so that no air by any chance would get to them.

Side by side stood these two trees, and

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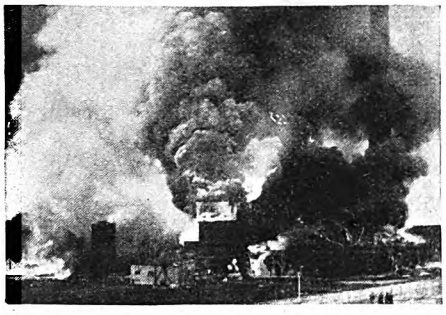

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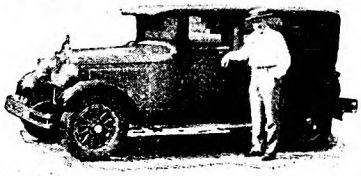

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again after weeks one tree was alive and the other dead. The dead tree was that whose roots had been exposed to the air!

"It is as I thought," said Evelyn Smith. "The roots of the evergreen must be kept from air in transplanting. They are unlike those of other trees."

And then the inevitable question, "Why?" Why did air affect the roots of the evergreen and not the roots of the maple, the elm and the oak?

More thought, and she had the answer to this question: The deciduous trees were transplanted when they were bare of foliage and before the sap had started to course, at the end of the winter's sleep. The roots during this period in effect were dead. The evergreens, on the contrary, were persistent, always green, and sap was always in their roots. That meant that a root in which sap flowed must be protected.

UP TO that time, no nursery had thought of transplanting a deciduous tree when in leaf. The rule was that when this was done the tree died.

"But suppose we *protect* its roots in this period just as we do those of the evergreens?" the woman asked.

She tried the experiment, treated elms and oaks and maples in leaf as if they were evergreens. They lived, and she had made a discovery new to the business! Deciduous trees in leaf *could* be transplanted, even could be sold and shipped to customers, *if* the roots were protected from the air!

A square board called a platform was used in transplanting the evergreens. The uprooted tree was stood upon this square platform for support, its roots covered with dirt and burlap covering, and the whole secured to the base of the tree. Because of the awkward shape of the platform, the tree had then to be carried bodily when moved. It could not be rolled.

"Cut off the corners of the platform," directed Miss Smith. "Make the square into an octagon, and it *will* roll."

The idea was new to the nursery business. Now one man could move a tree that two had moved.

As a girl, on some of her rare excursions to Amawalk, Evelyn had watched her father prune the trees. He had not stopped with the usual pruning of the branches; periodically he also had pruned the roots! Here was another mystery. *Why* had he done it and *how* had he done it? What roots should be cut off and what ones left? The men did not know.

"Prune the roots exactly as you did for Father," Miss Smith said to her men.

And she watched. To her astonishment the biggest, strongest roots of the tree were cut off by the men. When they had finished with a tree, only a mass of tiny fibrous roots was left!

"I think those big roots should be left on," spoke up a workman. "They are the food gatherers of the tree."

So on some of the trees only the smaller roots were pruned, and on others only the biggest. The two lots were marked and replaced in the ground, like test tubes in a laboratory incubator, while patiently Evelyn Smith watched.

Presently the trees from which the smaller roots had been cut began to wither and die, while those on which only small roots had been left began to fl[illegible] She had two of the trees dug up [illegible] each lot. Only a few months ha[illegible] but already the tree with small [illegible] started to replace the big roots [illegible] been taken from it, whereas the [illegible] with the big roots had died in its [illegible] tempt to replace the small roots [illegible]

Not in a day or in a few m[illegible] Evelyn Smith see the answer to [illegible] once again, when she did under[illegible] inaugurated a new era in the [illegible] tree growing. The *little* roots [illegible] feeders of the tree; the big roots [illegible] its anchors to hold it in the grou[illegible] wind and storm. Remove the sm[illegible] and you destroyed its means [illegible] sistence; but leave it its fibrous [illegible] and it would quickly grow new [illegible] roots!

Now she had the secret of transp[illegible] big trees and of cultivating big tre[illegible] transplanting. By a periodical prun[illegible] the anchor roots she kept the root are[illegible] the tree reduced and increased its numbe[illegible] of small feeder roots. These small roo[illegible] penetrated the ground only a few feet [illegible] depth and only a few feet outwardly fro[illegible] the trunk. The tree and its entire roo[illegible] system, therefore, was susceptible to eas[illegible] removal from the ground. Once plac[illegible] in a new location the small feeders im[illegible]mediately grasped the dirt and b[illegible] to function as food gatherers, and [illegible] tree now left to itself began to send ou[illegible] larger roots that in a few years' [illegible] would anchor it there permanently.

When Amawalk Nursery began sen[illegible] out these root-pruned trees there [illegible] from customers and landscape me[illegible] howl of protest and derision. "Your trees won't live," they cried, "because they have no big roots. The root structure of a tree should be equal to its branch structure."

"Plant the trees," challenged M[illegible] Smith. "Put beside them trees with [illegible] sort of roots you like. Give all of the t[illegible] the same care, and we'll abide by [illegible] result."

The results established Amawalk [illegible] nursery!

IT IS one thing, however, to learn [illegible] principle and another to put it into p[illegible]tice. At Amawalk were more than [illegible] varieties of trees, as different in charac[illegible] and habit as in name. Soils suitable [illegible] one kind did not suit another; some tre[illegible] flourished on high, dry ground, other[illegible] ground low and wet; some in one exposu[illegible] some in another. The roots of ma[illegible] varieties grew rapidly, others slowly, [illegible] a dozen stages of growth were betwe[illegible] The root pruning had to begin with [illegible] young sapling and be continued, un[illegible] just the proper conditions and at just [illegible] proper intervals, until the trees [illegible] reached maturity and were on the way [illegible] a buyer. There was a similar maze [illegible] complexity involved in branch prun[illegible]

Miss Smith, who detested method, [illegible] came a disciple of it. She jammed [illegible] head with detailed information, exact [illegible] cause every minutia of it was first te[illegible] by experiment; and every scrap of [illegible] was gathered, not from books, but fr[illegible] hand from the trees and men on [illegible] ground.

"I learned from the men," Miss Smith told me.

"We men learned from Miss Smith."

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School children are being taught a respect for fire—how to prevent it as well as what to do in case of fire wherever they may be. They are learning to recognize common fire hazards and to appreciate the dangers of carelessness. There is need for this appreciation, among adults as well as children. More than 50% of the nation's appalling fire loss, in lives and property, is caused by carelessness.

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Do You Make these Mistakes in ENGLISH?

Free yourself of embarassing mistakes in speaking and writing. Wonderful new invention automatically finds and corrects your mistakes; gives you a powerful mastery of language in only 15 minutes a day.

SHERWIN CODY

Many persons say "Did you hear from him today?" They should say, "Have you heard from him today?" Some spell calendar "calender" or "calander." Still others say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me." It is astonishing how many persons use "who" for "whom" and mispronounce the simplest words. Few know whether to spell certain words with one or two "c's" or "m's" or "r's," or with "ie" or "ei." Most persons use only common words—colorless, flat, ordinary. Their speech and their letters are lifeless, monotonous, humdrum. Every time they talk or write they show themselves lacking in the essential points of English.

Every time you talk, every time you write, you show what you are. When you use the wrong word, when you mispronounce a word, when you punctuate incorrectly, when you use flat, ordinary words, you handicap yourself enormously. A striking command of English enables you to present your ideas clearly, forcefully, convincingly. If your language is incorrect it hurts you more than you will ever know, for people are too polite to tell you about your mistakes.

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For many years Mr. Cody studied the problem of creating instinctive habits of using good English. After countless experiments he finally invented a simple method by which you can acquire a better command of the English language in only 15 minutes a day. Now you can stop making the mistakes which have been hurting you. Mr. Cody's students have secured more improvement in five weeks than had previously been obtained by other pupils in two years!

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Under old methods rules are memorized, but correct habits are not formed. Finally the rules themselves are forgotten. The new Sherwin Cody method provides for the formation of correct habits by constantly calling attention only to the **mistakes you yourself make**—and then showing you the right way, without asking you to memorize any rules.

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said old "Andy," the boss of the diggers, who was there from the start and still is.

In that terse statement old "Andy" paid Evelyn Smith as fine a compliment as she has had. The men taught her as she watched them at their work; she saw the spirit and the soul of the work, which they failed to see, and relayed it back to them in improved methods.

The place was a farm, not a nursery. Roads had to be built on which tree-laden wagons would not mire in spring. Fields had to be cleared, plowed, and cultivated, for in the second year 20,000 new young trees were set out. Fertilizer had to be put into the ground robbed by thoughtless farmers; buildings repaired; implements bought.

Automobiles were coming into use for trucking. Miss Smith saw the advantage they gave over the wagon, but she knew nothing of them, of their upkeep and repair. Nearby, in the town of Mt. Kisco, she discovered a class in automobile mechanics being held in a garage. She enrolled in the class, completed the instruction course, and *then* bought her first truck.

AS THE business grew, accurate financial records became a necessity. Costs had to be known before prices could be fixed. Miss Smith went to New York and engaged an instructor of Columbia University to give her lessons in accounting and bookkeeping. Then she devised her own record system for Amawalk, so simple and yet so complete that facts could be had at a turn of the hand.

Not a tree had been sold up to the time that she and her sister, Mabel, took over Amawalk. There was no such thing as a price list, a customer list, or a single sales precedent to guide them. First, naturally, they went to their friends as possible buyers of trees. But next came strangers, many of them tree experts. I asked Miss Smith how she, a novice, had sold trees to these experts.

"I didn't try to sell them trees," she replied. "I simply made it easy for them to buy. I reasoned, 'These men know trees, so I'll show them all we have, and if we have what they want they'll order them.' I let the buyer do the talking."

The buyer-expert talked and Miss Smith, the salesman, listened. Here and there she picked up a new fact to be added to her increasing store. The experts unconsciously became her teachers. And in turn, to their amazement in many cases, she taught them.

A city park commissioner was going through the nursery one day making some purchases. He paused before an oak. "And, of course," he said, "you will sell me this tree at half price. Its top is poor and it will be five years at least before it will deserve to be called a perfect tree."

"You couldn't have that tree," flashed Miss Smith, "at treble the price. It isn't for sale."

"Not for sale?" repeated the expert. "But you profess to be growing only specimen trees. This tree is not a specimen. You should be glad to get rid of it."

"It isn't a specimen now," Miss Smith returned, "but in five years, as you have said, it will be a specimen. Then it will be also a larger and older tree, worth five times its present price. I am going to hold it for that price. That is our price and it is also good business."

"Suppose," challenged the commissioner, "that it does not become a perfect tree in five years."

"We'll keep it ten, twenty years if necessary," was the answer, "and then as a specimen, it will be worth ten or twenty times more."

A LANDSCAPE artist wanted to buy several hundred small trees, but Miss Smith refused to sell small trees. The artist argued that it would be fifteen years before the trees were matured. "By that time," he argued, "this particular kind of tree may be so out of style that you won't be able to give them away, whereas if you sell now you are certain of a good price."

"I am certain only," was the reply, "that if I sell my little trees I never will have big ones. What if these trees are not in demand fifteen years hence? They can stand here and grow until there is demand, though it takes fifty years! Each year of growth will add to their value against that day when the demand returns, as it will."

It is because Evelyn Smith refused to sell the small trees that Amawalk is in the big tree market to-day and almost without competition in that field. Eventually Miss Smith bought the controlling interest of her sister. When she attained to the dignity of having a manager, he as a business man at first disagreed with her.

"If you buy a wheelbarrow for two dollars," he insisted, "and sell it for two and a half dollars it is good business. It is good business to sell anything salable that can be sold at a profit."

"Yes," smiled Miss Smith, "excepting trees, and possibly real estate, and a few other things—Ford stock, for instance. Ford stock, like my small trees, could be bought for a few dollars a share not so many years ago. It's worth two or three hundred times that to-day, and *so are the little trees I wouldn't sell.*"

"I see," said the manager; and he did see. Every man at Amawalk "sees" the policy to-day.

I asked Miss Smith to tell me her philosophy.

"It is to do my best," she said.

"But there must be more to it than that," I insisted. "I mean, what is your outlook on life and on your work, the creed that guides you?"

She smiled. "I try to do my best."

"But suppose a young man, or a young woman, came to you seeking advice, hoping to get help from you that would make his life richer and better. You would tell him something?"

"Yes, gladly."

"What?" I asked again.

She was earnest. "I'd tell him to do his best."

EDGAR A. GUEST writes feelingly next month on "Gossip—the Meanest Habit in the World." His article, vividly illustrated with incidents out of his own experience and environment, shows the enormous amount of harm an uncontrolled tongue can do.

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I Feel as Young as I Ever Did

(*Continued from page 55*)

had learned our lesson. We were with the folly of leaping before we but our mental reactions were ent. My friend went home. I took in the other direction and, by and turned to my father's house with dollars in my pocket which I had ed. That victory was important to

metimes, things that seem very us to others strike me as being merely y. This is often most unfortunate for ybody concerned.

ne day, a young man who had just en a pathetic novel came and began ead it to me. He went on and on. d much to do. The young man was a fellow. I didn't know how to stop

sympathized with him, knowing important a work of the imagination s to its author. The trouble was us enough to provoke my wayward who came to my relief and I began hing. I was even more embarrassed the young man.

fear that I amuse you," said he. No," I replied; "but I had an apment fifteen minutes ago, and I am king of the remarks that are now g made about me."

EARS ago these two persons in my breast came to a compromise. Now they at peace, the one exercising a wholerestraint upon the other. When the us fellow is inclined to worry, the r says:

Cross no bridge until you come to it."

he light-hearted fellow has been right ost always. He has the better credit me. I accept his counsel. I do not ow trouble from the future. All the e, now and then I have to reckon with serious man. He keeps me fairly lent. But it is the merry-hearted lad eath my vest who has taught me to v younger with the years.

or many years I have had better th than I had in my youth. I have n two hours and a half of each day to rful exercise in the open air. I rarely s my work out of doors, even if I have o it in storm clothes. This has given almost perfect health. The love of ve fun—hunting, fishing, canoeing, —has done much to keep me in the ngth and joy of youth.

lext to a reasonable amount of outr exercise, the work that a man loves make and keep him young.

t was a curious adventure which ed me to discover my own task—the reciation and portrayal of differing es of human character.

had made my first journey out into world. I traveled on the cars to the zing city of Burlington, in Vermont. ave since seen the capitals of many ions but none so appallingly magnifit as Burlington. I ventured on to ldlebury, with very little money in my ket. At the Addison House, I got the of tending the billiard tables for my rd.

ne evening after the players had left the room, a distinguished gentleman about sixty years of age, with white mustache and chin lock, who had been watching the games, tarried. He wished to know my name and where I came from. I told him.

"YOU are wasting yourself on this plebeian task," he told me, with a lordly air.

I told him that I was doing it for food and shelter.

He put his hand on my shoulder and spoke with classic enthusiasm.

"Son of Peleus!" he exclaimed. "No longer shall you vex the shades of noble sires with such employment. Come to my house, and there be an honored guest until you return to that of your father."

I went with him to a comfortable house. His wife had gone away on a visit. His daughter, a pretty girl of about my age, opened the door for us.

"Gertrude," he said cheerfully, "here's a high-stepper from Saint Lawrence County who has come to visit us."

Gertrude made me welcome. We had supper, after which the old gentleman excused himself on the pretext that he had an errand in the village. Meantime his daughter would entertain me. She did. She sang and played the guitar and talked delightfully of her school days. At eleven, her father had not returned. It was bedtime. I was shown to my room, the spare room. I got into bed and blew out my candle.

Some time in the night I was awakened by a loud voice calling my name. The sound awoke me. I arose to a sitting posture with cold perspiration coming out on me. My door opened. The light of a candle wavered in the darkness. My host stood in the doorway.

In a tragic voice he whispered: "How ill this taper burns!"

He picked up my shoes and flung them into the hall. He gathered my scattered garments.

"Noble youth, I have need of your company," he said.

I perceived that he had need, also, of my support. I got out of bed.

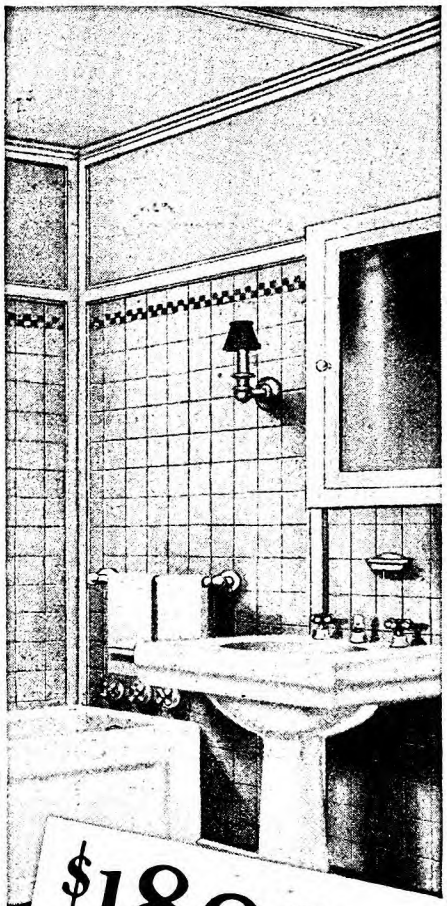
He added, "Sir, I wish you to sleep with me."

It looked like a difficult undertaking. I walked with him, burdened with shoes and clothing, through the dark hall. As we proceeded, he sang in a loud voice this line of the old ballad:

"When you and I were young, Maggie!"

We reached his room. There I pulled off his boots. When he was ready for bed, he picked up a walking stick and began to thrust at me in the fashion of a fencer, one hand lifted gracefully behind him. He backed me against the wall with the point of his stick pressed hard against my breast. He shouted, "Die, false friend!" My only defense was a night shirt, but I was having a good time. The farce-comedy aspect of the situation tickled my funny-bone and appealed to my dormant sense of the dramatic.

We went to bed. My host was a poet in need of an audience. For a long time, he



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CHAINS

The swivel says it's a Simmons

lay repeating blank verse to me. I have met many poets since that night, but this is the only one I was ever compelled to sleep with.

When I told others of this adventure, I laughed, and all who heard me laughed. In recreating the comic character of my host for an audience I had discovered a new kind of fun. I had taken the first step toward making a writer of myself.

I HAD entered the gate of the great show of human character. Thereafter, I was like a boy at the circus.

I had begun to have a deep and increasing interest in men, and to find amusement in their peculiar traits and follies. I saw, as I had not seen before, the richness of my background—lonely people of the edges of the forest, mighty hunters, brawny rivermen and lumberjacks—French, Irish, Yankees—who had their own way of thinking. They were the people of whom Lowell said, "They have the divinely illiterate fashion of speech." Before I was eighteen, I discovered what he called the blood warmth, the vigor and originality of their idioms, and I began to have some command of them. Their talk thrilled me.

I was possessed of a love of life and joy which kept me through years heavily shadowed with loss and sorrow. Yet I was about the slimmest and most solemn-looking lad that ever set out to seek his fortune, when I went to New York.

Still, under my vest, was that other fellow with his natural and unimpaired capacity for fun, and some ability to express it. That fellow got my job for me. The shadows began to recede. I enjoyed my work. A new light came into my heart and face.

At last I found the task for which my losses and gains, my friends, reflections, ideals and work and all the curious adventures of my life had seemed to create in me—a certain humble talent. Wind and tide had been pushing me toward it. If I headed my ship for another port, it was quickly crowded back into its own course.

For me, writing rapidly became an absorbing recreation. I sit with it, unaware of weariness or of the flight of time. I really play at my desk and work on the golf course.

There is a line in one of Whitman's poems which has always deeply impressed me. It is this:

> Do you know what it is, as you pass, to be loved by strangers?

If an author, who has kept a due sense of responsibility to his readers, may believe half that is written in the many letters that come to him, he must answer "Yes" to the eloquent query of Whitman.

To have become a philosopher, friend, and comrade to unknown tens of thousands is to have experienced the greatest joy and satisfaction that a human being may know. It is like the hand of the Lord to renew and refresh the spirit of man. Therein is the "more abundant life."

I know a writer who at eighty-seven is still young. No youth has a keener interest in fun. He has given hundreds of millions to the relief of human suffering and to the building up of agencies to promote the welfare of man. I sat at play with him the other evening, and his merry laughter, his mental vigor and keenness were like those of a boy. I think that it comes of having won the affection of millions.

I can say for myself that there has been so far no charging off for wear and tear or depreciation in my little plant. It is, I am aware, an unusual and a striking fact due largely to my love of my task.

One thing I had in my youth which has been, I think, a most important factor in keeping me young and free of worry. It was a sense of chivalry—an inviolable regard for decent womanhood. Many boys of my time had it. There is nothing so sure to bring the shadow of death into the heart of man, nothing so certain to cloud his sky and humble and debase him, as the lack of chivalry. It is really a lack of respect for human dignity and decency. Therein is the trouble which shall dog his footsteps and, at last, lie down with him in the dust.

In time, I met the girl that I wanted to marry. I was not blind to the far-reaching importance of this step—that my future must depend largely upon her character. Many boys go wrong at this point. The currents of emotion are apt to be stronger than the decisions of the intellect. I was fortunate in finding a mate of like tastes and character. We fared along together through good and bad times, comrades in spirit through days well filled with failure bravely borne, with success joyously, gratefully shared, and welcomed; through years each happier than the last had been. Therein is the chief reason why I feel as young as I ever did. Life was growing richer and dearer to me.

If my young wife and I were guilty of extravagance, it was in building up a home as beautiful, restful, and inviting as we could. A certain friend of mine has said that though I have often felt like a pauper, I have always lived like a prince.

The truth is, a man's home is his gate to happiness. The making of a beautiful home is one of the noblest occupations in which human beings can engage.

THE statisticians have noted a growing number of suicides among business men beyond sixty-five years of age. Is it not possible that these men grew weary of living because they never found anything better than money-making to engage their interest? Every man should try to discover the other fellow in himself, the one who loves beauty and fun, and give to this other self the nourishment he needs in some art, craft, or line of study which will return a definite satisfaction. When business ends, every man should have some beloved task to keep life dear to him.

In short, the secret of growing young lies in putting away the things that produce wear and tear and depreciation of plant. I used to enjoy a fight; but I have learned that I have to pay too much for this sort of fun.

Franklin has said that one should make a wise use of his enemies. Envy and misunderstanding are a necessary part of living in this rather imperfect world. The greatest change that my life has brought to me has come in my attitude toward this kind of thing. For years I have been careful to give it no cause of action. No enemy is as bad as one thinks.

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it is easy to find something good to of the worst of them. That is the edy.

nother change I note in myself is my tude toward the opinions of other ple. I do not let them worry me. n my own opinions are now subject to rovement. I have no life tenure in n. I am more tolerant. I rarely argue any man. I have learned the wisdom olding my tongue save when it is in iest.

ne day in my young manhood I was ng a bicycle through a deep valley in mont. It was that time when the ikee was cheering up and his humor at its best. I was passing a field of n growing out of a steep hill, when I e upon a farmer walking hurriedly by roadside with a scythe on his arm. did not turn to look at me as I disunted and walked beside him. He had time to waste on idle travelers. To n conversation, I inquired:

Is there anything of interest in this t of the country?"

or the first time he turned his eyes n me, asking:

Did ye notice that I look kind o' ly?"

No," I answered.

'Try ag'in. My face ain't what it ght to be. It's like a foundered hoss. weak an' nervous."

'Why?"

'Cause I live next to the knowin'est n in the world. He owns that house on hill yonder. When ye git nigh it, take look, and run. He's told me everyng that ever happened an' his opinion out it. He comes an' calls me out o' l nights to tell me suthin' he forgot to the day before. His tongue is breakin' n down, an' me too. Don't give us time sleep. He's got a mortgage on my farm intellect. He's just sucked the vitality t o' me. His memory is a reg'lar amp. He gits mired in it. His wife has pull him out an' clean him off every y. He ain't an ass. He's a morass."

I have never forgotten the lesson of that y, and others like it. I have been much and before the rostrum, and I know ll how talking and listening "sucks the ality" out of men.

WOULD say that one's education is nearing a respectable standard when he quires modesty and self-distrust. They e a help in keeping the heart young and e from worry.

A potent factor in keeping me young has been faith.

A growing faith in my fellow men and in a just and wise Ruler of the Universe whose will and character were in some part revealed by that Divine Missionary whose sayings and example set a standard of sublimity unequaled in all the ages, and before which the wisest men have bowed their heads in wonder.

Mine is a cheerful religion. To my mind, the Great Teacher was a man of good cheer. He was constantly bidding his friends to cheer up.

He taught the divinity of common sense. That love is better than hate is the veriest common sense. So I have faith in my share of that great possession of men. I apply it to my religion. How many things I have cut out of it which offend my common sense!

WHAT bearing has all that on the success I have had in keeping my heart young? Just this: the Great Fear has not laid its hand upon me—thank God! I do my best in the present and worry not over the future.

How may one avoid fear and worry who feels that his ship is drifting helplessly toward the rocks and annihilation?

No man can grow young whose anticipations are not enriched by every year that he lives. He must have faith that he is still, and always, a mere boy in school, slowly preparing himself for better things, for going forth to adventures more amazing and beautiful than any he has known.

A man of advanced years may be as young as he ever was if he has been a fairly faithful student in the school of life wherein he has learned to have and to hold the following:

An understanding of himself and of his talents.

A correct placing of his faith.

The love of men.

A courage which shall be equal to sorrow or failure or malice.

Good health and good friends.

A wife who is a constant challenge to the best there is in him.

An increasing appreciation of beauty and the love of work and play.

Now, looking backward across the plain of my life, I see many failures which gave me some distress when they came upon me. But the wonderful thing I see is this: Every failure was the barrier needed to turn my feet into a better way and to give me strength to follow it.

OCATED at last—*the* Average Man! Through a system of unique calculaons, he was run to earth by William S. Dutton, and next month he marializes in the person of a Fort Madison, Iowa, merchant. Will you e something of yourself in him? Does he speak for you? Whether he oes or not, you will be interested in what he says, for he talks of church, lvertising, business, politics, prohibition, home—and other subjects which all of us are interested. A unique article; you shouldn't miss it!

"Scotch Valley"

(*Continued from page 61*)

ou're fine. Mrs. Pelgram is the sort of oman who poisons cats and dogs with senic, people with words. I'm glad you ld me. There is only one thing to do. ll go away!"

His impulse was to go at once. He rose. The look in Bertha's eyes held him where he was.

She was staring beyond him at the door. She had ceased to tremble. Rigid, white

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as a ghost, the very breath of her spirit seemed to be checked by what she saw. She raised her hands to her mouth, beat on her lips with frantic fingers.

"What on earth's the matter?"

Gladden swung around.

He had not heard anyone come up on the porch. The door was open, and a man stood carelessly, yet with a certain wary inner watchfulness, on the threshold. He was a small, squat man, broadly, compactly built. He jerked his shoulders and came into the room.

"How are you?" he said. "My name's Fred Smith. Hello, Bertha! Glad to see your dad?"

NOTHING had ever happened to Gladden just like this. He was stumped. The revelation of Bertha's parentage burst upon him full-fledged; he had had no preparation. Now, in the flash of a second, he remembered all the lost cues, the forgotten promptings. He had been fathering the wrong Smiths!

His Fred Smith, the cocky little Smith who had died at Beaumont in the hospital tent, was Olive's father. He had inherited not these helpless five, but the stalwart and cheerful five at the other end of the Valley!

The ironic madness of the thing struck him like a blow in the body; he felt winded.

"And who in thunder are *you?*" Bertha's father asked politely.

He moved into the room with the square tread of one who is at home and, putting his hat on the kitchen table, seated himself comfortably.

Gladden explained. The same old story. Bertha listened, without seeming to breathe. She made no move toward her father. In her dilated, curiously fixed eyes there was both dread and terror, the flicker of hatred. And now, for once and for all, she was no longer a child; disaster involved her in mature decisions, adult realities, unescapable. She could never retreat again into her bright dreams.

Fred Smith listened to Gladden with a smirk of disbelief and mockery. His eyes, small, colorless, moved restlessly. Repeatedly, he made a characteristic gesture of contempt: a shrug of his shoulders and an ugly curl of his lip.

Suddenly, out of his confusion and disappointment, Gladden thought of the children. He stopped short and said:

"You didn't die, after all, over there."

"Not I." Fred Smith smirked at the memory of Death cheated. His was a very personal victory over a powerful adversary. "I was a prisoner. They sent me back to a camp, and then to a hospital. I was sick, all right. But I didn't let 'em kill me. I was too smart for that. Trust me! I stayed sick. And when I got out, after the Armistice, I stayed right in Germany. I figgered on staying there four or five years."

"Well," Gladden thought, "you didn't particularly care what happened to your family! I suppose you're what the modernists call a free soul. You don't admit impediments." Aloud, with impatience, he said, "I suppose you know both your wife and the Mexican are dead."

"So I heard. I stopped off in Vaccatown. . . . What was this cock and bull story you were telling me?"

"I'm not going to tell it again. Now

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that you're here, I'll go back to New York. There doesn't seem to be anything more I can do."

"Easy! Easy!"

Smith rose heavily. He went to the door. "Seems you've made yourself pretty much at home."

"Pop!" Bertha spoke at last. "Pop! He's been good to us!"

"Never mind, Bertha," Gladden said quickly. He sensed the impending disaster. A blind and jealous anger was gathering behind Smith's mask of stolid contempt and indifference. The success another man had made should have been his. He stared at the yard, the fences, the barn, beyond to the derrick on the hill.

"MADE yourself free and easy with my kids and my property! Leased my land! From what I heard up in the town, it was high time I came home. How about it?"

He hesitated, caught by the sound of voices. Pete and the children were coming across the yard, Billoo trotting behind them, detached and bored in the manner of trusted family dogs. Gladden had an impulse to shout at them, to turn them back from their fate, to save them, anyhow, from what awaited them. This man might be their father; but he was not a parent, he was a calamity.

Lily saw him first. She did not remember him. He was just another man. She came straight toward him, stumbling up the steps with her hands full of wilted flowers.

Gladden heard Bertha moan. She was close beside him. "Don't, Lily," she whispered. "Go back!"

Then Pete. He flushed. Frightened, he stood his ground. With a gesture, he held Nancy and Henry back. They brought up at his heels, staring. And Billoo growled. A low rumbling vibrated in the dog's throat; the hair along his back rose stiffly.

"Pop," Pete faltered. "They said you were killed! They said so, honest."

"Ain't you glad to see me?"

"Yes," Pete said politely. But he looked at Gladden.

"I can't help you," Gladden thought. "You poor kids! I've got to go away and leave you to fight it out alone—victims of a biological mistake, an accidental destiny."

They should have been his children. Now he knew how much he had grown to love them, haphazard little urchins sprung so clean and bewitching from the loins of ignorance. He suffered already the pangs of separation, the hurt of loneliness. To have his work taken away. So much left undone.

And Bertha, setting out with bitterness to refute a lie that had its roots in the mud of slander. Ill-equipped. Tripped at the start. When he had wanted to make, and to keep, the way clear for her!

"Pete," Gladden said, "tell your father what we have been doing here." He turned to Smith. "I'm going now."

"Hold on! You don't get off as easy as all that. There's some accounting yet. How about the oil lease? And the crops? How about the talk that's going around?"

"Shut up!" Gladden said sharply.

Smith came back into the kitchen. The children followed, clinging to Pete. Some day, Gladden thought, he would return, armed with cash, to buy these children

A NEW pair of shoes makes a new man—when they're as individually styled as Bostonians. Make your step from Summer into Fall a step into style . . . . into the smartness of Bostonians. You'll find comfort, too. *Mostly $7 to $10 the pair.*

THE KILDARE

BOSTONIANS
Shoes for Men

YOUR surest guide to the new Bostonians is this sign on every Dealer's window.

THE new Fall styles? They are all in our new Style Booklet. Will you have a copy?

COMMONWEALTH SHOE AND LEATHER COMPANY
WHITMAN, MASSACHUSETTS

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Cruel burns soothed . . .

Life-long scars prevented—no infection—with this famous surgical dressing

TO every family the need comes—and the danger: burns are so easy to infect, their livid scars so horrible! . . .

Keep a tube of Unguentine always in the house.

For nearly forty years the medical profession has used Unguentine as the standard dressing for burns both slight and severe.

Apply Unguentine liberally: at once the pain stops—throughout the swift healing process the wound is kept disinfected—and it heals, almost invariably *without even a scar!*

For severe burns and open cuts, apply Unguentine to the wound spread on gauze, and bandage lightly. You will find many uses for Unguentine. You need it especially for active children. Made by The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N.Y. At your druggist's, 50 cents.

From a fire chief: "The fire was out—but the housewife was severely burned in fighting the flames. I myself applied Unguentine to the wounds. Our trucks carry tubes. She slept well that night . . . soon was healed smoothly."

This case might have been tragic: "While my little son was dressing before the fireplace, sparks caught his dressing gown. A great strip along his side was burned. I applied Unguentine. His screams stopped. Miraculous . . . Now I can't find the slightest trace of a scar."

Scarring from burns that mar for life can almost invariably be avoided. Unguentine has saved thousands. Festering is prevented; the new skin forms quickly, smoothly.

Unguentine . . FREE

—a generous tube

Norwich

—a trusted name on pharmaceutical preparations

The Norwich Pharmacal Company,
Department A-10, Norwich, N. Y.

Please send me a free tube of Ungentine and "What to do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State .....

back again. . . . But he had to attend to the bitter business of the moment.

"Hansen will explain everything to you. We'll give you a complete account, of course. I'm not trying to run away!"

"You'd better not. I've got it on you, young fellow, good and plenty. And, what's more"—he jabbed at Gladden with a stiff forefinger—"I'm boss here now. You'll take orders from me!"

"Is that so?"

Gladden put out his arm and shoved Smith out of the way. The gesture satisfied him for the moment; it had been surprisingly easy, weak as he was. He went to his room and began to pack his things. He sat on the bed to change his shoes. He heard Lily crying down-stairs. But then she always cried.

"I'll have to curb my imagination," he said. "He won't beat them! He'll only neglect them and bully them, and make them into his own image. They will forget me. There's nothing for it but to go away. I'd only make it worse for them if I stayed. Worse for Bertha. . . . Bertha. . . . Bertha. . . . I must see Calabri."

Then he remembered. He hadn't a cent.

Calabri was waiting on the porch when Gladden came down with his bag.

"Thought you might need me." He jerked his thumb over his shoulder. "Other boss home, eh? What you do?"

"I'm going to New York. You keep your eye on these children, will you? Maybe, some day, I'll be coming back."

"Sure. Sure thing. No more pipes, eh? No more job. How about that fellow?"

"Pelgram? Oh, I'm not worrying about him."

"You watch out. He's pretty mad."

"Well, it isn't likely," Gladden said, "that he will follow me to New York. Besides, he got the best of me."

Calabri laughed. "Anyway, I stay here to-day. You get out. If he starts any funny business—"

"Remember what I said! We don't want any vendettas. . . . Where are the kids?"

"They follow the old man. Up the hill."

"Already!" Gladden thought.

He clasped the Italian's hand, that coarse, broad paw with the calloused palm, the short, facile fingers. "I'll go along before they see. I'd rather not say good-by."

"Take my car, boss."

"No. I'll walk. That is, unless you'll drive me back to Vaccatown yourself."

"I stay here. I watch those kids!"

GLADDEN was already across the ford when he discovered Billoo at his heels. The dog had come on the run from the top of the hill; he was grinning with satisfaction. Gladden touched the big square head briefly.

"Go home, Billoo," he ordered. "Go on back home!"

Usually an obedient dog, Billoo hesitated. He pretended not to hear Gladden or to be aware of orders. Indifferently he explored the roadside, but his eyes were wary and self-conscious.

Gladden picked up a stone and shied it into the bushes where the culprit scratched and snuffled at an imaginary gopher. "Go on home, do you hear!"

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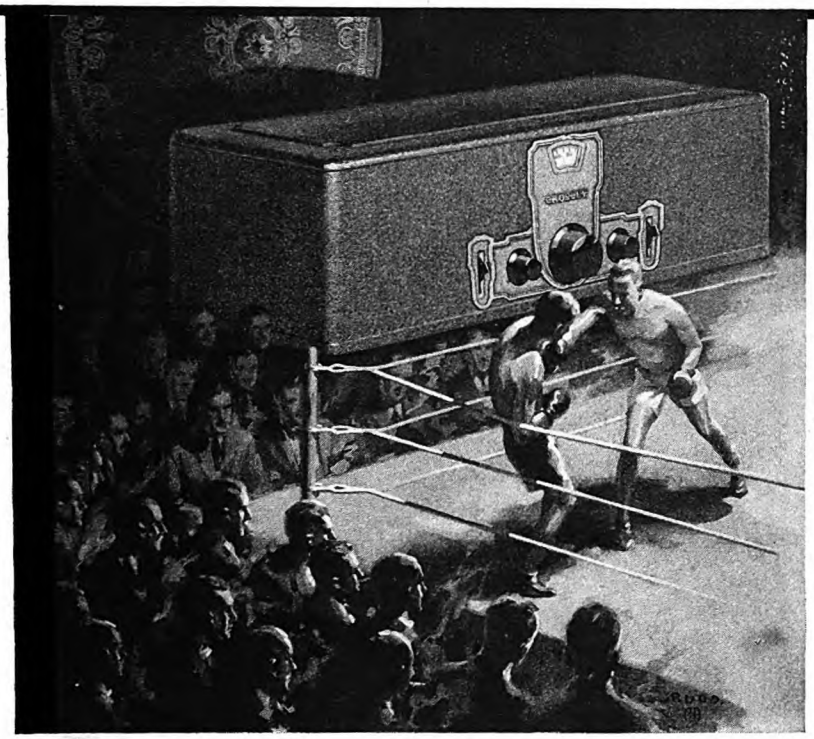
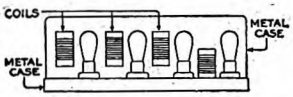
—when the crown stands or falls....

"—You're *there* with a Crosley..."



The Crosley Radio Corporation.
Folks who buy radio are vitally interested in what they get for their money. Why don't you radio manufacturers stop talking like a lot of doctors and tell us what it's all about in one cylinder words? What's this "shielding" business anyway?
Yours truly,
AITKEN RADIO, Toledo, Ohio.

Shielding is necessary in a modern radio receiver. The more sensitive the set is, the more you need it. Some sets are merely housed in a metal

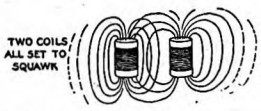


case. This helps to keep strong local signals from breaking through, but it is even more important to keep them where they belong after you get them the proper way from the antenna.

A set has tubes, condensers and coils. Here is a coil. The lines around it are the magnetic field. You know the earth's magnetic field will work a compass down in a mine, or up in a plane (it certainly worked for Lindbergh) and the fields around unshielded coils get all mixed up and the set howls and squeals and has to be choked off by turning down the filaments in the tubes.

Now if the coils are housed in copper shields the fields can't mess each other up, and the tubes can do a real job of amplifying. The coils in Crosley sets have these copper shields, and there isn't anything better.

Then there are the condensers, and if it wasn't for the shield around them, the fields would act like those in the coils, and the results would be just as bad, or worse.



It isn't enough to shield the coils and the condensers, because even the wiring of the set has fields around it. This too is shielded, as it is in all really high grade sets.

Of course, it's all in knowing how to do it, but that's why Crosley sets can be as good as the best without costing half as much.

APPROVED CONSOLES
Selected by Powel Crosley, Jr., as ideal, acoustically and mechanically for the installation of the Crosley "Bandbox" Genuine Musicone built in. Crosley dealers secure them from their jobbers through
H. T. ROBERTS CO.
914 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Sales Agents for Approved Console Factories
Showers Brothers Company
The Wolf Mfg. Company

$35

$65

$85

The BANDBOX

A 6 Tube Receiver *of* unmatchable quality at $55

LIGHT SOCKET MODEL $65

Price slightly higher west of the Rocky Mountains.

Many features of this set have been found heretofore only in the most expensive radio. Since Crosley is licensed to manufacture under nearly all important radio patents, this combination with Crosley leadership and experience, naturally produced an amazing radio, the remarkable value of which can be judged by the following features incorporated and by seeing it and hearing it at your dealers.

1. Completely shielded coils, condensers and wiring. 2. Acuminators for sharper tuning. 3. Completely balanced genuine neutrodyne. 4. Volume control. 5. Single tuning knob. 6. Illuminated dial. 7. Single cable outside connections. 8. Designed for easy installation in consoles. 9. Beautiful frosted brown crystalline finished cabinet.

AC model using new R.C.A. AC tubes and working directly from electric light socket through Crosley Power Converter is $65. Power Converter $60 extra.

Hear this wonderful new contribution to the enjoyment of radio. If you cannot find one of the 16,000 Crosley dealers near you, write Dept. 2 for his name and literature.

IMPROVED MUSICONES
Musicones improve the reception of any radio set. They are perfect affinities in finish, beauty and reproductive effectiveness for Crosley Radios. A tilt-table model, with brown mahogany finish, stands 36 inches high, $27.50—16-inch Super-Musicone as pictured above with "Bandbox", $12.75—12-inch Ultra-Musicone, $9.75.

CROSLEY RADIO

NEUTRODYNE

The Crosley Radio Corporation, Powel Crosley, Jr., Pres. Cincinnati, Ohio.

Crosley Radio is licensed only for Radio Amateur, Experimental and Broadcast Reception.

Crosley recommends the use of five 201-A Radiotrons and one UX-171 power tube or Cunningham equivalents, which are furnished at standard tube prices, with each Bandbox. While Radiotron UX-171 is 180-volt tube, it gives a superior performance for 135-volt "B" batteries.

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You can candle an *egg*-but not a *battery*

THERE isn't much difference in the size or shape of batteries. And you can't tell how good they are before you use them. ¶ If you could, one element alone would win your preference for Burgess. That element is *Chrome*. ¶ *Chrome* is the *preservative* that maintains an abundance of unfailing energy in Burgess Batteries—long after most dry cells cease to function. The black and white stripes are individual marks for identifying *Chrome* Burgess Batteries. Buy them for long lasting, dependable performance!

Chrome—the preserving element used in leather, metals, paints and other materials subject to wear, is also used in Burgess Batteries. It gives them unusual *staying* power. Burgess *Chrome* Batteries are patented.

Ask Any Radio Engineer

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY
General Sales Office: CHICAGO
Canadian Factories and Offices: Niagara Falls and Winnipeg

BURGESS BATTERIES

RADIO·IS·*BETTER*·WITH·DRY·BATTERY·POWER

Even this outrage passed unnoticed. Billoo emerged, bland and grinning, to trot a safe distance behind the master he had adopted for better or for worse. This passionate devotion caused Gladden more suffering than desertion or indifference.

In the end, he submitted to being followed. There was nothing else for it. When a man takes unto himself a dog, he belongs to the dog. Gladden thought of turning back, of delivering Billoo to Pete. But it took more courage than he was at the moment possessed of. So he whistled to the dog and went on, not daring to look back.

The thought of the children, following their father with the unwilling curiosity of scared little birds trailing a snake across a meadow, tempted him to turn back, if only to ease the painful restriction of his own heart. He did not doubt that they had grown to be very fond of him. There had been times during the past eight months when he had been overwhelmed by their faith, abashed and burdened.

Now, without apology or explanation, he was leaving them. The more he thought about it, the worse it became. He had seen enough of this resurrected parent of theirs to be sure that within a year poverty and despair would creep over their lives like lichen on a wall. Not even Bertha, not even Pete, could save them.

IT WAS a day of washed sky and luminous clouds. Ryder painted such clouds: Great puffs of vapor full of light, swift, crystal, incredibly white. Now the valley was in bloom. Blossoming trees as far as the eye could reach. Blue shadows beneath sprays of pearl and ivory. A scent of honey, delicate, pervasive.

Gladden remembered what Bertha had said, that parched day of their first pilgrimage: "Poppies to make wreaths of. And larks."

Not an English lark, spilling notes from the apex, but a wayside burst of song, sudden, sweet and thrilling. Across the plowed fields blackbirds swarmed with a whir of wings. Gladden was dwarfed by the height of the sky, the circling blue of hills.

He saw himself, a small, ridiculous figure, pursuing a destiny of importance to no one but himself, going about his vast business in silence and alone. Now, he'd have to wire Uncle Steven, "You were right. Broke. Returning."

The main street of the town was full of people, Saturday idlers. Gladden walked through them quickly, hoping to find Hansen in his office.

He had reached the bank when he became conscious of someone at his elbow. He had a startled instant of recoil; he was gun-shy. Something had gone out of him during that week of unconsciousness.

Finally he turned his head.

It was Bertha.

Bertha, hatless, her hair tumbled about her face: "I followed you. All the way. Only you didn't see me."

"No," said Gladden. "I didn't."

He was ashamed of the way his heart beat. He was excited. At the same time he was embarrassed. He supposed that to feel like this was a symbol of something or other. He didn't quite know what—sport perhaps! He had won, on one count. He couldn't help feeling that she

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wouldn't have followed him unless she liked him a little.

"Pop made us go with him up the hill. I saw you going along the road. So I ran!"

"You'd better go back," Gladden said seriously. "Your father—"

Bertha shook her head. "No. I'm going with you!"

"You can't."

A stranger, passing, grinned: "Hello, Bertha!" And turned to look at the pale, agitated girl who caught suddenly at Gladden's arm.

Feeling sick at heart, Gladden parried the look with a scowl, and said, "We'll go up to Hansen's office. We can't talk here, in the street."

But Hansen wasn't there. When Gladden opened the door, he found the dusty room empty. The window stood open, and a bedraggled curtain trailed back and forth across the sill. The telephone began to ring, with that insistent, irritating buzz which demands an answer. "Wait," Gladden said. He lifted the receiver.

He heard Hansen's voice: "That you, Gladden? I'll be there right away!" And before he could pin the voice down, it was cut off by a click, closed into space, lost. "How did he know," Gladden wondered, "that I am here in his office? Have people reported already that Bertha followed me?"

He turned to her: "Bertha, you must go back!"

"No."

"Well, then, sit down until Hansen comes. He'll drive you home."

Disturbed by the look in her eyes, Gladden attempted an absurdity. "You followed me because you wanted Billoo!"

"No."

"Then why?"

SUDDENLY she held out her hands. Gladden caught them and went down on his knees before her. He slipped free of her hands and put his arms around her. He leaned his head against her dear smallness, her incredible light grace.

This tumult of heart and blood was painful, satisfying, new. He was silent. Meaning and utterance escaped him, because he clasped love in his arms: child, woman, soil, ambition! Would it always be like this?

He felt Bertha shivering against him.

"You've got to take me, because I love you. More than Olive loves you. More than anyone!"

"This *child*," he thought. But what was time? Why pretend that years and dates—

He turned his face against her. Every second made past and present more irrelevant and perishable. It was only the ridiculous need to speak that could break the spell, dissolve this thrilling, unconscious, mastering emotion. This *child!*

As though down a long shaft of light he saw her; brave, resolute, infinitely precious, coming toward him; he wondered at his obstinacy. She was pitifully innocent, gloriously wise—and for the taking, his own.

He held her more gently.

He loved her. He had perhaps loved her from the beginning. It was a fool's love, because even now he shrank from its fulfillment. So it was not desire. It was not selfishness. It was not cowardice.

WASH ONCE . . .

WASH AGAIN . . .

AND . . .

Then . . .

watch this massage roll out hidden pore-dirt!

IT'S startling . . . the amount of dirt that hides in your pores.

Only when men see this pink cream turn gray with pore-dirt after a few seconds' massage, do they realize why their faces seldom show the healthy glow of a really clean skin.

Pore-dirt gets grimed in under the skin of every face. The wash cloth doesn't budge it. To prove this we urge you to send for the FREE tube offered below and to wash your face —twice—before using it.

Then prepare your pride for a real shock!

Rubs in* pink. *Rolls out a dingy GRAY!

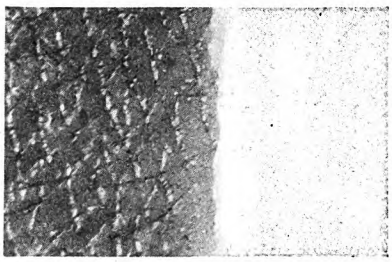
Squeeze a little cream from the sample tube. Rub it onto your face around the chin, where the nose meets the face, over the nose itself. Continue rubbing.

In a few seconds the dried cream rolls out. Pink? No, a dingy gray! Dark with the pore-dirt that grayed your complexion!!

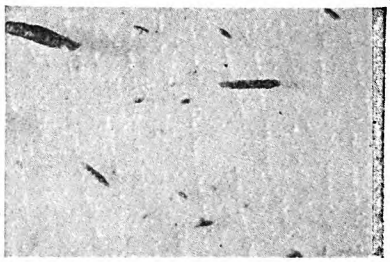
Then look in the mirror. Clean! No unsightly blackheads now. Your pores are freed. Your skin a-tingle with a healthy, fresh glow that causes folks to say, "Gosh, you sure look well today . . ."

FREE test convinces thousands

You can buy a jar of Pompeian at any toilet goods counter for 60c. We'd rather you tested it FREE. Fill in the coupon and mail it to us—right now, while you are reading this message.



Photograph taken under the lens of powerful microscope showing section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream. The light area at the right shows the cream spread on the skin.



Photomicrograph of the same section of skin after using Pompeian Massage Cream. Compare the skin tone. Note the dried pellets of cream, dark with the pore-dirt that has been rolled free.

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

The Pompeian Company, Dept. 300-J, 595 Fifth Ave., New York. Gentlemen: Please send me a generous trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream . . . enough for three facial massages.

Name _____

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Do 2 Things

and seal the air at mouth of tire valve

FIRST: See that a genuine Schrader Valve Inside, in good condition, is in every tire valve.

Second: Make sure you have an improved Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap screwed down tight on every valve.

Should the valve inside become worn or damaged, this cap prevents escape of air at mouth of valve until you have an opportunity to replace the inside.

Always carry extra Schrader Valve Caps and Valve Insides in your car. Both are sold in red metal boxes of five at 30c a box.

Schrader products are sold by over 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc.
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Schrader
Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844
Tire Valves · Tire Gauges

He loved her because she had in her the essence of beauty: the will to serve and the heart to play. She was so young, so dear, so unattainable!

He lifted his head.

"Jim," she said quickly, "you can't go without me. You can't! If you'll marry me, we can take the kids and go away. All of us!"

"Marry you! You aren't eighteen."

"I will be, in October. I'm old. I've lived a lot. I'll take care of the kids and you, too. Pop won't dare—"

"Bertha, you're crazy."

"Then I'll follow you!"

GLADDEN was swept by a gust of feeling. He got up, bewildered, a little unsteady.

"Bertha," he said gravely, "you don't understand. Marriage isn't as simple as that."

"I love you," she said again. "I'm going with you!"

"First, you must finish school."

"School!" She blazed at him. "School! I know enough! I don't want to know things. I want to think them out for myself. But I'll study. I'll do everything you say, I'll work . . ."

"You never told me—"

"About Pop?"

She laughed. "Jim! I knew we were the wrong Smiths! I didn't tell you Pop was mean, because I was afraid you'd find out it was the other Smith, not us. I told Pete to shut up. I didn't want him to tell you. Nancy and Lily couldn't remember Pop. Henry couldn't. But Pete and I remembered! We hated him. He used to lick Pete. He went to war to get rid of us. Jim, don't you see, he'll be mean to the kids? You've got to stay!"

"Is that why—"

She sprang up. Her arms went around him again and she pressed her face hard against his breast. He began to kiss the top of Bertha's head, suddenly released from indecision, elated and reckless.

They were standing so, clasped together, when Hansen opened the door.

He said, "Oh!"

"It's all right," Gladden said. "Come in. Bertha and I are going to be married."

Hansen closed the door carefully. The face he turned to them was a fat mask of anxiety. "I think you'd better come back to the ranch then. I've been out there. Bertha's father is going to make trouble."

"How did you know—"

"I saw him on the street this morning. He had been drinking. I don't mind saying, he was publicly noisy and vituperative. And a lot of Pelgram's friends were helping him along. For Bertha's sake, you'd better go back and explain. He is a man—forgive me, Bertha—who carries both his liquor and his honor badly. He wants to shoot you. And I dare say he'll do it, unless you satisfy him. He's dangerous, because he had taken it into his simian cranium to be proud."

"We'll go out there, of course," Gladden said.

Hansen hesitated. His eyes were clouded with a friendly bewilderment. You could see his mind darting in search of the truth. He did not want to blurt out anything awkward. It was a difficult question to ask. "You're sure, you're perfectly sure, both of you—"

"You can't *explain* love," Gladden said.

Hansen's eyes cleared.

"You're both so young," he said.

"We've lived a lot." Gladden quoted Bertha. "And we know what we want!"

In the car, with Billoo, Gladden took Bertha's hand. "I have no idea what has happened to me," he thought. "Whether it is for good or bad. I only know that it is better not to ask questions."

He sensed the need for recklessness. The whole of life could be purified, saved from bewilderment, if he could only hold the absurd and beautiful audacity of this moment. He was frightened too. Her hard, calloused little hand! Her shy, strange eyes, eyes light-flecked and shadowy, peering out from the retreats of childhood into the crowded open ways of maturity. Bertha. His. It looked like forever and forever.

They drove across the new bridge at the ford with a clatter.

"Square it with Smith," Hansen advised briefly. "Then we'll talk business to him. Only, go easy. He's mean!"

He stopped the car with a jerk. "Here! What's this?"

Calabri was running toward them. He yelled and waved his arms. "Stay back! Stay back!"

Conquering a fundamental dread of being shot, a distaste that made his flesh prickle, Gladden stood up. Then he saw what the Italian meant. Pelgram was crossing the yard, not toward the car, but toward the barn, where the open door gaped black and empty like the grinning open mouth of a mask of tragedy. He carried a rifle in the crook of his arm.

Before Calabri gained the bridge, a man appeared in that blank space, with Lily at his side. He paused there, illumined by the greenish, level light of the setting sun; a figure remote but terribly real. He looked off at his acres. He raised his hand to push his hat back.

"Watch out!" The warning was split in two by a detonation that sent him spinning, ridiculously out of balance, twice around, before he fell to his knees, bent over, collapsed on his face, and lay still.

"Stay here," Hansen said. "I'll take Pelgram. Come on back, Calabri!"

"Stay in the car, Bertha," Gladden said.

"He killed Pop! Jim! Pop's dead! He shot him!"

"Perhaps not. Stay where you are. It isn't safe—"

"But Lily!"

Bertha brushed Gladden aside. She ran. "Lily! Lily! I'm coming!"

LATER, when Fred Smith had closed his eyes forever on his forfeited possessions, Gladden had a moment of bitterness. It was his bad fortune that this Fred Smith, too, had died in his stead.

When Hansen's hand fell on the murderer's shoulder, recalling him from revenge to punishment, Pelgram had said, "I thought it was Gladden!"

There was this to regret. But there was this to be thankful for: Gladden's twice-given life belonged not to himself, but to the tribe of Smiths. Lily. Nancy. Henry. Pete. And Bertha. Forever and forever his! (THE END)

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"I'd Rather Build a Mansion Than Merely Live in It"

(*Continued from page 51*)

ing Brooklyn churches. So I had ething to think of besides my work. ook me into a different atmosphere; e me a common interest with people otherwise would have been strangers. t is a good experience for any man. I was paid money for plastering and I paid money for singing. I was glad ave money, because I don't know a of living without it. But if I worked for money, nothing else, I shouldn't well paid, no matter how much I ived."

his was interesting! I have heard very men—bankers, railway presidents, ds of great corporations—say the same of thing. They claim that they care e for the "game" itself than for its ards. Some people question their erity. I don't. Yet there is always loophole for doubt: They can afford alk that way, because their "game" s pay them big money. How would y feel if they had a less interesting and lucrative job?

ut here is a man who has such a job, he says the same thing. He talked a d deal about it and I know that he was olutely sincere.

s nearly as I can sum them up, the of his ideas is this: A man should e two paymasters. From one—his oyer, his boss, or the people who buy atever he has to sell—he gets the ney he earns.

ut if he works only for them, he is a e hireling. His other paymaster must himself! If he does not earn, from self and for himself, pleasure in his k and pride in doing it well, then he is hty poorly paid.

ohn Jones says that the man who ks first and foremost for his own asure and satisfaction is not a hireling *a free man.* Certainly John Jones self looks and acts free.

HAVE interviewed some of the most amous men in the country, men who are ernational figures in industry and nce. But not one of them bore himself h greater dignity and quieter self-confi- ce than does John Jones the plasterer. Not one of them seemed to have a ater respect for his job, nor talked of it re interestingly. Have you any idea of knowledge, experience, and skill uired to make a first-class plasterer? ertainly had no conception of it until I t John Jones.

ven the average workman who plasters plain walls of an ordinary house must ve training and ability if the job is to be e right. And when it comes to costly vate mansions and splendid public and siness buildings, the plasterer must be able of doing the most intricate and borate work.

In referring to one of his employers es said: "He knew almost as much out plastering as I do."

He said it with unaffected warmth. It s the highest compliment he could pay. He was equally unaffected when he said: "I could tell the architects and the builders a good many things that would help them. The architect's blue print is more or less theoretical. The practical workman has actual knowledge, based on experience.

"His orders are to follow the blue prints. Sometimes he has to do this, knowing all the time that the job won't be right when finished. If the architects and builders would consult more with the workmen, a great many mistakes would be avoided.

"My own employers for a good many years past have been willing to do this. It benefits both parties. People give what you ask them to give. If you ask only routine work from a man, you can't blame him if that is all you get from him. Ask *all* he has to give, and you will probably get it.

"IN RECENT years, especially since the war, fine workmen have been growing scarcer in the building trades. By fine workmen I mean those who do work of the highest quality and integrity.

"That is the reason why I won't accept the job of foreman. I'd feel responsible for the way a job was done; and the worry of trying to get it done *right* wouldn't be worth the extra pay. I'll take the responsibility for my own work, for I know I'll make it as perfect as the conditions will allow. But I can't supply conscience and skill to other men who haven't them, or who won't use them.

"You mustn't think that the men themselves are entirely to blame. At the close of the war there was a building famine. The supply was so far short of the demand that it hasn't yet caught up.

"The result has been that the builders have been insisting on one thing above all others: Speed, speed, speed! Take the big structures here in New York, for example. With the work going on night and day, enormous sums are paid for overtime labor. It seems as if the owner doesn't care *what* the building is going to cost.

"I can't understand this. It is cheaper to rush it through so that he can begin to get a return on his investment. But the effect on the workmen is disastrous. Quality is sacrificed to speed. Why, thousands of houses have been built since the war which, in ten years, won't be fit to live in.

"What is the result? The younger men—those who have learned their trades during the past ten years—don't even know *how* to do the finest work, because they haven't been given the chance to do it.

"The New York Building Congress, by recognizing and rewarding capable and honest craftsmanship, is helping to fight this condition. I believe it has given about three hundred and fifty certificates like the one I received. Also a gold button to wear in the coat lapel.

"When one man to whom the award was made showed the certificate to his helper the helper read it all through and

Now *before* WINTER Comes

MAKE THIS *one* SIMPLE CHANGE —save ⅓ of your fuel

BEFORE winter cold sets in, before you begin wasting 1 out of every 3 tons of coal (or gallons of oil) *unnecessarily*—call your local heating and plumbing shop and have them make this one simple change in your steam heating system. Have them replace the air venting valve on each of your radiators with a Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valve. You will get amazing new comfort.

You can have hot radiators 3 hours (not 30 minutes) after fires are banked. You can get up steam in 15 minutes (not an hour). Think what this means in comfort and convenience. You can bank the fire after dinner and still have piping hot radiators when you go to bed at 10 or 11. You can have three quarters of an hour more sleep in the morning—and get up steam by the same hour—7 or 8—as before. What is more *you cut your coal or oil bills* ⅓.

By this saving, you earn 50% to 65% on your investment in Hoffman Vacuum Valves—*the first year.* At the end of the second, you get your investment back—plus a profit. Every year, after this you receive a gift of approximately $5.00 for each radiator in your home.

SEND FOR BOOK—Like any investment, this one is worth studying. Send for interesting 48-page book, "*How to Lock Out AIR—the heat thief.*" It explains the invention that makes this amazing comfort and fuel saving possible. Just print your name and address on edge of this ad. and mail to Hoffman Specialty Co., Inc., Dept. P-10, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

Hot radiators 3 hours (*not 30 minutes*) after banking
15 minutes (*not an hour*)
– to get up steam
...*for ⅓ less fuel*

HOFFMAN No. 2 VACUUM VALVES

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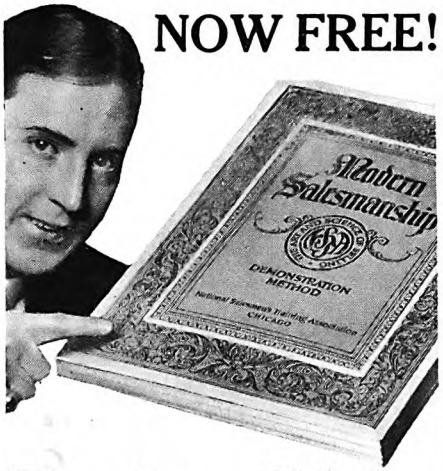
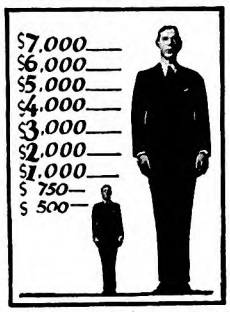


NOW FREE!

Raised My Pay 700%

This Book Showed Me How



How would you feel if your salary suddenly jumped seven times greater than before? That is exactly what happened to O. A. Jones of Charleston, Missouri after reading this amazing book—now sent free to everybody. An unusual case? No. E. L. Palmer went from $3 a day to $4000 a year. F. G. Walsh went from $20 a week to $7286 last year. C. V. Champion became President of his company at a salary exceeding $10,000 a year! And all of them started by reading this free book!

The Secret of Big Earnings

All successful men in the world today are master salesmen. And every man is a salesman. If you want to make big earnings, you must learn to sell yourself. You must absorb the methods of saying and doing things that make men act as you want them to act. There is no more false statement made than the old saw about "salesmen are born—not made." Salesmen are made—not born! This free book shows how!

Big Demand for Master Salesmen

Master Salesmen are at a premium in American business today. They are never out of work. They can command their own salaries and their own time. They travel and see the country—the world. They dress well, live in the best homes, drive their own cars. Aren't these rewards worth going after?

How We Help You Succeed

For twenty years, N. S. T. A. training has been developing Master Salesmen. The National Demonstration Method—an exclusive feature—gives you the equivalent of actual experience while studying at home. Our success in training inexperienced men into powerful salesmen is so world-famed that thousands of leading business houses have called on us to supply them with salesmen. This service is free—and we have placed thousands of men in good-paying positions.

Send for This Free Book

Don't say "I can't sell" until you find out whether you can or not. This free book, "Modern Salesmanship," proves that master salesmen can be made, regardless of personality, education or previous selling experience. Send for this free book right now.

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION
WORLD'S OLDEST AND LARGEST SALES TRAINING INSTITUTION

Dept. R-10, N. S. T. A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. R-10, N. S. T. A. Building, Chicago, Ill.
Send me your free illustrated book, "Modern Salesmanship." Also tell me how your training can increase my income. This does not obligate me.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....
Age ..... Occupation .....

said: 'I'm going to get one of those for myself inside of a year!' And he did it, too.

"That was all right. But if he was working only for praise and recognition he had a poor motive. I never had heard of the certificate until it was given to me. If I had, it would have made no difference in my work. I was already doing my best, simply to satisfy myself. I won the certificate by my work on one job. But I have to earn my own approval every hour of every working day. To succeed in doing that is worth a hundred certificates."

"How did you happen to come to this country?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "I was the oldest of twelve children. Counting my parents, that made fourteen mouths to be fed. Wages were low; and in a country like Wales there wasn't a great amount of new building.

"Years before, my father had befriended a poor boy; taken him out of the almshouse and given him a start. That boy had grown to manhood, moved to the States, and become a building contractor in Brooklyn. Good workmen were scarce over here, so he wrote to my father and offered to give me a job. I came to Brooklyn and worked for him for a year.

"He wanted to keep me as an apprentice, at apprentice wages, until I was twenty-one. That was not fair, for I was already a capable workman. So I left him and hired out on my own account. That was forty years ago; and in all that time I have not lacked employment.

"I own my home in Brooklyn. It isn't pretentious but it is pleasant and comfortable. People who pay $20,000 a year for a New York apartment don't have as large a bedroom as mine is. And you ought to see my garden! It is the beauty spot of the neighborhood. Instead of working overtime to earn extra dollars, I spend those hours in tending my garden. It doesn't bring me any money, but it brings the health and happiness which money couldn't buy.

"And think what it means to my family! My little granddaughter is three years old. Even here in the crowded city, she is growing up among flowers. That's more than most of our richest city folks can say for their children. I've worked on their great mansions and I know."

"WHEN you are helping to build these magnificent houses," I said, "don't you envy the men who own them?"

John Jones looked at me as if I had started a new train of thought in his mind.

"You are making something beautiful," I went on. "Other people, just because they are rich, will possess it. And just because you are *not* rich, you *can't* have it."

"No," he said slowly, "but I *made* it!"

"You mean," I asked, "that you would rather be able to create something fine and beautiful than merely to pay somebody else to create it for you?"

His face lighted with understanding.

"That's it!" he said. "It's a greater satisfaction to make things than to own them. In one sense, I do own whatever I create. There are monuments of my work all through the city of New York. I know more about some of the mansions on Fifth Avenue than their owners ever will know about them. I have had more pride and pleasure in helping to build them than their owners will have in living in them.

"In other words," I suggested, "you get your greatest satisfaction out of what you do, instead of out of what you have."

"That's it!" he said again. "That's it exactly."

"I suppose you are not a rich man," I said.

"Far from it!" he replied.

"You are not a rich man, but you have had a rich life. Is that true?"

For a moment he did not answer. He was thinking it over.

"Yes," he said finally; "I call my life a rich one. I have done the work which I liked and which I was fitted to do. I am proud of the way I have done it. It has earned me respect and recognition.

"I have had other interests and pleasures; and they have enabled me to give pleasure as well as to feel it myself. I have had far more of health than most people enjoy. That, in itself, is better than a fortune.

"I have had a home and a family. I have had a wife with whom I was happy and children of whom I was proud. I have had sorrow, but never shame.

"I guess that's about all," he said, smiling; "but I don't think anybody could add much to the list. Not much except wealth; and even in money I am not really poor. I have lived to see the day when the workman is better paid than ever before. I believe this is a good thing and I'll tell you why.

"YOU and I were talking, a little while ago, about the white-collar class. Now don't misunderstand me when I say that we, the skilled and highly paid workmen, *look down* on most of these white-collar jobs.

"Why shouldn't we? In the first place we earn more money. I pity the average salaried man, for I don't see how he manages to live on his pay.

"Most of them don't have the same pride in their jobs that a good plasterer, or carpenter, or bricklayer, for example, has in his. Our work seems more important. If a bookkeeper makes a mistake, he or somebody else will ferret it out and correct it. But if we make mistakes, the result may be a disaster. In any case, the mistake will cost more to correct. Or, if it isn't corrected, it will stay there and stick out like a sore thumb for everyone to see.

"But a man cannot help respecting a thing more if other people seem to value it highly. Consequently, we workmen feel prouder of our jobs, now that we receive better pay for them. That is *human* nature. And it is human nature, too, for other people to have greater respect for us as a class, than they had when we earned less money.

"Self-respect and the respect of others make a man a better citizen. Not only that, but a man who has money to spend is *worth* money to his community. He makes a bigger market for business. He is an asset instead of a liability.

"I may be mistaken; but I believe that if the millions of people who depend on workman's wages had to cut down their buying, it would be a worse blow to business than if only the rich people started to retrench.

"That's why I think that high wages are a good thing all around. I know that

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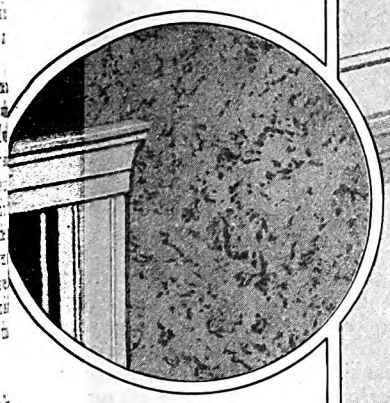
Distinctive Paint Finishes

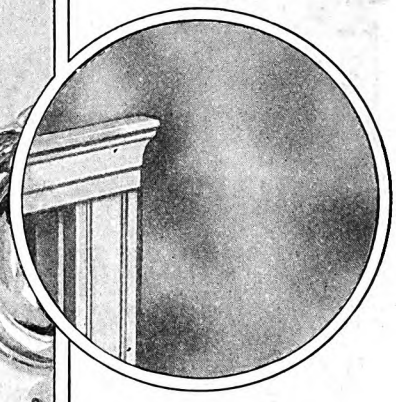
for modern home interiors

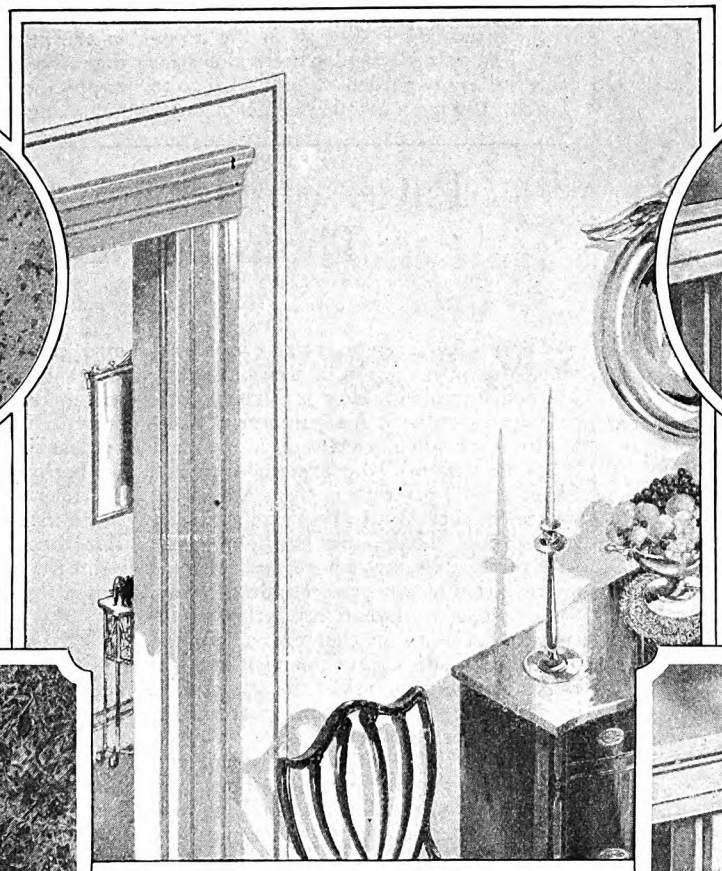
Charming one-color wall finishes rich—figured effects—soft, subtle blends of color

Almost any room can be decorated successfully in the striking, unconventional Sponge-Mottle finish illustrated below. Tamping the paint on with a sponge gives this unusually interesting effect, whose great charm lies in the irregular pattern of the mottling which may be in several colors if desired.

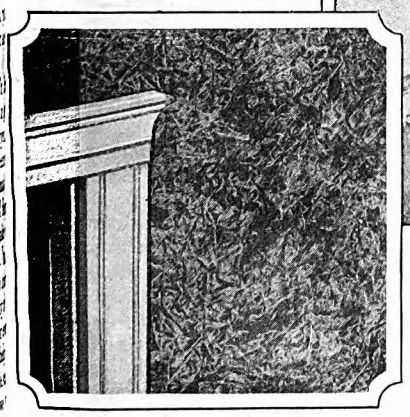


The Tiffany is the aristocrat among paint finishes. Its beauty is the rich subdued beauty of subtly blended colors. Here is no finish that you tire of, but one whose loveliness seems to glow anew each day, making it an ideal background for many types of interiors.

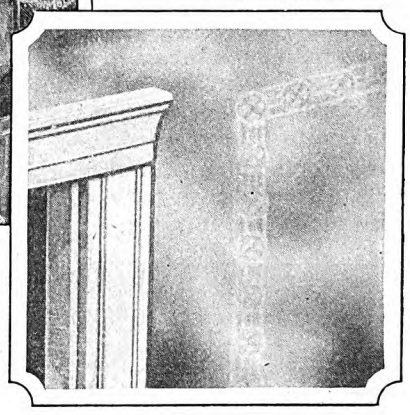




Crumpled paper, rolled over wet paint, is responsible for this finish of distinctive and individual beauty. The Crumpled Roll finish is characterized by a beautifully soft and feathery design and is an effect which lends itself to many interesting color combinations.



The Wiped Stencil is a delightful decorative touch often used in connection with the Tiffany. The stencilled design may be either sharply defined or left beautifully soft and indistinct. It lends an additional charming note to the Tiffany much as it does to the one-color wall treatment.



One-color treatment of the interior, with striping to add distinction. This paint treatment is one of the simplest and yet most charming obtainable for average-sized rooms as well as larger, more formal interiors. But there are many cases where special finishes, also shown here, are in equally good taste and sometimes even preferable.

ALL are yours to choose from when you use pure lead paint to form backgrounds of beauty in your home.

With pure lead paint, made of Dutch Boy white-lead and flatting oil and mixed and tinted by the painter specially for every painting job, the possibilities for colorful decoration in modern good taste are limited only by the imagination and by the harmonies of the complete decorative scheme.

Paint with this lead paint and you paint for beauty, cleanliness and durability. It is the most durable, economical, washable paint for interior decoration that you can buy.

We have a booklet on decorating the home which shows in color the unusual wall treatments possible with lead paint. Let us send it to you together with a decorator's data form from our Department of Decoration for your use if you want help in selecting a color treatment for your home. Write our nearest branch for "Booklet V".

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway ✓ Boston, 800 Albany Street
Buffalo, 116 Oak Street ✓ Chicago, 900 West 18th Street
Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Avenue ✓ Cleveland, 820 West Superior Avenue ✓ St. Louis, 722 Chestnut Street ✓ San Francisco, 485 California Street ✓ Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Avenue ✓ Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., 437 Chestnut Street

"Paint with lead"

DUTCH BOY WHITE ~ LEAD

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At your club tomorrow—*ask any ten men which is the best radio*

MEN *know* the goodness of a good receiver—and they say that Zenith is first in radio.

Here are both art and science, perfectly attuned to the whole range of sound reception. Zenith is marvelously natural in the rendition of voice or instrument. Hair-fine selectivity, power, ruggedness beyond years of constant service and exquisite cabinet artistry. *That* is Zenith Radio.

Inspect the many Zenith models. Every idea in radio price is thoroughly fulfilled.

Model 11. The famous Zenith 6-tube chassis in a cabinet of butt-matched walnut veneer with matte finish. Front panel routed and beautifully two-toned. Price—$110.

Western United States Prices Slightly Higher

Send for illustrated folder

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION
3608 Iron Street • *Chicago*

ZENITH LONG DISTANCE RADIO

Largest manufacturers of high grade radio in the world—$100 to $2500

Licensed only for Radio amateur, experimental and broadcast reception.

they have made workmen more conscious of their value and therefore more self-respecting. I look up to a man who does any job, no matter what it is, honestly and as perfectly as possible. I'm willing to wager that he takes pride and satisfaction in what he does. And that goes a long way toward making him a happy man."

IT WAS a Friday night when I had this conversation with John Jones. We talked late; and I knew that he would have a long trip back to his home in Brooklyn.

"I'm afraid you won't feel much like getting up and going to work to-morrow morning," I said as he was leaving.

"Oh, I don't work on Saturdays," he reminded me. "I shall spend the morning in the garden with my little granddaughter. In the afternoon I shall go to the cemetery. I have made my lot there almost as beautiful as my garden. Sunday I'll go to church. I'm not a member of a choir now; but there are still plenty of chances to sing and I get a great deal of pleasure out of it.

"Monday I shall be fresh and ready for work. Just now we are remodeling one of the handsomest residences in New York. I'm doing some beautiful ceilings and cornices in it. After that, I may be employed on some great apartment house, or a theatre, or one of the bank buildings which are the pride of New York City. It's a wonderful thing to have a job like mine; always new and always interesting. I wouldn't change work with any man I know."

So there you have John Jones and, I hope, an understanding of what he gets out of his job. No "back to the tread mill" for him. No desire to "take a drink and forget it." A man proud of his working skill and working integrity; believing in the importance of an honest job well done; having an honorable ambition and happy in the knowledge that he is achieving it.

Patterson Helps to Edit Twelve Thousand Newspapers

(*Continued from page 37*)

was born fifty-seven years ago in Kirksville, Missouri, the son of a circuit-riding Methodist minister. He was thirteen years old and living with his parents in Ainsworth, Iowa, when he started a newspaper.

"A boy friend," he explained to me, "had a tiny printing outfit. Ainsworth had no paper. With my friend's type, I started one. That paper had four pages, with three columns to a page, and achieved a circulation of some two hundred copies.

"In a couple of years my father's ministry called us to another town. But the paper had made a place for itself in Ainsworth, so the principal of the school took it over, enlarged it, and it has lasted under various proprietors to this day."

Patterson left school at sixteen, and worked in various printing shops and country newspaper offices until he was twenty. Then he went to Chicago, where he got a job on a newspaper; but within a few weeks he joined the Kellogg Newspaper Company, which he had known as a friend in the country offices where he had worked. In a few years he succeeded to the editor's job; and when the Kellogg company was merged with the Western, in 1906, he became editor-in-chief of the combined companies.

"In the early days," Mr. Patterson said, "most editors referred to ready print as 'patent insides'! Two pages in the Malta 'Times,' for instance, might be exactly the same as two pages in the Mt. Vernon 'News.' The editor had no choice, but took the whole of what was printed for him, whether or not it had any special interest for his readers.

"But that period of development of the country newspaper is past and over. Today an editor gets some of his paper ready-printed if he wants it that way, or he chooses the kind of news, articles, features, serials, pictures, cartoons, that go into it. This was made possible by mechanical improvements, and by a more elaborate service plan. You'll be interested to know that, although we print on our own presses parts of between three and four thousand papers, no two of them are just alike. Furthermore, the service is so organized that papers in the same town, or nearby towns, never are embarrassed by both getting the same material.

"This, I know sounds complicated; and there *are* a million details to be considered. But these are now systematized to the point that everything runs as smoothly as a new baby buggy."

THE editorial office of the Western Newspaper Union is in Chicago. You can get some idea of the task confronting the editors when you learn that the material which is sent out to thousands of papers deals with nearly every subject under the sun, and must be without bias, since the same articles and stories are read in Protestant and in Catholic homes, by blacks and by whites, by Republicans and by Democrats, by young and old, by the well-educated and the poorly-educated.

How is the material chosen? How edited? What do these twenty-five *million* people read? What offends and annoys them? What interests them most? What makes them laugh? What stirs them? What sobers them? These and kindred questions I asked, and Mr. Patterson, out of his years of rich experience, answered.

"People," he said, "are as many-sided as a falling cat. There are folks who will read any side of any question with open minds; and there are others who cannot read anything on certain subjects without becoming angry. A man's bringing-up and education have a great deal to do with what he will read and how he takes it. The foreign-born often likes one sort of thing, the native-born another. An entire community, for some special reason, may have likes and dislikes. Some people have hobbies and pet peeves; if they see anything in print on these subjects, they instantly become highly critical. The great majority are not, consciously, very critical; and yet, subconsciously, they are the

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"A woman customer proved it for me"

W. T. DAVIS, *of the* Victor Talking Machine Company, gives his personal experiences in using his firm's national advertising as a sales argument

FOR ten years Mr. Davis has been selling for the Victor Company. Therefore his experiences n using the local value of Victor's ational magazine advertising as a sales rgument will interest every man on ne road who carries a nationally adertised line—and every sales manager vho believes that the advertising argunent is one of the strongest he can give is men.

Knowing the standing which The American Magazine has among the salesmen of the nation—and its efforts to provide them with useful down-to-the-ground facts with which to back up their advertising arguments—Mr. Davis has given us the following personal statement of his experiences and methods:

"It's mighty hard to get away from the power of national magazine advertising when you travel around the country the way I do—and watch the people reading magazines in hotel lobbies, on street cars and railroad trains.

"If I could take a dealer on a trip with me and show him all this—show him people reading Victor advertising, I'd have one of the strongest sales demonstrations it would be possible to make.

"Of course, I can't do this—so the next best thing is to try and paint a picture of it for the dealer—and then back it up with figures on the extent of our advertising right in his own locality.

"I remember though, one very interesting experience I had a while ago.

"I walked in on a dealer just as he was setting the stage to demonstrate another product by appointment.

"A few minutes before the arrival of the customer I launched into the facts about my firm's advertising and the value of tying up to it. The dealer was only partly interested. He had his appointment in mind.

"And then the customer entered—a woman. She was carrying a magazine. And in it she had marked the Victor advertisement.

"Immediately the scene changed. At her request, the Orthophonic Victrola held the center of the stage and in a few minutes the sale was made.

"After that it didn't take long to convince this dealer of the power of the advertising behind our product and the value of tying up with it. Using this woman as an example, I showed him how she was only one of many hundreds in his city actually looking for a chance to buy our product!

"So I say, watch The American Magazine readers in their homes, on the street cars, in hotel lobbies, on trains. Paint this picture in detail for the dealer. Give him facts and figures. That's my policy—and I continually point out to dealers that advertising such as the Victor Company has carried on in The American Magazine every month for the past fourteen years, finding its way into hundreds of homes in his locality, is the reason why our Company's trade-mark is so well known.

"Furthermore, I can say that The American Magazine's Vest Pocket Sales-Maker will enable you to give information that sells."

The Vest Pocket Sales-Maker will help You sell

[SEND FOR IT]

The Vest Pocket Sales-Maker is a booklet prepared by The American Magazine to give salesmen just the facts and figures on the local value of national advertising which, as Mr. Davis points out, are so helpful in selling a dealer.

It translates into local terms these four fundamental facts about The American Magazine—facts which establish The American Magazine as the greatest single force for increasing merchandise consumption in America today:

1. The American Magazine's circulation of 2,200,000 at 25 cents a copy insures strong local coverage in every dealer's town.

2. Every issue of The American Magazine, containing your firm's advertisement, is alive for 30 days in 2,200,000 homes.

3. The American Magazine is read by *all* members of the family who influence sales—fathers, mothers and young people.

4. Editorially The American Magazine influences these 2,200,000 families to do more, have more, want more—and therefore buy more.

19,005 salesmen, representing 740 companies and 117 lines of trade, are now using the Vest Pocket Sales-Maker. Also more than 11,000 reprints of American Magazine newspaper announcements are being used by these concerns every month

The American *Magazine*

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK

THE GREATEST SINGLE FORCE IN AMERICA FOR INCREASING MERCHANDISE CONSUMPTION

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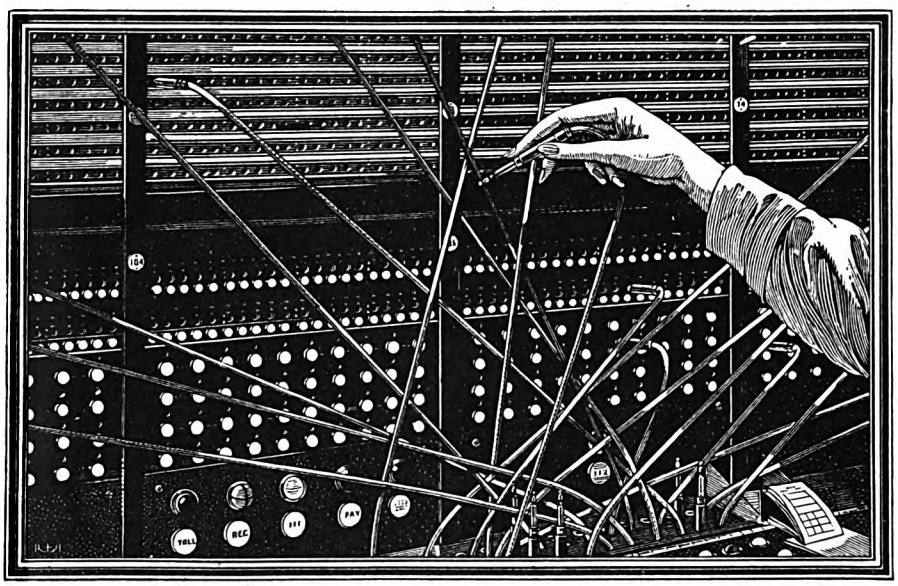

The Switchboard

An Advertisement of
the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

A WEB of cords plugged into numbered holes. A hand ready to answer signals which flash from tiny lamps. A mind alert for prompt and accurate performance of a vital service. A devotion to duty inspired by a sense of the public's reliance on that service.

Every section of a telephone switchboard typifies the co-ordination of human effort and mechanism which makes possible America's far-reaching telephone service. Its cords link for instant speech those who are separated by a few miles or by a continent. Its guardian operators are of the telephone army—men and women vigilant to meet a nation's need for communications.

In plant and personnel, the Bell System is in effect a vast switchboard serving a nation that has been transformed into a neighborhood through telephone growth and development.

keenest of critics—they know what they like, what is helpful to them, what rings true. Nothing worse can happen to anything we print than to have it fail to interest, to help, and to appear true. The number who will write to the editor and kick about something they don't like, is very small. The others have a subtler method: they *let it alone*, do not read it. That is the deadliest criticism!

"One thing wanted is variety, never too much on a particular subject. Here is a little story that gives an insight into newspaper making and reader interest. An editor in Buffalo, Minnesota, was eager to increase his circulation.

"Now, each local editor is a sort of readers' representative for the people of his community. He knows, or should know, better than anybody else, what his particular folks like to read. It is through what he decides to buy or leave alone that we, in this organization, can feel the pulse of reader interest. This Buffalo man's subscribers lived about twenty-five per cent in town, and seventy-five per cent on the farm. Thinking about this made him go off half-cocked: he wanted to devote about three fourths of his space to agricultural topics.

"'What about the farmers' wives,' I asked, 'and their sons and daughters? Don't they want to read anything except how to make the back forty acres produce more wheat?'

"He guessed probably they did.

"'What *one* thing, then,' I asked, 'will come nearest to interesting one hundred per cent of your readers every time?'

"'Fiction.'

"We started with fiction. Whatever else he had in his paper, there'd surely be stories. In this way we went through the entire list of possible subjects, sizing up the readers' interest in each one, so far as the people in *his* community were concerned.

"When we finished, he had reached the conclusion that one column was all he could devote to agricultural topics. In addition to fiction, he had chosen education articles, recipes, household and fashion news, jokes, editorials, comic strips, and other features.

"The sequel shows what readers' interest stands for. The editor had about a thousand subscribers when he made his analysis. He added the new features, and announced them in a simple circular—that was all. In one week, following the change, he added four hundred new subscribers.

"WHEN people see something they want to read, they read it. If it doesn't look interesting, or if they fail to see how it will profit them, they simply pass it up. It may be something that somebody feels devoutly they ought to read. No matter! If it lacks reader interest, it stays unread. That's the first, last, and greatest fact about these readers. Without saying a word, they can kill anything printed!

"He'd be a bold man," said Mr. Patterson, with a smile, "who would attempt to define reader interest. I've tried it, but never succeeded. You recognize it by a feeling, rather than by logic. It's there—or it isn't there—and you can hardly say why. It may be there for one group of readers, and not for another: towns that seem as alike as two tacks may not stomach

Whatever your Question

—be it the pronunciation of *Fascista*, the spelling of a puzzling word, the location of *Esthonia*, the meaning of *soviet, Freudian, vitamin*, etc., this Supreme Authority

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This book is for those who wish to keep physically fit and maintain normal weight. Not intended as a guide for chronic invalids as all such cases require the care of a competent physician. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.

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the same story. And sometimes when you think reader interest simply isn't in a piece or a picture, it turns out that your readers think differently!

"About ten years ago a young fellow named Sughroe came to my office to sell an idea for a one-column cartoon which he called 'Mickie Says.' Mickie was a freckle-faced printer's devil who wise-cracked about any subject under the sun, but always with a grin.

"The country was in the midst of war just then. I was thinking war, and not much else. Therefore, instead of looking for reasons why Sughroe's idea might be good, I looked hard for a way to turn him down nicely.

"'You've got a good idea,' I admitted; 'but this isn't a good time to spring it. People want war stuff. We'd just spoil it for you if we tried to put it out now. Come back later, when peace is declared.'

"But Sughroe was bound and determined we should take his idea right away. Finally, I said:

"'There's only one possible way we could think of using it. That's for you to take part of the gamble: Get your pay as a percentage of the net receipts—if there are any.'

"He literally jumped at the chance.

"Well, Mickie went like wildfire. Inside of two weeks we were sending young Sughroe—he wasn't yet of age—a check for more than five hundred dollars as his share to date. The feature is as popular to-day as ever; more popular, in fact, because almost everybody knows Mickie. That lad can tell subscribers to pay their bills, and he gets a smile—and a check—when a formal statement of account would go into the wastebasket.

"There was another case that didn't turn out so happily. A literary agent brought me a story by a man whose name was unfamiliar to me.

"'I have an offer for this,' the agent said, 'from the American Press Association'—one of our competitors at that time—'but,' he said, 'you have first call if you want it.'

"I was just leaving for Minneapolis, and promised to read the story on the train. I did so, and wired back:

"'Accept the American's offer before they change their minds!'

"I thought the story would be a flop, and wanted it to be their flop. Instead, it proved one of the greatest serial successes ever put over. It was the first 'Tarzan' book, by Edgar Rice Burroughs.

"OUR readers are a rather special audience, in a way, since most of them live in smaller cities or towns, or on farms. They average a high degree of intelligence: witness that when we were running cross-word puzzles, the complaints we received were that they were too easy, when the same puzzles brought the opposite complaint from big-city readers! They pack a huge amount of curiosity about all sorts of subjects. But they lack some of the nervous strain found in cities, and their taste is not burned up with the desire to feed incessantly on the sensational.

"They want to see themselves and their interests in what they read. Stories with a tang of adventure, the thrill of action and emotion; articles that tell how to do interesting or useful things, describe interesting places and events, interpret

Lysol Disinfectant

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"I asked *my* mother those very same questions—

she didn't have this little book"

IN THIS enlightened age, the superstitions and misinformation about the vital matter of feminine hygiene are fast disappearing.

The modern mother is able to talk with the utmost frankness to her daughter . . . . giving her accurate information, not hearsay, guess-work, or old wives' tales . . . . saving her from the mistakes which in the last generation so often led to premature old age and needlessly unhappy marriage.

But be sure you get the *facts* about feminine hygiene. "Lysol" Disinfectant is the safe, certain antiseptic for this vital use. It has been the unquestioned standard with doctors, hospitals and fastidious women for over 30 years.

Fads in personal antiseptics come and go. But the number of women who use "Lysol" Disinfectant is increasing *at a greater rate today than ever before!*

Don't experiment. Make no mistake. Only a poison can kill germs.

But, in the meantime, be safe, be sure. Buy a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant today. Complete directions with every bottle.

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the common life they know and understand, whether in a humorous or serious vein; these, broadly, are the kinds of things they demand. They want simple statements of facts, and the chance to form their own conclusions.

"Fiction is in very great demand, whether in the form of short stories, novelettes, or serials. It's a little surprising how much fiction the American farmer and his family will read. There are certain well-defined tastes in this demand, too. Some things go big, others fall flat. The story that depends chiefly on salacious incidents, or sex interest, doesn't go at all. The mushy love story wins little or no interest. The 'misery' story, showing unhappy people with sufferings long drawn out, and ending gloomily, isn't wanted; nor, except in rare cases, is the story with a foreign setting.

"The stories that go best usually have plenty of swinging action, much of it out of doors, in interesting American settings. They represent clean-living, clean-thinking, successful people, worth emulating. The love interest is manly and womanly, and never too obtrusive. Familiar kinds of people are seen doing adventurous and romantic things—such things as the readers like to imagine themselves doing.

"OUR readers do not care much for caricature and sarcastic humor, particularly if it is edged and aimed at themselves. This explains why one of the biggest-selling novels of recent years, 'Main Street,' would not go at all in the syndicate. It caricatured small-town people.

"There is one woman novelist reckoned by some critics one of the leading writers of the day whose books we can't serialize successfully, in spite of the fact that she writes quite a bit about farm life. The trouble is, she writes *down* to the farmer, and when she gets down the farmer isn't there!

"Western fiction is in greater demand than any other single class. Stories of this sort that make the greatest appeal deal with characters and situations strictly American. Probably one reason for the demand lies in the fact that a large part of the romance in the building of the United States lies in the country's expansion westward. Furthermore, stories dealing with frontiers usually describe outdoor adventures, and these appeal to men and women who are a good deal out of doors themselves, or like the outdoors.

"Probably the most popular novel we ever distributed was Randall Parrish's 'Bob Hampton of Placer,' issued some years ago, in which the action culminated in Custer's last fight. Curwood, writing about the Far North or the Northwest, and Zane Grey writing about the West, are typical authors whose stories usually are popular. The best-selling story we have serialized recently was a Western yarn by Frank Spearman, called 'Selwood of Sleepy Cat.'

"Historial novels of American life have a wide appeal too, other things being equal. There was a big recent demand, for example, for 'Porto Bello Gold' and 'The Doom Trail,' which dealt with the romantic adventures of early New York people.

"Then there is a huge liking for a type of story written by favored authors about

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present-day life in America. For instance, we never had a failure with one of Booth Tarkington's books. Mary Roberts Rinehart's go equally well—even her mystery stories, although mystery stories as a general thing are not so much in demand among our readers as they seem to be in the cities.

"Our people like home folks and home-place names in their fiction. We do find, however, that we can sell E. Phillips Oppenheim's books, even with British or European settings; while Conan Doyle was always popular. Such writers seem to have qualities universally appealing, which outweigh unfamiliar settings.

"Curiously enough, *articles* about foreign countries, as contrasted with stories, are in great demand. Our readers are travelers. In fact, I doubt if many people realize how great a traveler the American farmer, as a class, is. He can usually arrange to have his winters off; and in winter you'll find him in numbers on vessels bound for Europe, for South America, for the Mediterranean and the Nile, or around the world. You'll find him at play and taking his ease in southern California. At St. Petersburg, in Florida, there is a large field devoted to nothing under the sun but pitching horseshoes; and most of the players are farmers from the Northwest. They are great automobile travelers too. This interest in travel is nearly universal, and we rarely have too many first-rate travel articles.

"FOR straight news we summarize and generalize the most significant news happenings—state, national, or international—in the various fields of interest. Controversial subjects must be handled as if we didn't have a single opinion of our own. Even so, any mention of some subjects is enough to arouse occasional animosity. A news item about the expulsion of nuns from Mexico brought two complaints from editors; one said the item was pro-Catholic, another said it was anti-Catholic.

"Once we published an article discussing the basis of Abraham Lincoln's greatness. A Democratic editor became very angry because we let it get into his ready-print section. His reason was that Andrew Jackson's name was not mentioned; and he was sure we had omitted it deliberately, in order to glorify the Republican Party!

"Such cases show how hard it is to appear unbiased to prejudiced readers. We take sides only in signed editorials by specialists or well-known people; and even then an editor sometimes gets blamed.

"A man's religion is one of the things he is touchiest about. We go far to avoid saying anything that could be construed by readers as reflecting on any religious belief. This is specially true in jokes.

"Prohibition, too, is another subject we do not joke about. Nine tenths of present-day humor, so called, seems to be built around bootleggers and illicit liquor.

"For that reason alone, such jokes are tolerably stale. Moreover, any joke on the subject offends a good many people, for the simple reason that they do not feel that good citizenship is promoted by ridiculing the law of the land.

"I'll admit that prejudices and preferences are hard to down; I have them, and know. A number of years ago we were publishing sermons by the famous minister,

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I Guarantee to Teach You

In my home-study course on hotel work what the leading experts know about the business—men earning from $5,000 to $50,000 a year—and at any time there are over 1,000 hotel positions open in this industry.

I Put My Students in Touch with Positions

All over the United States they are eagerly sought by the biggest and best hotels. Hotels start you at salaries up to $3,500 a year with your living usually included. If you want a steady, permanent position, with quick advancement, big pay and fine living, which also usually includes free meals and apartment—you can find it in hotel work.

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You need no previous experience when you take the Lewis Course. We train you by mail in your spare time at home with the Lewis Simplified Study Plan, and put you in touch with big opportunities. All of your training will be under the personal supervision of Clifford Lewis, former U. S. Govt. Hotel and Restaurant Expert, now Managing Consultant for over 225 hotels throughout the United States.

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PROOF!

Our files are crammed with letters like these, which prove that the hotel industry is the field of big opportunity today.

Franklin Moore:—"My present position as Manager of Penn Harris Hotel at the age of 30 is due to the Lewis Course."

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D. A. Robinson:—"I was appointed Manager of St. Clair Country Club at double the salary I earned before taking the Lewis Course."

Mrs. J. S. Wickett:—I never had any hotel experience and this position as Assistant Manager of an Apartment House is my first."

FREE BOOK Gives Full Details

There are opportunities for you in this big paying hotel industry. Many students have obtained hotel positions paying as high as $2,500 a year, even before they had finished the course. My Free book ***"Your Big Opportunity"***, shows you how you can do as well.

The coupon above will bring you by return mail this vitally interesting, illustrated book, which shows how YOU can become a high-salaried hotel executive; also tells how our students are winning success with Lewis Training, and explains how you obtain Free Registration in our National Employment Bureau, and our Money-Back Agreement.

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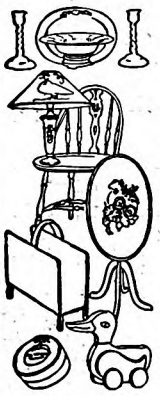

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Our system is amazingly easy to learn and the profits are larger than in almost any other business. You can produce beautiful finished art objects almost from the beginning. You don't have to know how to draw or have any experience. Begin making money now.

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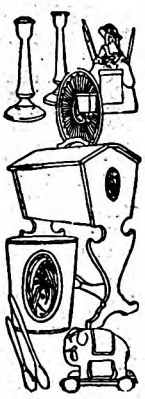

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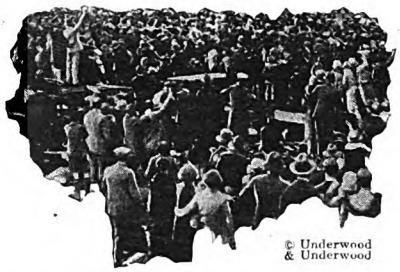

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You can learn the fundamentals of Aviation at home, in your spare time—no interference with your present employment. Our free book, "Aviation and You," tells you how you can get ready to cash in on the rapid growth of this rich new field of endeavor. Send for it now.

Many Opportunities Easy to Start

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No experience needed to take course. No previous training in mechanics. Lieut. Walter Hinton and his staff guide your instruction—it is simple, workable, practical—easy to understand.

If you wish to become a pilot, final flying instructions are given at our own flying field here in Washington or at other fields in all parts of the United States in cooperation with the Institute.

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DeWitt Talmadge. When Doctor Talmadge died, I was scouting for somebody to take his place, and a friend suggested a minister who has since made an impressive name of a certain kind for himself. My friend arranged for us to meet at the Press Club.

"The minister reached the club ahead of me. Upon my arrival, he was seated at table with a group of eight or ten men. Before him stood a stein of beer, which he sampled frequently, and he smoked one cigarette after another; but, worse, I noticed that he was rather the leading spirit in telling stories distinctly off-color. The group finally broke up, and the minister and I were introduced.

"'Ah, Mr. Patterson,' said he, 'I believe we have a little matter of business to discuss.'

"'Not that I am aware of,' I replied.

"'But our friend here said—I understood you wanted to suggest my writing for you—'

"'No,' I replied, 'I gave up that idea.'

"He wanted an explanation; I gave it to him—straight.

"'I'm not a prude,' I said. 'I like beer. I smoke. I enjoy a good story as well as the next man. But my father was a minister of the gospel. I learned a decent respect for the cloth by early training, and absorbed the idea that there are certain things which no minister can do and retain his self-respect. I, for one, will buy no sermons from a man who drinks, smokes, and tells smutty stories in private, and publicly advises his readers *not* to do those things.'

"ADVANCE pieces, of course, are written by all papers, to cover important events which are scheduled and almost certain to go off as planned. Once we prepared such a piece about President Taft's inauguration as it was *expected* to happen. The piece would have been highly accurate, but —on that day Washington had the worst snowstorm in history! Consequently, all precedents were upset. There was no inaugural parade. Taft did not speak from the Capitol rostrum, but took the oath of office and delivered his address in the Supreme Court chambers. Our piece, nevertheless, appeared in something like a thousand papers before we could stop it. Curiously, we never received a single complaint from any reader or editor.

"Sometimes," Mr. Patterson went on, "people say to me, 'What a wonderful medium you have for propaganda!'

"Offhand, it may appear so. Reaching millions of people as we do, it certainly seems as if it would be possible with our facilities to scatter the seeds of any opinion or belief, and make them grow. But this organization, great as it is, could be ruined in a few weeks if we took sides in the effort to foster private projects, or attempted to do anything else than tell the straight, honest news in as straight and honest a way as possible.

"While from our service standpoint we cannot have any part in propaganda, country newspapers, as a class, can. When they unite on any proper cause the editors of these papers have it within their power to sway twenty-five million people, and that is a tremendous thing.

"During the late war, the governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago called my attention to statistics of the first Liberty Loan. In the city, as a whole, the average subscription per capita was approximately sixty-seven dollars; in the country, only about eleven dollars.

"'I'm not sure it's worth while fighting this war,' he said, 'if it's to be paid for by city folks.'

"'Maybe,' I said, 'something can be done.'

"I figured out a plan, and took it to Washington. I managed to get the Treasury Department officials to give it their coöperation. I wanted them to prepare, or authorize us to prepare, advertising copy about the government loans. I was willing to undertake the job of getting these placed in thousands of papers, at no cost to the Government. When the plan finally was sanctioned, we had the beginnings of underwritten Liberty Loan advertising.

"The plan was presented to editors through our house organ. The copy was free; it was up to the editor to get the space paid for by patriotic organizations or individuals.

"In a sense, this was pure propaganda. But the cause was legitimate. In the next Liberty Loan campaign, per capita subscriptions in country districts rose to twenty-three dollars, and remained there, or above, through all later campaigns.

"TIMELINESS, as a rule, is a prime factor in reader interest. But some items seem to be timely at any time. A big Chicago paper failed financially. The receivers decided to continue operating, hoping to maintain circulation until a buyer could be found. But they insisted that practically no money be spent.

"The editor came to me.

"'Pat,' he said, 'most of my staff are fired, but I've got to get out a paper. What have you got that I can use?'

"Now, we print what I call 'snake stories.' They have some special thrill of human interest: describe a bandit queen; the drug addict who was sentenced to go to church or to jail; the woman whose hair was forcibly bobbed by jealous neighbors; the man who lost his own life saving his dog's—stories like that. Well, this editor dug into the files for 'snake stories.' He picked out dozens. Some of them were five years old. He sprinkled them through his paper; in fact, the first page for weeks was almost entirely made up of them.

"Did this nearly-dead sheet give up the ghost at the dose? Not a bit of it! In fact, it began to live again, actually picking up circulation.

"This work, this job,"—a smile lingered in Mr. Patterson's eyes—"it gets a grip on you. There's a fascination in it. Once the owner of a Southern newspaper asked me to become his editor. He told me to write my own contract, dictate my own terms, formulate my own policies, and name my own salary. I thanked him for the offer, and thought it over seriously; but refused. Later, he asked me why.

"'I'll tell you,' I said. 'I would make more money with you, to be sure. In some ways, the position would be more desirable. But on your paper I'd be talking to one hundred thousand people; here I'm talking to twenty-five million. That opportunity means something. That's why I refused.'"

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Stop Run-over Heels

Keep shoes smart

IT IS the way you *walk* that makes your heels wear crooked, or shoes "run-over"—not the fault of the shoes. It mars your grace and spoils the otherwise good impression your appearance makes.

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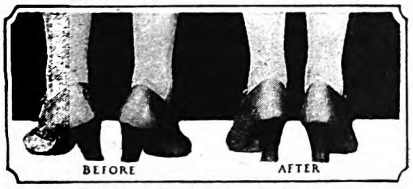

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Quick on the Draw!

(*Continued from page 54*)

my pistol in my right hand, caught him by the collar with my left, and told him he was under arrest. The poor woman whose shopping was rudely interrupted gave me one horrified look, and fainted. The other two customers ran to the street, screaming.

"In broken English, Baca asked where I wanted to take him. I answered 'El Paso,' and led him out of the store. I told him to climb up behind Lloyd. He climbed up. Then I jumped on old Dusty, and we were off.

"As we whirled out of the main street of the little town, spurring our horses to a run, the church bell began to ring rapidly. I could see men running out of the adobe houses, stop in the street, and look in bewilderment at this strange sight of two 'gringoes' on horseback, one with a man behind, racing out of town at breakneck speed. We urged our horses on. Now that the alarm was given, we knew that it would be only a matter of moments before we would be pursued. Also, we wanted to make as much time as possible before we struck the deep sand.

"We reached the sand soon enough, and Lloyd's horse, with its double burden, began to tire. 'My horse is playing out,' said Lloyd.

"'All right, we'll make a change right here,' I answered. We stopped short, Lloyd dismounted with Baca and made him get up behind me. Then Lloyd jumped back on his horse, and we were off.

"We could hear the oncoming posse now, and far down the road could see a cloud of dust. In another minute I distinctly heard the yells of our pursuers and, looking behind, I saw them coming around a bend in the road. I counted nine men.

"When they were within four hundred yards of us, the Mexicans began to shoot, and they kept it up all the way to the river. Their bullets were shelling down pretty thick all the way.

"When we reached the Rio Grande, our pursuers were two hundred yards behind. We took the ford at a sharp trot. The river here is almost a hundred yards wide and only knee deep, so the crossing was not difficult. But it *was* a relief, when our sweating, panting, footsore horses scrambled out of the water onto good old Texas soil. The Mexicans were now lined up on the opposite shore, yelling and taunting us in Spanish. I took off my hat and waved to them. '*Adios!*'"

THE capture had gone through without a hitch, exactly as planned. But Captain Baylor was furious when he learned that Gillett had kidnapped the prisoner from Mexico. He said that such an action was imprudent, and that it would be likely to disturb relations between the United States and Mexico. Finally, he announced, "I have a great mind to take this prisoner across the border and turn him loose."

"If you do that, Captain, I won't range another day," answered Gillett. "This man is a murderer, and he belongs over here, not in Mexico. I've caught him at great risk, and his capture means a lot to me. It may lead to something better than my Ranger sergeantcy."

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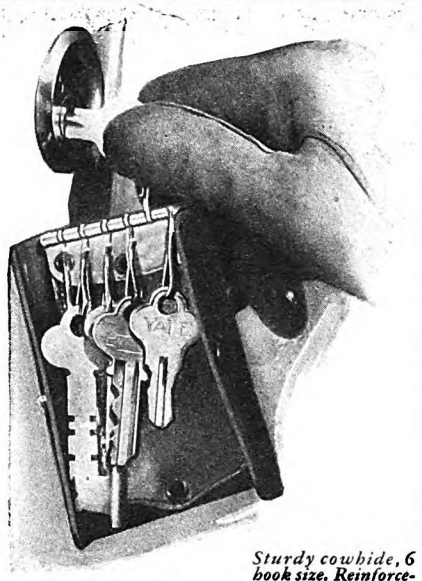

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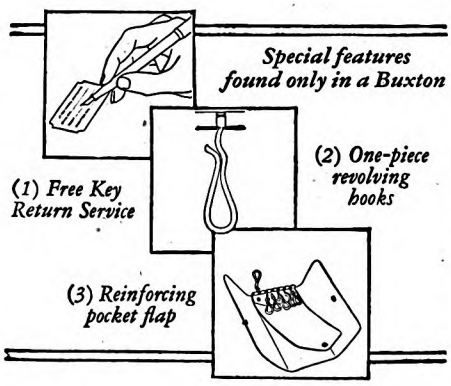

BUXTON
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Eventually, Captain Baylor agreed that Gillett might proceed to New Mexico with his prisoner.

"We left on the northbound stage at eleven A. M.," continued Captain Gillett, "and when we reached El Paso I telegraphed the sheriff of Socorro that I was on my way with Enofre Baca. By sundown we had reached the town of Masilla, in New Mexico. As the stage did not travel after dark, I had the prospect of spending the night in Masilla.

"I was afraid to lodge my prisoner in the local jail. The hotel clerk looked trustworthy, so I took him into my confidence and asked him to give me a room on the ground floor. 'I've got the fellow who killed Conklin,' I told him; 'and I don't want to risk losing him. So I'm going to sleep with him. I'll give you my keys and my guns.'

"The clerk fell in with the plan at once. He said he would be on the job all night and that he would come to my rescue at the first noise.

"So we slept, the murderer and I, in the same bed, with my left foot chained to his right one. There was no disturbance, and I slept fine till daybreak.

"Next day we left Masilla at eight o'clock and rode in the stage until about two in the afternoon, when we reached the railroad. In another hour we were aboard a train bound for Socorro; but we had not traveled far before I received a telegram from the governor of New Mexico saying, 'On no account stop at Socorro, but bring prisoner on to Santa Fé.'

"The train was slow, and it made many stops. Finally, at one place, a dozen armed men came swarming into my coach. They announced that they were from Socorro, and that the deputy sheriff, Colonel Eaton, had sent them to help me escort the Mexican. I told them I could manage him; but they answered, 'Well, we're here to help you,' and they sat down and rode with us the rest of the way.

"IT WAS past midnight when we reached Socorro. Fifteen or twenty more men boarded the coach, led by Colonel Eaton. The deputy sheriff said, 'Well, Sergeant, I'm mighty glad to see you've got this murderer. We'd better get him off. The train'll be starting in a minute.'

"I showed him the governor's telegram. 'Naw, sir!' he answered, decisively. 'This man belongs right here where he committed his devilment.'

"Three men in the crowd grabbed Baca, and I was on my feet in an instant, protesting. The crowd pressed so close that I couldn't draw my six-shooter. 'Come on, Sergeant,' said Colonel Eaton, and with that the crowd simply rushed everything before them, down the aisle, and off the car.

"I held on to Baca, and when we hit the ground, there, right in front of us, was a bus waiting by the railroad, the end door open. I pushed Baca inside, put the jailer in next to him, and then I got in and closed the door. We started up the steep hill for the jail.

"The full moon made everything outside as bright as day. Through the window, I could see men coming from all directions, running toward our bus, which was laboriously creaking up the hill. All at once some men ran forward and grabbed our horses.

"I cocked my rifle. 'Those fellows are going to try to take this Mexican,' I said to the jailer. 'You're an officer—can I depend on you?' The jailer muttered, 'Naw, we can't fight that mob.'

"By now, other men were at the door, trying to force it. I jumped up, and as the door burst open, I stuck the business end of my Winchester through the opening and yelled for the mob to stand back.

"'I'll shoot the first one that touches this prisoner,' I said.

"A second later, one of the mob reached around from the side of the bus, grabbed the barrel of my rifle, and with a jerk sent it spinning. Another man made a grab for me as I was reaching for my six-shooter. I braced myself against the frame of the bus, but a hand in my collar and a swift jerk sent me spinning to the ground.

"Before I could clamber to my feet, another member of the mob kicked me. 'What the devil do you mean, young feller?' said the man, helping me rise. 'We're not here to hurt you, but we're going to hang that murderer, and do it right now!'

"'BUT, gentlemen,' I protested, 'listen to me! I'm the man that captured this prisoner, and I've got some rights. I demand that you hear me.'

"Then I told them the circumstances of the capture, pointed out that I had risked my life, urged that it was a matter of conscience with me to deliver him to jail, suggested that I might be unable to collect my reward if I merely surrendered my man to a mob, and I called on them to disperse and let me proceed with my prisoner in accordance with the law.

"There was a brief consultation among the leaders, and then they announced that I was right. They handed me my rifle, and I climbed back into the bus, and we rode on to the jail without further incident. At the jail I escorted my prisoner inside and turned him over to the deputy sheriff, who immediately gave me a receipt for Enofre Baca delivered alive within the jail.

"Day was breaking as I came out of the iron-barred door, expecting to go to the hotel and get a little rest. But there in front was the waiting mob, bigger than ever. I stopped on the steps, and began to speak to them. I was immediately interrupted with hoots and yells. Several loud voices from the mob invited me to come on down to the community room if I had anything to say. I agreed, and we started off. But we had hardly traversed the block before the whole mob turned back and ran toward the jail. I ran after them, but two men put their hands on my arm and said, 'It's no use, old man; nobody can stop them.'

"In a few moments, I saw the mob moving from the jail to a nearby corral. The gate to the corral had posts ten feet high which were joined at the top by a cross beam. I saw the end of a rope thrown over this cross-beam. Then I saw half a dozen men grab hold of the rope and run rapidly to one side. The other end was tied around the neck of Baca—and there he was, swinging from the cross-beam!

"That is the only contact I ever had with a lynching. No man ever deserved punishment more than this young outlaw, for his crime was brutal and unprovoked—but I detest lynching.

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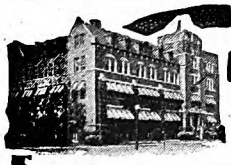

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"A few weeks after my return to the Ranger camp, the Socorro citizens committee sent word that a member of the Baca family had hired a gunman to assassinate me, and they cautioned me to be on guard. It was also common talk on our side of the Rio Grande that a reward of fifteen hundred dollars had been offered for the delivery of my body to the Mexican authorities at El Paso del Norte.

"Nothing ever happened to confirm these rumors. But the Mexican Government did make a complaint to the United States Government, and the Secretary of State in Washington called upon the Texas authorities for a full report of the incident. Captain Baylor wrote the report. All that ever came of it was an order from the governor that Rangers were never again to follow fugitives into Mexico.

"However, not all the outlaws on the Rio Grande border were Mexicans. We had plenty of our own breed. Maybe I can best give you an idea of those times and conditions," continued Captain Gillett, "by recalling a page of local history which I saw and took part in making.

"Early in 1881 the town of El Paso began to boom. Three railroads were building toward her, ranches were developing, and her strategic position on the Mexican border at the meeting point of three states marked her as a future metropolis. Adventurers flocked in, some of them on legitimate business, others to pick up easy money in easy ways. Within a few months, the number of saloons and gambling halls multiplied many times.

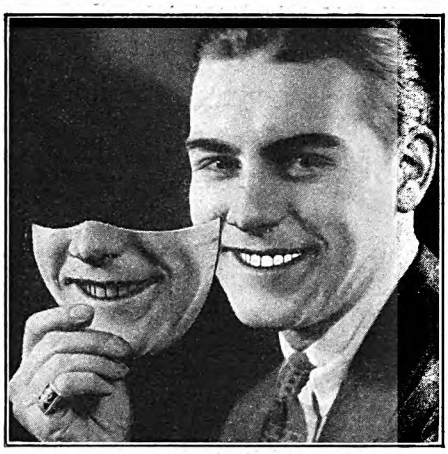
"George Campbell, the city marshal, soon perceived that he had a job on his hands, and he applied to the city council for a raise in pay. His request was refused, and Campbell resigned, leaving his deputy, Bill Johnson, to hold the bag.

"It was said that Campbell did not expect Johnson to be able to manage the job. His idea was that in a few weeks the council would come to him and offer him the office back on his own terms. But the council did not reopen negotiations with Campbell. When he saw that he was not going to be urged to resume his office he organized a group of his more boisterous friends, and at their head rode through the streets at two A. M., shooting up the town. It was a wild night; several hundred shots were fired, and the peace-loving element among the citizens was much alarmed.

"Our Ranger camp was at Ysleta, twelve miles south of El Paso, and early next morning a courier came with an urgent call from the mayor. The mayor wanted us to police the town until he could get a new marshal. Captain Baylor ordered five men to go to El Paso and take charge.

"THE Rangers had been in control about a week when a stranger arrived from New Mexico. His name was Dallas Stoudenmire. I have never seen a more impressive figure. He was six feet two inches tall, weighed a hundred and eighty-five pounds, and was a striking blond, with a long light mustache. He was always neatly dressed, and invariably wore a black long-tailed coat. He looked like a judge or a professional man.

"This stranger applied to the city



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council for the job of city marshal, and was hired. He promptly called upon Bill Johnson, the deputy, for the jail keys. Johnson refused to hand them over. Stoudenmire seized Johnson by the collar, gave him a violent shaking, and took the keys from his pocket.

"A few days later, a ranchman named Johnnie Hale killed a man on El Paso Street in the presence of a small crowd which had gathered to listen to their dispute. Marshal Stoudenmire was on the scene before the smoke cleared away. He pulled his six-shooter, and at the first shot killed a Mexican, took another shot and killed Hale, and then turned quickly and put his third bullet through the head of George Campbell, the ex-marshal, who had a pistol in his hand when he fell.

"Three killings with three shots was a record, even for El Paso, and Dallas Stoudenmire leaped into the limelight, the most-talked-of man on the border.

"But his skillful shooting made him enemies. Especially did he incur the hatred of the Manning brothers, who were friends of Campbell and Hale. The brothers, Jim and Frank, were the proprietors of several places of business, and the Coliseum Theatre. There was also another brother, a physician, Dr. G. F. Manning.

"Men who wanted to get rid of Stoudenmire now rigged up a plot to kill him, and as their instrument they used Bill Johnson, the deputy whom Stoudenmire had shaken up and dispossessed of the jail keys. One night, as Stoudenmire came down the street, Bill Johnson rose from behind a pile of brick and fired both barrels of his shotgun at the marshal. Stoudenmire pulled his six-shooter and fairly riddled Johnson's body with lead. Other plotters were hidden across the street, and they now opened fire on the marshal. He turned on them, and though they wounded him slightly in the foot, he put the entire gang to flight.

"BY THIS time, I had left the Ranger service and had taken a job with the Santa Fé Railroad Company, as chief guard in their campaign against train-robber gangs. One day Stoudenmire asked me to be his deputy marshal. I told him that the Santa Fé was paying me one hundred and fifty dollars a month. 'Well, I can pay you that, Jim,' he answered, 'and in addition you'll get your fees for making arrests.' He urged me to come with him, and soon I resigned my railroad position and became Stoudenmire's assistant.

"Things went along fairly smoothly for several weeks. Then one day Stoudenmire announced to me that he was going away to get married, and would leave me in charge of the town. Two days after he left, I was suddenly stricken with a violent fever and had to go to bed.

"Stoudenmire had a brother-in-law in El Paso. As soon as he heard that I was sick in bed, this brother-in-law stuck two large pistols in the front pockets of his pants, took several drinks of liquor, and loudly announced that he was going over to the Coliseum Theatre and 'clean up the Mannings.' Word of this must have traveled ahead of him, for after he entered the Manning theatre he lasted less than a minute.

"When Stoudenmire returned from his honeymoon and learned that his brother-in-law had been shot down, he was in a

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rage. The bartender at the theatre did the killing, but Jim Manning assumed responsibility for it, and Stoudenmire vowed vengeance. 'If the Mannings are looking for trouble, they can have it,' he said. Conditions became so tense that a pitched battle was daily expected. Finally, some of the leading citizens of El Paso appointed a committee to wait on the Mannings and on Stoudenmire, and implore them to patch up their grievance. As a result of this plea, the four men eventually signed a written statement in which they agreed, 'that we will meet and pass each other on peaceable terms, and that bygones shall be bygones.'

"AFTER this, there was a semblance of peace; but it was plain that each side mistrusted the other. Stoudenmire was still a power in the city. His very presence on the street insured order, for the outlaw element feared his uncanny skill with a pistol. But this veiled enmity with the Mannings, this armed peace, wore upon his nerves. He became quarrelsome and overbearing.

"Finally, the city council asked him to resign. I was with him in the council chamber when he unpinned his badge, and handed it to the councilmen with a biting, scathing speech. 'You have failed to stand by me,' he said, after a torrent of accusations.

"I was appointed marshal immediately, and one of the first to wish me well was Stoudenmire. 'Young man, I congratulate you,' he said; 'and at the same time warn you that you've got more than a man-size job on your hands.'

"What he said was literally true—it *was* more than a man-size job. I was twenty-five years old when I took that office. And as I recall my three years as El Paso's marshal, I can look back through a kaleidoscope of Winchesters and six-shooters. Every day there was trouble. In ten months, I arrested ten hundred and sixty-four men for murder and other crimes, and I haven't count of the thousands I pacified and sent home.

"Stoudenmire was not long out of a job. Within a few days he was appointed United States deputy marshal for the western district of Texas. His headquarters remained in El Paso. He always treated me with the greatest friendliness, and on only one occasion gave trouble. That was one night when he and one of his chums were drinking and quarreled. I got wind of the row and started for them with a sawed-off shotgun, arriving just as they were going into action with pistols. They each paid a fine next morning, and that ended the affair.

"Several months passed. Stoudenmire went to New Mexico on a business trip. Returning, he reached El Paso after midnight. As he passed down the street from the depot, he stopped at one of the Manning places. What he said there was never known, but when I went on the street early next morning the first person I met was Stoudenmire. I could see that he had been on a spree, and I advised him to go home.

"When Jim and Frank Manning came to their place of business next morning, they were told that Dallas Stoudenmire had been there looking for them. They were mad in a minute. Jim Manning picked up his gun and hurried down to

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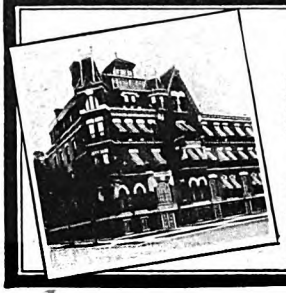

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Neal Nuland's Acme saloon, Stoudenmire had broken his agreement, and that he meant to [illegible] out with him.

"At this time, Stoudenmire was sound asleep at his home; but along in the [illegible]dle of the afternoon, he appeared at the Acme. Neal Nuland was an old friend, and Stoudenmire often dropped in there to see him. Neal immediately began to upbraid his friend for hunting the Mannings. Stoudenmire said that he had not hunted them. He claimed that he had merely stopped in as a customer.

"He seemed much concerned over the accusation that he had broken his agreement. 'I'll go right over there now and explain this to the Manning boys,' he said, 'because I don't want them to think I went back on my signed promise.' He asked one of his friends to accompany him, and the two went to the Manning place.

"As they entered, Jim Manning was at the bar, and Dr. G. F. Manning was playing billards. The other brother was not in sight. 'Somebody has been telling lies on me, Jim,' began Stoudenmire, 'and I've come to explain to you boys. Where's Frank?'

"Jim answered that Frank was next door, and volunteered to call him. 'Yes, I wish you would, Jim,' said Stoudenmire.

"Jim had hardly disappeared when Doctor Manning threw down his billiard cue with a loud whack, walked up to Stoudenmire, and said, 'Dallas, you have not stuck to your agreement.'

"The tall Stoudenmire looked down upon the short Doctor Manning for a moment, and answered, 'Whoever says that tells a damn lie.'

"IF THERE is another word that has caused more bloodshed and death on the border than that little word 'lie,' I don't know it. To call a man a liar was the most effective way of challenging him to a shooting affray.

"Doctor Manning jerked out his six-shooter and Stoudenmire pulled his. The friend who had accompanied Stoudenmire yelled for the two men to stop. But they were not to be stopped. Manning fired first. His .44 caliber bullet hit Stoudenmire in the breast but it was caught by a thick wallet of papers in his pocket. Manning fired again, and slightly wounded Stoudenmire in the left arm and breast.

"By now Stoudenmire had his .45 six-shooter in action, and his shot hit Doctor Manning in the right arm. The shock caused Manning to drop his gun. Before Stoudenmire could fire again, Doctor Manning leaped upon him and grabbed him around the body, imprisoning his arms.

"A terrible struggle ensued. Stoudenmire was trying to shake off the clench that rendered his pistol useless; Manning was trying with all his might to hold on. As they struggled, they waltzed around the floor and out through the door onto the sidewalk.

"I was standing in the entrance of a store talking with one of Captain Baylor's Rangers when I heard the first crack of a pistol. I guessed that the long-expected fight was on. The Ranger and I raced down the street. We heard the other two shots as we ran, and we bowled into dozens of people who were running away from the shooting.

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when we were within twenty-five yards of the struggling men, Jim Manning came hurriedly out of the door of the gambling room. His pistol was leveled as he came. Without a second's pause, he fired at Stoudenmire's head. The bullet missed, struck a barber pole, and smashed one side of it to splinters. Doctor Manning still had the struggling Stoudenmire in his clinch, so Jim Manning had to be careful lest he hit his brother. Quicker than it takes to tell it, he leveled his gun for a second shot. When he fired, Stoudenmire just crumpled."

"Doctor Manning lay on the ground, bloody from head to foot. I told Jim Manning he was under arrest. 'All right, Marshal,' he said; 'but please help me to get my brother inside. I'm afraid he's dead.' We examined Doctor Manning, and found that he had fainted from the excitement and from loss of blood. (He recovered and lived to a ripe old age.) Just then a deputy sheriff came up, and I turned my prisoner over to his custody.

"I went back to Stoudenmire's body. He lay within fifty feet of the spot where he had killed Campbell, Hale, and the Mexican in that first shooting scrape which had brought him fame for his brilliant gunmanship. I picked up his bloody pistol in the street, and in his hip pocket I found its twin—he always carried two.

"Stoudenmire is the nearest I ever saw to a two-gun man, for I have seen him draw two pistols at once, though he fired them singly. However, in his critical fights he pulled and used only one six-shooter.

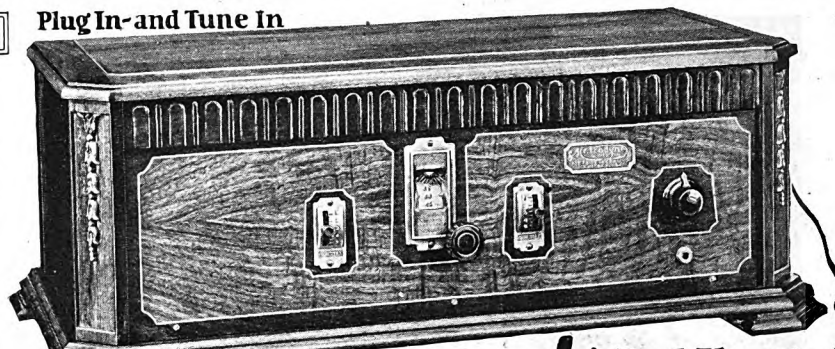
"Jim Manning was indicted for murder, tried and acquitted. And that ended one page in the history of the Texas border."

Gillett remained city marshal of El Paso until 1885, when he resigned to go into the cattle business. He had already invested twelve hundred and twenty-five dollars' savings in cattle, and had a herd of one hundred head. He now went into partnership with one of his ex-Ranger friends, and together they developed a small ranch. Eventually, Gillett bought out his partner, enlarged his herd under his own name, and in 1907 bought his present property near Marfa—the Barrel Springs Ranch.

To meet Captain Gillett to-day on this modern ranch, where white-faced Herefords graze over a range of thirty thousand acres, you would scarcely imagine him as the Indian fighter of the border and the intrepid peace officer of Ranger days and of El Paso's booming 80's. But friends who knew him then tell me that he hasn't changed much; he was always soft-spoken, they say; his brown eyes were always friendly and confiding, his manner always hospitable.

Does a politician have an easy row to hoe? Read Brand Whitlock's article next month on "What a Man in Politics is Up Against." For four terms Brand Whitlock served as mayor of Toledo; and his work during the war, while he was minister to Belgium, won him the admiration of the world. Whitlock knows politics, he knows politicians, and he writes with the skill and artistry of a man who is sure of his subject.

Plug In-and Tune In



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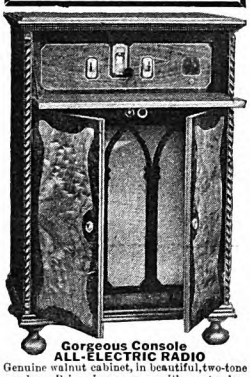

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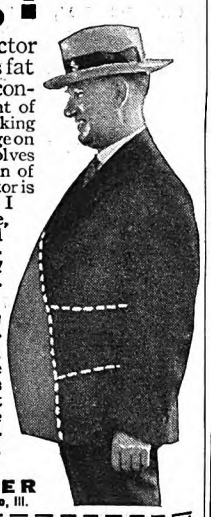

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Here is the very course you need if you want to get a good paying position as a Show Card Letterer or Sign Letterer, or have a business of your own. This course is complete and practical and especially arranged to meet the needs of the student who studies at home. It was written by E. L. Koller, Principal of the International School of Art, member of the American Federation of Arts, and The National Society of Craftsmen.

H. L. Wood, a clerk, made more than $700 "on the side" before he had completed this course and also won $125 in prizes. Harry Lord writes that he has more than doubled his salary as a result of studying in spare time. William Whitman, a former wagon builder, now has a sign painting business of his own and is earning *three times* as much as he did before enrolling with the International School of Art.

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PINAUD'S LILAC

[*Lilas de France*]

"To Grow an' Grow Forever 'n' Ever!"

(*Continued from page 25*)

my grocery bills rarely exceeded eight dollars a month."

For four years he preached there, and in those years the number of his churches grew to seventeen. In addition, he offered his services for three mornings a week to the Clay County High School at Ashland, and was made professor of English without pay.

It was a life as crowded with useful activities and good deeds as ever his mother had pictured it to the rapt little boy beside her, and in it he found complete happiness. Then, with the suddenness of a bolt from the blue, his ministerial work was brought to an end by the development of throat trouble, which proved so serious that he was compelled to give up the ministry.

"But though I could no longer preach, I could still work for the things in which I believed," he said.

"During the term of my pastorate, I had necessarily learned to know every man, woman, and child living among the hills of Clay County. I loved these people greatly, and had looked forward to spending my life among them; but I was especially drawn to the children and young people. Of these I found that an appalling number had no education whatever; others had attended only a few sessions of the short-term elementary schools.

"To these children, education seemed a doorway beyond which lay all opportunity. It represented to them their one means of conquering the poverty and hardships of their lives, and their yearning for it was like physical pain. 'Ef I jes' had schoolin' I wouldn't ask nothin' of nobody!' a wistful little boy, typical of many, burst forth, one day, as we touched upon this agitating topic. I knew something of the ache of that longing; and often I had thought that the greatest work which anybody, minister or layman, could accomplish there in those mountains would be to make it possible for these children to get an education. I now resolved that this work should be mine."

APPLYING for a position in the Clay County High School at Ashland he was made principal. He at once set about putting his school within reach of every child who could possibly come to it. As a first step in this direction, he rearranged his sessions so that the vacation time coincided with the busy farming months of early spring and summer. "For agriculture was the sole industry of this section," he explained, "and practically every child of high-school age worked in the fields."

Next he went through the mountains of the county on a recruiting expedition for pupils, seeking out every isolated shack where lived a boy or girl who, having attended a few sessions of the short-term elementary schools, was eligible for the next upward step.

Sitting about the doorways of these mountain cabins, he would discuss with the parents ways and means by which they could manage to send their sons and daughters to Ashland. "And as we talked,' he said, "the young people whose fates were in the balance, barefoot and clad in garments of homespun—which sometimes they had woven themselves on hand looms in their cabins—would draw near and listen, their eyes starry with visions."

Returning to Ashland, he canvassed the town for boarding places where bright young pupils, poor in worldly goods, but richer than Crœsus in ambition, could afford to live while they acquired knowledge.

"Stirred by the stories of these boys and girls," he resumed, "well-to-do families of that warm-hearted little town opened their doors and took in numbers of them as guests. Others charged only enough to cover the actual cost of the food. And still others agreed to accept, in lieu of money, farm products in sufficient quantities to counterbalance the appetite of a growing young student. In short, the whole village became a boarding-house, and down from the hills swarmed between three hundred and fifty and four hundred boys and girls, impatient to begin their thrilling progress along the high road that led to learning.

"I KNEW nothing, at this time, of methods of education," Mr. Sutton stated, "nor was I even particularly interested in these. My one purpose was to try to fit my school to the needs of these mountain children.

"Therefore, when a boy expressed a desire to learn bookkeeping or stenography or typewriting, giving as his reason, 'It would come in mighty handy if I ever get to college,' or a girl thought it would be a good thing if she knew how to make her own clothes or to cook properly, we held a faculty meeting to decide which of us was most competent to teach this branch of knowledge. And the one who was added it to his schedule. If a student didn't seem able to get the hang of a subject, his instructor took him in hand and wrestled with him, never giving up until light dawned. When that moment arrived, it would have been difficult to say which was the more jubilant, teacher or pupil.

"'P'fessor, I bleeve I'll bust if I don't let out a shout or two,' said a boy on one of these occasions.

"'Same here,' chuckled the teacher, and together they made the welkin ring.

"Our school was poor in equipment, having no laboratory or tools or maps, and no money with which to buy these things," Mr. Sutton went on. "But the mountains were full of minerals, and we went out and dug these up and studied them. We had all the land and rocks that we could use, and of these we made gigantic maps. We made one map of the United States that covered six acres. Upon it we outlined the great railway systems, and some of the enterprising students built miniature trains and set them upon the tracks and placed tiny ships along the coast in the white paths of steamers. 'I sure know this country,' one of the boys remarked, when this model was completed. 'I bet you couldn't lose me in it.'

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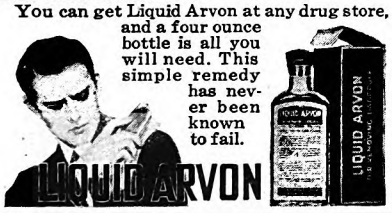
There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.



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"The subject which seemed to me of most vital importance to these young people was farming. Every plan affecting their existence hinged upon the success or failure of the crops.

"'All of you boys and girls have got to make the money for your education,' I said to them, one day, 'and you've got to make it out of the soil. Therefore, don't you think it would be the sensible thing for us to learn everything we can about this subject—become such expert farmers that we can take a few acres and by careful cultivation make them yield the harvest of many?'

"They thought so unanimously. 'You'll sure have your hands full, Preacher,' commented one of the boys, dryly, 'if you start out teachin' us farmin'.'"

WELL, that was what Willis Sutton wanted. So he made a school project of each pupil's farm work, and the entire student body launched out into scientific agriculture.

"Even those parents—and they were the rare exceptions—who would never hear to their children's going to school, feeling that it was a 'bardacious' waste of time and money, raised no objections to my teaching them farming," continued Mr. Sutton. "'Some sense in that,' they granted. A close-fisted old farmer, who was of this number, had previously informed me that his sons belonged to him till they were twenty-one, 'An' hain't nobody goin' tek em away fum me a day sooner,' he declared, with fire in his eyes. Now, however, he not only consented to my teaching the oldest boy, Sam, 'anything I mout know 'bout farmin',' but he even agreed that the boy should have all he made over and above what he considered an extra good harvest. This agreement, though, he considered a great joke. 'If he kin beat that,' he chuckled, 'he's welcome.'

"But the boy saw in this contract the opportunity of a lifetime. 'I'm aimin' to buy my freedom from the ole man,' he confided to me cheerfully. And after several years, he did just that. He learned to farm so well that he was able to hire a man to work in his place during the spring and autumn, while he went through school and college, paying all of his own expenses."

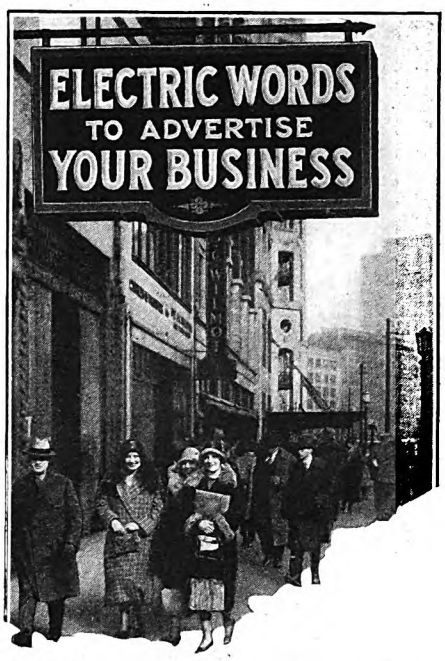
During the week-ends the principal of the Clay County High School got in his buggy and drove through the mountains to see about those children who were not in school. Often parents would send for him to discuss this important matter. A little boy trudged twenty miles over the hills to talk with him. "Me an' Ma can't stand fer me to grow up in igrunce," he said.

"Is there anything she can do to make a little money?" he was asked.

"She could make a sight of money if she jes' had a sewing machine," the boy replied eagerly.

The professor went to see the mother and found her equally confident, and two weeks later a highly varnished golden-oak machine was borne up the mountains in an ox-cart, and in its place a brand-new little scholar traveled down to Ashland.

As Mr. Sutton's throat grew stronger, he began to speak in the churches where once he had preached, only now his text was always education.



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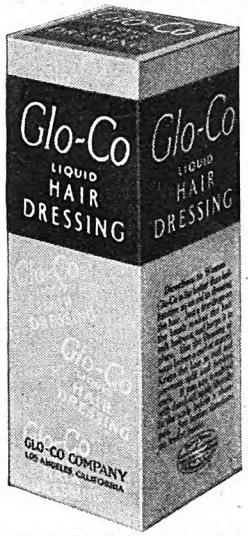

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WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS

One summer, there was a big camp-meeting in the mountains, and at the end of one of the services he was allowed to give a brief talk on this subject. "When it was over," he related, "as I was making my way through the hundreds of wagons, buggies, and old-fashioned vehicles of all kinds that were parked about the meeting place, I came upon a boy who was crying, and vastly ashamed of being caught at it. I stopped to inquire the cause of his grief, and he informed me that they got to talking about 'schoolin'' in the church. 'Hain't nothin' upsets me like that,' he blurted out, and added, desperately, 'Cause I hain't got no chance.'

"'Why haven't you?' I demanded. 'Everybody has a chance!'

"He shook his head. 'We-uns hain't,' he said positively.

"'Look here,' I exclaimed, impulsively, after I had talked with him some minutes, 'I'm going home with you.'

"Consternation showed in his face. 'You can't,' he discouraged me. 'Wouldn't be no place for you to sleep.'

"I WAS determined, however, and, seeing that he couldn't shake me off, he finally accepted a seat in my buggy and showed me the way.

"The house in which he lived was a flimsy shack of two rooms with a sloping shed in the rear. There were thirteen children in the family, which was poorer than almost any I had encountered in the mountains. The father was dissipated and shiftless; but the mother was a woman of fine character and some education. That night, after most of her big family had gone to sleep, I had a talk with her about this boy, David.

"'Could you and your husband contribute anything toward sending David to school?' I asked.

"She looked long at her little son, listening with his soul in his eyes, and shook her head. 'We ain't got nothin' to give,' she told me sorrowfully.

"'Suppose I lend him the money—would you let him go back with me?' I suggested, for no man alive could have abandoned that boy to the fate that already overshadowed him.

"She laughed excitedly, 'Nobody couldn't keep him from it,' she declared. For an instant, David's face was like the sun, then the brightness faded.

"'Wouldn't be no way to pay it back,' he said dully.

"'There'd be no hurry about that,' I explained. 'You can do it when you are grown.'

"'I know David'll do it if he lives,' broke in his mother.

"So we sealed the bargain, and I took David home with me. He went in his rough overalls, with never a pair of shoes to his name; but if anyone had suggested to him that life lacked anything to make it absolutely perfect, he wouldn't have believed it!

"After he was graduated from the Clay County school, David went to college in Atlanta and from there to a medical school in Tennessee. I lent him in all about sixteen hundred dollars, and long ago he paid me the last penny of this, with interest. Not only that, but he has educated seven of his brothers and sisters, and has lifted his entire family to a position of self-respect and comfort. For

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I OWE no bills and have never before been so happy. I am sure you know how much an unpaid dentist or doctor bill or any bill can worry one! I've had plenty of them lately but now—

"I am banking money—I have $57 saved! This may seem a small amount to you, but truly it looks like a thousand dollars to me for I've never been able to save a penny until now.

"You should see the smart dress I purchased for myself—the cunning rompers for Junior, the smart little dress I have made for Sister.

"My earnings as a member of our Club have made all these things possible. Indeed I often wonder how in the world I ever managed to keep house without the five and ten dollar bills I now earn so easily and in just a few hours' time doing our delightful work.

"I am so grateful to you and I hope this letter will in some way reach the many thousands of women who need money."

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DOESN'T Mrs. M. B. S.—arouse your interest—inspire you to look into this Club of ours?

Surely you cannot have missed our talks here in The American Magazine, telling of our more than ten thousand happy members who are earning money working in their spare time.

Ours is really hour-a-day work, for all our members are busy folks who can only snatch an hour here or a few minutes there and yet many of them are making as much money as the woman who goes to business every day.

So if you are longing for your own money—write today. I am sure you are interested and I shall welcome you heartily. Our work is so pleasant that you will actually enjoy doing it. And just think of it, you'll make all the money you want and need, too!

Margaret Clarke

Secretary Pin Money Club
The American Magazine
Department M
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PETROLEUM JELLY

the past few years, he has been at the head of an excellent hospital in the South.

"As a safe and sound business proposition," Mr. Sutton exclaimed, "I heartily recommend to the hard-boiled capitalist that of making loans to boys and girls eating their hearts out for an education—almost any boy or girl, with this burning ambition. The payments may be slow in coming in at first, but they are sure in the end—surer by far than any other financial venture of which I have any knowledge."

But Mr. Sutton's interest in children was not to be limited by the boundaries of Clay County. Soon he was making pilgrimages into the mountains beyond, and, after a time, he was devoting his summers to exploring the Talladegas. His objective was at least to establish in each little cove and valley one of the short-term elementary schools. Wherever he went, a new and wonderful hope stirred in the hearts of young folks, shut away from the world of opportunity. Here at their doors, miraculously, was one who cared what became of them, who was not concerned merely that they should go to heaven when they died, but that they should make the most of their lives on earth.

His activities became known among educators throughout the South, and in 1912 he was put at the head of the agricultural schools in the mountainous region of northeastern Alabama.

With six other men eager to blot out illiteracy in the Talladegas, he organized a whirlwind campaign, and during one summer he established sixty-seven elementary schools in those parts. To educate the children of the mountains had become a passion with him, and he was resolved to devote his life to it. But in his zeal, he refused to give in to fatigue, or to admit the need of rest, and the result was a physical breakdown which put an end to his work in the mountains, and left his dreams for the young people of those hills to be worked out by others.

It was thought, at this time, that he would never be able to engage in active work again, and the doctors sentenced him to an indefinite period of idleness and quiet. When at the end of six months, he was offered a position as head of the English department of Tech High, the largest public school for boys in Atlanta, he threw discretion to the winds and promptly accepted it. "I felt that this would allow me as much rest as I could endure," he observed.

IT WAS impossible, however, for him to be with young folks without becoming absorbed in them, and soon he was as deeply engrossed in plans for the youths of Tech High as ever he had been for the children of the Talladegas.

After two years, during which his health was entirely restored, he was made principal of this school, and when three years later he resigned to become head of the public school system of the city, the attendance of Tech High had grown, under his guidance, from 160 to 1,892. Women living in other sections of the town begged to have their sons transferred to this academy. The principal, they explained, had an extraordinary knowledge of what went on in the heart of a boy, and unfailing sympathy with what he found there.

"Oh but you're not fat!"

That is what Mrs. Houghton used to protest to friends who insisted that she eat sweets with them. Last year she weighed 268 pounds. (See picture above.) Now she weighs 160 pounds (a loss of 108), *without giving up sweets.*

This picture was taken in 1927—the same woman as above. If you wish to write her, her address is: Mrs. R. J. Houghton, 325 Cliff Drive, Logansport, Indiana.

Many overweight people think they're "made that way" and that it's dangerous to try to reduce.

—But just suppose—

You could be sure beyond the shadow of a doubt, that you would lose all the pounds you wanted to lose—
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—without causing your face to become haggard or wrinkled
—without hunger

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Delle Ross knows the chemistry of foods and furthermore knows the infinite variations demanded by different individuals. She studies your peculiar difficulties, your tastes, your habits, your likes and dislikes, from a confidential questionnaire which you fill out upon enrollment. Then she selects the foods you like best and builds around them menus which make new combinations—different from your present habits, but far more healthful. The results begin to show almost immediately. Students usually report some loss of weight after the first day.

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Frank C. Clark
Times Building New York

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"Most of us older people," he went on, "make the mistake of imagining that in dealing with youth we are dealing with inferiors, whereas the very reverse is probably true. Practically all parents, in discussing their children with me, speak of them as if they were lovable, irresponsible young creatures, who, they hope, will become something some day, but are not as yet real people. It does not seem to occur to them that the characters and personalities of these boys and girls might be as positive and pronounced as their own.

"In our schools, we say over and over to our pupils: 'You are intelligent, responsible human beings, and we expect of you exactly what we would expect of all such persons, whatever their age.' And we always add this: 'Whatever is important in the world for grown people to know, is important for you, for you are a part of it all. There is no gulf between school and life. Your education continues until the end of your days. That's what makes it so splendid—as long as you live you can grow. Your seat here is your present office, and the work you do is as important, as rich in returns, as that of the biggest business man in the city. You are now learning to familiarize yourselves with the tools of knowledge, tools which, a little later, you will put to practical use.'"

IN THE past seven years, Mr. Sutton has linked up every part of Atlanta with the public schools. There is no industry or business corporation, no department of city or state that is not made to contribute its share to the education of the child. Great manufacturing plants, commercial houses, law courts, municipal and state offices, all throw wide their doors on occasions, so that multitudes of children—the men and women of to-morrow and the day after—may come in, begin to measure these things with their clear young eyes, and consider whether, when they are grown, they would care to be a part of these undertakings. The best lawyers, doctors, ministers, business men put aside from their crowded lives sufficient time to go to the schools and talk to the children, tell them about their professions and what each means to the man who follows it.

"During the years that I was with Tech High, I specialized in boyology," Mr. Sutton told me, "And by this I mean the science of the all-'round human boy.

"As a teacher, I didn't see how I was to do anything very much for my pupils unless I knew them, learned what kinds of human beings they were, and how to appeal to them individually. Therefore, I set myself the task of acquiring this information. As the best and quickest means to this end, I formed the habit of taking groups of them off with me on hikes and picnics during the week-ends, and in vacation time I accompanied them to their summer camps in the mountains.

"On these outings, we would tramp the country 'round for miles, swim the cold, invigorating lakes and rivers of north Georgia, cook our meals over beds of glowing coals, play, joke, get rid of all our pent-up energy, forget that I was a teacher and they my pupils. And in the course of the fine, informal comradeship

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engendered by this healthy outdoor life even the most reticent youngster was bound to forget himself so far as to open his heart and speak of the things that meant most to him.

"Nothing is so fascinating as to study a normal, intelligent boy, from all sides, in this fashion—find out what he thinks about, what he knows, what he is. And then, having got his content, to set about enriching it, broadening his horizon, elevating his ideals, helping him to get his values straight, to distinguish between the things of importance and those that are not worth while; aiding him to understand himself, to find his place in life, and to begin fitting him for it. With wise and sympathetic guidance there is almost nothing that cannot be made of such a boy. And to watch him develop, in character and soul, brain and body, is like witnessing the working of a miracle.

"WITH the high-school youth, all topics lead inevitably to the absorbing one of 'What am I going to be when I am grown?' And sometimes, as we lay sprawled upon the grass about a blazing fire, matching stories of our earliest recollections, or of those incidents which stood out like mile posts down the long years of childhood and youth, these research expeditions, within ourselves, would clear the air surprisingly for a boy. Through them, he would be made aware of some talent or interest, the importance of which to himself he had not guessed.

"'Have a purpose in life,' I preached continually to these young people, 'It will give meaning and beauty to existence.'

"'Work tenaciously at whatever you undertake; but the moment you find that you are not growing in that work, give it up and get into something that will allow you to develop. The largest salary in the world is not sufficient compensation for work in which you cannot grow. In school, when you master one subject you go on to something higher. It should be the same with work, for life was not meant to be stagnation but a glorious progression.'

"'Whatever you will to do,' I assured my students, 'you can do.' And they saw the truth of this too frequently demonstrated in the lives about them to doubt it. For in every school, there is to be found some boy or girl who triumphs over all obstacles—ill health, physical disabilities, povery, unhappy home conditions—as if these were merely handicaps placed upon them to keep them from winning too easily. Courage, Pluck, Grit, these are the middle names of youth.

"When my school grew beyond the possibility of my establishing these close contacts with all my pupils," he continued, "I made lists of the questions I had found most helpful in giving me a line on a boy, and submitted them to all the students, asking them to fill them out as fully as possible, and let me have them again.

"In these very personal questionnaires, I not only sought to learn all that I could about the boy's home and interests, the subjects that most occupied his thoughts, the books he liked best, the amusements and occupations he enjoyed, but I also wanted to know what his religious beliefs were, and if he still said his prayers. I inquired particularly about the sorts of

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boys he selected for his friends, and even went so far as to ask the name of his best girl—though this information, I promised, should be held strictly confidential. I wished his private opinion about himself: was he alert and ambitious, or procrastinating and lazy, generous or stingy, even-tempered or fractious? 'What quality of greatness appeals most to you?' I asked, and, 'What is your idea of success?'"

"What was their idea of success?" I interrupted.

He went to his files, took out a number of the questionnaires and read me the definitions. "To win out above hardships, and in everything to acquit yourself proudly. This is what success means to me," a sixteen-year-old lad had written. "If at the end of my life I could feel that I had won the love and respect of men, women, and children, and that I deserved to win them, I'd feel I had made a pretty good job of it," another had summed it up. "I don't think any man is a success," wrote a third, "unless he lives in such a way that his life is a help and inspiration to others."

"These answers don't tally very well with the general opinion of modern youth," I ejaculated.

"Neither do my experiences with young people," Mr. Sutton returned.

"BUT of the many questions I asked them," he resumed, "the one which proved most far-reaching in its results was: 'Of all the people you know, whom do you consider the finest man in the world?'

"The answer to this gave me a most illuminating picture of that boy's ambitions and dreams. Here in flesh and blood was his ideal, the sort of man he longed to be when he was grown.

"There is no influence on earth so powerful in the life of a young person as the example of one whom he deeply admires and respects. I determined to try to use this great power in my pupils' behalf. Therefore, I wrote to the men these boys named and told them of the honor paid them.

"The human being doesn't live," observed Mr. Sutton, "who wouldn't be touched by so sincere and disinterested a tribute. And in replying, practically every man asked me to let him know if he could ever do anything for that boy. I took this request literally, and later, when one of my pupils got into any difficulty, seemed to be losing interest in his studies, or began going with hurtful companions, I wrote to the man who occupied this unique place in his life, told him of it, and asked if he could manage to see his young friend and have a talk with him. Invariably, the men were glad to do this. And the effect upon the boy was nothing short of magical. 'The finest man in the world thinks I am worth taking an interest in. Gee! I'll show him he is not far wrong!'

"But the friendships between these two did not end here. The man kept his young protégé in mind, had many talks with him about the work he wanted to do after he finished school. And when that time arrived, in numberless instances he had a place ready and waiting for him, either in his own office, or in the firm or company of a friend.

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We now submit these questionnaires, more extensive form, to all our pupils n the fifth grade up, and we place e graduate students in positions ough the friendly assistance of these n than in all other ways put together.

Not long ago I was speaking to one he most brilliant lawyers of this city what his interest and influence had int to several of our boys, when he aimed, 'But have you never thought what these contacts mean to us men? en I was in the war,' he continued, e one thing that kept my feet in the nity of that straight and narrow path the knowledge that there were five ingsters back home who were looking me to set them a decent example. I in't a free agent. I *had* to keep faith h those boys.'

"HE best safeguard for youth of which I know," Mr. Sutton said, "is so fill the lives of young people with inter- s which are fine and upbuilding that trivial and the hurtful can have no eal for them.

'I have never known a child whom I ieved to be inherently bad," he as- ted. "When one appears incorrigible, reason is usually to be found in ill lth, or unhappy home surroundings, or warped attitude of mind. To expel a ld seems to me the worst thing in the rld, and I don't believe in doing it for y cause whatsoever. It is like branding n as a pariah at the beginning of life, sing against him the doors of respec- ility and opportunity. Once, however, veral years ago, I found myself faced th the necessity of imposing this sen- ice.

"The child in the case was a boy who d made life so unendurable for his achers that at last they struck and formed me that if I didn't expel him ey would resign. I knew what they'd d to contend with, how patient and rbearing they had been, and I had to hold them. So I sent for the child and ld him. To him, it was as dreadful a nishment as it was to me, and he knelt my feet and begged me to be merciful.

"'Can't you beat me instead?' he eaded.

"'I don't beat boys,' I told him.

"If you turn me out, where'll I go?' he emanded, 'I haven't a friend on this arth.'

"'You have your mother,' I reproved im.

"'She's dead,' he answered.

"'Your father, then.'

"'You wouldn't think he was my iend,' he sobbed, 'if you saw me.' And, xcitedly stripping off his shirt, he showed e his back, scarred and bruised by eatings. He was crying horribly, and as e did his lips drew back from his gums nd I saw his teeth black and worn down o the stumps. I began to wonder if this ondition was not in some measure re- ponsible for his outrageous behavior. cting on the supposition, I said, 'I'm oing to make a bargain with you, obert. If you will go to the dentist and ave your teeth fixed, and bring me a note rom him saying that you are doing this, ou can continue to come to school for six veeks longer. At the end of that time, f your conduct has shown marked im- rovement—well, you can stay.'

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"I was a little afraid to meet my teachers after that," he admitted smilingly, "and I rather avoided them for the next few weeks. Finally, at the end of three months, I screwed up my courage and broached the subject at a faculty meeting.

"'What's become of Robert?' I inquired.

"'Never saw such a change in a boy in our lives,' they declared. 'What did you do to him?'

"'Nothing. Had his teeth fixed,' I replied.

"'Then, for mercy's sake, let's have a dentist in the faculty,' they laughed."

This was the beginning of Mr. Sutton's interest in good teeth for the children of Atlanta, which resulted in the campaign that ended some months ago, when the last laggard child of all the sixty thousand went over the top with one hundred per cent in oral hygiene, and the entire city indulged in a jubilation.

"As a young teacher in Alabama," Mr. Sutton went on, "the one object I had in view was to expand my school to meet the needs of my pupils. My aim is still the same, only, in the years that have passed, I have learned that there is no limit to the needs of young people, because their needs include all that can contribute to the enrichment of life.

"It is my firm belief," he finished, "that every child has within him some quality, which, if brought to light, would bless the world.

"And I can think of no higher mission than that of seeking to discover these divine attributes and bringing them to fulfillment. It's the greatest job in the world."

THE first of three articles on parents' problems by Angelo Patri will appear next month. Mr. Patri is one of the great educationalists of today, and has introduced methods of child training that have attracted attention throughout the educational world. He understands children and parents. He knows the trials of the former and the problems of the latter. These articles will be of incalculable value to all those who have dealings with youngsters—and there are few of us who do not.

I Have Never Been Turned Away From a Cabin Door

(*Continued from page 45*)

railroad, and then make my way inland. I looked at a map. The distance seemed short, and the map showed no obstacles in the path.

I went to the stub end of the puffy little railroad, only to discover that I was forty-two miles from my destination. How could I make them? Well, the mail was carried twice a week on horseback; but it would be necessary for me to walk.

I have not done many brave things, but the bravest of all was when I rolled up a few possessions and started into the mountains to live for weeks and months among a people whom I did not know and whose ways I did not understand. I ate food such as I had never before known existed, and it made me sick. I drank unwholesome water. I bathed and shaved in cold mountain streams by the side of the path. I learned how to go to bed with the whole family in the same room, and sometimes I occupied, against my will, the only bed in the house, while the others slept on the floor. But I never had anyone suggest that his cabin was so small or his food so limited that he could not care for a stranger who was in need of food or lodging.

To be sure, a stranger must establish himself, and he must answer some rather blunt questions; but once his good intentions are made clear, the best his host can offer is freely his.

I remember the day I walked up Big Sycamore for twelve miles, crossing and recrossing the stream on stones or fallen logs as the exigencies of the way demanded. Then I turned up Dog Run. On the other side of the mountain I came suddenly to a small clearing, in which stood an ancient log cabin surrounded by a high rail fence.

I was too wise to rush up and knock at the wooden door. Instead, I climbed to the top of the fence and hallooed loudly. My shouts and the barking of a much-agitated and threatening dog brought speedy succor.

Evidently, my appearance was not too forbidding, for I was invited to come down from my perch and enter the cabin. It was a one-room affair, with the inevitable fireplace, and a loose board floor which the razorbacks shook as they scratched beneath it. There were two bedraggled beds, a rickety loft with a crude ladder leading to it, and outside a sizable stone-and-stick chimney.

Three generations of children had caught their first glimpse of the world from the doorway of this cabin. The world which it now revealed consisted of a log shed, a patch of corn, the high rail fence, and beyond it the scraggly mountainside. There was not a neighbor's house in sight, nor a road or trail sufficiently traveled to be visible.

Supper time came and I shared in the simple meal of fat pork in grease, cornpone, black coffee and, in honor of the occasion, soda biscuits. As I ate, a large branch freshly broken from a tree was waved over my head, and a swarm of black flies disturbed at their feasting darted first in one direction and then in another.

Eating over, we settled back to visit. The doors were tightly closed. An old-fashioned kerosene lamp without a chimney poured its black fumes into the air. My host and I stepped outside. I located the North Star, and I taught him the trick. He had never known it before.

Bed followed. Part of the children in the loft, the younger ones on the floor

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below, the father and mother near by, myself and a hanger-on of the family in a corner. He soon slept, and the others also. I alone was wakeful. I had encountered vermin before, but never such an army of them. I committed murder right and left, but the approaching hosts knew no defeat.

Cautiously, I climbed out of bed and made my way over the loose boards to the unbolted door. In fear and trembling I opened it and stepped out. The air was cool. The moon shone full. I made my way up the side of the mountain to an open ledge. I took my clothes off, garment by garment, and shook them out. I rubbed my body. Then I dressed and sat down to wait for dawn.

Toward morning, in order not to hurt my host's feelings, I slipped back to the cabin and climbed into bed. There I was when the snoring eased off and the smiling face of my host greeted me. He had developed something approaching affection for me and, had I stayed many days and nights, I would still have been welcome.

It was in West Virginia, too, that I "shantied" with Ben West. I enjoyed Ben, and I am sure he enjoyed me. I remember clearly the hard bed and the breakfast of corn bread, a slice of onion, and a cup of muddy coffee without sugar or milk. Ben liked those breakfasts. I did not. He was sure he should have been a telegraph operator, because it was natural for him to drum with his fingers. I have lost track of Ben. He was a real friend to me, and his cabin was my home when I chose to make it so.

WHEN later I moved to the sagebrush country of Montana I found that the law of the cabin still held.

Long live Jim Bird! He, too, had room. He slept in the kitchen of his homesteader's shack—the rest of the house was mine. Jim didn't work regularly; he didn't believe much in work, but how he loved to talk. His Scotch philosophy interested and entertained me. Our evening visits were prolonged long after we were in bed, Jim calling from the kitchen while I responded from my corner. Jim lived for the IMPORTANT DAYS—they were always spelled with capitals in Jim's thinking. He would sleep late, get up, stretch himself, and, as if apologizing for his comfortable laziness, remark, "Well, this is not one of the IMPORTANT DAYS." The big days to him were the Fourth of July, the round-ups, and the bronco-busting occasions.

Jim was a real character, and I have seen him, decked out in a clean shirt, plaid vest, and wide sombrero, preside over a bronco-busting *fiesta* with all of the finesse of a connoisseur. I hope Jim gets a rich reward in the hereafter. He had much of the grace of human goodness. He hinted at one time that his family connections were better than I might suspect, and that he was the one black sheep which the tribe had produced. I respected his reserve and did not pry into his past.

Then Jim went on a long journey, and I had the cabin alone. I wish I could picture those nights, but how could anyone understand who had not lived them—the moonlight, the unending miles of dry sage, the pervasive fragrance, the aloneness, the quiet, interrupted only by the occasional bark of a coyote or the chatter of a prairie dog. One has not really lived

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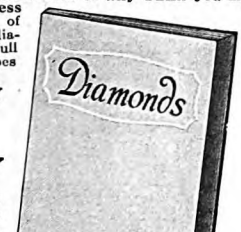

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till he has spent nights like those, and had born within his soul a sense of the utter futility of jangling telephone bells, shrieking trains, honking horns, and all the mad rush which in our ignorance seems so essential to our well-being.

It was a lesson akin to this that I learned in a prospector's cabin in northern New Mexico. He had once known a different life, but the lure of the mountains had got him. His years had been spent in a gamble with nature. Some day he would "strike it rich." Nothing but the necessity of a grub stake could divert him from his real mission in life, and that but temporarily.

Having washed in the icy water by the side of the cabin after my night's rest and shared in the simple breakfast, I followed this pioneer up the steep mountainside. It was a hard, long climb, almost straight up. But at last I stood upon the chosen ledge. Before me was a large hole. Thirty feet in I could hear the steady striking of the hammer upon the steel drill. I entered. My friend showed me with pride how he had drilled and blasted day after day. There were "signs." Some of the quartz had been sent away to the assay office. A report was expected.

Then, like the fool I was, I committed the unpardonable sin.

"How many years have you been prospecting?" I asked.

The total was so large I could hardly believe it.

I blundered on: "Did you ever strike anything?"

Never shall I forget the hurt look which came into his face as he said, "Please, please, do not be so unkind."

I made my exit and went on my way, a sadder but a wiser man. I had met a gentleman; but my social heritage of practicality had kept me from a true appreciation of a great soul. He had compensations of which I had never dreamed.

MORE humorous was my experience in a peach orchard near Paw Paw, West Virginia, where I shared the hospitality of my friend Windzor Jones.

Windzor had assured me that there was "plenty of room." Most of the tents were full; but we found one with a single solid bunk extending around the two sides and one end. A dozen men had gone to bed. We climbed in. Later, others arrived. They were noisy. The toe of one sleeper protruded. Some practical joker burned it with a match. There was a near riot. The bunk was now full. Most of the men slept. I dozed.

Stumbling footsteps approached. The tent flap was thrown back. A strong hand grasped me by the calf of the leg, and a rough voice shouted, "Who's in my bed?"

I dug my elbow into Windzor. It was up to him to settle the affair. He mumbled something about the night watchman, whom we had not seen. The newcomer expressed in no uncertain terms his opinion of a watchman who would put a stranger in a bed already preëmpted.

To an extent the ruse had placated his feelings. We compromised. By squeezing together we made room where no room had been before. It was hot. The newcomer slept. I could not. At last I could stand it no longer. Again my elbow dug Windzor. We whispered. Then we wriggled out of the human mass. We gathered our clothes as best we could. One of my socks was missing. The newcomer was sleeping upon it. I had not the courage to roll him over. I had no substitute; but I left that tent never to return.

Such incidents are but the humorous spice of existence to the wayfaring man who tries to take life as he finds it, and who does not count the loss of a night's sleep one of life's major tragedies.

POSSIBLY it is in those humble homes where the "spare room"—at one time America's most characteristic institution—is still maintained that the stranger really fares best. And what a variety of experience they bring!

I have climbed up a narrow stairway so steep and crooked that to carry a lighted lamp up its tortuous spirals was a real athletic achievement, and lost myself in dreamless sleep in a puffy bed, content with the thought that my host was enjoying my visit as much as I.

And there are many little ways by which the visitor can test his welcome. The heated soapstone discovered in the voluminous folds of what would otherwise be a cold and clammy bed, the bucket of warm water placed surreptitiously inside the chamber door on winter mornings, the freshly-laundered tablecloth, and the opened cans of pickles and preserves are unspoken tokens which need little interpretation.

The guest in the humble home needs no alarm clock. The scraping of the ashes in the kitchen stove will be his signal that the family is stirring, and the smell of boiling coffee his final warning that he must move rapidly if he would not be late for breakfast. The cheery morning greetings and the friendly inquiry as to one's personal comfort and welfare warm the cockles of one's heart, and strengthen one's faith in the fundamental goodness and integrity of the human race.

When the "red wave" was supposed to be sweeping America I could not get greatly excited about it. I had bunked and eaten salt pork in too many American homes, and had swapped philosophy with too many people who think, but do not display their conclusions on bill boards.

A man may come to know America in many ways. He may visit our legislative halls and watch our laws in process. He may inspect the policies and achievements of our government executives. He may, if he will, travel on our swift and standardized Pullman trains and visit our standardized cities, from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon; or he may satisfy his curiosity from the seat of a speeding flivver, with periodic calls at filling stations and tourists' camps.

But when all of that is done, let the would-be student put an extra pair of socks in one pocket and a tooth brush in another and say good-by to hard roads and automatic transportation. Beyond the cities and the railroads, up the mountain trails and through the dusty sagebrush he'll discover the meaning of genuine hospitality. And he will learn, among other things, that in the unpainted homes of America there is an unassuming kindliness of heart which makes it a little easier to believe in man's fundamental kinship with the divine.

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"Yes, I Am a Crank!"

(*Continued from page 43*)

the time. After working a year and a half under an incompetent farm manager, and putting the man I hoped to be in contrast with what he was, I had an enormously big opinion of myself. I felt I was an untried giant.

"Let us be frank in this talk. I have said we are all cranks. Likewise, most of us are egotists. We like to palm off our egotism as self-confidence; sometimes we call it 'faith in ourselves;' but, whatever we call it, it is the ego, the 'I' exalted. Purposeful, confident action *must* be founded on a belief in 'I,' for without that belief there would be inaction.

"Sheer egotism was all that bolstered me up when I came back from the farm, hunting work. Heaven knows I had little else to justify anybody in hiring me. If I didn't bear down on the capital 'I' orally, I did mentally. I charged myself so full of confidence—a purely mental operation—that confidence oozed out of me. And I found my job."

This man Kroger, I should explain, does not say always the things that people like to hear. He says what he thinks. Often he offends. But I discovered this about him: he does not exempt himself from what he tenders others. To me, at least, he made no pretenses. As he had stripped the wrapper from that can of corn, he was quick to strip it from himself. And I doubt if Kroger's worst enemy will dispute that what he has to say he says openly, face to face. He is not a "corner talker."

"Yes, I am a crank," he said. "Yes, I am an egotist."

Not every man would have the courage to say that publicly. Very many have not the honesty to confess it even to themselves. However, the fact stands that most of the so-called "big" men in business are and have been egotists and cranks, under Kroger's definition.

SO HE got his job in the city. It was with a store known grandly as the Great Northern Pacific Tea Company. One day Kroger went from house to house soliciting orders from housewives for coffee and tea. Next day he would take out the wagon and deliver what had been ordered the previous day. Paid on a commission basis, he was able to make nine dollars a week.

At the end of eight months, upon receiving an offer of larger commissions, he transferred his services to another coffee and tea company. The new position involved the same kind of house-to-house selling as the old, the same daily contact with people. But less than a month passed before Kroger learned that it was not the same kind of position.

With the first company, after once he had obtained the trade of a customer he was able to go back again and again. Once a customer, the housewife remained a customer. But with the second company the opposite was the case. Many women bought from him only once and, upon his next call, shut the door in his face. Few made more than two or three purchases before they, too, met him with a closed door. He was constantly getting new

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customers and just as constantly losing old ones.

One morning he stopped at a home, knocked, and announced his business. The housewife regarded him uncertainly. "I don't know you," she said. "I don't know your goods. However, I'm open-minded. What have you got?"

Kroger exhibited his sample packages. He invited her to smell of the goodness of the coffee. He stated the low price.

"Set that package down on the table here and open it up," commanded the housewife. "Show me what's *inside* of it."

The package opened, with a quick movement of her hands she spread the coffee grains evenly over the table. At once anyone with eyes could see that it was not a first-grade coffee. The grains were of varied sizes and shades of brownness.

"Poof!" said the housewife. "You're wasting time. Take it away."

"A crank!" was Kroger's verdict as he stepped back into his wagon. But as quickly he asked himself, "Was she a crank? Wasn't she after all a mighty shrewd woman?" The coffee wasn't good. Here, undoubtedly, was the explanation of why he was unable to keep customers.

"THE more I saw of people," he related, "the clearer became my realization that they could not be fooled! How I served a customer had something to do with why she bought. Price and appearance had something to do with it. These made a first sale. But what made re-sales was the satisfaction found in the article itself when put to use. If that failed, all failed, and the customer was lost.

"I began to visualize what I felt would be the ideal store. The formula for it was simplicity itself. The store merely would have to combine four things—service, fair price, attractive-appearing goods, and first quality. I felt I would like to work for such a store, though the possibility of owning one didn't occur to me then. Later, when I did own one, I found the formula was not quite so simple as it seemed in theory."

Kroger moved on to a third company, again as a salesman on the street. This company operated a single store, newly opened by two partners to provide a position for a relative, who was the store's manager. Almost from the first the new venture lost money, due largely to the manager's inexperience. By the end of a year only $600 was left out of the original investment of $3,500.

Disgusted and seeing no future in the business, Kroger applied to a New York wholesale house for a position. He was hired by telegraph and, that night, after delivery of his groceries, he returned to the store to resign. One of the owners was there awaiting him. He read the New York telegram. His reply to Kroger was an offer of the managership.

"My partner and I," he explained, "talked this matter over this morning. We have only $600 left in this store. We decided to offer you the management of it, on the condition that if you lose the $600 we will quit."

"Will you give me a contract," asked Kroger, "that will guarantee me full charge and a right to do as I please?"

After talking it over, the contract as finally drawn allowed Kroger a salary of $12 a week and ten per cent of the profits. There had been no profits, nor was there any promise of them; but here was the chance for which Kroger had been waiting. He *knew* he could make the store pay.

His first move was to discharge every employee excepting a delivery boy; second, to take $125 of the $600 capital that remained and buy a good cash register. The partners hinted that he had gone crazy.

"You've tried your way," Kroger reminded. "Now keep quiet while I try mine. The most I can lose is a little more than a fifth of what you lost."

Kroger and the boy conducted the store. The boy swept up, arranged orders and made deliveries. Kroger bought, sold, kept the account books, and solicited business. He arose with daybreak and worked until midnight. And to the full extent of his ability he became a crank.

I have told you what happened to the corn salesman and his canned corn. Every can of stuff, every bag, and every box that Kroger bought was subjected to the same rigid inspection. He did not stop with smelling but took a leaf from the book of the housewife who had said "poof" to the coffee. Like the housewife, before he bought coffee, or tea, or anything, he spread it out so it could be seen in detail, washed it, and even had it cooked for him on his own table. No customer on all the store's list was more particular and exacting than he.

"What was the result?" I asked him.

He smiled. "The salesmen with inferior stuff to sell called me a crank and stayed away. Those with really good stuff began to call around and invite inspection. I began to draw a particular class of trade by which I do not mean necessarily the wealthy class. One of the most particular women I've known was the wife of a wage earner.

"We began to make money, which, after all, was the real test of the policy. I saved time in dealing with customers because they learned to accept my word when I said an article was right. Eventually I didn't have to go out and solicit business, because it came to the store unsolicited, brought by word-of-mouth report. At the end of eleven months the store had earned $3,100 net."

Kroger's ten per cent of this profit was $310. He offered the partners to invest this money in the store in return for a one-third interest in the business. They countered with an offer of $15 a week, and fifteen per cent of the profits. An argument ensued, at the end of which Kroger resigned.

He had saved $62 from his wages. This gave him a total of $372 in cash. An Irish friend said he could borrow $350.

"ALL RIGHT," said Kroger. "We'll join up and open a store of our own. I know just the place."

The place was at 66 East Pearl Street, Cincinnati, and it rented for $40 a month. On top of this extravagance, Kroger bought a smart-looking horse, a set of gilt-mounted harness, and a shiny new wagon lettered in gold with the name, "Great Western Tea Company."

"Who owns that company?" demanded one housewife when the glittering equipage drew up before her door.

"I do!" said Kroger proudly.

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"Humph!" snorted the woman. "I see nothing great about you. You'll have to do a bit of growing to fit that name."

A railroad train evidently had the same notion. Two weeks after the Great Western Tea Company had swung wide its single door, Kroger's Irish partner tried to beat an express train over a grade crossing. He got across, but the horse was killed, the wagon smashed, and $68 worth of groceries were strewn along the right-of-way—a total loss of $518.

Not long after, in January, one of Kroger's brothers who had gone to Denver died there. The funeral cost Kroger $400. In less than a month came the third blow: the Ohio River overflowed its banks, invaded the lower parts of the city and flooded the store of the Great Western Tea Company, causing a total loss of its stock, valued at $300.

"All we had left," said Kroger, were the fixtures, the cash register, and some mud."

Yet at the end of that first year when Kroger and his partner balanced their books, they found they had assets in the store amounting to $2,620. They had no bad debts and owed nobody. The store was a going, profitable business. The reliable concerns from which Kroger had been buying his goods had not hesitated to allow him credit when he most sorely needed it. That credit had enabled him to meet and beat threatened disaster.

"Here's my proposition," he informed his partner. "I'll sell out my interest in the store to you for $1,000; or I'll buy out your interest for $1,500. Take your choice."

The partner decided to sell and to set up a business of his own in Minneapolis. Kroger stayed in Cincinnati, now sole owner of the store; and immediately he was faced with a threatening problem.

THE store was located in a market place, considered one of the best sites in the city. Many, in fact, had attributed Kroger's success to the store's location rather than to any unusual ability on the part of the owners. The lease on his store was up and the landlord did not care to renew it except on what Kroger regarded as exorbitant terms.

"I'll move," said Kroger grimly.

"You'll lose your trade," warned friends.

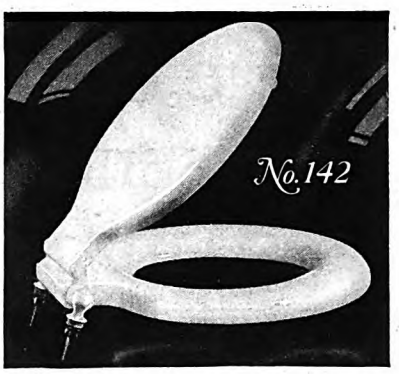
"Not if the store's policy is right. It's a chance to prove that policy."

He left the market place entirely and moved back onto a side street, into a location which made every rival storekeeper smile.

What was their astonishment, even before the expiration of three months, to hear that Kroger had opened a second store. At the end of six months he had three stores; by the end of the year, four!

"Individual store owners," Kroger remarked to me at this point, "rail at the so-called chain stores. They forget that they are right on the line where the chain store man began with his single store. We have 3,600 stores to-day but we began with one store. I've told you of how much capital was in that first store out of which the others grew.

"What did I do? Simply duplicate and reduplicate what was demonstrated to be a successful thing. If a policy succeeds in one neighborhood there is no reason why it should not succeed elsewhere. The fact



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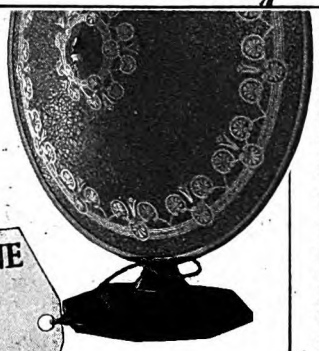

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"Too many men starting in business are overprone to say, 'Oh, let it go!' when something is not as it should be. The little store-owner buys from a large wholesaler. A portion of the goods which are delivered to him may be just a trifle below standard. The store man knows and sees the fault, but he is conscious of his smallness. The fault is trivial, after all. 'Oh, let it go,' he says, because he doesn't want to appear to be a crank. He forgets that even a small fault is big in the eyes of a particular customer—and the majority of customers are particular.

"Think over your own experience. Do you continue to buy at the store where invariably some little defect is to be found in the transaction, or at the store where you find no cause of complaint?

"In the old days when we were small I personally investigated every purchase before it went onto our counters. I can't do that now. We have grown too big. But I have established a department in the business which does this work for me far better than I could myself. This is a chemical laboratory. In it the goods of manufacturers are subjected to test, for purity, cleanliness, quality, and other items of worth.

"And I've learned this from that laboratory: The big firms, the real profit makers in business to-day, are without exception the reliable firms who are cranks on quality. In all of my experience in this store business I can't recall one instance of a reliable company being a failure when properly managed; and I can recall no instance of an unreliable company being long successful, regardless of management. I use the word reliable as it applies to quality of product.

"'BUT that's all old stuff,' you say. "It is and it isn't. Our chemists could tell you many a story of the company which began right, permitted its goods to deteriorate, and eventually smashed. They tried to cheapen a little to increase profits, or to increase volume. They became over-confident in their success, with resultant carelessness in supervision. Finding it not easy to be constantly cranky they let down, perhaps unconsciously, and began to say, 'Oh, let it go.'

"It is human nature, after the first fine burst of enthusiasm, to 'let down' a little, to cease being quite so careful, to assume that because things are going well they will continue to do so by virtue of their own momentum. It is just as easy, and far more disastrous, to fail after success as it is to fail in attaining it. Once a crank you must continue to be one."

TWENTY years ago, when Nell Donnelly married, she resolved that she wasn't going to let housework make her look like a wielder of mop sticks and frying pans. That resolution finally led to the establishment of a factory in Kansas City which specializes in gay-colored work dresses. Next month, in "It's All Right to be a Wife if You Don't Look Like One," Mrs. Donnelly tells why she doesn't wear a "married" look.

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I'm a Regular Old Omens' Home

(*Continued from page 57*)

ving off the general aroma of a garage. aving his share of sensibilities, he gave boy a dollar to hold the coat out on e sidewalk until he came out. Al-gether, he put in a most uncomfortable ternoon.

"Do you ever walk under ladders any ore?" I asked him recently.

"Very seldom under ordinary con-itions, and never when on my way to eddings," he replied.

You'll find a great many people who off at omens, embracing them in a show-own. Only last week on a fishing trip e conversation on the train drifted to e omen about its being bad luck to ght the cigars or cigarettes of three nokers with one match. One of the men eclared it absurd, and said, "All omens re the bunk. Only the ignorant pay any ttention to 'em."

Two hours later, at the hotel beside the ake, in paying him my share of certain xpenses I gave him a two-dollar bill mong others. The man let out a roar hat would have sufficed for an African on.

"Putting a jinx on me before we even et into a boat!" he bellowed. "Don't ou know any better than to give a feller ne of those things?"

"Thought you weren't superstitious?" remarked.

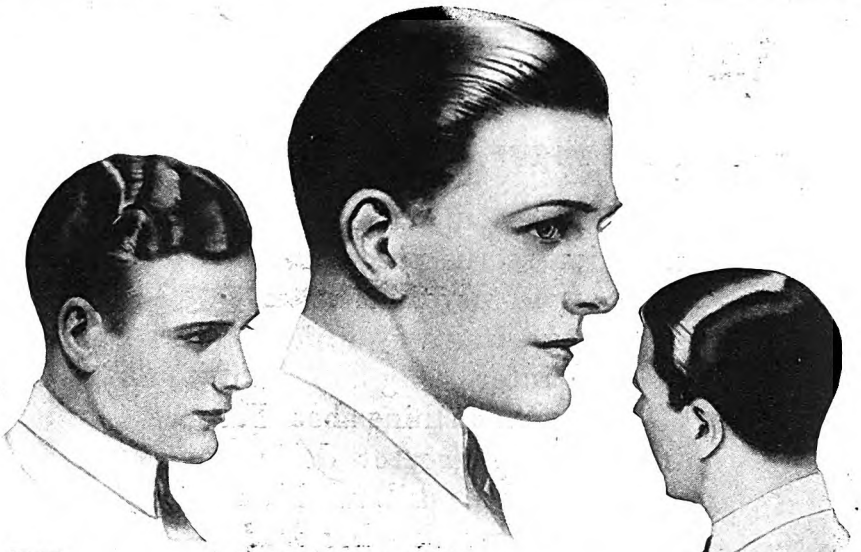
"Aw, I'm not," he replied; "but a two-ollar bill is always bad luck. Everybody dmits that."

I will not cross between the hacks or utomobiles of a funeral procession, take he third light from the same match, or pen an umbrella in the house.

Common sense ought to teach any nan that life is in no way controlled or ffected by so small a matter as the light-ng of Swedish matches. But it doesn't. know hundreds of men who turn pale nd become semi-violent at the prospect f being one of three to take a light from he same match, and I am among them. And they are not all sentimental goofs, morons, or half-wits. I could name a cientist, three eminent physicians, a college professor, an editor, a policeman, a burglar, two apartment-house janitors, any number of lawyers, a district court judge, a steeplejack, the head of a great publishing house, and a half-dozen hard-boiled business men who almost faint when anybody offers the same match to a third person.

ONE of the real old-fashioned omens is that it is bad luck not to see a new moon first over the left shoulder. At least, it was the left shoulder in my home town, although there are some localities where the right shoulder gets the call. So whenever it is time for a new moon I begin taking furtive peeks at the skies, so I can get my first eyeful over the left shoulder.

There was a time when the old saying, "Sing before breakfast, cry before supper" had me on its list. But that was back in the days when I was quite care-free, and the urge to sing before breakfast was



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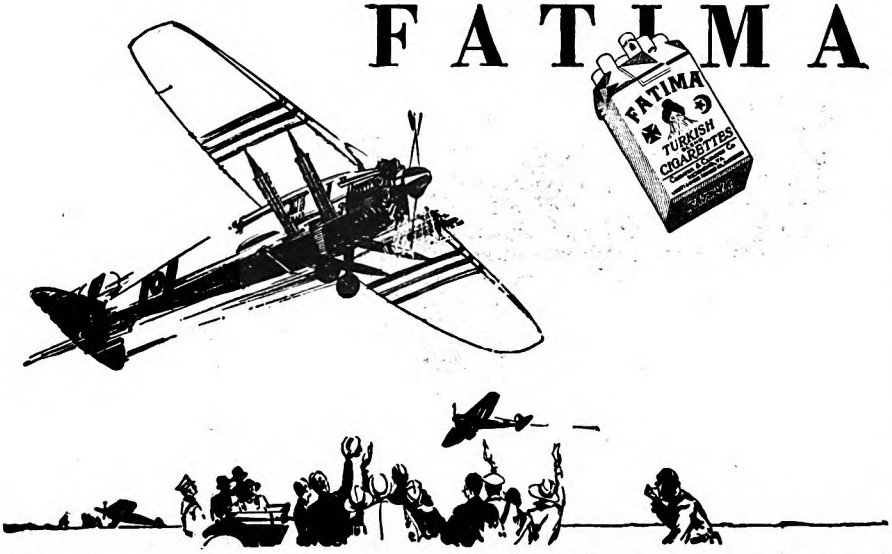

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acute. Now, with the responsibilities of life heavy upon my head, neck, and shoulders, my pre-cereal-and-coffee vocalizing impulses seem to have been badly blunted. And my voice being what it is, I think that if I sang before breakfast, or after it for that matter, I'd deserve bad luck, and certainly get it.

And I'm among the poor weaklings who knock wood after a boast of a good run of luck. You know the kind:

"Had any trouble with the flivver lately?" a friend asks me.

"No," I reply; "she's running great;" and then I proceed to knock wood with my knuckles to ward off the pink-whiskered hoodoo that is supposed to be hanging around waiting to swoop down with miscellaneous tire and carburetor troubles whenever you boast immunity from the same.

Recently I made a boast about something in an office in down-town New York, and was thrown into a panic by the discovery I was in one of the modern all-steel skyscrapers. Even the office furniture was metal.

Just when it seemed the old jinx had grabbed his war club and had drawn back for a full, free swing at me, I noticed an umbrella with a wooden handle on it, and knocked on that. It seemed to suffice. Anyway, it gave me immeasurable relief.

I STRING along with the omens about Friday and the number thirteen, too. I wouldn't begin a new venture, move to a new house, or begin a vacation on Friday if I could avoid it. I don't think that it would portend disaster if I did; but I just feel that there is no point in defying a good old-fashioned omen. I have begun many adventures on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday that turned out unfortunately; I have moved to a new house on Thursday, and met bad luck there, and I have begun vacations on Saturday that were a bust from start to finish; but I didn't feel the same way about them as I would have if the day had been Friday. That's the superstitious man all over.

Three years ago I sailed from Naples for the United States on Friday the 13th. I was so eager to get home that I didn't realize the day and date until the day of the sailing. It was too late to make any change, and I was filled to capacity with misgivings as I boarded the ship. Although under any other circumstances I should have regarded the ship as one of the ablest I had ever seen—it was one of the newest and largest liners in the service—I remember feeling a conviction that it was most inadequate. I walked around the ship as soon as I got aboard and gave it a critical inspection; but the more I looked the more I felt it was no ship for a Friday-the-13th trip.

To add to my uneasiness, a storm blew up just as the ship weighed anchor, and we were in a howling gale all the first night. "Friday the 13th" I kept thinking. "Any time you think you can beat that superstition, you're goofy."

The next day the storm ceased; but we ran into a fog, and the siren kept whining at three-minute intervals. There are few sounds quite so depressing as a ship's fog siren. Now and then another fog horn close by would answer. It was most ominous. I rehearsed getting into the

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e-preserver, and became resigned to a ash at sea.

To my great surprise nothing struck s, and after that we had a calm, uneventl trip. But I was never more relieved an when that ship finally docked at ew York and I had both feet ashore.

"Didn't that prove to your satisfaction at this Friday-the-13th omen is the unk?" you ask.

Not at all. Even an omen has spells hen it isn't up to its best form.

Moving men count Friday as one of eir dull days, and the clerks in marriage cense bureaus say business with them is ractically at a standstill on that day. or years I was bothered by the fact I roposed to my wife on Friday; but we em to have lived that one down.

A friend of mine who scoffs at omens ut who, I know, prepares for a day of reat luck in the hardware business whenver he puts his underwear on wrong side ut) belittles this Friday omen, and takes elight in pointing out to me that Friday as always been the luckiest day in Ameran history. Here's his data:

On Friday, October 12th, 1492, Columus discovered the Western Hemisphere.

On Friday, September 11th, 1609, the Half Moon" entered New York Bay.

On Friday, February 22d, 1732, George Vashington was born.

On Friday, June 16th, 1775, Bunker Iill was seized and fortified.

On Friday, October 17th, 1777, Buroyne surrendered at Saratoga.

On Friday, October 19th, 1781, Lord Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown.

"What have you got to say after hat?" my friend demands.

I have nothing to say. But I continue o avoid any new ventures on Friday. After all, I'm no Christopher Columbus, Pilgrim Father, George Washington, or Bunker Hill.

I STRING along, too, with the omen about it being bad luck to break a mirror. Nobody handles a mirror more carefully than I do if called upon to transport t from one dresser to another; and every ime the wife buys a new wall mirror and isks me to hang it for her, I am a nervous vreck until I have it safely in place.

I believe that no good luck comes f rocking a chair in which nobody is itting; that thirteen people at a dinner ive no occasion for cheering, and that or two people to look into the same nirror at the same time is a sufficient ause for both of them to feel fidgety and watch their steps.

There was a time when I believed it ad luck to pass another person on the tairs, but I had to let this one go after I ame to New York and began running in and out of subways.

To this day the omen that it means a quarrel if the salt is upset at the dinner table is in good standing in my home. My wife and I don't really believe, of course, that we have to depend on this for our quarrels; we have lots of our very best battles with no help from the salt. Still, we feel that when the salt is upset when all is peaceful, it would seem like inviting trouble if one of us didn't nail the omen by picking up a pinch of salt and tossing it over the left shoulder.

The one about the falling silverware has a home with us, too. If a knife drops

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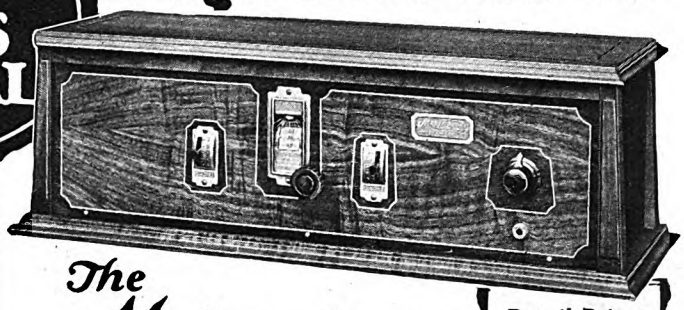

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to the floor a gentleman will call; if a fork falls a lady will visit us. Whenever I drop a knife and fork the same evening I get out the cards in anticipation of a bridge party.

I haven't disowned the good old prehistoric omen that if my right ear burns somebody is talking about me in a friendly way, and that if my left ear itches somebody is giving me a severe roasting; but I don't pay as much attention to these ear auguries as I once did.

Howling dogs at night make me especially miserable. Years ago this omen, that a howling dog means bad luck, reached me in some way and I have never been able to shake it off. The best I can do when I hear a howling dog at night is to drown it out by leaping to the radio and tuning into a male quartet.

A FEW years ago, during rehearsals and try-outs of a play on which I collaborated, I had a chance to discover that, as superstitious as I was, I was a mere amateur omen fancier compared with the average theatrical man or woman. Practically everything that happens in the show business before the opening of a new play is put down as for the best or worst. I was nearly lynched for whistling in a dressing-room in Wilmington, Delaware. I was talking with a comedian before the first-night performance there, and during a lull I turned to a window and began whistling softly.

He let out a war whoop, jumped up, clapped his hand over my mouth and pushed me into a chair. There was a look of horror in his eyes.

"Don't do that!" he cried. "Never whistle in a dressing-room!"

"Why not?" I asked.

"It means two-weeks notice!" he said dejectedly.

He told someone else about my whistling, and it spread among the other members of the company. They regarded me with supreme disfavor from that time on. Of course there was nothing to the omen that it would last only two weeks. I kept track of it. It lasted three weeks and four days!

Many of the biggest men and women in the profession are extremely superstitious, and this applies also to the hard-headed producers. It is an old and respected omen of the theatre that no member of a cast should speak the very last, or "tag," line of a show during rehearsals. To do so kills any chance of the play's success, the players are certain. Most performers believe it a hoodoo to applaud a song or piece of business during rehearsal. Knowing nothing of this, I was nearly tossed out of a Shubert theatre some years ago for clapping at the conclusion of a musical number that made a big hit with me. I was present as a newspaper reporter, and as a very unpopular one after this incident.

The superstitions of prize-ring fighters are many. Nearly all professional pugilists believe that a certain bathrobe, pair of trunks, belt, or cap brings good luck. Even such a cave-man as Luis Firpo had a gaudy bathrobe without which he would never enter a ring. One of the most amusing mascots of recent years in the prize ring was a little round hat that Kid Norfolk, a well-known colored pugilist, always wore in the ring

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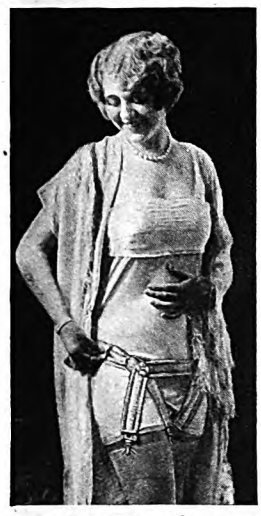

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Many horsemen are more or less superstitious, I have found, and I have yet to see a racing stable without a mascot of some kind, from a pig to a wildcat. A few years ago a well-known trainer saw a kangaroo in a Fourteenth Street animal shop window, and promptly bought it, to bring a change of luck in his racing affairs. He had it carted to the race track and put into a stall near his horses. He began winning races within a few days, and attributed it to the kangaroo.

Whenever anybody tells me I am too superstitious I think of men who go in for kangaroos and wildcats, and then I know there is a limit. Wildcats are absolutely out. And I wouldn't take on a kangaroo. Unless, of course, it was an exceptional kangaroo, and could show proof of jinxes subdued or exterminated.

ONE of the things that comforts me when my superstitions crowd me is the realization that I have so much company. I've yet to meet a man who would deny under cross-examination he had a few superstitions tucked away among his inhibitions. It is a well-known fact that many of our supposedly hardest-boiled industrial leaders have them. The president of one of the biggest business organizations in the country, a man who is supposed to be guided in every act by nothing but the hard facts and the cold figures, is said to be spurred to bold decisions in momentous questions by the presence of pigeons on the ledge of his office window in lower Broadway. If the birds are there in numbers he accepts it as auguring well. If they shun the sill, he takes it as a tip to be most cautious. It is said, however, that he is not above carrying cracked corn to his office and sprinkling it on the window sill as a special lure to the birds and to his luck.

It is said a famous banker who wears a massive watch charm that passed out of style with the cowhide boot and the flannel undershirt does so in the firm belief it is his "lucky piece."

Some of our Presidents have had their superstitions and made no great secret of them. Kings have been notoriously superstitious. Julius Cæsar and Napoleon Bonaparte were omen enthusiasts. I know a college president who runs a fever at the thought of thirteen at dinner. My caddy is superstitious. All my golfing companions have implicit faith in certain lucky clubs. Even my cold-hearted, matter-of-fact landlord believes in signs; he dropped in the other day as I was undoing a new shirt, and nearly got apoplexy picking up the pins!

President Coolidge wets his bait before he casts for pickerel.

So, why should I feel ashamed to be credulous?

P. S. If the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE has any doubt of my sincerity he can test it by paying me off for this particular article in $2 bills. Two-dollar bills are among my pet aversions. He will get them all back by special delivery. Well, maybe he won't get them all back, but he will get half of them back, anyway, because, come to think of it, there is an old saying that it is bad luck to return intact a specific sum of money.

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Scattergood Stirs Up More Than Rubbish

(*Continued from page 49*)

man jerked his head around suddenly.

"Elsie!" he exclaimed.

"Nobuddy else," said Scattergood. "Her and me, we been talkin' you over some. But mebbe you hain't int'rested in that."

"You've been talkin' to Elsie about me! How'd you know—"

"How long's it take a kitten to git its eyes open?" Scattergood asked. "W-al, I come with mine starin' wide. She calc'lates you got idees. Looks like you been talkin' big to that girl."

"Did she say that?"

"Uh-uh. Near's I could gather, she calc'lated you didn't do yourself justice. Um. . . . If this store busts up, what you figger to do?"

"Git me a job."

"On jest a job, it 'ud be quite a spell 'fore a feller could save up enough to git married on. But if a feller was to have, say, a partnership in with his grampa in a payin' store—"

Wade turned slowly and looked into Scattergood's eyes; then his gray eyes lightened and his straight lips twitched. "I calc'late you gen'ally git what you aim to git," he said. "You talk mighty convincin'."

"Calc'late to git my way as frequent as I kin. So you're willin' I should go ahead?"

"Go as fur's the tether'll let ye!" said Wade.

SCATTERGOOD did exactly that; but even Wade could not quite understand all the old man's maneuvers. That he should put plate-glass windows in the store was comprehensible, and that the stock should be sorted out and replenished, and a set of books bought and started. But just why the old hardware man was so interested in moving out the rubbish on the third floor and storing it in a vacant store building across the bridge, he could not see. Nor did he know at all how Scattergood and Mandy, his wife, labored at odd times over that stock, sorting it, arranging it on the two floors of the building, and making it ready, as if the place were to be opened as a new enterprise.

Wade did understand that Scattergood was finding money somewhere for the improvements and the new stock, but he asked no questions; nor was he present at the meeting of the Finance Committee of the bank when Scattergood, in effect, guaranteed Grampa Lumley's loans, and arranged for indefinite extension.

"Now, we got a set of books," said the old man to Wade, "seems as though we ought to have 'em kept. Kin you write up a set of books?"

"No."

"I got somebuddy in mind. Studied it in one of them business schools. Kind of dependable person, and can be got reasonable."

"I dunno what Grampa'll say."

"I kin imagine," Scattergood said.

"Who you speakin' about?"

"Young woman by the name of Elsie Fitch."

"Gosh!" said Wade.

"And," said Scattergood, "if you'n her was to marry, she couldn't quit to git a better job!"

So it was that the new store opened for business before Grampa Lumley's rheumatism set him at liberty. It was not merely an opening; it was a revolution. Nothing was the same from roof to cellar, but the greatest change of all was in the atmosphere of the place and the attitude it bore toward its patrons. There was a snap to it, an up-to-dateness, a desire to serve and to please. Even young Wade was a changed man. No longer was he careless of his dress, a thing which was due, no doubt, in part to the presence of Elsie Fitch, who occupied the cashier's and bookkeeper's desk, and was by no means a blight upon the scenery herself.

IT HAD not been a simple task to keep news of the revolution from Grampa Lumley, but Scattergood had managed it. He did it characteristically, by taking all and sundry into his confidence, and by making the village a party to the secret. Somehow, he succeeded in imposing upon everyone a feeling of responsibility for keep'ng Grampa in the dark. Which, besides being good psychology, was good advertising for the new store.

Even Wade was astonished at the volume of the first week's business.

"If 'twan't for the load of debts," he said to Scattergood, "we'd be ridin' high. If this here kin keep up we got a business wuth hangin' onto like grim death."

"If I was you," said Scattergood, "I wouldn't start worryin' over them debts till you git where they're worryin' about you."

"But this all has cost a sight," said Wade.

"Then stir around and earn it back agin," Scattergood said.

"What I can't git through my head," Wade said, "is why you went to all the trouble of cartin' that rubbish to your old store."

"Jest fer exercise," said Scattergood. "Mandy's been feedin' me too good. I'm gittin' too close to the two-hundred-and-fifty mark. Um. . . . When's your grampa goin' to be fit to git out?"

"He allows he's comin' down Monday, or bust," Wade said; "and when he gits in that frame of mind, you want to stand out of the road, or you'll git trampled!"

"This is Thursday," Scattergood said. "I calc'late we kin be ready fer him."

In order to be thoroughly ready, he sent no less than four long telegrams that evening, two to Boston and two to New York. Then he waited.

Monday was one of those glowing June days when the peonies are their reddest, and the mountains are their greenest. Grampa Lumley groaned out of bed and muttered into his clothes and, a little later than was his custom, hobbled down the street toward the store. Halfway there he met Scattergood Baines, for Scattergood had been lying in wait.

"Mornin', Wade," he said. "Spryer'n I expected to see ye."

"I still got two kicks and a stagger left

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e," the old man said valiantly. ns like I couldn't endure another pent up there to the house. Wade's d boy and all, but he's young. I feel to keep an eye on the business."

ls old heads is still perty useful," ergood said.

backbone of the country," Mr. Lum- aid with a waggle of his head. "Can't what we could forty year back; but we lost in muscle we made up in ience of things."

est so," said Scattergood. "And the' t a day goes by but what we garner me more of it!"

HEY turned the corner and were ace to face with the new store front. npa looked, almost came to a full stop, blinked. But he gave no other sign. a word of surprise, not an exclama- of dismay. No, sir; he was not one to naken from his balance by anything. ertheless, he rolled his eyes to shoot ilating sidewise glances at his friend, his jaw set—set with determination to v the world it could wring no cry of zement from him, no matter what pened.

is pace increased and he forgot the aining twinges of rheumatism as he v nearer the door. Through it he ched without a word.

Mornin', boy," he said to Wade, and ded to Elsie as if she had been sitting ier desk for the past fifty years. He n made pretense that he was not bor- with his sharp old eyes into every cor- and seeing every new object and ration.

le walked to the back of the store, le Scattergood stood gazing after him h twinkling, appreciative eyes, and g up his hat. Then he stepped behind counter, puffed out his cheeks, and s ready for business. But all this had come to an end. Something had to hap- . Young Wade trembled in his shoes. en the explosion came, where would it ke?

Grampa Lumley craned forward sud- ly over the counter and pointed to a cant spot.

"Where," he demanded of his grand- , "is that there box of prunes that's en settin' right there?"

"Oh, yes. That there box of prunes. hy, Grampa, they was wormy, and we rowed 'em out."

"Huh! . . . Throwed 'em out! Huh! ormy. . . . Good enough fer the boys steal, I calc'late!"

That was the explosion. It had come d gone. Young Wade recognized it for at it was, and breathed freely again. attergood suffered from a fit of coughing.

"Calc'late I'll go up-stairs," said Gram- . "I got a chore to do up there. You nd store till I git back."

"'Fore you go up," said Scattergood, I want you should do kind of a favor r me. Got time to walk over to my d store—the one that's been standin' acant?"

"Guess I kin manage it," said Grampa; though I'm kind of pressed this mornin'."

"You too, Wade," Scattergood said. Elsie kin tend to anybody that comes in er a minute."

"Kin she?" Grampa said, and shot an ppraising look at the girl. "Um. . . . eems as though."

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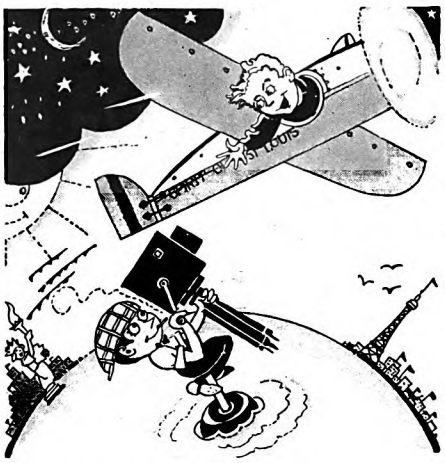

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"Sees all—knows all"

They walked the few steps to the other store, and entered. On the first floor, on tables, was arranged a marvelous conglomeration from the old third floor; remnants, tinware, bolts of cloth, hats, shoes, china—the loot of a thousand attics. Grampa stared sharply, but gave no sign. Scattergood led the way to the upper story, where, nosing about among chairs and tables and clocks and china and crockery and glassware were four strange gentlemen.

"Some folks I want you should meet, Wade," said Scattergood. He introduced the strangers: "Mr. Toms, and Scanberg, and DeVinne, and Walker."

"Howdy," said Grampa. "Hope you find yourselves in good health."

"In extraordinary good health," said Mr. Toms.

"Except the natural shock," said Mr. Scanberg.

"At my age," said Mr. DeVinne, "astonishment isn't so good."

Mr. Walker only shook his head, as one does who has experienced something unbelievable.

"DUNNO'S I foller you," said Grampa. "What kin I do fer you gentlemen?"

"First," said Mr. Toms, "you can tell us about it. Where has it been hidden that we never heard of it? I thought one of the four of us had everything important in the country spotted."

"I'd have taken my oath to it," said Mr. DeVinne.

"But, what I can't understand," said Mr. Walker, "is where Mullins is?"

Scattergood cleared his throat. "Mr. Mullins come up here a week ago," he said. "I kind of figgered we'd need some advice, so I paid him to make us an appraisal."

The four looked at Scattergood, and frowned.

"So," said Scattergood, "everythin' mebbe hain't so rosy as you fellers figgered."

"Say," said Grampa, staring, "what's this, anyhow?"

"You might," said Scattergood, "call it Salvation. It's dum close to it. Recognize any of this stuff, Wade?"

"To be sure. Seen most of it one time or another while I was pokin' around. Ought to of. Been over my head since I was knee-high to a grasshopper."

"Run a store, don't ye?" asked Scattergood.

"Calc'late to."

"Gen'al idee is to sell things out of it?"

"Allus figgered so."

"No objection to sellin' this stuff?"

"No objection to sellin' anythin'—if I kin git my money out of it."

"Money's been in some of this quite a spell," said Scattergood.

"Longer'n that," said Grampa. "But somehow I hain't never jest found the right day to git it out."

"W-al, this here's the right day," Scattergood said. "These fellers is customers, and they got a notion of buyin'."

"Buyin' this here?"

"To be sure."

"Go ahead then and pick out what you want. But what in tunket you want it fer's more'n I kin see."

Scattergood turned to the strangers. "Would you ruther set a price on the hull lot, or buy in piece by piece?"

"As for me," said Mr. Toms, "I want it all!"

"Me, too," chorused the others.

"I don't mind saying," added Mr. DeVinne, "that whoever gets those desks and that highboy and the Bennington away from me will have to travel some."

"Fair way," said Scattergood, "is for each of you to write down what he bids on a piece of paper, and then we'll open 'em up and see from there."

The gentlemen sought separate spots and nibbled on lead pencils while their eyes moved about the room in calculation. Grampa Lumley picked at Scattergood's elbow.

"What's goin' on, anyhow," he whispered. "What you expect to git out of this junk?"

"Whatever we git is that much ahead," said Scattergood.

"I hain't a-goin' to sacrifice. Agin my principles. No, sir, not for nobody. Them fellers needn't to think they kin buy all this here stock, even if it is old, fer nothin'."

"They don't think it," Scattergood said.

"I won't take a cent less'n two-three hundred dollars."

"Don't blame ye," said Scattergood.

The four gentlemen, having set down their bids and folded their slips, handed them to Scattergood. The old hardware merchant opened them and then handed them to Grampa, who looked at the first, then bent forward to look again.

"Calc'late suthin's on my specs," he said. "I can't seem to make this out. Don't make no sense."

"What's it say?" asked Scattergood.

"I dunno; but it looks like it says eleven thousand dollars."

"Um. . . . Mebbe you can read this one better."

Grampa peered at the next and shook his head. "That writin' looks like fourteen thousand, but—"

"And this one," Scattergood said.

"Eyes have most certain gone wrong. Calc'late the rheumatiz got into 'em. Twelve thousand five hundred, it looks like."

"Here's another."

"You read it out. No use my tryin'."

"Thirteen thousand seven hundred and fifty."

"It reads that to you?"

"Them's the figgers."

"Um!" Grampa was shaken but not staggering. He cleared his throat and elevated his chin. The world would not live to see him exhibit the weakness of amazement.

"'TAIN'T quite as much as I expected," he said. "Them's good articles, the furniture in special. Well made and all. No, them prices hain't satisfactory. If that's the best you gentlemen got to say, why, I got to be goin' back to the store."

Scattergood concealed a grin of delight. He did not look at young Wade, who was tottering on the brink of collapse, big eyes, and mouth dropped open.

"Jest what I think," he said to Grampa. "These gentlemen got kind of conservative. Want to think it over some more, or be you through biddin'?"

"Mullins appraised this?" asked Mr. DeVinne.

"He done so."

"Would you mind telling us what figure he set?"

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He put a price on each piece. For ance, that there hunk of furniture, he down at fifteen hundred dollars, and n razor-back chairs, he called 'em—"

"Not razor-back," corrected Mr. Toms.

"Well, some kind of a back. Don't ter what. Said they was wuth up- d of two hundred apiece, and the's a en of 'em. And so on. Them brown gs and Bible bottles and what not, : he says was made in Bennington; he s the lot's wuth—"

"You needn't go on. You're posted, ight."

"Calc'lated to be," said Scattergood.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. DeVinne to his ipanions, "let's not make a massacre his. We all know this is something un- al, and not to be found again. Not one is is going away from here without a re in this, if we can manage it."

"You know it," said Mr. Toms.

"Then I propose we talk it over, but in tnership, and handle the lot as a syn- ate. We can send the whole to the tion-rooms and take a joint profit. at say?"

"Where can we talk?"

"Give ye the hull end of the store," d Scattergood.

The antique dealers withdrew and con- sed in whispers for twenty minutes. en they returned.

"MR. BAINES," said Mr. DeVinne, "we know pretty well what this l fetch in the auction galleries. It will d attention, crating, repairs, advertis- . And we're entitled to a profit."

"To be sure."

"So here's our offer. I tell you fair you l get more if you arrange for a New rk sale yourself; but it's out of your e."

"I know that perty well."

"So we think a fair offer is twenty-five usand flat. That's the best we can do."

"Gentlemen," said Scattergood, "per- lin' Mr. Lumley agrees, I calc'late you ught you a pig."

Grampa nodded. "The figger I had in nd," he said, "was that. Cash."

Again Scattergood concealed a grin. Cash," he said.

"Done," said Mr. DeVinne. "And I n't mind saying I thought the age of iracles was over. Since everybody in e country has taken to wanting houses rnished with antiques, and paying any nd of price to get 'em, we've been rough New England with a fine-toothed mb. Never did I expect to run onto an ntouched collection like this again. I ould say it was a good day's work for erybody."

"Fair," said Grampa Lumley, "fair to iddlin'!"

"Kind of set you on your feet," said cattergood. "And when we clean up the uff down-stairs in a week's rummage ile, we'll git enough to pay for most of e alterations out of it. Folks likes to uy at sales."

"What alterations was you speakin' bout?" he asked.

"Jest some little changes in the store ou hain't had time to notice yit," said cattergood.

Grampa breathed deeply once. "Jest e same," he said, "by dad, I'm a-goin' miss that box of prunes!"

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

A photograph of a Tarrytown, New York, home painted with 40-40-20.

40-40-20

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IN one sense, all children care deeply for dogs. But most children, and grownups too, know little of the intelligent, vital care necessary to prevent and to remedy dogs' many ailments. Yet at your drug store or pet shop you can get Glover's Imperial Dog Medicines—used and endorsed by leading dog fanciers and kennel men for dogs of all breeds. These medicines are known the world over for their efficacy and tested safety.

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Practically all dogs at all ages, unknown to their masters, are infested with stomach worms. To eliminate them and keep a dog free from their dangerous effects give him Glover's Worm Capsules or the liquid, Glover's Vermifuge. Puppies should get this medical care monthly and older dogs regularly four times a year.

GLOVER'S
IMPERIAL
DOG MEDICINES

Here are a few of Glover's Medicines which dog authorities advise keeping on hand. Ask for them at your drug stores, or pet shop. And do not accept substitutes—when a dog needs medicine he needs the best.

Glover's Worm Capsules	65c
Glover's Vermifuge	65c
Glover's Distemper Medicine	$1.25
Glover's Mange Medicine	65c
Glover's Condition Pills	65c
Glover's Digestive Pills	65c
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Dogs and their owners alike will welcome this new improved flea soap. It not only does away with fleas, but keeps the dog's coat and skin in the finest condition. 25 cents a cake.

GLOVER'S KENNEL & FLEA SOAP

I Have Made a Million Dollars But I Haven't Got a Cent

(*Continued from page 13*)

until midnight. I wanted to make a big thing of my advertising work. Advertising held a great fascination for me then. It holds a greater fascination for me to-day.

The story as I have told it thus far covers a period of ten years.

I felt I had reached the peak of my earning power in Philadelphia, so I came to New York and got a job as advertising manager on the New York "Press." This paid me a very much larger salary, and a commission on all business done in excess of a certain figure. I established a home in Brooklyn.

With this larger salary, I should of course have kept a little money ahead, but I didn't.

Numerous opportunities came my way through my business friends to make investments. I recall in particular one opportunity. I was told to buy stock at eight dollars a share in a public utility, which advanced to one hundred and nine dollars a share in a few months.

Suppose I had kept that fifteen hundred dollars I got at one time in Bridgeton, New Jersey, instead of spending it like water, and suppose I had had in addition another one hundred dollars. I could have bought two hundred shares of this stock and made a profit of twenty thousand two hundred dollars. This is only one sample of the many opportunities I have had to pass up in my lifetime because of not having any money put by.

IN FEBRUARY, 1896, a big opportunity came to me to make and save money, without denying any comforts to my family or any serious checking of my desire to entertain friends in our home.

I was offered, and accepted, the advertising management of the New York "Journal," which had recently been purchased by William Randolph Hearst. I remained with Mr. Hearst for over twelve years, resigning to go into another business, which proved a failure and plunged me pretty deeply into debt.

Mr. Hearst paid me a fortune during this period. I was receiving more money than any other newspaper advertising manager in New York (or, as far as I knew, anywhere else). Larger salaries are the vogue to-day, however, for advertising is recognized as a greater necessity than it was then, and there is a great deal more of it.

Mr. Hearst knew of my penchant to spend money. He was very sympathetic, generous, considerate, and appreciative. He let me borrow a lot of money from the office, which finally amounted to a great many thousands of dollars. He never registered a protest because I did not pay any of it back.

Soon after going to work for the "Journal," the third child in our family was born—a second daughter. A few months later she was stricken with pneumonia, which left her in a weakened condition. The doctor advised me to send her South, which I did—her mother, brother, and sister going with her.

My employer learned that I was under pretty heavy expense at this time. Thereupon he sent me a substantial check, which was ostensibly given to me as an appreciation for getting an advertiser in the paper whose business he wanted very much.

Two years later the family moved to Montclair, New Jersey, again upon the doctor's advice, who said my daughter would thrive better in the country. My employer learned about this too. Along came another fat check, which he explained was a small reward for getting another contract which pleased him.

After having been on this important job for several years I obtained a contract from the John Wanamaker store which amounted to $157,600. I did not think it was an unusual accomplishment, but Mr. Hearst did, and he rewarded me in quite a wonderful way.

He authorized the cancellation of my total indebtedness to the paper (mind you, amounting to many thousands of dollars), and in addition I was given a check for one thousand dollars.

THAT was the time I should have put a brake on my spending—make up my mind to get out of debt, and to save at least ten per cent of my earnings. At that time I owed very little more money outside of the indebtedness I have just mentioned.

Heaven knows, I was making a large enough salary to pay my debts and save as little as ten per cent of it. My family and friends would not have been denied anything. The slight cut-down in expenses would not have been noticed. But I simply couldn't learn to save.

At Montclair, I continued to live beyond my income. I spent money like the proverbial drunken sailor. I was prosperous. I was full of good nature and good health. Nothing was too good for my family or my friends. Our home was open house.

In speaking of this period of my life to a woman friend of the family, whose husband in his lifetime was as foolish about spending money as I was, she made this comment:

"You were in your flaring forties then—the most dangerous period in a man's life. The period of flaming youth is nothing in comparison to it. A man in his forties, unless he puts a strong grip on himself, is apt to do the most foolish things of his career. In your case, you gave full rein to your extravagant tendencies."

"Flaring forties" was a new phrase to me, but it fitted my case exactly. The worst blunders of my life were made between forty and fifty.

Let me recite some of the absurd things I did:

From the time I was a boy on the farm I had always liked horses. My wife had always driven a horse as a young girl. In fact, while I was courting her she always met me at the station with a fine bay horse, and buggy just large enough for

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). I wanted her to have a fine horse and nout. I also wanted my daughters to e a pony and cart, and I wanted my to have a riding horse. Then I ught I needed a team to take me und with the family, driving them to a sed coupé or an open trap. I got them Instead of one horse and a carry-all, perhaps a team, which would have been ficient for our needs and something we ld have afforded, I had to have a ble, with all that goes with it. This fit cost me nearly one fourth of my ual income.

Then I took up golf. This was in my ty-first year. I went at my play the ne as I went at my work—put my ole heart in it. I learned to play pretty ll. My son and elder daughter played h me, and they learned to play well too.

WAS necessary that my younger laughter should spend the winter in the ith and summers in the Adirondacks; instead of her mother going with her ne, I felt it would be fine if the son and er daughter went along with them. is arrangement was carried out. They nt to Pinehurst, North Carolina, every ter and to expensive resorts in the irondacks or in New Hampshire in the nmer.

All this took a great deal of money. y son and elder daughter were keen out golf and spent a lot of money on it. also disbursed quite a little on golf rses around New York. Between the ee of us we won 180 prizes, most of ich are now in storage. I sat down one y and calculated what these prizes had t me. I discovered that each trophy d cost me $250, or a total of $45,000, er a period of fifteen years, an average $3,000 a year. Ridiculous, wasn't it?

I entertained lavishly at my home. ontclair folks thought I was a million-e. I frequently invited groups of siness men to have a day of golf at the b, and then to have dinner with me in e evening. They would have been isfied with a plain home dinner, but, , I must serve them an elaborate affair ged by a famous caterer. These dinners ver cost less than ten dollars a plate, hich did not include the money spent for usic while they were dining. I had a gro quartet come to the house. Our ing-room comfortably seated twenty ople, and it was filled to capacity many nes.

It was all very lovely, and I was glad be their host. In fact, I was very ppy over it. I never stopped to think w rapidly I was piling up debts. The y came when they began to bother me a . I had entertained so many guests at e golf club one month, paying for ncheons, cigars, and greens fees, that y bill was four hundred and fifty llars. This attracted the attention of e directors of the club, who were all od friends of mine and very much terested in my welfare. They made it eir business to tell me that I was spend-g entirely too much money, and they shed for my sake that I could check my penses.

This gave me a bit of a jolt. It made e think seriously long enough to get rid my horses and traps—at a big sacrifice course. I gave up our home and moved ck to the city; but I did not leave any

Sound Sleep

—*its importance to* your *success*

Now over a million men enjoy instant, all-night sleep that brings energetic, wide-awake days . . . by using the new Swiss food-drink

We offer you a 3-day test

Ambition. Mental alertness. The power of concentration. The energy to accomplish big things. All these qualities, which are in the make-up of every successful man, are largely the reward of sound, *restoring* sleep.

This is the consensus of opinion of famous specialists who have been studying the contributing factors of success.

And now modern science has found a natural way (a way without drugs) to *instant*, restful sleep that restores your tired mind and body.

Morning finds you a new man. Fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening. *That is the experience of most Ovaltine users.*

A 3-day test will show you. We urge you to make this test. It is well worth while.

Why Ovaltine brings restoring sleep

First—It digests very quickly. Even in cases of impaired digestion.

Second—It supplies your system with certain health-building essentials which are often missing from your daily fare. One cup of Ovaltine has actually more food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

Third—Ovaltine has the unusual power of digesting 4 to 5 times its own weight of other foods you eat. Hence digestion goes on speedily and efficiently. As a result frayed nerves are soothed because digestive unrest, the main cause of sleeplessness, is overcome.

This is why, when taken at night, a cup of hot Ovaltine brings sound, restoring sleep in a natural way. And as you sleep the quick assimilation of nourishment is also restoring to the entire body. Thus you gather new strength and energy for the next day.

Hospitals and Doctors recommend it

Ovaltine is a delightful, pure food-drink. It contains no drugs. It is the special food properties of Ovaltine—*and absolutely nothing else*—that bring its wonderful results and popularity. In use in Switzerland for 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was served as a standard ration to invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it, not only for sleeplessness, but because of its special dietetic properties, they also recommend it for nerve-strain, malnutrition, backward children, and the aged.

A 3-day test

Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities. It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of the day.

All druggists sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or they can mix it for you at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in coupon with 10 cents.

OVALTINE

© 1927 T. W. Co.

Builds Body, Brain and Nerves

I had not had real restful sleep in over five years. Since taking Ovaltine I sleep better and have more ambition to work. It makes sleep come naturally.

George Knox,
Burlington, Vt.

The first night I took Ovaltine I fell asleep quickly and slept better than for months past. Ovaltine is wonderfully soothing and it is also a very pleasant beverage.

A. L. Mulholland,
Albany, N. Y.

The Wander Company, Dept. A-2
37 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

One package to a person

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your dog

"The Last of Six"

Polk Miller Products Corp.
Dear Sirs:
Am writing to ask you to send your free book on the care of dogs. I have a white Collie dog, but as he is the only living one of six born last June, I am anxious to take the best care of him. One just died today. Trusting to hear from you."
(Name on request.)

All dogs should be wormed regularly. It may save their lives. Reasons are given on Page 15 in Polk Miller's Dog Book. Use Sergeant's Sure Shot Capsules.

Take Care of Your Dog

Yearly, thousands of valuable and beloved dogs suffer and die because their masters do not know how to take care of them. Yet it is easy to know how to care for your dog and treat his diseases. There are proven remedies for every dog ailment and it is a simple matter to find out when and how to use them.

Guard your dog against sickness with Sergeant's Condition Pills. Read carefully Page 20 in the Dog Book.

Famous Dog Book Free

Don't wait until your dog is ill. Write now for Polk Miller's Free Dog Book. In clear, non-technical language it explains proper methods of feeding and breeding. It tells the symptoms of dog diseases and gives full directions for the best treatment for each. A unique symptom chart makes it simple to tell what's the matter with your dog. This famous book, familiar to millions of dog owners, is revised yearly and kept strictly up to date. It has saved the lives of untold thousands of valuable animals.

Distemper kills many valuable dogs. Do you know the symptoms? Described on Page 21 of the Dog Book. Use Sergeant's Distemper Medicine.

Expert Advice, Free

If your dog develops a condition that puzzles you, do not hesitate to write us. Our skilled veterinarian and his staff will diagnose the case and answer personally. Full instructions for care and treatment will be sent you *without charge*.

Sergeant's Dog Medicines, standard for more than fifty years, are sold by dealers everywhere. If you cannot obtain them, write us direct. Address Polk Miller Products Corporation, 1566 W. Broad St., Richmond, Va.

Write for your free copy of Polk Miller's Dog Book.

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES
"A medicine for every dog ailment"

Write for FREE sample of our No-Tar-Odor Mange Medicine for Human Hair and Scalp.

unpaid bills in Montclair. I borrowed the money to pay them. It was always easy for me to get all the money I wanted, despite my well-known financial shortcomings.

HERE are two sidelights on my experience during my "flaring forties."

Besides spending money foolishly and perhaps recklessly, I loaned it with equal abandon. In cleaning out my desk at home before moving to the city I looked over a package of due bills, the total of which was over forty thousand dollars. That was money handed out to just anybody who came along. I tore them all up; but I realized that if I had that money in hand I wouldn't owe a dollar.

One of the prosperous business men I had entertained many times and who in turn had entertained me, said to me: "Billy, I've got to stop going on outings with you. You spend entirely too much money for me. I can't keep up with you."

Think of that coming from a man who was making more money than I was! It should have struck home, but it didn't. I went on spending just the same, and foolishly thinking that I was having a good time, and with no thought of the future. This man is now one of the vice presidents of one of New York's greatest financial institutions, and is reported to be worth many millions of dollars.

In the fall of 1908, after my disastrous experience of six months in another line of business following my resignation from the Hearst organization, I resumed newspaper work as advertising manager of the New York "Evening Mail." I had known Henry L. Stoddard, editor and owner, back in the Philadelphia days, when he was political correspondent for the "Press."

Despite the fact that I was bothered by debts, I did the best work of my life on the "Evening Mail," and made more money during the five years I was associated with it than I had ever made before. Moreover, Mr. Stoddard gave me the privilege of syndicating advertising talks, which ran in his paper for one thousand consecutive publication days, and earned for me more than fifty-five thousand dollars.

Mr. Stoddard was very generous in many other ways, and frequently paid me special sums of money for doing what he considered unusual things in the way of developing business. During this period, I was so deeply in debt that, in order to keep things moving as smoothly as possible, but without retrenching in the slightest way in my expenses, I borrowed money from Peter to pay Paul and from Paul to pay Peter. That item of fifty-five thousand dollars earned from syndicating advertising talks would have more than paid all my debts and left a nice nest egg besides. But all of it was spent as easily as though I hadn't a care in the world.

In 1915 I went on my own in the advertising business. From that time until the spring of 1922 my fees ran into very big figures. I was still making more money than I ever did, and was spending it just as fast as I made it, until finally my friends got tired of making me loans.

If I had shown the slightest inclination to curb my expenses to the extent of only ten per cent, these wonderful men would have been willing to divide fifty-fifty with me, letting me pay them five per cent of it and saving five per cent. They did not care so much about the return of the money they had loaned me, as that they wanted to see me pull myself together.

The crash in my affairs came five years ago. Two friends who had stood by me loyally became impatient, and told me frankly that I needed a drastic lesson. They gave it to me all right. I was forced into bankruptcy, which nearly broke my heart. I felt that every person I knew was pointing the finger of scorn at me. This was very foolish. While there was comment, it was not at all unfriendly. It was expressive of keen regret that a man who had attained so much prestige in his profession, and had earned so much money, should have allowed himself to get into financial difficulties.

Proud and sensitive to the core I felt the disgrace of bankruptcy so keenly that I decided to go to Florida, where I had once done a special piece of work for a client. It seemed to me to be the coming El Dorado. I figured that maybe I could make sufficient money in a few years so that I could return to New York, not only with a competency but with enough to pay all my debts in full. For a time it looked as though I would realize this ambition; but I was caught in the big real estate collapse. So here I am back in the old town where I once had big earning power and hundreds of friends and well-wishers.

ONE thing is certain: I have learned my lesson at last. I feel sure that opportunities will come my way to redeem myself, and that my earning power will be restored to me. And when that time comes I know that I shall be able to live as well as I ever did, on *forty* per cent of my income. Then I shall divide the remaining sixty per cent into two parts, setting aside thirty per cent to pay my creditors and thirty per cent for insurance and savings.

If I allowed myself to feel depressed over my past, or filled my mind with worries, I would not be capable of carrying on the fight to redeem myself.

Besides, I would be ungrateful to my Maker for having endowed me with wonderful health all my life. Is there any greater blessing?

I would be ungrateful to the memory of my parents, whose splendid training has kept me anchored pretty safely to moral standards. Slipping from moral moorings is infinitely more serious, in the end, than slipping from the thrift standard.

I would lack appreciation of the encouragement and support I have had in generous measure from hundreds of business men and to many good friends who helped me build a fine reputation in my profession.

These memories are the sunshine of my life. And I shall use them to pave the way to my future achievement.

With abundance of health, unfaltering faith, unflagging energy, unceasing optimism, and unbounded confidence that a man can win his fight, even though he commences late in life to realize the kind of fight he must make—is there anything but death to stop him?

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

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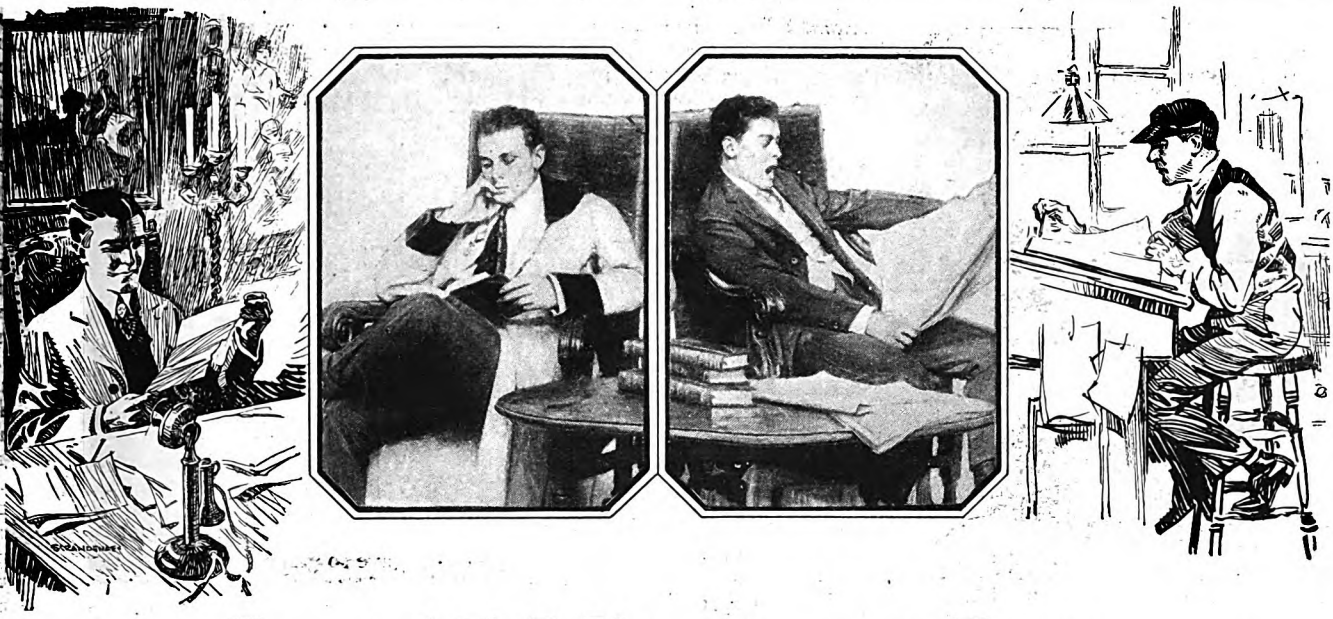


Just 15 Minutes *a Day*

What it will mean to you is told in the FREE BOOKLET below

HERE are two men of equal position and busi-ss income. Which of them presents you?

They read about the same mber of hours each week. it one has no plan for his ading; at the end of the ar he has little or nothing show.

The other talks like a man ho has traveled widely, ough he has never been out-le of the United States.

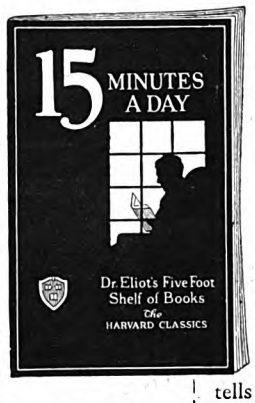
He knows something of ience, though he had to op school at fifteen. He is home with history, and the st biographies, and the really eat dramas and essays. Older en like to talk to him be-use he has somehow gained e rare gift of thinking clearly id talking interestingly.

What's the secret of his ental growth? How can a an in a few minutes of pleas-it reading each day gain so uch?

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, om his lifetime reading, study, and teaching, forty years of it as President of Harvard University, answered that question in a free booklet that you can have for the asking.

"For me," wrote one man who had sent in the coupon, "your little free book meant a big step forward, and it showed me, besides, the way to a vast new world of pleasure." This free booklet describes the contents, plan and purpose of

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS



Every well-informed man and woman should at least know something about this famous library.

The free booklet tells about it—how Dr. Eliot put into his Five-Foot Shelf "the essentials of a liberal education," how he so arranged it that even "fifteen minutes a day" are enough, how in pleasant moments of spare time, by using the reading courses Dr. Eliot provided for you, you can get the knowledge of literature and life, the culture, the broad viewpoint that every university strives to give.

Every reader of this magazine is invited to have a copy of this entertaining book. It is free, will be sent by mail, and involves no obligation of any sort. Merely clip the coupon and mail it to-day.

This Free Booklet gives Dr. Eliot's own plan of reading

P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY
250 Park Avenue, New York City

By mail, free, send me the booklet that tells all about the most famous library in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics), and containing the plan of reading recommended by Dr. Eliot. Also, please advise how I may secure the books by small monthly payments.

Name { *Mr.* *Mrs.* *Miss* .....

Address .....

6246-11CC-L

.....

The publishers cannot undertake to send the booklet free to children

Since 1875 COLLIER Good Books

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Most Men Shave *the Wrong Way*

They use a blade a few times, throw it away and use a new one. That's wrong! They don't get nearly as good a shave with the new blade as they would if they stropped it before the first shave. Then they put up with a second, third and fourth rate shave on the second, third and fourth days. And finally they throw away a perfectly good blade with a lot of good shaves in it.

A Twinplex Stropper would completely change the shaving ideas of these men. (Maybe you are one of them.) A few turns and Twinplex puts an edge on a new blade that is a dream for smooth shaving. And ten seconds stropping each day before shaving will make that one new blade shave marvelously for weeks and weeks.

You'll find Twinplex will make shaving easier, quicker, cleaner and vastly more comfortable. You can now buy a Twinplex for as little as $2.50—less than a year's saving on blade purchases. Other Twinplex models $3.50 and $5.00.

Send For Stropped FREE Blade

Name your razor and we will send you a stropped blade free. We would just like to show you what Twinplex can do to a new blade.

TWINPLEX SALES CO.
1691 Locust St., St. Louis
NEW YORK CHICAGO
MONTREAL LONDON

Twinplex Stroppers
FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES

The Most Valuable Citizen in My Community

FIRST PRIZE

"I May Be Prejudiced, But—"

EVERY morning he opens his store at six-thirty, while the other storekeepers in the town open their doors at seven-thirty and eight. He is a druggist in a town of five thousand people, and one of the old school.

He is his own prescription druggist and bookkeeper. Often, when he is working on a prescription, he has to stop and go to the front to wait on a customer who wants nothing more than a two-cent stamp. Again, it is a tourist who wants information, or a lady who wants a check cashed, or a child wanting samples. His telephone is the busiest in the town, and sometimes there are two or three people waiting to use it. These customers who buy nothing—and some of them are habitual—are greeted with the same friendly word that is given to all who enter.

His store is open until ten-thirty every night, and though he is now sixty-six years old he works regularly every other night. Sundays are no different from other days to him, save that the store is closed during church service, which he attends faithfully. He is subject to call at all times, and more than once I have seen him routed from bed at two o'clock in the morning to fill a prescription. Thirty minutes is the most he allows himself for each meal.

No one has ever been refused medicine by him for lack of money. Frequently he has worked for an hour on a forty-capsule prescription, and charged only fifty cents for it, because the person could not afford to pay more.

This man is the most valuable citizen in his community because he is rendering the greatest service. Perhaps I am prejudiced in his favor, but then I ought to be, for, you see, he is my father.

C. L. C.

SECOND PRIZE

Thirty-Eight Years of Devotion to His Job

PROF. SMITH, with sprightly step and buoyant manner, despite his thinning white hair and tired smile, is watching the third generation in Our Town progress through the intricacies of the A B C's, just as he has watched the past two generations travel from the first grade, on into the maze of Latin verbs and, finally, to the thrilling days of commencement.

For thirty-eight years he has been superintendent of the public schools of this little town of three thousand souls.

For thirty-eight years he has fought for our school system, worked unceasingly for its improvement and given every minute of his time unselfishly to the thousand-and-one duties connected with his position.

For thirty-eight years he has encouraged boys and girls through their difficulties, praised them for their good work, and helped them prepare for a useful place in society. Over and over again these former pupils refer to him for reference, and he is never too busy to respond. Never does one of them receive an honor or achieve success in his work without receiving a message of congratulation and good cheer from the "Prof."

Out of this little school, during these years, have come a millionaire banker or two, a noted writer, artists, missionaries and ministers, doctors and lawyers, clerks and secretaries. Each one remembers some individual help, good advice, or friendly service which the "Prof." gave so gladly.

At one time the life of the school was threatened in a court proceeding. Day after day he fought in the thick of the battle. In the end, the school was saved.

Active in the affairs of the town, as well as the school, he has stood out as a leader in the community through these many years. (His name isn't really Smith. He is so modest he objected to my using his true name.)

M. E. M.

THIRD PRIZE

The Best Loved and Most Hated Woman in Town

OUR town is small, with a population much smaller in summer than in winter. It is a community of large families, low wages, strong superstitions and prejudices. We have among us one of those human dynamos, a citizen who can and will turn her hand to any service, for friend, town, or surrounding country.

To begin with, she feeds, houses, clothes, and amuses her own family of three children, one of whom has been a semi-invalid for years.

As chairman of the health committee of the school last winter, she helped the district nurse establish eye, ear, and throat clinics, was instrumental in getting glasses, tonsil operations, and hookworm treatment for many children who would never have been able to afford them, often loaning from her own pocket, with small hope of repayment.

Though not a nurse, last year she treated for hookworm practically the whole of a bitterly poor little settlement a few miles away. She interested outsiders in donating clothes and other necessities, and found work for some of the men.

She raised money and donations for a community Christmas tree, took charge of buying and distributing toys, nuts, oranges, and candy for three hundred children, and arranged for a service of Christmas carols at the tree.

After the winter's activities she emerged quite tired out, countless gallons of gasolene to the bad, four tires worn to shreds, the best known woman in town, but, owing to her fight with ignorance and prejudice, probably the best hated as well. However, there are many who will rise up and call her blessed.

M. T. L.

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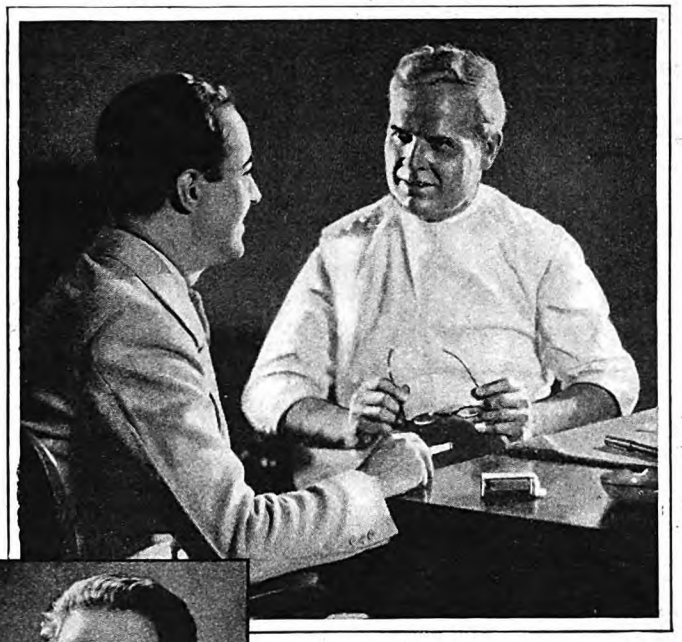
How to Protect the Throat When Smoking

What 9651* Doctors say on this subject



The signed statements of intelligent men and women whose voices are to them what the hands of the day laborer are to him—the means indispensable to livelihood or success in life—are convincing. Actors and actresses, great singers, men conspicuous in public life, radio announcers, testify that they like LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes because of their finer flavor and because they do not irritate the throat.

Before such statements by laymen were published, questions had been addressed to a number of physicians in various sections of the United States—many of them leading physicians—and some replies had been received. The following is the result of the questionnaire:

Q1—In your judgment is the heat treatment or toasting process applied to tobaccos previously aged and cured, likely to free the cigarette from irritation to the throat?

9651 doctors answered this question "YES."

Q2—Do you think from your experience with LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes that they are less irritating to sensitive or tender throats than other cigarettes, whatever the reason?

11,105 doctors answered this question "YES."

© Mishkin, N. Y.

Titta-Ruffo,
Noted Metropolitan Star,
writes:
"Like scores of others whose everything is their voice and a clear throat, I, when I smoke, prefer the toasted cigarette—Lucky Strike."

Titta Ruffo

* *WE HEREBY CERTIFY that we have examined signed cards answering Questions One and Two and that there are 9651 affirmative answers to Question One and 11,105 affirmative answers to Question Two.*

LYBRAND, ROSS BROS. & MONTGOMERY
Accountants and Auditors
New York, July 22, 1927.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation-No Cough.

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What Are You Afraid Of?

(*Continued from page 19*)

the thought. But these boys do it without *thinking* of being afraid. They also go out when necessary any hour of the night without fear."

"Well," I said, "maybe that is because they are naturally courageous."

"Oh no, you are looking at courage wrong end to. The kind of courage these boys illustrate is in my judgment utter absence of fear, due chiefly to the fact that they have rarely, if ever, heard of fear."

"But," I asked, "did not their parents sometimes have to frighten these boys with punishment?"

"They punished the boys when necessary by depriving them of privileges and the like, but never by whippings or dark closets or 'bogies' of policemen and things that would cause fear.

"Why, think of it!" the doctor said, with indignation in his voice. "The policeman out there on the corner tells me that mothers frighten their children so much with the bogy of a big policeman coming to get them that the city police have great difficulty in helping children who are in real danger. He says, when they go to help a child across the street or something, it is likely to run and scream, and possibly dodge under a passing automobile and get hurt or killed.

"And that's only a sample of the way parents actually *train* their children to a life of fear.

"HERE is a true story which illustrates how parents start their children on lives of fear. It is that of a woman who has the very common fear that she will find a burglar under her bed or some other place, when she returns home at night.

"Think how ridiculous this fear is," the doctor smiled. "Probably not one person in ten thousand ever saw a burglar more than once in a whole lifetime. Yet these people act as though at least three houses out of five were burglarized every night of the year. I know one small town where there has not been a burglary in over fifty years; and yet half the women and children, and some of the men, are constantly afraid of burglars.

"I have a number of these cases of burglary fear now, but the one referred to is a woman of twenty-two. She was in such a hysterical condition when she came to me that you would have supposed burglars were going to make a mass attack on her house every night.

"I went back and back, probing into that woman's history. There is *always a beginning somewhere to every* fear. I probed for a long time and found nothing. She had never been frightened by an actual burglar; nor had she ever seen one.

"Finally, I discovered that when she was a child, her mother would double-lock the street door, then look under the beds and into the closets, as though burglars made these places a frequent resort. Lastly, she would look under the girl's bed, and securely lock her door.

"Of course the child grew up with the idea that burglars were about as common as flies in summer time. And now, here at twenty-two, she was so paralyzed with the fear of burglary that she could not sleep or live a normal life.

"All because of a mother's foolish attitude! After a long time, she has become complete master of herself and her fear, and she sleeps with only ordinary precautions."

"WHAT is the worst and most common fear you have to deal with?" I inquired.

"The fear 'I won't make good,'" answered the doctor instantly. "That's the greatest and most common fear of all. It's the curse of humanity, and entirely useless.

"Of course we all have had a normal and healthy fear at times that we might not make good in certain situations, such as dealing with the boss, or making a speech, or meeting a customer, and the like; but with these people it has become so chronic that it crushes the heart out of them, saps their nerve, and pretty well insures that they won't and can't make good."

"Does this fear always go back to childhood?" I inquired.

"Not always. It most frequently comes from *the demands made upon people to try things which are beyond their physical, mental, and temperamental capacities.*

"Our schools are the worst offenders in this. They require children to do things which our physical, mental, and temperamental tests *prove* that more than fifty per cent of them cannot do. These children can do other things just as important; indeed, far more important for the kind of lives they are going to lead and the work they are going to do. But just because of these foolish demands and false standards, which over half of the pupils can't possibly make good at, the schools actually drill into the children the habit of fear, and the feeling of failure.

"The children thus get the attitude, 'How am I ever going to get through this?' And usually they don't, and can't. They do their best and fail, and soon are filled with all sorts of fears and feelings of inferiority, which spread over their whole lives.

"I recall the case of a boy, who was about nineteen when he came to me. For some time he had been out of a job. Since leaving high school he had had several jobs. He gave obvious reasons why he had left each job, but I was not quite satisfied. Finally, I found out by questioning that each time before he had quit a job there was looming up before him the picture that he was going to fail. He felt each time that very soon he was going to fall down. So he 'got out from under,' and deceived even himself about his reasons for quitting.

"As I got more deeply into his story, it became clear that he had the ability to handle all these jobs; but I found, also, that his school had made demands upon him that he could not meet. This had got him into the habit of looking ahead with fears and *expecting* failure. I have numerous cases like this, and by proper handling can teach them how to overcome the difficulty.

"Modern psychology has proved that practically everyone can do far more than he thinks he can do. The lack of confidence which people have in themselves is astounding, considering their equally astounding abilities.

"Strangely enough, some of the most incompetent people are those who brag most about what they can do. The egotistical man who brags on himself is nine times out of ten, not doing nearly as much as he could. But he is afraid he cannot do what is expected of him, and so he brags, as a compensation for his own fears. I heard a good epigram the other day, 'Your brags express your fears.' This is perfectly true.

"Of course many people are delighted in other people's successes and pained at their failures, yet most of us are a little relieved at the failures of others, because it releases us from the fear that maybe we are inferior. Other people's failures give us confidence in our superiority.

"The fear that you won't make good takes many forms. For a long time I had a man, one of the biggest executives of America, who got afraid to meet other people. His income ran into six figures. And yet he sat there in my office like a whipped dog, and confessed he was in mortal terror in meeting his subordinates.

"He told me that he never went into a conference with the managers of his factories and other officers without his heart fluttering, his breathing getting hard, and without wondering how he was going to get through. His underlying fear was this: 'What are these fellows thinking of me? Will they carry away the impression that I am really a big executive, or just a mollycoddle in a big job?' He often postponed important conferences because he was afraid to meet his men either singly or in a body.

It finally became clear to me where it all started. All fears start somewhere. His father had been a bear and tyrant in his family. Everyone had to refer all decisions to him. The boy grew up without any will or personality of his own. You can't do anything worse for your children than to keep them dependent upon you for their decisions. Little children must depend on their parents, but it is disastrous for children fifteen or sixteen years old.

"THIS boy was fond of football and a fine player, but his father made a coward out of him by refusing to let him play in a big game after the boy had received a slight injury. The boy invented other excuses besides his father's veto, and soon, when another big game was on, he played sick and refused to go to the field.

"He forgot this experience, and finally got away from his father and climbed to be this big executive. But unconsciously the fact that he had sneaked out of a big game made him try to sneak out of important engagements.

"He developed a habit of dodging, and when I saw him as a famous executive he hadn't an inkling there was any connection between those football games and his present form of fear.

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"But when I made him describe *just exactly how he felt when he was preparing for his conference*, he soon saw, himself, that each time he was simply *reliving that old football experience*. It was a big revelation.

"Now, you take a sensible man, and when he sees the cause of his fear, as a rule the fear vanishes. This man became calm and confident, and was soon going strong again."

"I suppose," I said, "that you teach your patients will power, nerve, determination, how to grit their teeth and go through things."

"Not a bit of it," Mitchell replied, with a tinge of sarcasm. "Perhaps you have noticed that you probably have seldom, if ever, heard me use the words 'will,' or 'will power.' I don't believe in what is popularly called 'will.' Most people imagine that will power is some mysterious mental pep or jazz or dynamo that you can summon by some sort of fierce effort or determination out of the nebulous nowhere, which adds something new to your own power. I do not believe that that view represents our best psychology.

"Will, in my belief, is a *system of habits*. You can, of course, greatly strengthen these habit systems—call them will power, if you like. In this way, your self-mastery grows rapidly, and you can immensely increase the drive of your powers. But you do not do it by some supreme inner effort, or some miraculous concentration. You do it merely by exercising a long series of choices of the right action, instead of the wrong action.

"By thus acting a great many times in the right way, you develop these habit systems. They gradually become the main body and drive of your whole life. In time, these habit systems grow so strong that they literally head off any thoughts of doing any other way. In this way, your will, or your desirable habit systems, as I prefer to call them, grows so powerful that in time, without hesitation, you express the whole force of your personality in the desirable direction. That, to me, is a strong 'will.'

"IT SOMETIMES takes a good while to build up new habits that are stronger than the old ones. Here, for example, was a young man who was so afraid of going up on high places that he could not go above the second story of the down-town office buildings. He could not bring himself to go up even in an elevator. You can imagine what a man would be up against, trying to make a living in New York, and never leave the ground floor.

"I found it all went back to three childhood situations: The first was that of a jovial old uncle who used to catch him and hold him dangling over an open well while the little fellow screamed with terror. This gay uncle did not realize that his little joke was ruining a boy's whole life.

"The second thing occurred when his teacher, in order to discipline him, used to threaten to drop him out of the third-story window.

"The third thing in this beautiful method of child-training, was when his father did precisely what he should not have done. He dragged him frequently to the edges of cliffs and high buildings, and said, 'I'll break you of this fear.' Oh, if parents would only ever get over this foolish idea of 'breaking children's wills,' and 'conquering' them! In this boy's case, the other children also made matters worse by calling him 'scared cat!' Parents should train their children not to frighten and ridicule each other.

"Well, it was a long process of reëducation. I first slowly built up his *confidence that he could overcome it*. I mapped out a program like this: 'You will go so many times this day to the second story of a building, and so many times to-morrow. You must call to mind all I have said about there being no *reality* to your fears. If there were, everybody would be afraid. Remember, too, there are only two natural fears. Keep all this in mind to give you confidence.'

"I built up his self-confidence in other ways, and soon had him going up in elevators and everywhere, without thought of being afraid. Don't you see I began at the bottom of the building and worked up? His father and teachers had begun at the top and worked down. That's what they always do, begin at the wrong end when they try to 'break' children's wills and fears.

"Just as the greatest fear is the fear that you won't make good, so the greatest cure is building up confidence that you *can and will make good*. And it is truly amazing what a simple process it is by which most people have lost their self-confidence, and what a simple mental trick it is to get it back.

"I ALWAYS give everyone who comes to me an intelligence test and show him what it means in his particular case. Practically always, one measures up in a higher rank than he has been imagining himself. Indeed, I frequently give intelligence and aptitude tests now by mail. They are not quite so reliable as if given by a psychologist personally under rigid conditions, but anyone can get a fairly accurate idea of his abilities by tests which he can give to himself.

In addition, I have a simple little scheme for restoring self-confidence that works astonishingly well. It is so simple that you may at first think it absurd. But just try it. It gets results.

"The scheme is this: I have my clients make a list of forty or fifty common everyday performances, such, for example, as driving a car, playing the piano, making a speech, superintending the work of others, acting as host or hostess, telling an interesting story, and the like. Next, I have them rate their own ability in these performances on a scale running from 1 to 5.

"I then say to them: 'If you think you are among the best ten per cent of the people, you know, in doing these things, rate yourself 5; if among the worst ten per cent, rate yourself 1. If not in the upper ten per cent but in the upper thirty per cent rate yourself 4; if not in the worst ten per cent but in the worst thirty per cent, rate yourself 2. If about 50-50 rate yourself 3.' When they have done this, I have them add up the sum total of their ratings.

"Next, I have them rate ten of their friends in the same way on the same performances, and compare their total scores with the total scores of each one of their friends.

"The psychological point in the scheme is this: A man loses his confidence in himself by a general blanket judgment of his own inability and inferiority. And this scheme does is that it sub the place of a man's blanket j inferiority, a set of particular of his ability in particular pe The part of the scheme which my sleeve is this: I know tha not so likely to list a performan he knows he is poor as he is t thing in which he is fairly good,

"For example, I would ne myself, 'Singing a solo.' I wou on that. I ask each person t own list. Without any suggest me, they are astonished to find usually rank better than others ticular items.

"It is amazing how people cling fears. They are so thoroughly c of their inferiority that they actual against discovering the opposite are afraid if they let go of their f will have no place to light.

"It seems unbelievable, but often fight against my prov they have large unused abilities they can't make good on them. It me of an incident related by Dr. Franz, psychologist of Leland Stanford He had a man who had walked for years with a crutch. One day, Doctor Franz a situation so the fellow got excited ran nearly two blocks without his crutch. When he discovered he did not have crutch, he yelled for them to bring him quick, as he couldn't walk with

"You see, just like that man people have been saying to them 'I am no good; I can't make good have also been saying about their 'They are all right; they can make They are applying a generalized ju to themselves, and a judgment of lar performances to their friends this little psychological scheme makes them reverse the whole apply a large series of particular to themselves against the abilities friends.

"They thus nearly always with a higher standing in their *ment* than the very people with who have been comparing themselves ably for perhaps thirty or forty

"THE great difficulty with these who are fearful, blue, depressed, ried, and afraid they won't make good that they won't face *reality*. Frequently their parents have shielded them made decisions for them until they are wildered when they have to make decisions about real things for themselves.

"These over-mothered folks are tainly pathetic propositions—and fathered ones too. Parents should that their big job is to teach a child independent *command of life*.

"I tell you, Wiggam, some day that very soon, we are going to our whole system of education, and our ideas as to what makes an educated man or woman. Anyone who is afraid of the ordinary trials and difficulties of life, and fearful of failure, and that he won't make good, *is not in any true sense an educated person*.

"We shall begin first with the parents and show them that when they talk fear and lack of confidence in the home, and when they dominate, threaten, rebuke, frighten, and ridicule a child, they are

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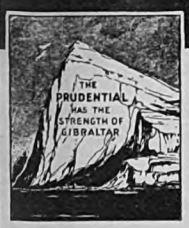

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wounding its mind and heart, and marking it with the brand of fear and failure for life.

"We shall next take the school and the school-teachers, and show them the folly of setting tasks for children at which over one half are bound to fail. Every child's mental abilities will be measured, and tasks set at which each child can succeed with the joy of success.

After years of experience, Doctor Mitchell has tabulated the actual fears of hundreds of college students, school supervisors and teachers and a considerable number of salesmen, clerical workers, executives, and merchants.

THE surprising thing is to find, even among able, successful people, that the fear of failure is well-nigh universal. Fear of not being able to handle the situations of life which lie ahead is plainly one of the most devastating burdens of mankind. This fear takes several forms! but the following is a partial list of them:

Not being able to get a job.
Not being able to satisfy in the present job.
Not being able to hold the new job, if obtained.
Not being able to meet strangers.
Not being able to talk to the boss.
Not being able to meet subordinates and maintain authority.
Not being able to meet customers.

Summing up, Doctor Mitchell finds the following proportion of fears among normal people:

Fear of failure	75%
Fear of the dark	16%
Fear of thunder and lightning	16%
Fear of animals	13%
Fear of water and drowning	12%
Fear of falling from high places	4%

In addition, Doctor Mitchell finds a great many normal people have the following chronic fears:

Being alone
Traveling on trains
Crossing a bridge
Old age
Death
The dead
Poverty
Fire
Being kidnapped
Ghosts
Burglars
Firearms
Being buried alive
Being locked in
Dark holes
Disappointment
Mediocrity
A cellar
The sight of blood
The dentist
An oft-repeated dream
An insane person
The end of the world
Taking an anesthetic
Fast driving
Insanity
Injuring others when driving
Excessive heat
Getting lost
Points or sharp edges
Big eyes, mouth, or teeth
The opposite sex
Punishment and its instruments
Disease and germs
Loss of friends or relatives
Bad luck—the number 13, etc.
Skeletons
Very narrow or wide-open spaces
Becoming a drug addict
An eclipse
Machinery
A locomotive

Among the creatures which many normal people say they are "deathly afraid" of are:

Rats
Mice
Snakes
Dogs
Cats
Wild animals
Bulls
Horses
Bugs
Beetles
Caterpillars
Spiders
Pigs
Toads
Cows

Nothing is more valuable in building up your self-confidence than to compare yourself *item by item* with other people. You lose your confidence by a *blanket* judgment of your inadequacy. You build it up by an *itemized* judgment of your actual abilities.

In the accompanying chart, Mr. A—— K——, an actual person, has rated himself and ten other persons in fifty significant performances. Mr. A—— K—— had an overpowering fear of failure. This was his blanket judgment. Had his belief in his own inadequacy been true, he would have rated himself 1 on all these performances, and his friends 5. This would have given him a total score of 50 and his friends a score of 250.

But when he rates himself, item by item, his actual score in these 50 skills is 176. He thus has 3½ *times the ability that he thought he had.* He rates only one person, Mr. B——, above himself; namely, 220. Only two have ratings near his own, Mr. E——, 173, and Mr. I——, 170.

Thus, in his own carefully analyzed judgment he is superior to nine out of ten of the very persons he is afraid of:

The following rating chart is given merely as an indication of the wide and varied range of performances you can use for comparative purposes. In making up your own list, you will doubtless prefer to substitute other subjects for some of those given here. For instance, if you are a woman, you will substitute more feminine occupations and talents for the purely masculine ones contained in the chart, and vice versa, so that your rating will have a real comparative value.

Performance Rating Chart of A. K.

	A. K.'s Self-rating	Rating of Ten Friends									
		A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J
Sing a solo	5	3	1	1	4	2	2	4	5	3	1
Play the piano	4	2	1	1	5	2	3	3	3	3	4
Paint a picture	1	1	2	1	5	1	2	5	3	3	5
Drive a car	5	4	5	4	1	1	3	1	1	1	4
Cook a meal	4	5	5	3	5	5	5	1	1	4	4
Make a dress or suit	5	2	1	1	3	3	5	1	3	3	4
Build a house	1	1	5	2	1	2	1	1	1	1	1
Grow flowers	2	4	5	1	4	4	4	1	1	2	3
Run a typewriter	1	3	4	1	1	4	5	4	1	1	5
Keep accounts	5	3	5	3	5	5	5	4	4	5	5
Lead a scout group	2	2	5	2	1	3	3	4	1	3	1
Tell an interesting story	4	1	5	3	3	5	3	5	3	4	4
Set up a radio outfit	1	4	5	3	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Repair a motor	1	5	5	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Review a book	4	1	5	3	3	3	3	5	3	4	3
Criticize a play	5	1	4	3	3	2	3	5	3	5	3
Write a story	5	2	5	3	3	5	3	5	3	4	4
Play tennis, baseball, etc.	1	4	5	4	1	1	3	1	1	3	3
Play cards	3	5	4	4	3	1	5	2	3	5	1
Dance	5	4	1	3	2	1	3	3	3	5	5
Write letters	5	2	5	3	4	5	3	5	4	5	4
Report a speech	5	1	5	3	5	5	5	5	3	5	4
Memorize poetry	5	3	5	3	5	5	4	5	4	5	4
Sail a boat	1	1	5	3	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Swim	1	4	5	5	1	1	4	1	2	5	2
Care for animals	4	2	5	4	5	4	5	2	3	5	5
Carry on a conversation	5	3	5	3	4	5	5	5	4	5	3
Preside at a meeting	4	2	5	2	4	5	4	4	3	4	3
Take part in a play	5	1	3	3	3	4	3	5	4	5	3
Make or repair furniture	1	4	5	2	2	2	1	1	1	2	2
Decorate a room	4	4	4	3	5	5	5	5	4	4	4
Repair electric lighting system	1	5	5	2	2	1	1	1	1	1	1
Teach a class	4	2	5	1	2	5	3	4	2	3	1
Sell real estate	5	3	5	2	2	4	3	3	1	2	1
Make a speech	5	1	5	1	2	5	2	5	1	3	1
Organize a political campaign	3	1	5	2	2	4	2	5	1	2	1
Paint a house	2	4	5	5	2	2	2	2	1	2	1
Diagnose physical ailments	3	2	3	4	3	3	2	1	1	2	1
Care for children	4	1	5	3	5	5	5	1	3	4	4
Keep a house in order	5	2	5	4	5	5	5	1	2	4	5
Exercise tact	5	5	5	4	4	5	4	5	5	5	2
Supervise the work of others	3	5	5	3	3	5	3	3	2	3	2
Follow instructions	4	4	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	4
Sing in a chorus	5	3	2	3	5	3	3	4	5	5	4
Influence other people	4	3	5	2	3	5	3	5	3	4	2
Conduct a business	3	4	5	3	2	4	3	3	2	3	2
Sell automobiles	4	2	5	3	2	3	3	5	1	3	1
Act as host or hostess	4	1	5	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	3
Control an unruly child	4	1	5	3	4	5	4	1	1	4	3
Make and retain friends	4	3	5	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	2
	176	136	220	138	155	173	164	158	123	170	138

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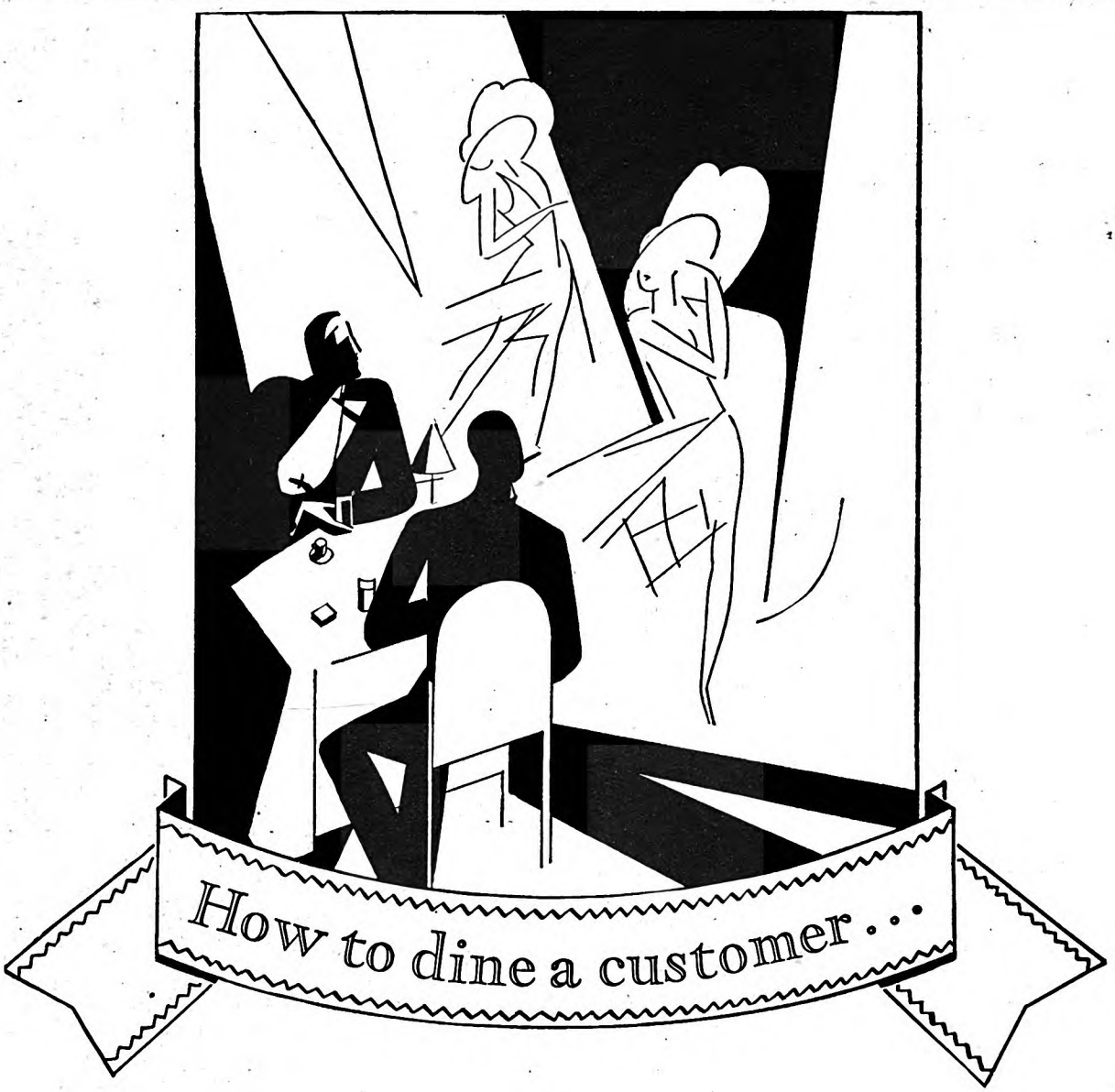

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THE FAMILY'S PROBLEMS

I Buried My Financial Troubles In the Deep Blue Sea

AFTER having been a widow several years, I took three children to rear and educate. Their ages were nine, twelve, and fourteen years, two girls and a boy, the boy being the oldest of the three. From the start, I gave each child an allowance. The girls had ten dollars a month each, and the boy fifteen dollars.

My income was $260 a month. After deducting the children's allowance money, there was $225 to budget. This we did on the most expensive system book to be had.

I had put my savings into a home, and was paying out the balance on the purchase price "just like rent." When we moved into the new house and had purchased enough additional furniture to meet the needs of three more persons, I had $240 in the bank. Of course that was absolutely sacred. According to "the book," anyone who dipped into his savings was a lost soul.

But the budget failed to take into consideration the unsatisfactory lawn that the building company had put in for me, and it haughtily ignored the chicken runs that I had to have built at the rear of the lot.

Summer slipped by and time for school came. I had paid out $50 to have the lawn reconstructed. The enclosure for the chickens took $20, and the twelve hens cost $24. I had the use of the lot next door, and in order to get the benefit of the early rains I had it plowed. That cost $6. My $240 was now reduced to $140.

About this time the children started to school. In a few days, I received a letter from the health department saying that the youngest child must have her tonsils out. Her condition was so bad that she was held at the hospital a week. The operation cost $50, a hospital room $40, and the anesthetic $10. This left me $40, and I grimly resolved that it should stay in the bank if I had to go without shoes.

I HAD always been rather an easy spender. I earned more than enough for my needs, and as occasion arose I spent what I liked. But after coming under the influence of the budget book, I spent with groanings each penny that was not authorized by the budget.

Ordinarily, I would have paid poor little Edwina's hospital and surgeon's bills cheerfully, thankful that I had the money to meet the indebtedness. All my concern and sympathy would have been with her suffering. I paid, but I'm afraid I did so grudgingly.

We live in a state in which all school books are furnished, even to high-school students. However, by the time John had his mechanical drawing tools, his gymnasium suit, his football shoes, and his track suit, and Elizabeth and Edwina had cooking aprons, gymnasium suits and shoes, and all and sundry had paid locker fees and swimming pool fees, the $40 in the savings bank had become $3.65, and I a gibbering idiot. My once reliable sense of humor had died a horrible death. It had been smothered between the leaves of a budget book.

But I went grimly and stupidly on. Daily expenditures were recorded on a little tablet with the date and the purpose. Once a week these items were transferred to the budget book. Once a month the book was balanced, I was unbalanced, and the family peace and happiness were given one more shove toward annihilation. In other words, we spent the money once and then gloomed over its departure again during the daily, the weekly, and the monthly reckoning.

There is something in my make-up that forces me to follow a course once I have set out on it. I stuck to my budget book for a year. By this time it was September again and the children must start to school. I got an old friend to come and keep house for them for a week while I went down to the beach by myself. I took with me the budget book and all my canceled checks. And there I held a post-mortem that *was* one. I had promised to go to Catalina with a friend, so I made a neat package of the vouchers, the budget book, and a good-sized stone that I had found on the beach. Then I embarked for Catalina. At one point on the way to this island, there is a very deep place in the ocean floor. I learned from the captain when we were directly over this great depth, and there I quietly slipped the package of grief overboard.

WHEN I got home, I called the children together and told them that I had decided to abandon the budget plan. They would still have their allowance money, and out of the remaining sum we would first pay the instalment on the house, then the water, light, gas, and telephone bills, and set aside what we had found to be about an average for the table. The rest we would use as we needed it.

At the end of the month, wardrobes were gone over, and new clothes, repair bills, and cleaner's bills planned for. When this left anything for uplift, amusement, or savings, then those funds had a share. If one of us preferred to go to a show and wear a mended glove, that was his privilege.

Each child had a savings account of five dollars started for him. This was added to twice a year, the savings being kept in individual envelopes in my desk until the half-year rolled around. No one but the saver knew how much was in the envelope; and if at any time he deemed that he had a better use for any or all of the coins there, he consulted no one, but used as much as he saw fit.

Possibly I have outlined a sort of budget. If I have, I prefer it to be called by a less austere name. For us it has proved a flexible, variable, livable plan, and it has added enormously to the sum total of our happiness.

My children are all adults now. None of us is in the "poorhouse," and no one of us owns a budget book! M. J. P.

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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
November, 1927
More Than 2,200,000 Circulation

Gossip!

The Meanest Habit in the World

By EDGAR A. GUEST

I HAVE given up talking merely for the sake of spilling words out of my mouth.

I confess I am somewhat late in trying to learn to hold my tongue; ut it was only a short while ago that I ame to the conclusion that the man or oman who sits silently by while the ossips are telling everything they *think* hey know, isn't the dull ember of the party, but he smart one. The gift of ab isn't a gift—it's a peril. am sick and tired of going ack to people explaining o them that I didn't mean vhat I said. I have done nough explaining to last ne for a lifetime. I have nade all the apologies for illy, thoughtless, and unkind witticisms that I care o make.

I hope I have played the gossip for the last time. I hope I have graduated from he smart-aleck class. I hope I have now learned enough from life to know that most of the things I hear about other people are not true.

I have had my share of trouble. Some of it was unescapable, but much of it could have been avoided had I kept a discreet tongue in my head. And it isn't that I have really talked a great deal. Most of my difficulties have arisen because I have talked without thinking. Something smart would pop into my head and I would say it without reflection, usually to regret it a moment later.

Speech is one of the distinctive benefits conferred upon man by the Divine Power; it also is his greatest responsibility. Once we have taught a child to talk, we have equipped him for society, but we have also made him dangerous to himself and others. We have given him that which can bring him embarrassment, injury, enmity, loss of prestige, loss of friends, shame, disappointment, quarrels, hatred, and remorse. Speech may cause him to be beloved, or despised; it may advance his interests, or betray them; it may mark him as wise, or stamp him as a fool.

Time and again in the smoking compartment of a Pullman I have amused myself by listening in on conversations. The man with the gentle manner I should like for a friend; the one next to him is too boastful to be good company; the third is advocating business tactics which are plainly dishonest. I wouldn't trust him out of my sight. The man with the loud voice and over-positive manner has betrayed his ignorance by his grammar and the repulsiveness of his ideas.

Their tongues have given them all away. I have heard business secrets told to strangers by men who should have known better. I have heard men discuss their family affairs and their friends and their neighbors, as though it mattered not at all who might be there to overhear them. What most of us forget is that strangers have wives, children, friends, neighbors, and acquaintances. They have business interests to which our secrets might be valuable. It may or may not be important to them to know what we think of other people. At any rate, the man who talks without first being sure of his audience has only himself to blame if he gets a black eye, or loses the contract he has been working for weeks to gain.

A TRAVELING friend of mine not long ago told me this story: He had been sent into a town in the South to straighten out a little difference with a customer.

It was a rainy morning. Having concluded his business, my friend was back at the hotel at ten-thirty

You Can't Muzzle a Gossip, but You Can Give Him the Cold Shoulder

"A GOSSIP is a public menace," says Mr. Guest, "and richly deserves to be muzzled, for a biting, dishonest human tongue can do more harm than the snapping jaws of a dog! A gossip can ruin your reputation, start a run on a bank, break up a church, make neighbors hate one another, shatter the happiness of a town. And no man is immune to the serpent-like flashing of a gossip's tongue.

"Some years ago, a story became current that I had been a life convict in a Minnesota prison, sent there for choking my wife to death! I gained my release, so the story went, by writing a bit of verse which attracted the attention of the governor. He pardoned me on my promise to choke no more wives! That tale spread and spread, until people who had known me for years began to ask if it were true. The slander didn't worry me, but it did worry my wife and my mother. I had to laugh them out of their indignation. Another report about me is that I am an habitual drunkard! The fact that I never drink did not deter the gossip who started it, and those other gossips who keep it going.

"But what can we do about these unbridled tongues that cause so much trouble? Just this: First of all, we can control our own tongues; and, next, we can refuse to keep company with any person who indulges in harmful gossip. Give the scandal-spreader a cold shoulder. He'll starve to death on that diet."

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o'clock. He sat in one of the lobby chairs to smoke a cigar, and the stranger next to him began a conversation.

"A bad day," he said.

"It is," replied my friend.

"Too bad for me to go out and get wet. See that three-story building down the block?"

My friend did, and asked what of it.

"There's a fifteen-thousand-dollar order down there waiting for me to go and get; but it will have to wait until the rain stops."

"What is your line?" asked my friend.

The conversationalist told him. They were in the same line of business. The talkative individual had never seen my friend before, although he would have recognized him had he heard his name.

"I chatted with him a few minutes," said my friend, "and then excused myself. It was still raining pitchforks when I reached the building. The manager of the factory was glad to see me. He said he had wondered why no representative of our concern had thought to call on him before. I caught the two-o'clock train out of town with that fifteen-thousand-dollar contract in my pocket, and when I left the hotel the other fellow was still waiting for the rain to stop, and still talking, I imagine."

SEVERAL years ago Henry Ford and my boy Buddy and I were riding together near Mr. Ford's home, at Dearborn, Michigan. It was in the course of a Fourth of July celebration and the road was crowded with cars. The Ford ahead of us stopped without warning, and Mr. Ford's car bumped into it, slightly bending the rear fender. In that car were a young fellow and his girl, and neither of them recognized Mr. Ford. The youth got out and in a loud voice began to demand an explanation.

"That's all right, son," said Mr. Ford. "I'll give you a new fender."

"You bet you will!" the youth shouted. "And you'll pay for it right now."

"Not now," said Mr. Ford. "You take the car over to the factory to-morrow and they'll put on a new fender for you. I didn't do much damage to the one you have, but I guess the car will stand a new one."

"Nothing doing," said the youth. "You'll give me the price of it right now."

By this time a crowd had gathered, and somebody called Mr. Ford by name. The boy's eyes opened.

"Are you Henry Ford?" he gasped. "I'm sorry I spoke that way."

"Never mind the apologies," said Mr. Ford. "Take the car over to the factory in the morning and have it repaired."

"But, Mr. Ford, I didn't know it was you," stammered the boy.

"And I didn't know you before, but I know you now. You've shown me just what kind of fellow you are. You'd have been very nice to Henry Ford, but a roughneck to anyone else you thought you could browbeat."

That sort of policy isn't confined to rough young fellows either. I know any number of people whose tongues are operated on just that basis. They are ladies and gentlemen with their friends; but they're not so particular about themselves with their servants or the strangers they happen to think don't amount to anything.

When my tongue is on parade it is always courteous; but when my tongue is running loose it is a different matter. I am always polite to the man I want to please, the famous man, the rich man, or the man I am afraid of. I may think up smart sentences and bitter sentences and sarcastic sentences, but I am wary enough not to utter them. If I can control my tongue in one instance, I can control it in the other, and I have definitely made up my mind to have the same rule of speech for all.

THE sharp tongue is a poor tool to work with. I know several sharp-tongued people who have made friendship with them almost an impossibility. They are what are commonly called "outspoken" persons. They are continually saying cutting and hurtful things, and they excuse themselves by insisting that they tell only the truth.

"I am not going to flatter anyone for his friendship," said one of these outspoken conversationalists to me. "I'll say exactly what I think every time I am asked for an opinion."

This would be perfect conduct if this type of person did wait until asked for an opinion. But usually the bitter thing is said without invitation or excuse. It is tossed into a peaceful atmosphere like a bomb. It shatters, burns, sears, and hurts. It starts tears where smiles should have prevailed. It is unnecessary and uncalled for, and the victim never entirely recovers.

The sharp tongue is the weapon of envy and malice. It hides under the mantle of truth the dagger of vindictiveness.

My tongue has been my enemy, and I know it is the enemy of many.

Mrs. Guest stepped into a little neighborhood notion store, kept by an old misanthrope, one morning.

"Have you by chance," she said, "a package of carpet tacks?"

Without rising from his chair, he turned and snapped at her:

"Does this look like a hardware store to you?"

Perhaps it was foolish for Mother to imagine that carpet tacks could be purchased in a notion store, but that wasn't half so foolish as the old man's smart retort. He may have thought it clever, but the fact is it cost him a good customer. He not only drove her to the hardware store for carpet tacks, but he drove her to the next notion store for all her notions.

If it is true that some men have dug their graves with their teeth it is also true that many others have dug their social and business graves with their tongues. They have actually talked themselves into failure. Once get the reputation of being a talker, and no business man will have you within hearing. You are destined to a job where you can do the least harm. Tell everything you know, and you'll soon have the reputation of a know-nothing.

In every trade and every profession there are the human sieves. Information just fairly filters through them. They are so busy spilling over, they never have time for investigation or inquiry. To them, everything they hear is news to be passed on. They are the fountain-heads of gossip and the base of supply for scandal.

Some twenty years ago there was a run on one of the largest banks in Detroit. It happened the day following a holiday, and it took a bishop of the Catholic church to stop it. Its source was ignorance; but it spread with such rapidity that even the intelligence of the community was stampeded. A Polish depositor, who could read no English, and whose knowledge of American legal holidays was limited, came down on a holiday to draw his money. He found the doors closed. He rattled at the front door and he rattled at the side door. A policeman went over to him.

"The bank's closed!" the officer said curtly.

The man understood that; but that's all he did understand. He went home and spread the news among his friends and neighbors that the bank was closed and they'd lost all their money.

The next morning there was a line-up blocks long, and soon the officers of the bank were forced to the realization that they were confronted with a first-class run of panic-stricken depositors. Words were futile. There was nothing to do but pay out. The more they paid out, the more other depositors rushed to get their money. Sister banks poured in their cash to save the situation. Some of the big business men talked and tried to calm the frightened people by making large deposits. Finally, Bishop Foley was called upon, and he at last succeeded in calming the situation.

And all because an ignorant man had talked without knowledge of the facts!

I believe I could start a panic within an hour. I know I could ruin any man's reputation with a few words.

The trouble with gossips is that their eyes are never open and their mouths never shut. They see a man they know with a woman they don't know, and the tongue begins to wag.

TWO years ago one of the big department stores in Detroit was obliged to use a full-page advertisement in all the newspapers to stop a lot of ugly gossip that was going the rounds. In fact, the story had spread so far that the common council of the city had begun an official investigation with a view to legislation.

Mrs. Guest told the story to me at the dinner table. She had it first-hand from a friend who thought she had been a witness to it. When I heard it, I said, "That story isn't so. It didn't happen; it couldn't happen." This was the tale:

A woman was electrocuted in the beauty parlor of the store. She was being given a permanent wave, and the attendant had attached the apparatus to her hair and turned on the current. She left her for a few minutes. The woman noticed her hair was burning, and called to a young girl who was in the place. The girl became frightened, and threw a glass of cold water over the customer. The water affected the electrical apparatus and the shock instantly killed the woman.

Now, Mrs. Guest's friend said she had seen them carry the woman out of the store. Every one of the million and a half people in the city of Detroit heard that story, and most of them believed it and most of them passed it on. There was not one fact upon which such a tale could be based. There had been no accident in the beauty parlor, no woman had lost her life; no woman had been injured.

It was true that an ambulance had

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driven to the rear door and had taken away a woman, but the lady had merely fainted. The company, rather than let her venture out alone in her weakened condition, had provided the ambulance as a conveyance. What Mrs. Guest's friend had seen was that woman being taken home. When she heard the other exciting tale, she merely concluded that she had at least had a glimpse of the victim. Who started that story no one knows; but it continued to go the rounds until finally the full-page denials officially squelched it.

I HAVE reached the point where I am suspicious of even my friends' sources of information. I have made it a rule never to believe stories concerning other people until I have been able to confirm the facts myself. I have found that the noon-day gossip at the club is usually wrong. The easy conversationalists will divorce happily-married couples; make drunkards out of teetotalers; change a little family house party into a wild orgy; scatter reputations right and left, belittle achievements, and magnify the commonplace.

Word of mouth is the sweetest of nectars and the deadliest of venoms.

It is the best advertising medium when it praises, and it can be fatal to any man or to any industry when it condemns.

A friend of mine, at the head of a large baking organization, told me this story:

"We were one of the largest concerns of our kind in Michigan," said he. "Our bread business was increasing daily, and we were serving a great section of the state outside the city of Detroit. It seemed to us, when we shut down one evening, that nothing could happen to interfere with our prosperity. The next morning, when I reached my office, a report came to me that a woman in a certain neighborhood had complained that she had found two tiny pieces of glass in one of our loaves. I immediately jumped into my car and went out to investigate the story. I knew such an accusation might have serious consequences.

"The woman insisted that she had found the glass in our bread, and produced two tiny bits to prove her claim. It was impossible to dispute her statement. The glass may have been in the loaf she purchased; but if it was, how it got there was a mystery to all of us. It was an unfortunate, unavoidable experience, and it happened (if it did happen) in spite of all our carefulness, our cleanliness and our pride in the product we were making.

"The woman told her neighbor that she had found ground glass in our bread. Before the day was out, that story had spread like wildfire throughout the entire neighborhood, and in less than two days our orders dropped one thousand loaves a day. We were powerless. After considering every possible way to stop such an evil influence, we decided that our best course lay in silence. But we spent many troubled weeks and lost thousands of dollars before we lived it down and regained the confidence of our public."

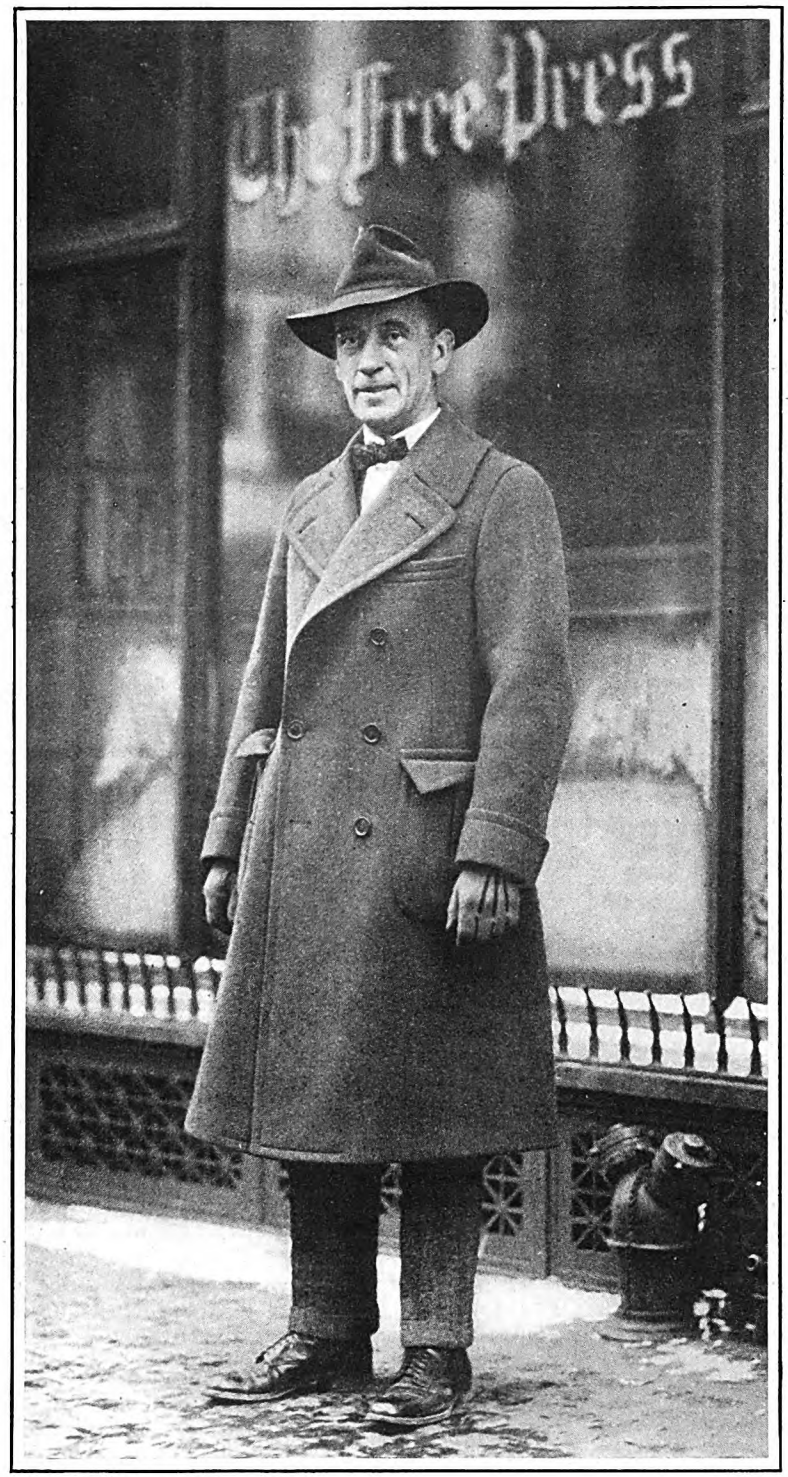

PHOTO BY GEORGE ADAMS, DETROIT

Eddie Guest in front of the office of the Detroit "Free Press," the newspaper for which he has worked during thirty-two years

There is no defense against gossip. It is impossible to anticipate what will be said about you. Personally, I have been accused by total strangers of every conceivable human bit of wrongdoing from murder down. One story in particular, which started somewhere in the East, was that I had been a life convict in a Minnesota prison, sent there for choking my first wife to death while in a fit of rage. I gained my release, so the reliable and authoritative informer had it, by writing a bit of verse which attracted the attention of the governor. He pardoned me on my promise to choke no more wives.

That tale spread and spread, until even people who had known me for years began to ask if it were really true. It didn't worry me, but it did worry my mother and my wife. For a time I thought Mrs. Guest really was going to choke with rage, but I finally succeeded in laughing her out of her indignation.

A YEAR or so ago I received a letter from a woman living in the Middle West, asking for information about myself. She said she had attended a meeting of the literary society of her community, and had been shocked to learn from the speaker of the afternoon that I was a quite horrible sort of person. The speaker, it seemed, after discussing my work, felt compelled to reveal a number of unpleasant things about my personal life. She knew for a fact that I was constantly under the influence of liquor, and that Mrs. Guest had been obliged to leave me, taking the children with her. While she had never met me herself, she had met many people who knew me well, and they had all told her that I got most of my exercise by using my wife as a punching bag, or words to that effect.

And in all that gathering of women there was, apparently, only one present who either doubted the tale or cared enough about it to seek the truth. To her I chuckled as I wrote: (*Continued on page 100*)

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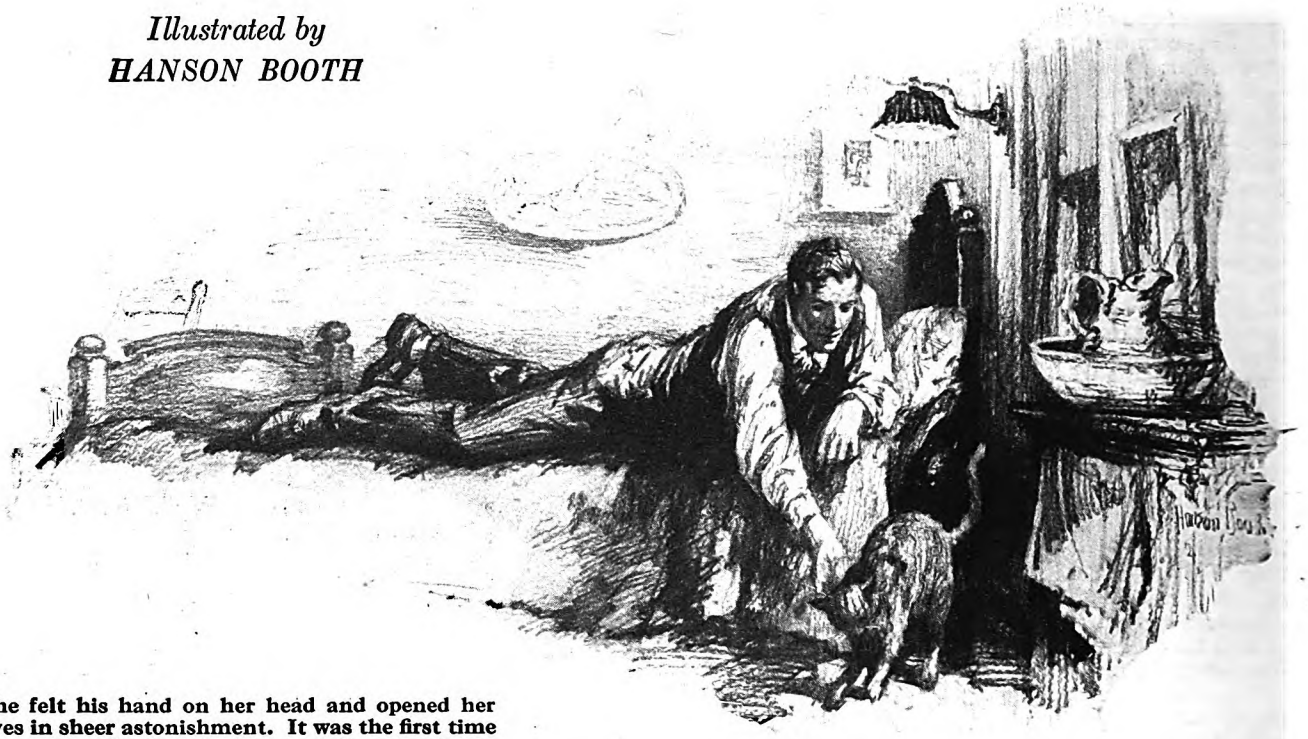

She felt his hand on her head and opened her eyes in sheer astonishment. It was the first time that anyone had touched her with that gentleness

"The Ninth Life"

A story of a young man who couldn't ignore a challenge—

By I. A. R. Wylie

ON ONE fine spring day, Francis Clairvaulx, having proved beyond reasonable doubt that he believed firmly in monogomy, democracy, the United States Government, and all existing things whatsoever, landed at the Battery and, some hours later, thanks to George, in Mrs. Gottlieb's rooming-house around on Ninth Avenue.

George, it appeared, was often on the Battery, anxious to help just such new arrivals, and particularly if they came from England, because, as George explained, his people came over sometime in 1665, which, of course, made him sentimental on the subject. So it was natural that he should lead Francis to Mrs. Gottlieb, who was an old friend of his and, contrary to appearances, a decent and kindly soul.

Judged by appearances, Mrs. Gottlieb was a blowsy lady of uncertain years with a squint and a strange but fluent flow of English. She had, she admitted doubtfully, a room to let. It was what she described as a hall bedroom, and looked out straight onto a blank wall. If you wanted sunlight you lit the gas jet. Otherwise, you went without. But it was, as George said, decent and, thanks to the brick wall, you could only hear the Elevated. In fact you could hear nothing else. Which was a good thing. And only seven bucks a week. Whatever they were.

Francis didn't care much. The trouble with him was that he didn't really care about anything. Even the alpine configuration of his prospective mattress didn't worry him. He was, so to speak, beyond good and evil. And when George suggested changing the one-hundred-dollar bill which represented Francis's sole stake in the universe on a couple of drinks, he agreed to that too. He didn't care. But he was a friendly soul himself, and he recognized that the spotty youth had proved once more that you must never judge people by their appearance.

A drug store seemed an odd place to celebrate—a queer drug store, at that, with a few dusty perfume bottles in the show cases and a bored and blue-jowled druggist who responded to George's wink with another. They passed through glass doors.

"Seeing life, ain't you?" the spotty youth demanded gleefully. "Put your foot on the rail, boy, and say what—"

IT WAS the not caring that did it. After his second drink, Francis knew nothing very clearly until he awoke to the conviction that his skull was full of loose iron that was rattling 'round with a frightful noise and hurting horribly. By the pale daylight that filtered down the crevasse outside the window, he perceived that he was in the hall bedroom, on the alpine mattress, and fully dressed. If anything, the place looked a shade more hopeless. And the one-hundred-dollar bill had changed. Effectively. In fact, beyond recognition.

Of course, the truth was that the officials of Ellis Island ought never to have allowed Francis to land. But then, the great trouble with officials is that they are fallible. They can even test your heart and be unaware that it is broken. Which is serious. Because an immigrant with a broken heart is much more likely to become a charge on the community than someone suffering from eye trouble or even angina.

The symptoms are subtle, and can be detected only under close and prolonged observation. They include a marked distaste for food, and a total disregard for the great moral principle of the century, which is that you shall go one better than the next fellow, or perish. They prefer to perish.

So that Francis wasn't particularly upset. He even thought it rather nice of George, who was evidently bound to become a great man, to leave him five dollars to go on with. He paid three dollars in advance to Mrs. Gottlieb, who seemed to have lost faith in humanity early in her career, and went out to look for a job. He didn't really want a job, but it seems that if you are alive you have to live—Francis was not quite clear why.

In Sixth Avenue he encountered little knots of men gathered

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outside doorways. On the doors themselves were fixed white pasteboard notices which announced a pressing need for car men, ice men, bricklayers, waiters, and stenographers. It all looked very hopeful.

The clerk at the desk took fifty cents before he even inquired. Then he took down Francis's name, address, and age. He too seemed to feel that the name was a mistake. You couldn't spell it and you couldn't say it.

"Make it something short and snappy," he suggested. "Smith, f'r instance."

Francis obligingly made it "Smith."

"What sort of job you want?"

"Well—almost any sort."

"I see. All-round man. Best at everything. I tell you what—we've got a call for an ice man round on Fifty-ninth. Ever handled ice?"

"Not exactly handled. I used to skate a good deal."

"Aw, don't be funny. What's your line? What *can* you do?"

"Well—I don't really know. I'm not much good at lifting things. You see, I got smashed up a bit."

"Shorthand?"

"A little. Rather slow. I haven't had much practice."

"Say, what *did* you do where you come from?"

FRANCIS explained. He murmured something about a war. Apparently, he had messed through that satisfactorily enough. At any rate he had survived. Afterward he had written—poetry, articles, and short stories. The inquirer seemed to think that they were no preparation for the career of ice man—or any other sort of career.

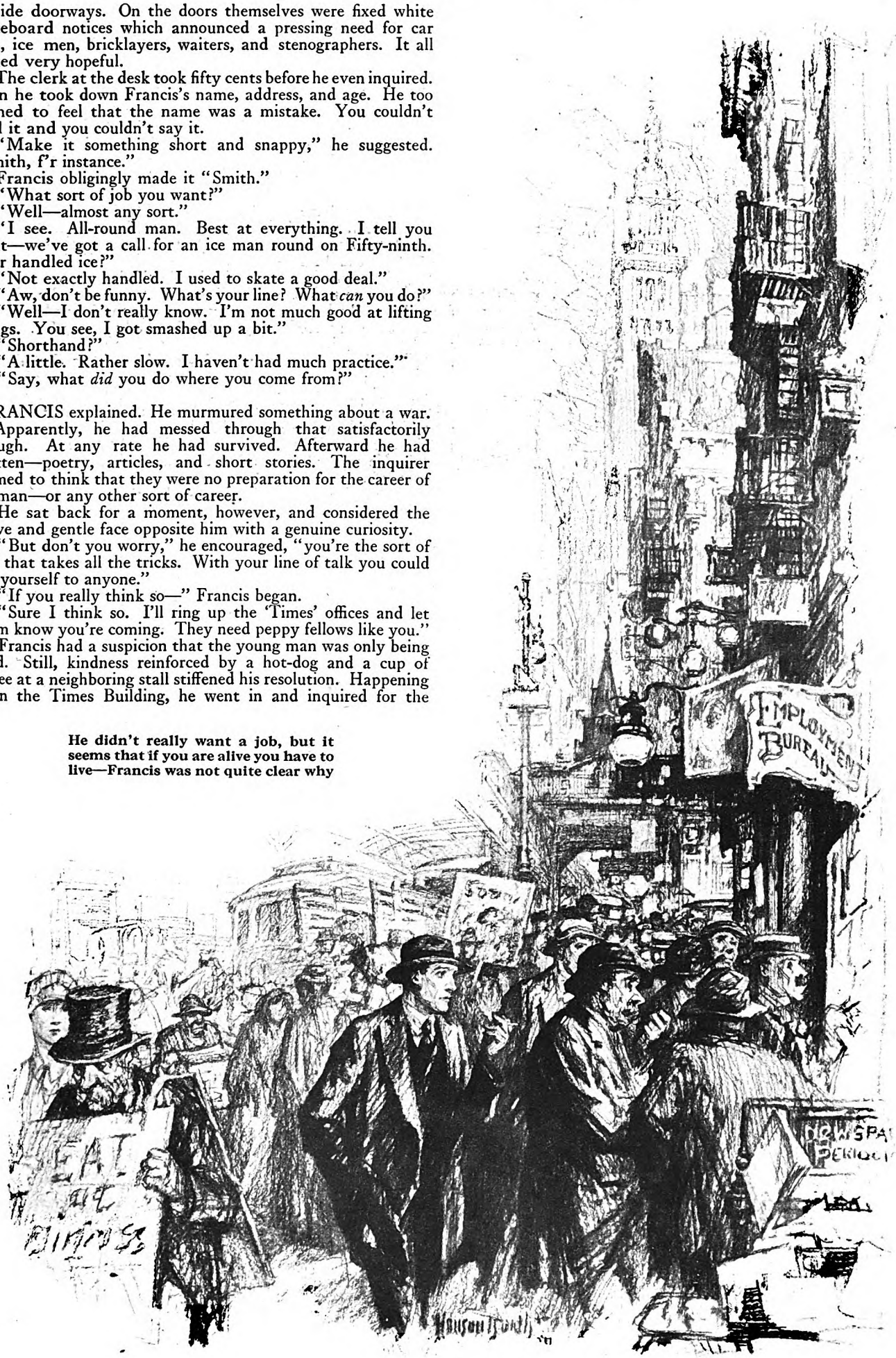
He sat back for a moment, however, and considered the grave and gentle face opposite him with a genuine curiosity.

"But don't you worry," he encouraged, "you're the sort of guy that takes all the tricks. With your line of talk you could sell yourself to anyone."

"If you really think so—" Francis began.

"Sure I think so. I'll ring up the 'Times' offices and let them know you're coming. They need peppy fellows like you."

Francis had a suspicion that the young man was only being kind. Still, kindness reinforced by a hot-dog and a cup of coffee at a neighboring stall stiffened his resolution. Happening upon the Times Building, he went in and inquired for the



He didn't really want a job, but it seems that if you are alive you have to live—Francis was not quite clear why

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editor, or, as he explained diffidently, anyone who would see him. And the office boy said that nobody saw anybody without an appointment. And Francis, realizing that of course the kind young man at the agency had not yet rung up, lifted his hat courteously and said, "Quite," and went out again.

SOMEONE had told Francis on the ship that there were six million people in New York. There were seven million in London, so perhaps it was the lack of the odd million that made him feel so utterly alone. And all the six million were going somewhere, very fast, with tense, set faces and unseeing eyes. Whereas, Francis wasn't going anywhere in particular, and on account of the said heart trouble he felt certain that he never would. So that he got in the way a good deal, and several people said, "Watch your step, can't you?" in English, but with a strange, alarming accent.

As dusk began to fill the streets he went home. At least he went back to Mrs. Gottlieb's. He felt oddly sore, as though he had been beaten all over, and so hungry that he doubted if even the bumps in his mattress would make him forget the ache of it. On the dirty steps a girl ran into him. They nearly lost their balance, and for a moment they clung to each other, laughing.

Then she drew clear. Francis lifted his hat.

"I'm awfully sorry."

In the uncertain light, he could hardly see her. But when she spoke he was sure she didn't belong to Mrs. Gottlieb's house. She spoke so gently, and the strange accent suddenly sounded friendly and sweet.

"Quite all right. It was my fault."

"It wasn't. I've been knocking into people all day."

"I trod on your foot. I hope I didn't hurt you."

"I must have hurt *you*."

"Indeed, you didn't."

She lingered. "Aren't you Mrs. Gottlieb's new young man?"

"Well—I'm new, at any rate."

"English, aren't you?"

"Yes. How did you know?"

"I just guessed. My people came from Somerset. That's England, isn't it?"

"Oh, absolutely."

"I guess that helps. Just come over, haven't you?"

"Yesterday."

"Well—I don't suppose you'll be at Mrs. Gottlieb's long."

"I don't suppose so either."

"Not that she's as bad as she seems."

"I'm sure she isn't," Francis agreed eagerly.

"Well—good night."

"Good night."

He lifted his hat again, and she slipped past him with a nod and a smile.

Afterward he sat on the edge of his narrow bed and hid his face in his hands. There was no room to walk about. It was too dark to read, and obviously he didn't dare light the gas jet. He had nothing but his thoughts. He thought of chops and steaks, and of Kilty-in-the-Dale of a summer's evening. He would never go back, because Elsie, who had run away with his best pal, had lived there too, and on just that sort of evening, fragrant with dew and sweetbriar, they had walked youthfully hand in hand through narrow, steep-hedged lanes.

But homesickness had him by the throat.

He thought of the girl who had bumped into him on the dirty steps. He wondered what she was doing in this miserable place. He wondered what she would have done if he had held on to her, and said, "Please, let me talk to you a little." He would even have told her about Elsie. Because, though his heart was broken, he still had to live with it. And it still hurt. It hurt worse now when nobody knew.

Chops and steaks again.

There was no reason why he shouldn't have cried. There was no one to witness the disgrace. But it seemed ridiculous, after you had messed your way through the Great War to cry because you were hungry and had nobody to live for.

THEY met at least once a day on the stairs, and said "How d'you do?" rather shyly. Never more. On those particular stairs there was no reasonable reason for lingering. And there was nowhere else. Even if he had had the price of a meal—which he hadn't—he wouldn't have asked her. Just because she was so lonely and unprotected, he had to be the more careful. He wanted her to feel that with him, at any rate, she was safe.

Otherwise, she obviously wasn't safe at all. There were things and people in Mrs. Gottlieb's establishment that she oughtn't even to know about—the loud-mouthed youth on the third, for instance, who came back five nights out of seven bawling tuneless and beastly songs, and the peroxide blonde across the landing, with no visible means of support and hunted, revengeful eyes. Francis thought of his two sisters in the quiet little village of Kilty-in-the-Dale, and went hot with shame.

Of course it wasn't his business. Nothing was. Still, she was a human being. You were responsible in spite of yourself. A rather sweet human being. Even if you didn't care, you couldn't help noticing it. In his chronically dizzy state of mind she appeared to him in the poetic form of a ray of sunlight in a dark and evil-smelling prison. She was frail and gentle-looking. He noticed her pathetic efforts to dress with a fresh prettiness that defied the squalor of her surroundings. Knowing the price of a clean collar, Francis guessed that she often went without her lunch.

He didn't even know her name. But he knew that she was

The light from the neat, cheerful room blinded him so that he could not read her expression. He didn't want to. He didn't want to see her at all

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Mrs. Gottlieb, amidst a pile of soaked and dubious-looking possessions, wailed passionately in two languages. Francis shook her by the arm. "Miss Dawson!" he shouted, "Miss Dawson!"

poor and alone. And he suspected her smile of being very gallant. It might even be that her heart, too, had gone the way of hearts.

He didn't care about himself. He was finished. But she was young and unspoilt. It was a shame. Lying carefully in the deep and stony valley of his ancient mattress, he planned how he would really speak to her—gently and earnestly as an elder brother might do. He would warn her that the neighborhood in general, and Mrs. Gottlieb's house in particular, was no place for her. He would ask her, if things went very wrong, to have confidence in him—

He imagined her anxious, astonished eyes.

Meantime he made two discoveries: First, that the people who had assured him that in America even the half-witted became millionaires, almost in spite of themselves, had exaggerated. Second, the main difference between the Old World and the New was that in the former only the fittest survived. Whereas in the New you could be a totally unfit ice man, for instance, and be fired regularly once a week, and still live on. Which fortunate fact enabled Francis, carrying square blocks of the mean, slippery stuff between steel pincers, with his old wound aching like a tooth, to keep Mrs. Gottlieb, if not the wolf, from baying too persistently at his hall bedroom door.

And one day when ice men were at (*Continued on page 160*)

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Behind Nearly Every Lie There Lies A Fear

And you parents have got to find out what those fears are if you want to solve the problem of why children do not always tell the truth—The days of arbitrary parental rule have passed, and study, reason, and understanding must be mixed with discipline if you want to make a good job of rearing a boy or a girl

By Angelo Patri

PEOPLE who say that childhood is the happiest period of life are usually short on memory and long on sentimentality. Childhood, contrary to numerous rhapsodic comments, is a period of uncertainty, of constraint and restraint, of constant chafing against irksome commands and rules of life which are not clearly understood.

Children do not grow up gently, like flowers in a garden. They suffer acute growing pains, they have symptoms baffling and elusive, they progress and backslide; they run the whole round of life in a few short hours, repeating it again and again in ever-widening circles.

In order to rear children properly, it is necessary to have a broad and gentle tolerance, born of real understanding. The old hit-or-miss system is gradually being relegated to the limbo of forgotten things, and parents and teachers are now seeking knowledge where they were wont to be content with traditions. They are asking questions where once they were satisfied to lay down laws. In brief, children have become people to be studied and considered. And we who study them have managed to evolve a few fundamental principles upon which we can base the answers to the most common questions of parents.

"Tell me," a troubled mother said to me, "why my children lie? I am truthful. Indeed, I am very particular to tell them only the truth and to keep my lightest promise. Yet they tell fibs. Why do they do so?"

The answer is that most children, if not all, tell lies at one time or another. Broadly speaking, it is fear that makes them do so, although I have known children gifted with very vivid imaginations who lie for the sheer joy of embellishing the truth or of creating a situation in which they are the central figures. However, such children are the exception rather than the rule and I haven't room to consider them in this article. I firmly believe that behind nearly every lie is a fear. If you can remove the fear, the lie dissolves. Each child has a different fear, each one tells a different lie for a different reason. But the principle is clear: No fear, no lie.

Let me tell you about Mary Ellen. She was a pleasant child, healthy, and intelligent on every subject except arithmetic. The moment the teacher began, "A man had seven—" Mary Ellen's courage died on the spot.

The teacher did her conscientious best. She kept Mary Ellen in after hours and drilled her thoroughly. She sent home deficiency blanks for her mother's signature, and faithfully marked the deficiency in red ink on the monthly report card.

Mother helped loyally. "Mary Ellen, you must really try harder. Now, put your music aside and put all your time on arithmetic. How can you ever expect to go through college unless you get a passing mark in mathematics? It would be awful if you failed, you know. The family on both sides are college folk. You don't want to be the first one to fail. Now, do put everything out of your mind and work hard. We want to be proud of you. We must be proud of you."

ONE morning Mary Ellen handed the clerk of the school a letter which stated that she was leaving in order to go to a private school in the neighborhood.

Soon afterward I saw Mary Ellen on the platform of the L station at an hour when she should have been in school. I bowed and smiled, but she seemed embarrassed by the recognition and rapidly disappeared behind the ticket office. A few days later one of the teachers saw her on the street, again at a time when schools were in session, and, as before, the child seemed disturbed at being noticed.

Scenting trouble, I had the private school called up on the 'phone, and, as I expected, it knew nothing about Mary Ellen. We immediately got into communication with her mother and asked her to come in with Mary Ellen the next morning.

"Of course I'll come," she said; "but you can get Mary Ellen from the classroom any time you want her, can't you?"

"We'd rather you brought her in with you, if you can do so conveniently," was the rejoinder.

Mother arrived at the appointed time the next morning, but without Mary Ellen. "She said she would rather go to her classroom first, so that her attendance would be marked right," explained the lady. "She is such a conscientious child. It seems too bad that she does so poorly in arithmetic. Is she going to pass, do you think?"

Mary Ellen was not in the classroom, of course, and it was left to me to explain the situation. "It is not so bad as it looks on the surface," I assured the mother. "Can't you see that Mary Ellen did this to protect herself from us all? We were pushing her to do something that she could not do. We made her feel a disgrace and a failure every time she entered the school. At the close of the day, instead of returning happily to her home, looking forward to being petted and praised, she went sadly, bowed under a load of failure. In self-defense she ran away. She could see no other way out."

"But she lied," sobbed the mother. "This is awful. To think that my daughter deceived me and forged my name to a letter! What ever will become of her? I don't even know where she is."

"Don't worry about Mary Ellen," I said. "Give her a chance, and everything will be all right. Mary Ellen is afraid of arithmetic. That's the key to the whole trouble. Now you will have to accept the fact that arithmetic is not for Mary Ellen. So will we. We will have to tell her, and prove our sincerity too, that we think just as much of her as ever, and that her success in music balances her poor arithmetic.

"Nobody knows about this but you and me and one teacher," I went on. "Nobody else is ever to know. When Mary Ellen comes home this afternoon—she will come home, never fear—you tell her you know what she did and why she did it, and when she cries and tells you how sorry she is, forgive her and bring her to us in the morning."

MARY ELLEN failed in arithmetic that term-end but she took the failure cheerfully. She did extra work in music and drawing, and the commendation and praises it brought strengthened her and gave her courage. The next term she got a sixty-five in arithmetic, which let her by. The following term she was able to do those problems that begin: "If a tree seventy feet high casts a shadow . . ." which is not so bad. And she is quite as truthful as any other child from whom fear has been lifted.

"Why does my child steal? I give him everything that he ought to have, yet he steals. Why does he do that, and what can I do to stop him?" That's another problem parents have to face.

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Children are born without moral sense. They are just human grubs. Wrapped within them, however, are the germs of a moral and spiritual growth, which, like all growth, must struggle for birth, and be fed and trained and faithfully tended. Character is a slow growth born of fiery trial. Think back to your childhood, and remember how your moral sense developed and blossomed.

"Little children take things for the mere sake of clutching. It is not to satisfy a hunger for possession. The eyes of childhood are imperfect carriers, while the sense of touch is the best possible one. The clutching hands must verify the seeing eyesight if early impressions are to be correct. In other words, children are impelled to *feel* an object as well as to *see* it.

But the pilfering of the pre-adolescent and the true adolescent is another matter. The latter has developed a moral sense, and knows the difference between right and wrong. Each question that arises in his mind has two sides, the self-centered side and the selfless side. In the beginning, he will always take the selfish view, because he has not had sufficient experience of the ecstatic joy in the denial of present ease for future good. His is a purely material world of hungers and satisfactions. He enters upon the other with halting steps, backward glances, and rebellions.

This half-way stage of growth or adolescence is the most difficult of all for children and parents. Almost anything may happen. One or two principles of training stand out here. The child has no power to step from the physical to the spiritual self. The helpful adult lays the bridge and points the way. To my mind, the Ten Commandments and their background is the *way*. Gently, if you can, sternly, if you must, hold them fast to that elementary code.

EARLY impressions persist. They have persisted with *you*. It may be true that you no longer attend church, and your Sunday-school days are in the past; but it is also true that they are merged in your background and are the foundations of your ethical conduct to-day. When we begin to learn a game we follow the rules grimly; but when we become expert and the technique is second nature to us, we forget the pain of our learning and its method.

It is quite common to find adolescent boys and girls taking money from their parents' purses to buy candy or tickets for the show, or to stand treat to the "bunch." When that happens, keep your head. Wait until you have thought the situation out thoroughly before you talk it over with the child.

I am a firm believer in giving a child an allowance. It should start when the child is about eight or nine, and end when he is self-supporting. During this period of time he should be allowed to handle the money that buys his clothes, school supplies, and pleasures. He should also be trained to keep an account book, and to understand what spending and earning means. This is a legitimate part of his education. Nowadays, every good college and boarding-school has a personal finance department, and the students regularly go over their budgets with an expert. It is ignorance of the meaning and use of money that causes the mischief. Educate the children, and the trouble will vanish.

PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Angelo Patri and one of his pupils in a modeling class. Mr. Patri is principal of a New York City public school; but his influence is by no means confined to one school, or one city. By his example and through his writings, school methods all over America have been affected. He is the author of numerous magazine articles, syndicated newspaper talks, and books. "A School Master of the Great City" and "The School That Everybody Wants" are among his best-known books. Mr. Patri was born in Italy fifty years ago, and has been a teacher in American schools for twenty-seven years

Billy is a good example of what training in money affairs will do. Billy spent his allowance, and then helped himself to any loose change that he could lay hands upon.

In despair, his mother brought him to my office one day.

"What do you do with the money, Billy?" I asked.

"Oh, I just spend it," replied Billy.

"Well, Billy, I think a man ought to *earn* money before he spends it, don't you?"

"Sure."

"And it's rather cheap to spend money that another fellow earns, isn't it?"

"Sure it is. I want to go to work; but they won't let me."

"If I can persuade your parents to allow you to earn money in your spare time will you promise me to keep a strict accounting of it?"

Billy nodded his head.

"Now, see here, Billy. I'm going to give you this new quarter. It is your charm. You keep it in your pocket, just to remind you that money need not burn holes in it. You show it to your mother every night, and bring it along with you when you come to see me next time. If it is still a whole twenty-five cents, the charm will work for you overtime.

"This little book is your account book. In it you keep a record of how you spend your allowance and the money you earn. You also keep in it a record of your savings. And remember, son, that no gentleman ever takes money he has no right to."

Billy spent foolishly, and once or twice he kept change he should have turned in. But he held on to the quarter I gave him, and I changed it into half a dollar and then to a dollar. After that, he did not need to keep a "charm" in his pocket, because he had learned enough about money to be trusted with it. You see, honesty is a habit that has to be taught, just as any other habit is taught, by example and practice, *reward* and *punishment*.

Should children be punished? Of course they should. They must not be cheated out of their punishments. They are entitled to them. We dislike to make them unhappy, but they must learn that their happiness lies in doing what makes others happy, in reaching past their physical selves to their spiritual selves.

When shall they be punished and when not? Again the principle is clear. If the mistake was committed in selfishness, it is to be penalized. If it is a mistake of judgment, well-meaning, a groping toward a higher plane of self, it is to be corrected, and the child comforted and sent on its way rejoicing.

Buddie climbed on the pantry chair and took down a jar of jam and ate to his heart's content. His mother discovered him when he had about completed the job.

"You are a naughty, selfish little boy. Nobody likes a greedy boy who eats all the jam, makes himself sick and doesn't care whether anybody else gets any or not. You must be punished for such conduct.

"Bring a tablespoon. Now you measure out the spoonfuls in this full jar. We'll count them. There are about ten spoonfuls. Now measure how much is left in your jar. Five spoonfuls. That means that for five times (*Continued on page 105*)

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What A Man In Politics Is Up Against

By Brand Whitlock

IN THE early days of the Middle West, when life was monotonous and hard, without depth or background, when the theatre and most forms of social amusement were considered wicked, and people cowered before the countless taboos that were the poisonous legacy of puritanism, the political meeting in the autumn, the revival in winter and the camp meeting in the summer were the only means of relaxation. The political orator who could amuse the people was in demand. His well-tested jokes and stock of funny stories, repeated about the red-hot stove and the sawdust spit-box in the country store, served to while away the dull winter evenings until the revival began.

There was something of the artist in these old politicians; and simply because they were at home on the stump and never so happy as when they had a crowd to harangue, is no reason for denouncing them as demagogues; they were not preaching dangerous and subversive doctrines; they merely had a way with the crowd; they knew how to establish an easy, familiar, and confidential understanding with their hearers. They may have had sometimes a certain swaggering assurance of good-fellowship, a necessary touch of democratic vulgarity, but they had withal a kind of charm, that mysterious power of personality, which goes so much further than any argument.

Harriet Martineau, in "Society in America," describes a political meeting at Greenfield, in Connecticut. As she listened to the orator of the day, all her "sympathies were baffled," and she was "deeply disgusted." . . .

"Here was . . . a candidate for the highest office in the State," she wrote, "grimacing like a mountebank before the assemblage whose votes he desired to have, and delivering an address which he supposed level to their taste and capacity. He . . . offered them shreds of tawdry sentiment, without the intermixture of one sound thought, or simple and natural feeling, simply and naturally expressed."

"SIMPLE and natural feeling, simply and naturally expressed." To be sure; but it isn't so easy as it looks. In fact, it requires a very great artist to do that sort of thing. And if one is not a very great artist, and tries it, one is apt to come a cropper. I happen to know.

One night in a municipal campaign in Toledo I had spoken at four meetings, and had one more speech to make before the day's work would be done. The last meeting was in the slums of the city, and as I drove into the dark and empty street and got out of the motor before the hall, I looked up for a second into the clear, cold sky of an October night, and caught a glimpse of the constellation known as Charles's Wain. I remembered then to have heard that one of the stars that compose the constellation is a triple star; some people, I had been told, had eyesight so strong that they could see two of these stars, but hardly any eyes were able to distinguish three.

I was sick and tired of political speeches, my own more than any, and I wondered what I was going to say; I never liked to cadge for votes. But I thought of that triple star, and attempted a little application of it to life, to ideals, how, as a man's perceptions developed, he could see more of truth and beauty—that sort of thing.

ON THE front row of seats, just below me, sat a shabby, battered man, with a blotched red face, exhaling the fumes of spirits strongly all about him. Among his friends and acquaintances he was responsive to the onomatopoetic name of "Buzz," which no doubt faithfully suggested the operations of his mind. It was still in the hot, sticky room, and Buzz had been comfortably snoozing during all this part of my little talk. But some of the poor women were listening with attention; perhaps some of them might see what I was driving at.

"Some can see one, some two, and there are those who—" (*Continued on page 139*)

"Big Matt"

begins next month

SUPPOSE your one great ambition was to be governor of your state, and then suppose the tireless loyalty and hard work of a lifelong friend finally landed you in that office. This friend of yours is a "practical" man, a political boss, not particularly well equipped to fill an important appointive office, and yet perhaps he will do all right if given a chance. Anyway, he wants a certain appointment, and that is all he does want in return for making you governor. You face a crisis in your life and a problem in ethics all in one: you must commit a public wrong, betray a public trust, by naming a doubtful man to high office; or you must commit a definite, personal wrong by ditching the friend upon whose shoulders you rode to power. Which?

Governor Blake faces just that situation in Brand Whitlock's new novel, "BIG MATT," which begins next month. He faces this situation —and a lot of others! So does Big Matt, the Boss. So do all the men and women in this great fiction story. Mr. Whitlock knows the inside of public life—also the outside. He knows people the same way. For six years he was a newspaper reporter, devoting much time to politics; for four years he was a clerk in the Secretary of State's office in Springfield, Illinois; for eight years he was mayor of a great city, and for another eight he was in the diplomatic service—a perfect background for the writing of such a story as "BIG MATT." In this novel, which will be printed in four parts, Mr. Whitlock combines his knowledge of people and politics with his rare ability as a novelist, to produce an extraordinary story—one of his very best! The article beginning on this page will give you an idea of the wealth of Mr. Whitlock's experience.

If you know anything about public life, you will be fascinated by "BIG MATT." If you don't know anything about public life, and don't care anything about it, you will be fascinated just the same! For "BIG MATT" is a story of love, conflict, loyalty, ambition, temptation, growth —a story of life by one who knows how to portray life on the printed page. THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE is delighted to present this newest Whitlock novel to its readers. You will like it! THE EDITOR.

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BRAND WHITLOCK, author and diplomat, is one of the distinguished citizens of America. He served four terms as mayor of Toledo, declining nomination for a fifth; he was appointed Minister and later Ambassador to Belgium, where his work during the World War and for several years afterward won the hearts of the Belgians and the admiration of the world; and he is the author of many short stories, poems, essays, and books. "The 13th District," "The Fall Guy," "J. Hardin & Son," and "Uprooted" are a few of his books. Mr. Whitlock was born in Urbana, Ohio, in 1869. For a time he practiced law in Toledo. In appreciation of his service as a diplomat, a bust of Mr. Whitlock was put in the Belgian Senate Chamber, and a boulevard in Brussels was named for him.

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Poinciana Breakers Studio, Palm Beach

Mrs. Nell Donnelly

TENS of thousands of American housewives dress more prettily at their work because, twenty years ago, when Mrs. Donnelly married, she resolved that she wasn't going to let housework make her look like a wielder of mop sticks and frying pans. Unable to buy the gay-colored little work dresses that she wanted, Mrs. Donnelly began designing and making her own house dresses in the rose-trellised Donnelly bungalow, in Kansas City, Missouri. Friends who saw the dresses wanted similar ones for themselves, until, to meet the demand for her dresses, Mrs. Donnelly had to start a factory, which has grown to be one of the largest of its kind.

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It's All Right To Be A Wife If You Don't Look Like One!

By Charles Lane Callen

SHE was seventeen. She was pretty. She loved beautiful things and hated ugly things. And she dreamed every young bride's dream of a bungalow for two; of se trellises and dainty curtains, and of a otless kitchen wherein it would be ust fun" to cook.

Nell Donnelly, you see, wasn't a bit fferent from other young brides. She so said to herself: "I'm not going to let usework make a frump of me." And hile Nell was dreaming of her bungalow which they couldn't yet afford—her sband Paul was dreaming at some day he might be the head of his own little siness: you know, the nd of a little business herein he could "be his vn boss."

Nell had been a stenogpher. Paul, who was venty-three, also was a enographer, earning ghteen dollars a week. hat wasn't enough, even 1906—the year they ere married—for them to ford the luxury of "a rl," or even to have the ash "done out."

Nell herself, once her ream bungalow became a ality, would have to do e cooking and the washg, the darning and the nending, the window cleang and the bed making, nd all of those other endess tasks which make omen's backs ache and ause them to forget the urling irons.

"But I won't forget the urling irons!" Nell proested. "A housewife *can* ook just as nice as a business girl!"

Older married friends, who, too, once ad resolved and dreamed, shook their eads and smiled wistfully. "You will earn," they warned, "that a housewife an't look pretty over a frying pan and a washtub."

"I won't learn!" retorted Nell Donelly. "I'm going to look as pretty, and dress as prettily, and keep our home as pretty as if we had a million instead of eighteen-a-week!"

And she did! That is, when she got the home.

Not that she dreamed ever of having a million. Such a dream then would have seemed very silly. Millions don't evolve out of eighteen-a-week marriages, and frying pans and mop sticks and washtubs, or even rose trellises and pretty kitchen dresses—and yet, they sometimes do!

To-day, though only twenty years have gone by, Paul and Nell Donnelly are well on the way to getting their first million. He is president, and she secretary and treasurer of a factory—the Donnelly Garment Company—which occupies four entire floors in one of Kansas City's largest buildings, employs more than five hundred people, and last year did a business exceeding two millions of dollars.

And this business, which is one of the largest of the kind, grew directly from a sewing machine in the rose-trellised Donnelly bungalow, and from Nell Donnelly's triumph over the frying pan and the mop stick!

WHEN young Mrs. Donnelly could not buy pretty aprons and dresses to wear in her housework, she designed her own patterns and made them up herself. Housewives, all over the country, yearned to replace the drab, purely practical garments they were wearing with the same kind of aprons and house dresses, just as soon as they heard of them. The factory resulted as the one means to supply the demand.

When I called at the Donnelly factory, without the formality of an appointment, a businesslike young woman informed me that "Mrs. Donnelly is in conference."

Mrs. Donnelly's secretary presently appeared, and after her in a few moments a decidedly attractive young lady, whom I took to be a stenographer. She smiled. "You wish to see Mrs. Donnelly?"

I certainly did.

"Then we'll sit down right here where we won't be disturbed," decided the attractive young lady. "I am Mrs. Donnelly."

She isn't five feet five inches tall. Her light brown hair is fashionably bobbed. Her eyes are blue. She wore a gay smock, suggestive of the traditional garment of an artist's studio.

Of course I had to comment on the smock. It was so utterly unbusinesslike, not at all like "factory" atmosphere.

"WELL," laughed Mrs. Donnelly, who, it happened, had designed the smock, "there is no more reason why a factory girl should look like a drudge than a housewife should look like a scrubwoman. We make these smocks for women to wear in their kitchens, though, of course, we make other garments too. It is our contention that, no matter what may be a woman's work, she can, and should, look nice as well as practical. Now, that isn't mere vanity either: it is plain common sense.

"Tell me," she went on, "can you think of anything more disagreeable-looking, and more likely to get on a man's nerves, than a frumpy, untidy woman? Can you think of anything more detrimental to a woman's *own* nerves, and to her *own* ambition and viewpoint than the consciousness that she is hideously dressed?

"There is a psychological effect in what one wears, just as there is in what one does. You can do your best when you know that you look your best. You will smile quicker in bright colors than you will in drab ones. If you men don't believe that, put on a pair of dirty overalls and go without shaving for a week. Your whole viewpoint, for the time, will undergo a change. You won't feel nearly so self-confident and lordly as you did. Likewise, a woman who looks like a scrubwoman three fourths of her day is going to feel like a scrubwoman after a few years have passed. Dowdy dressing leads straight to dowdy thinking, more times than it leads to (*Continued on page 74*)

There's No Argument Here—Mrs. Donnelly is Right!

"TOO many girls see only two things in life—marriage or a career," says Nell Donnelly. "They forget that marriage in itself is a career. It entails the same chances of success or of failure as a career in the professions or in business. The wife can make or break her husband; she can make or break a home. She has a big job, and the better she is equipped to fill it, that much better will she do the job.

"People often express surprise that this company of which my husband is the head was founded on one of *my* ideas. What surprises me is that more husbands' businesses are not the outgrowth, at least in some measure, of their wives' ideas. It takes two to make a marriage, and both are endowed with brains. Why should only *one* of the contracting parties put his brains to use, considering that the profit is mutual?"

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Old Hawk Eye

He was the most unpopular man in town until a weak spot in his armor revealed a soft spot in his heart

By Chester T. Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY STOCKTON MULFORD

STANDING at the intersection of Sycamore and South Main streets, the Reverend Mr. Biddle addressed his little audience as follows: "Something ought to be done about this." Eloquence was unnecessary; one sweeping gesture sufficed to indicate that he referred to the entire neighborhood.

Philip Merriweather, president of the First State Bank, made funny little clucking noises with his tongue and stared at the jungle of drab, ugly houses, some of them vacant and apparently in need of repair. This was the first time in three years that he had seen them. The neighborhood was only ten blocks from the bank building; but it might as well have been in another state, since it was across the railroad tracks.

Riverdale, like many other towns of four thousand population, was divided into two parts. The elect resided on one side of the tracks and the heathen on the other. Mr. Merriweather, needless to say, was of the elect. So was Norman Barker, secretary of the local chamber of commerce. Mayor Finger knew the neighborhood quite well, having been there six or seven times during the recent campaign; however, this was the first time he had thought of it as anything other than the Third Ward. Mayor Finger had lived in Riverdale all his forty-seven years, and the Third Ward had always been the Third Ward. But the Reverend Mr. Biddle had not lived in Riverdale all of his fifty-two years; he saw the town with eyes unclouded by local traditions. "Something," he repeated, "ought to be done about this."

Mayor Finger looked at him uneasily. An impressive, dignified man, with a low, earnest tone and purposeful eyes—but meditated—a man who would lure busy, important personages away from their desks to go prowling about like this might turn out to be an awful nuisance. So Mayor Finger agreed heartily that something ought to be done.

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Who owns most of this property?" Reverend Mr. Biddle asked.

mmediately Mayor Finger's expression ;htened. If the owner of the property e going to be the person held re- nsible, the subject might be discussed omfort, for William Baker never sup- ted anyone in local campaigns.

Nearly all of this property," the yor answered, "belongs to William ter."

Old Hawk Eye," added the secretary, rman Barker. And Mr. Merriweather ned as he echoed, "Old Hawk Eye."

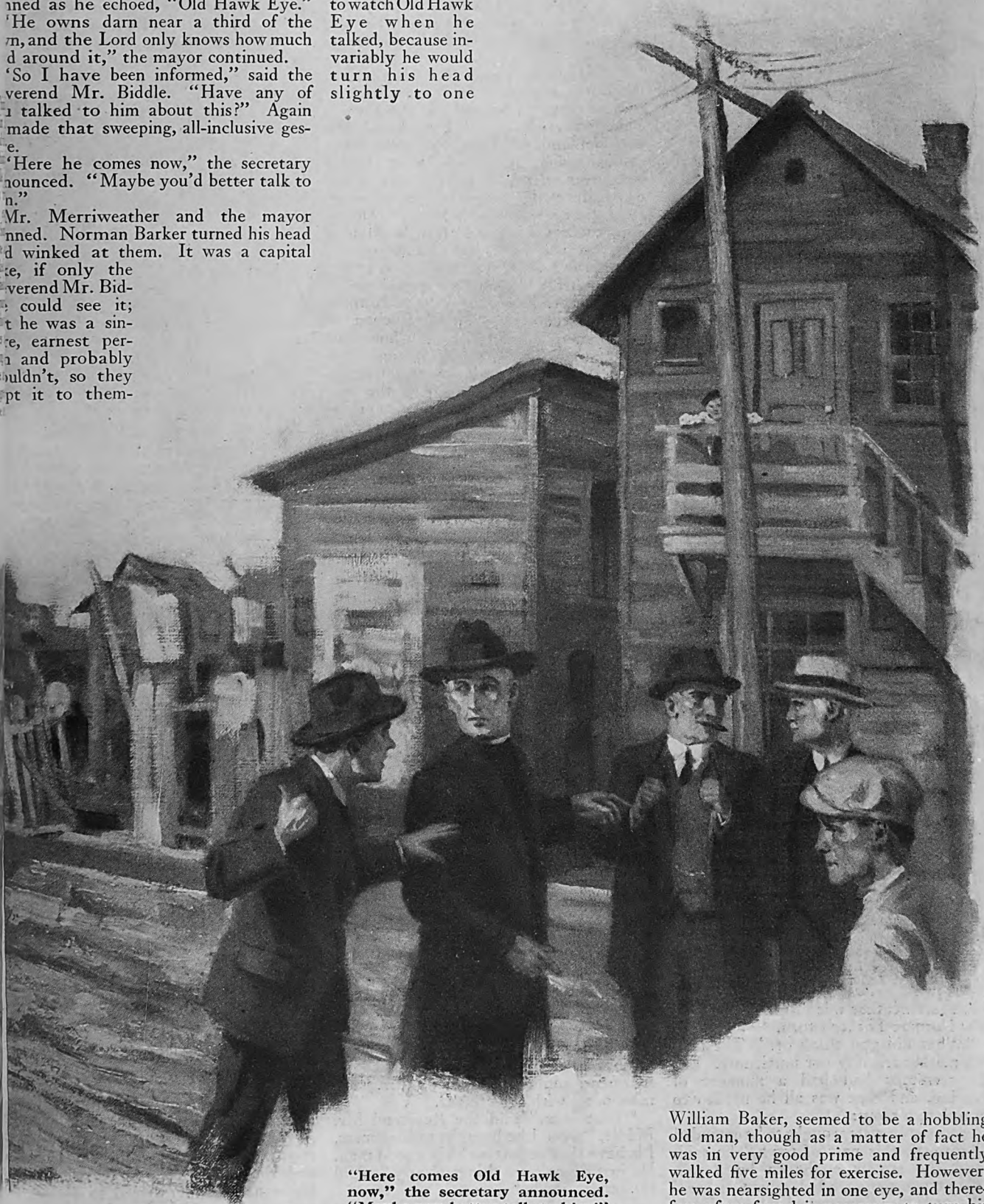
He owns darn near a third of the n, and the Lord only knows how much d around it," the mayor continued.

So I have been informed," said the verend Mr. Biddle. "Have any of ı talked to him about this?" Again made that sweeping, all-inclusive ges- e.

Here he comes now," the secretary nounced. "Maybe you'd better talk to n."

Mr. Merriweather and the mayor nned. Norman Barker turned his head d winked at them. It was a capital e, if only the verend Mr. Bid- could see it; t he was a sin- e, earnest per- ı and probably uldn't, so they pt it to them- selves. Much good it had ever done to talk to Old Hawk Eye about anything. He was far and away the most unpopular man in Riverdale—Old Hawk Eye, the bargain snatcher, the bird of prey. Now they waited as he approached, carrying his heavy cane, and talking to someone. That was unusual. The someone turned out to be Leonard West, editor of the Riverdale "Reporter." Old Hawk Eye was talking and Mr. West was listening.

It was amusing to watch Old Hawk Eye when he talked, because invariably he would turn his head slightly to one side, very much as a bird does. His face was thin and the cheek bones prominent. He wore a black suit. One of his eyelids fell just a little lower than the other, and it gave him a sinister appearance, which was in no way diminished by that heavy black walking stick. In Riverdale, unless one was crippled by rheumatism, one did not carry a walking stick. Therefore, to the populace, this queer person, named William Baker, seemed to be a hobbling old man, though as a matter of fact he was in very good prime and frequently walked five miles for exercise. However, he was nearsighted in one eye, and therefore often found it necessary to turn his



"Here comes Old Hawk Eye, now," the secretary announced. "Maybe you better talk to him!"

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head in order to get a better focus on the person with whom he was conversing.

"How do you do, Mr. Baker?" said the Reverend Mr. Biddle. Old Hawk Eye appeared to be puzzled, and hesitated a second.

"I am Mr. Biddle," the minister added.

"Yes, yes. Glad to see you, Mr. Biddle." Then he discovered the others, and jerked out staccato greetings: "Hello, Merriweather. Hello, Finger. 'Lo, Barker. Leonard West with me. All met him, I believe. What are we doing here? Convention?" He smiled; it was barely noticeable, but nevertheless an authentic smile.

"We were looking at these wretched houses," the Reverend Mr. Biddle explained, "and trying to think of some means for improving the lot of these people."

"Think of anything?" Old Hawk Eye snapped out the question in his characteristic staccato jerks.

"Could we count on your coöperation if we should think of anything?"

"Certainly. It's all my property. Why not?"

"Wouldn't it help a great deal, Mr. Baker, if these houses were painted?"

"No."

"Why do you say that?"

"Good paint on 'em now. Terrible color. But good paint. Know where I got these?" His gesture indicated the houses.

"I have heard, Mr. Baker; but I should be pleased to have it from you direct."

"There was a factory. You can see the walls. Right over there. Put up during the war. These houses, too. After the war I bought the whole thing. It was cheap."

"Precisely, Mr. Baker. And for that reason it seems to me that you could afford to make some improvements."

"No. Nothing in it. Very cheap rent. Always has been over here. Hard to collect, too. Plenty good houses across the tracks. If they wanted 'em, they'd move. Some do."

"But for the good of the community—" the clergyman suggested, leaving the sentence unfinished. Old Hawk Eye blinked at him as though he did not understand. "For the sake of these people," Mr. Biddle added.

"NOT interested in them," was the prompt reply. "Don't amount to much." With a gesture of dismissal, he turned to Mr. Merriweather, and asked abruptly, "What did you think of?"

The banker, as a matter of fact, hadn't been thinking at all; but he hastened to say, "I mailed our thrift booklet to all of these people."

"Didn't mail 'em any jobs, did you?" Old Hawk Eye demanded. And with that Mr. Merriweather was dismissed. It was now Norman Barker's turn.

"What did you think of?" The tone was neither friendly nor unfriendly. But the secretary had had a moment of warning, and that was all he needed to formulate a reply:

"The sewer system ought to be extended all through this part of town," he said, "and the streets ought to be paved. There are not enough lights here, either."

"Good idea," was Old Hawk Eye's comment. "Vote a bond issue." Mayor Finger looked angrily at the secretary. Bond issues sometimes brought political careers to a close. And this one most assuredly would, with three fourths of the taxable property on one side of the tracks and all of the proposed sewers on the other!

Leonard West laughed out loud. Old Hawk Eye turned on him and asked, "What do you think?"

"It isn't my funeral," replied the editor.

"AND now, Mr. Baker, tell us what you think," the Reverend Mr. Biddle requested.

"Chloroform," said Old Hawk Eye, without a second of hesitation, and no embarrassment whatever. In fact, it was Mr. Biddle who blushed, while the unpopular landlord calmly addressed the editor, saying, "Come on, West. We've walked far enough. Better get back, now." Turning to the others for a moment, he said curtly, "Good day, gentlemen. Thanks for the advice. If you think of anything else let me hear from you."

Old Hawk Eye

They stared at him with mingled resentment, admiration, and wonder. But most of all with resentment.

"That man," said the Reverend Mr. Biddle, "should be brought to his senses. I believe that at bottom he is a good man. He just doesn't see things clearly." And the others nodded assent.

Meanwhile, Old Hawk Eye was saying to Leonard West, "Pretty good fellow that Biddle. Means well. Got no common sense. Can't see things clearly."

They walked another block in silence. Leonard West was amused at the thought of efforts to uplift the Third Ward, and at the same time uneasy. There would be a fight over this, no doubt, and the Reverend Mr. Biddle was powerful. He would expect the coöperation of the press. But here was Old Hawk Eye taking him out for a walk to make a business proposal—Old Hawk Eye, who already had a line on practically every industry in the town and several of its businesses.

"My suggestion is simply this," Leonard West heard the queer little man walking beside him say: "You get out a booklet telling what your plant can do. Let the booklet speak for itself about the quality of your work. It's remarkable work. You've already got an agent in the city who looks after advertising. Let him become your city representative to receive printing orders also, and thus you have a city office. It's only fifty miles away on the main line and telephone calls are cheap. Here, in a little town, you can beat the city plants on prices. You ought to get lots of business. Now, how much money would you need for additional equipment?"

"That," said West, "would depend on the amount of business."

"Precisely. As long as that is the basis of loans you can have all you need."

"On what terms, Mr. Baker?"

"A straight mortgage, or we share in the business, each according to what he put in. However, you should have the right to buy me out at any time in whole or in part, at one-twenty for every dollar I put in. Which do you like best?"

"I'm already mortgaged, so you come in as a partner, Mr. Baker."

"That suits me. I have unlimited confidence in your ability, and I expect to make some money out of it. I turn off here. Good day. 'Phone when you want the money."

He was gone. The editor and job printer smiled as he repeated to himself: "'. . . unlimited confidence in your ability, and I expect to make some money out of it.' Queer person, Old Hawk Eye. A genius for saying things that would stir people's resentment. And yet, doesn't every lender of money expect to make a profit out of his confidence in the borrower? But the sound of it, the sound of it, when you say it bluntly."

HAVING arrived at the gate of his estate, Old Hawk Eye stopped a moment to look for the head gardener. All the way home he had been thinking about the Third Ward. Trouble brewing there, he meditated. Efforts that would mature slowly might not be enough. Better do something immediately. Too many violations of the law down there across the tracks. If public agitation was begun there would be a powerful weapon in the hands of his critics. Strange that he should be mixed up with the Third Ward; but there it was. Better do something immediately, and thus gain time. So he entered the big stone gateway, turned to admire the curious old iron lanterns that adorned its

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Old Hawk Eye searched the countenance of his guest. No one had ever brought the charge against him of trying to do good

pillars, walked across a broad lawn, and then followed a path through the shrubs.

Hansen, the head gardener, was working in the little celery bed. That small patch of ground had a history, and Old Hawk Eye smiled his queer, faint smile whenever he saw it. Here the first experiment had been made to determine whether celery could be grown in this soil and climate. It turned out a complete success, but interested no one for miles around except Hansen and his employer. Later, however, the news spread to Norway. The net result had been a thriving colony of celery-growers, about half of whom were named Hansen. Most of the others, also, were Hansen's relatives.

Old Hawk Eye took his profit from the land they first rented, then bought, and turned a jaundiced eye toward the Third Ward. Since celery was not the answer, it had occurred to him that chloroform might be.

"HANSEN," he said, "did you ever see a baseball game?"

"You bet. I like it."

"Could you lay out a baseball diamond and smooth it?"

"Why not? You give me the measurements?"

"I'll look them up to-night in the library. To-morrow, Hansen, you get whatever help you need and go to that ground where the two big oak trees are, the big tract on South Main Street. Make a fine baseball diamond there, Hansen."

"Yes, sir."

Old Hawk Eye slowly retraced his steps through the shrubbery, then turned to the right and followed a winding path that traversed a quarter of an acre of flowers. Up the long flight of stone steps, and he was on the veranda of his mansion, for it was no less. From his rocking chair he could look down on Riverdale, and clear across the town to the new celery fields on the far side. Bohemians, over there.

A man rose as he reached the top step and came forward. "I am George Harrison," he said.

"Good," was the response. They looked at each (*Continued on page 189*)

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You've Heard Of The Average Man? Well, Here He Is!

His name is Roy L. Gray, and he lives on the average street in the average town of the average state—This is the story of how he was found, what he does, and what he thinks — Does he speak for you?

By William S. Dutton

WHERE East ends and West begins—and North meets South! Where it is cold when it is cold, and hot when it is hot! Where it is neither city nor country, but both intermingle and blend on the tree-shaded, democratic midway of the small-town Main Street!

There, in the Average House on the Average Street, in the Average Town of the Average State, I found the Average American Citizen, in flesh and blood!

Not *an* average citizen, mind you, but *the* average citizen. That, by population figures, circumstances, and election.

He is native born, of native parents.

He is forty-three years old, a good average age.

His family has four members—himself, his wife, and two children, a boy and a girl—which is as near as you can come in life to 4.3, the official Census Bureau figure for the size of the average American family.

He is neither tall nor short, thin nor fat, but "average." He owns an average business, does average things, and drives an average car, which was three years old last spring, and is "still good."

He believes in the old-fashioned God of our fathers, in the soundness of the country, in the good of the times, and in the fundamental virtue of his fellow men. And on Sundays he likes his slippers, his pipe, his newspaper, and peace.

He confessed to me in our talk that there are lots of things he possibly should do, but doesn't; and that there are numerous so-called "big questions" which possibly should interest him, but don't. He isn't alarmed over the "crime wave;" neither is he "wet" enough to blame it on prohibition; nor "dry" enough to credit prohibition with the country's prosperity.

Ever since our country donned its swaddling clothes the average citizen has been a fact. Newspapers and magazines have been edited for him, untold buckets of eloquence poured out by statesmen for his ear, and laws have been made and unmade to his nod. But he has always been in the abstract—a little of all of us, but specifically none of us.

Nobody, so far as I can determine, has troubled to seek out in these United States that one actual individual who, if not *the* Average Citizen in fact, at least most closely approximates him and comes nearest to meriting the title.

My search for the average American began with the figure of 118,620,000—that being the population of the continental United States, according to the Census Bureau's latest official estimate.

The Nation is made up of forty-eight states and the District of Columbia. As the District's population is greater than that of eight separate states—notably Arizona, Delaware, Idaho, Nevada, New Mexico, Utah, Vermont, and Wyoming—therefore we have, in effect, forty-nine states. Dividing the total population of 118,620,000 by 49, I found the average state population to be 2,420,816.

The *one* state whose population most closely approximates this average is Iowa, which, by an official state census taken in 1925, has 2,422,915 people. Fittingly, it is geographically close to the heart of the nation.

I WENT to Iowa. At the office of the secretary of state in Des Moines I learned that Iowa has 205 towns and cities of 1,000 or more inhabitants. Dividing 205 into 2,422,915, I got 11,819, the average town population. Only *one* town of the 205 in Iowa approximates this figure! It is Fort Madison, in Lee County, with 11,299!

The Mississippi is nature's great dividing line between the American East and the American West. Fort Madison is on that line. The Iowa-Missouri line marks the end of what was debatable Southern territory and the beginning of undebatable Northern territory during the Civil War. Again, Fort Madison is practically astride that division point. It is neither Northern, Southern, Eastern, nor Western. It is all. The pioneers who settled it were Americans from the Thirteen Colonies. To-day

Us

By Arthur Guiterman

OUR tale remains untold; the world will bow
Before the great, the glorious, the sainted;
Our fathers came with rifle, ax, and plow
And found no time to have their portraits painted;
They rest unknown to fame; and even now
The Muse of History is unacquainted
With us, a Nation's not too meek civilians,
Who number something like a hundred millions.

All tasks are ours, all forms of enterprise,
And most of them are not at all exciting.
We worship peace; but when the Fates devise
That fighting must be done, we do the fighting:
And maybe when emergencies arise
We prove—though not in lecturing or writing—
At least as able reasoners or guessers
As many university professors.

We run the farms, the stores both great and small
And constantly invent new occupations;
We try to be polite and fair to all,
Our neighbors, friends, and even our relations:
And, working summer, winter, spring, and fall
To keep our families in clothes and rations,
Each does his best and hopes, the Future's debtor,
To bring his children up to do much better.

Then take us as we are without pretense,
Resourceful, helpful, kindly, up-and-earning,
Endowed perhaps with that clear common sense
Which often serves the purpose more than learning;
We may be found of some slight consequence
And not unworthy by the well-discerning;
Besides, as Lincoln said, the Lord must love us
Because He always makes so many of us.

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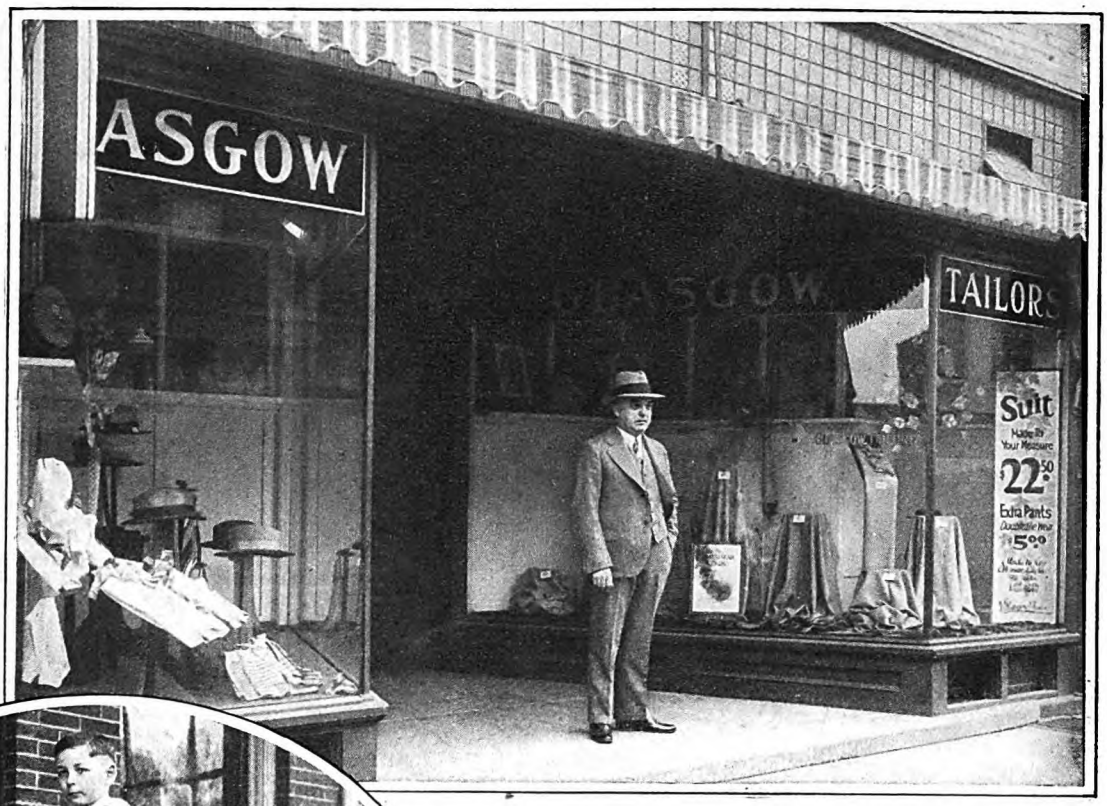
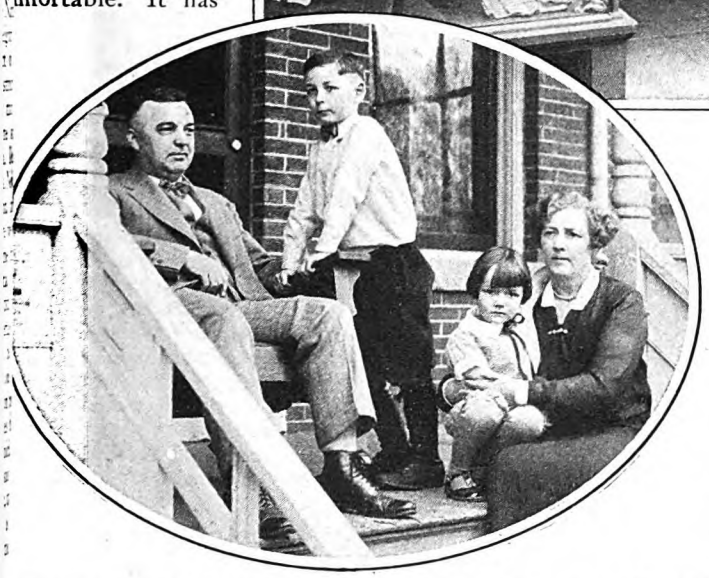
ety-two per cent of population is na- e born.

No one industry ninates the town; it boasts a variety industries. Its ple know St. Louis l. Chicago; they know the folks he Iowa, Missouri, d Illinois farms pund them. Of nes in Lee County, ile 3,142 are rented re are 4,389 owned! ree fourths of the nes owned are free incumbrance, and value of the aver- e home is $3,540. at sum buys you a etty nice home in rt Madison.

The Average Town, en, is a community substance, neither h nor poor, but mfortable. It has





"Why pick me out of a hundred million?" asked Roy L. Gray, when the author of this article told him he was *the* average American. The process by which he had been selected and then elected was explained to Mr. Gray, and he accepted the nomination. Above, he is seen in the doorway of his Fort Madison, Iowa, store; at the left you see him with his family

made trees along its streets, lawns about its residences, every convenience the city can boast, and space in which to breathe. Its people are proud of their homes and their town. They may stand a little in awe of New York, but they don't envy the New Yorker. The latter, they say, doesn't "live like a man," but exists.

I SET out to find the Average Citizen in the Average Town by going direct to the townspeople themselves. The nominee was to be:

A native-born American, of average age, average size, average education, and average viewpoint.

He was to own an average home on an average street, drive an average automobile, and be the head of a family of four.

He was to be neither in the employer class nor yet in the employee class, but engaged in what was essentially a "one man" business; and that an average business.

He was to be neither a leader nor a laggard in public affairs, neither prominent nor obscure; neither the most popular man in town, nor the most unpopular.

And he was to be an honorable man, a church member, and to have the respect of his neighbors.

I consulted the editor of the local newspaper and the members of his staff; then, in turn, an officer in each of three banks, a business man, a business woman, a theatre manager, a politician, a lawyer, and an ex-postmaster. Fourteen in all, and each nominated a man.

Twelve of them named the same man as their first choice, and two named this man as their second choice! Roy Lewis Gray, retail clothing merchant, is that man!

Plain R. L. Gray is the way the Average Citizen signs his name. He is Roy Gray to the folks of the Average Town. A rather quiet, gentle, modest sort of chap, I found him when I called at his clothing store on a Saturday afternoon. An astonished man.

"You say that I am the Average Man? I know I am average, well enough; but why pick me out of a hundred million?"

I have said it was Saturday afternoon. Every little while Mr. Gray had to excuse himself to help a customer try on a new suit, to press the wrinkles from a coat, or to attend to the innumerable details of his business. On busy days like this, he has an assistant or two to help him. It is an informal store, a friendly place of first names and neighborly inquiry. Mr. Gray's desk is in the rear, fenced off only by the racks of men's clothing. Mr. Gray looks after the furnace, keeps his own accounts, and is the general custodian of the place.

A CUSTOMER who was in from a nearby village told me: "Roy Gray is as square as they come in any town. When he says a suit is wool you can stake your bottom dollar that it *is* wool. If it's part wool and part something else, he'll tell you it is; and he's just as square with a stranger as with a friend."

"Roy is this kind of man," another confided: "You'll find him ready to give his support to anything that's for the good of the town. He'll dig down into his pocket to help as quick as anybody. But he isn't what you'd call forward in getting into things. He doesn't try to push himself into the front rank.

"For instance, we've got a chamber of commerce here, and we think that all our business men should get a chance to be its president now and then. We don't believe in anybody's monopolizing the office. Well, some time back we decided to elect Roy. He wasn't a candidate for president or for any other office. We just decided on him. But before he'd take the position a committee had to go around to his house and talk him into it. They had to convince him it was his duty—and that was the only reason he accepted."

In somewhat the same way Roy Gray accepted his nomination as the Average Man. He was astonished that the spotlight should settle (*Continued on page 154*)

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Why I'm "Agin" Oratory

By John Clarkson

DRAWINGS BY NORMAN PRICE

IF ALL the speeches I have heard were laid out flat (as most of them were) and placed end to end, they would reach from Talkingrock, Georgia, to Frostburg, Maryland.

I have heard pep speeches and sob speeches; long speeches and short speeches; sunny speeches and sad speeches; get-together speeches and bust-'em-up speeches; he speeches and she speeches. Verily, there is no type of eloquence that I have not heard—and I have listened in several languages. Luckily, I was no good in the language courses at college, so I could understand only those talks delivered in English, and not always could I understand them.

Those political twins, "The Man Who," and "The Man Than Whom," are so well known to me that I feel as if I had grown up next door to them. No political convention is complete without them; indeed, no political convention is possible without them. They are as necessary to such occasions as "The spirit of coöperation" is to a Chamber of Commerce luncheon, or "Inadequate facilities" are to the money getters who go about raising endowments for colleges.

"We have with us to-night" gives me a pain; "Unaccustomed as I am" makes me sick, and the mere words "Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen" causes me to run, not walk, to the nearest exit. In short, I'm "agin" oratory.

As close as I can figure, I have listened to ten thousand public addresses. Allowing thirty minutes for each one, that means that I have put in nearly two years of eight-hour days sitting under a flood of words. Looking back, I seem to recall speeches, speeches everywhere, but not a thought to think.

The explanation of my present position of Past Grand Wampus of speech hearers is simple: During most of my working life I have been a reporter. I began reporting immediately after I was graduated from college, and for many years after I was busy at the job all the time, except when I was asleep at banquets.

MY EXPERIENCE with oratory really began when I was in college. It had long been the custom of graduates from my college to offer medals to those who came after them. There were medals for the best debaters, medals for the best declaimers, medals for those who showed the greatest improvement in oratory, and consolation medals for those who failed to win any other kind. I joined a literary society in college because it was urged on me; but I never got 'round to making a speech, because I was fired for non-attendance before my turn came.

But I'm an expert on college speeches, just the same; an expert because of my ears, not because of my tongue. In my day, there were several ways to begin a college oration, and I learned all of them. For instance, a young Demosthenes could come out front in his hired dress suit, his cuffs jumping out of the sleeves, look over his audience fiercely, and light in.

"As I stand here on this platform," he would begin in a high voice, "and look down the corridors of Time, I see retreating before me . . ." And then he would represent as retreating before him whatever it was that he had decided to lambast that evening. He went on: "But what is that I see coming over yon distant hill?" He peered hard, to make out what it might be. "A-h-h-h-h-h-h-h," he exclaimed. "It is the figure of a new day, the dawn of a new day, leading by the hand the alluring figure of . . ." And then he pictured the Dawn of a New Day bringing into the hall whatever it was that he decided to exalt. Usually, the ugly figure retreating before him was that of Autocracy, Ignorance, War, or some other little thing of that sort; and the thing he saw coming, with the Dawn of a New Day leading it by the hand, was Justice, Virtue, Universal Peace, or some other panacea of that variety.

"But what is that I see coming over yon distant hill?"

ANOTHER beginning, just as good and just as frequently employed, was for the young man to come out from the semi-circle of uncomfortable sitters on the stage, and start off in a low voice:

"Realizing as I do my inability to speak on a subject that is so far beyond me, but appreciating to the fullest the honor that has been done me by my associates in selecting me to represent them on such an auspicious occasion; knowing full well that my poor brain cannot cope with a subject that is so far beyond me, but realizing as I do the honor . . ." He halted for breath. The audience did, too. He stuck his arms far out in front, and began all over again. This time he realized and appreciated some more, but generally managed to get going.

Peace, universal peace, was the favorite theme in my college. The students there have beaten enough swords into plowshares, and enough spears into pruning hooks to plow up all the prairies in the West, and to prune all the grapevines in Italy. Furthermore, they represented the lion and the lamb as approaching a relationship so intimate that it bordered on scandal.

Listening to these young men (every one of whom, according to the visiting orators who spoke to us in chapel, was a potential President of the United States) gave me my start as an expert on oratory. My reporting kept the training up.

I have nothing to say against the orator who has something to say. The real purposes of addresses, or what should be the real purposes, are to inform and to guide the public. Plain talks often do this, but oratory rarely. The orators too frequently seek to "gull" the public; and when not doing this they give the public a shot of dope.

Consider, for example, our patri-

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c orators—those welkin-ringers who ve fine-sounding words on tap for all tional celebrations. The Fourth of July ator is the worst of the lot, for, if my perience is typical, he knows less than ost of the others. These men have hinred progress more an any other group can think of. They ve hindered it by aking their hearers lieve everything is grand and glous. You have heard em roll out their e-sounding phrases; t did you ever, as a sult of hearing them, home and become better citizen? Did y one of them ever ake you see the dects in your State, d point out to you way to remedy em? How many atriotic addresses ve you heard that fired you with a termination to do something *specific* for ur community?

And holler he did!

ONCE lived and reported in a state that needs, more than it needs anything se, to be shaken loose from the past, to e its own mistakes and to strike out ew with a vision and a plan. There ve been many efforts in that state to art something worth-while, but each me some hard-working leader has atmpted to institute great reforms he has n into a barrage of hot air that stifled s attempt. And the stifling was done the name of patriotism! The oppoents of progress, never recognizing themlves as such (Defenders of Liberty, and e like, is the way they think of themlves), have met every argument for ange with loud praise of the glorious st, with adjective piled upon adjective, erce look added to fierce look, in unasoning laudation of the big men who d helped to make the State. The men ferred to were big, many of them. But mes change, and not many leaders are ise enough to speak and act for all time. they meet the issues of their own day ey are doing well.

You hear a lot from the orators about back to the good old days," but not so uch about forward to better days. It is forward to better days that we should look and work for. And we might do more of that if the orators didn't lull us to inactivity and a glowing sensation of self-righteousness by their plausibility and their fine diction. They send us home from meetings with a feeling that all is well, when they should send us home with a feeling that there yet is much work to be done.

My first reason, then, for questioning the value of oratory is the fact that the orators themselves do not make good use of their gifted tongues. My second reason is that oratory scares many good men out of politics, and beats many good men who go into it. More than two thousand years ago, Plato, while discussing democracy, said that one of its weaknesses was the fact that orators would be elected because of their oratory, regardless of their ability. The truth of that statement is evident. In the course of my reporting, I have followed several political campaigns, and every time my respect for Plato has risen.

One campaign I recall in particular. It was a contest for the United States Senate. The best man in the race just talked when he mounted the platform; but he always said something. He had made a great record in his own affairs and in an appointive office he had held. He was a student, an earnest student of public affairs.

His opponent was none of these things. Perhaps that opponent had read a book at one time or another. If so, he had forgotten all about it. Yet he was an orator! With tears in his voice he could speak of the poor man. He knew what it was, so he said, to rise before day and plow on until after dark. He knew the taste of corn bread without butter. He knew what it was to have his children go to bed crying for something more to eat. And you know the result of that campaign!

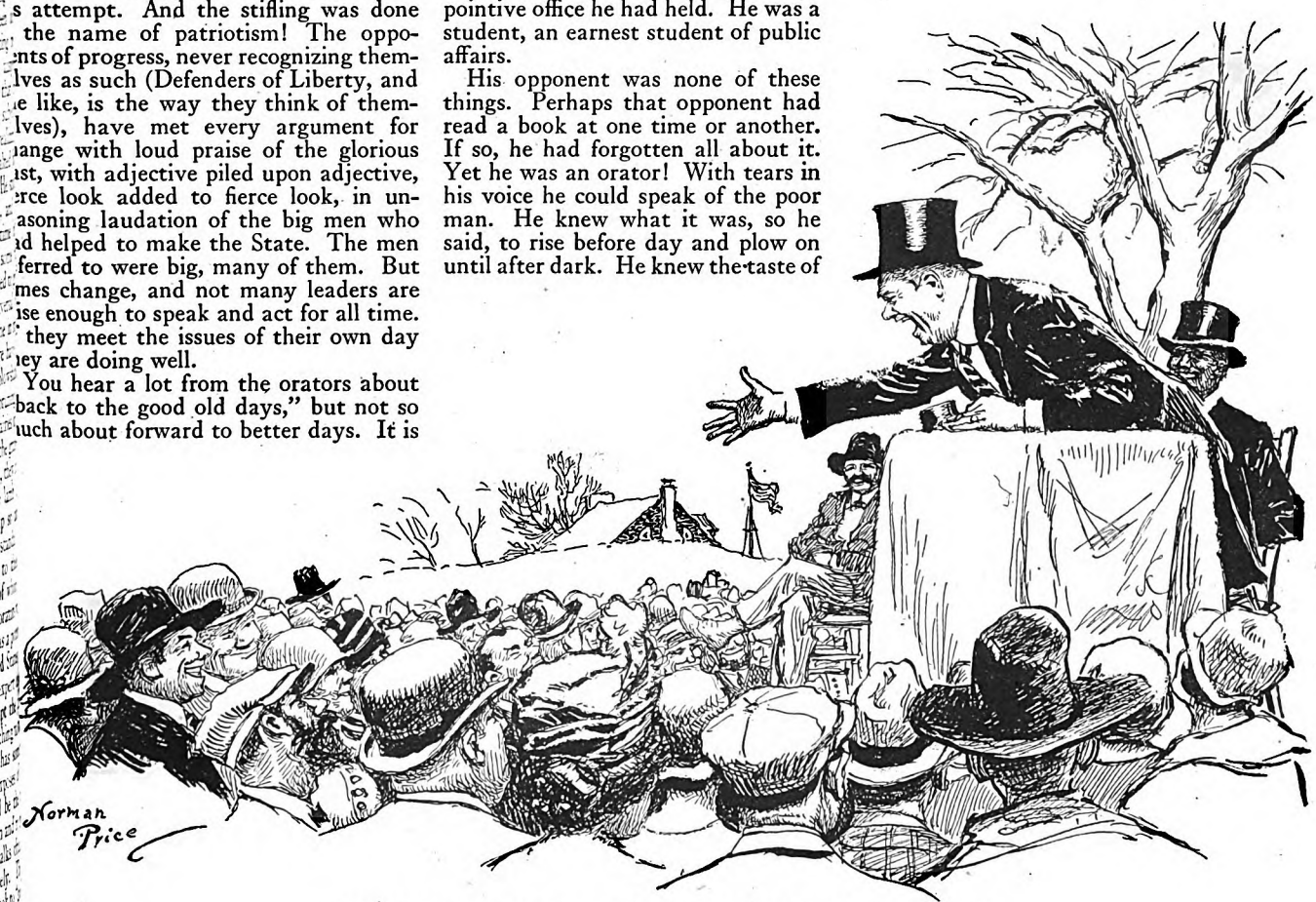
The fact that the job of a senator is not to plow all day long, and that the taste of dry corn bread has very little to do with statesmanship was not considered by the voters. We use oratory as a test of fitness for office, when actually it is no true test at all.

ONE afternoon, while I was reporting a political meeting, I saw a big-hatted farmer in the crowd. He was stolid when the first speakers came on; but after a while, when his candidate rose up, he began to yell lustily. I worked my way over to him in the crowd.

"What do you think of the proposal to change the tax system?" I asked him.

"Think?" he replied. "Think thunder! I didn't come here to think, I came here to holler!" And holler he did! The speech that inspired his shouts, when printed (and if you want to test the substance of an address read it in cold type) ran something like this:

"I am proud to stand here as the representative of a sturdy yeomanry who have ever exalted the virtues learned at their mothers' knees [apple sauce]; I am proud to serve a State whose womanhood is the purest and the fairest [apple sauce]; I am proud to come before you as one whose faith in your judgment, whose reverence for your glorious past, and whose belief in your bravery and justice are unqualified . . . [prolonged apple sauce]." (*The End*)



I have heard pep speeches and sob speeches; long speeches and short speeches; get-together speeches and bust-em'-up speeches

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"I never read the paper," Grandma Wheeler said. "I can see, right under my own roof, what the world's like nowadays. And it don't give one no comfort, either!"

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Growing

A story in which Helga Lind discovers that not all the duties of a rural mail carrier are covered in the Postal Regulations

By NELIA GARDNER WHITE

Illustrated by Victor C. Anderson

HELGA LIND had never liked Grandma Wheeler. She had come very close to most of the folks on Route Three, and loved them too, but Grandma heeler she had always shied away from her thoughts. Not that Grandma had t plenty of good in her. Any woman o has run a farm for thirty years and ade it pay, besides bringing up five nice ildren, has some measure of dignity and rth. Helga could see that. She could en admit that the heavy, stern old fige, with its thick gray hair and its Suny black silk was impressive. But she dn't like her. Chiefly because of Bess, o had married Grandma Wheeler's n Ed.

Helga could see now, as she jogged ong through the June morning, the pink mbler roses over the Wheelers' side rch. She could see, too, Grandma heeler herself sitting on the steps with a n of something on her lap—peas, probly. As she came nearer she could even e indignation in the energy with which randma popped the pods open. She felt shrinking within as Grandma Wheeler t down the pan and came down the iveway toward the mail box, her heavy dy moving slowly but certainly. She ished there were no mail for the Wheelers that she could wave her hand and go n. But there was the paper and a letter.

"Here's your paper!" she called cheerlly.

Grandma Wheeler took the mail.

"I never read the paper," she said. "I n see, right under my own roof, what e world's like nowadays. And it don't ive one no comfort, either! Makes a ody feel that it wasn't no use, all our refathers went through. I declare, lelga, when I was a girl, if I'd 've left my aby to go off to a dance of a mid-week ight, or stopped in the middle of doin' up trawberries to have tea—*tea*, mind you, ut in the yard with those light-headed iverwells—I'd have been thought worthss trash, and rightly, too!"

"Oh, pshaw!" Helga let her steady ray eyes laugh at Grandma Wheeler ever o little. "Life's different now, Grandma Wheeler. Dancing's not a sin any more, nd surely tea's no crime!"

Grandma's eyes snapped.

"It's always a crime not to tend to our business if you've got a business to end to! If Bess was sickly, I wouldn't ay a word. But she's got strength enough o do the things she wants to do. Helga, hen I think of my boy Ed, tied to a iece like her for life, it makes me sick!"

Helga's eyes still laughed.

"Ed doesn't seem to be worrying!" she said, with faint maliciousness.

Grandma Wheeler snorted.

"Ed's a fool, if he is my own on!" she said. "Ed wasn't brought up to see his women-folk lie abed of a morning, nor yet go chasing off to town on wash day. And, what do you think, Helga, Saturday night, when I said to Ed that the water was all het for his bath, he just laughed, and said he'd take his bath on *Sunday*—he allowed he was *too tired*. If there's one thing that can be said for the Wheelers, Helga, it's that they're clean; and to hear a son of mine say such a thing as that! But that's what he's come to, he's careless like that all the time now. And she *lets* him be!"

Helga laughed aloud then. She couldn't help it. Her eyes twinkled at Grandma Wheeler.

"Let's see—Ed's all of thirty, isn't he?" she asked.

"Thirty-one, come the first of next March."

"Well, maybe he thinks he's old enough to know when he wants to take baths!" Helga said.

Helga could say such things to Grandma Wheeler; no one else could.

"It's always kind of hard for two women-folks to be in the same house," Helga said then, a bit more slowly. "I wonder sometimes why you folks stay together."

"Where would they stay, I'd like to know? I've always said as Ed should have the farm, and why shouldn't he live on it? I can get along with most, Helga; but, sometimes, seems as if I'd go crazy with Bess. She hasn't any more system to her 'n a fly! . . . Well, I s'pose you got to get on. How's the Larsens' young'un? . . . Did Mrs. Vetter send up the W.C.T.U. dues? . . . How's Ern Hollstrom's leg? Somebody said it got broke in two places. Is that right? . . . Well, I told him that bull 'd be the death of somebody, and here it's almost finished him. I hope he'll get it put out of the way now."

HELGA started to drive on, then glanced back.

"My, but your garden's lovely!" she said. "I never seem to find time to fuss with flowers."

Grandma Wheeler snorted again.

"*Nor I!*" she said significantly.

Helga felt depressed as she drove on. She wished she had had the courage to tell Grandma Wheeler just what she thought of her, but she knew she never would have it. She thought of Bess, pityingly. Bess didn't belong on a farm. Not a Sweden Hollow farm. You had to be willing to do hard labor to wrest a living from this land. There was always a fight against weeds and stones and hilly fields.

And Bess was fragile and gay and whimsical, where the Sweden Hollow folks were sober and strong and matter-of-fact. But none of them, Helga thought rebelliously, had ever made a garden like the Wheelers'. Larkspur, and phlox and bachelor buttons and roses, pinks and marigolds and Bouncing Bets—the gay colors stayed in Helga's mind a long time.

That night at the table, the long Lind table, she told them about Ed's bath, and they all, John and Hilda and Anna and Carl and Emil, shouted with laughter. But, after supper, Emanuel Lind said to his daughter:

"I've been thinking about Grandma Wheeler. It's not so funny. Folks up this way have always been kind, Helga, and it seems too bad an old lady like her has to hurt a girl."

"Yes. It's like a sickness. She can't think of anything else—just the things Bess does to upset the system of her life. If only she wouldn't talk about her so much!"

HELGA thought she would try to show some special friendliness to Bess soon, but before the opportunity came Grandma Wheeler was down at the mail box again.

"Helga,"—Grandma's face was very red—"Helga, I don't usually stop in the middle of a washin' to gossip, but I'm so boilin' mad I can't keep to anything this morning! Bess's mother was here yesterday—they drove over from Dansville. Goodness knows, I don't grudge the girl company; but the woman had the gall to say, right before my face, that Bess looked thin and she was afraid she wasn't getting enough to eat! Enough to eat—*in my house!* I had a mind to show her the door. 'N' do you think Ed spoke up 'n' put her in her place, like any son ought to have? Well, he never! He said, 'She *is* thin; I'm worried about her, Mother Benning.' He calls her *Mother*—a woman like her! And what's he worried for? She couldn't have it easier. I do three fourths of the work, and I'm always there to look after the baby while they gad. If she'd stay to home and mind her business a little, she wouldn't be so thin!"

Helga felt a little sick at heart.

"I don't believe Bess is very strong," she said hesitantly.

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Grandma Wheeler snorted.

"Strong? I guess she's strong enough! I was skinny too, when I married; but I had three babies when I was her age, and I'd taken two prizes for the best bread at the county fair, besides! And one for fancy quiltin'. She just needs gumption, that's all!"

"But she isn't used to farm work," Helga insisted. "It's hard when you're not used to it."

"H'mph! It ain't hard what little she does! Feedin' the chickens and ducks, 'n' washin' dishes 'n' makin' beds! Fussin' with flowers 'n' the baby! That ain't what I'd call hard work!"

"No, I suppose not," Helga admitted. Helga had done more than that when she was ten. "But it makes a difference when you've never done it. She taught school, didn't she?"

"Kindergarten. If she'd have taught a country school, I'd 've had more respect for her—but *kindergarten!*"

Helga groped for some words of defense, could find none but those she knew would irritate Grandma Wheeler still further. So she was silent.

"Well, I got to get back to my work," Grandma said at last. "I've seen the day when I'd 've had the wash out long before this. But I'm getting on! If I only had help like I'd ought to have, with my own son's wife right in the house—"

Helga drove on with relief. But she thought angrily of the old woman all the rest of the day.

When she reached Sary Overhiser's, Sary added fuel to the flame of her resentment. Sary said to her, "I wanted to ask you something, Helga. I been wanting to have a little party for Ma on her birthday—just some of the old ladies—and I can't decide about Grandma Wheeler. Helga, it's just awful, the way she goes on about Bess! It gets Ma all upset. Maybe the young'un can't keep house; but it don't seem becoming to me to hear a woman Grandma's age running down her son's wife from morning till night. I got a mind not to invite her."

HELGA looked away from Sary across the June fields. The daisies nodded at her and she thought of the Wheelers' garden, so bright and bravely beautiful. Helga was never cruel, but her mouth was a little stern as she turned back to Sary.

"I think it would be a good idea . . . not to ask her," she said quietly.

So began the ostracizing of Grandma Wheeler.

Helga felt sometimes a twinge of shame at what she had said to Sary. But one day she overtook Bess walking up from town, and asked her to ride. Heavens, but the girl was thin! Hardly pretty even, any more! Bess didn't talk much at first, though Helga tried several times to get started. Presently Helga said:

"Do you miss your teaching?"

Bess did not answer, and Helga turned to look at her. Bess was looking straight ahead, but down her too-thin cheeks hot tears were running.

"Why, Bess—what is it? Shouldn't I have asked that?" She knew she should not have.

"Oh, I *am* a baby!" Bess said then, impatiently. "Only, I do miss it so!"

"I wanted to teach," Helga groped; "but it didn't pan out. I love the Route, though. It's always beautiful!"

"Yes," said Bess. No more. Helga felt a little desperate. She wanted to put her arm around Bess, comfort her. But Bess was her own age, and Helga felt that she was seeming patronizing already. She wanted to tell her right out that she knew what the trouble was, tell her she was sorry.

But she didn't really know Bess, and there was a reserve about her that Helga hesitated to pass. When they came near the Wheelers', they could see the baby playing on the grass.

"Well, you have the baby, anyway," Helga said, and flushed with embarrassment at having implied so much. Bess was out of the buggy. She looked straight at Helga, and Helga thought of a trapped baby fox she had once seen. "Now,"

When Grandma Wheeler snorted at the flowers, Bess had the courage now to say, laughing, "Now, you *know* they're pretty there, Mother Wheeler!"

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ga thought, "I've past that barrier!" : she hadn't.

Yes," Bess said, d he's *so* good!" nd that was all. : Helga was not y then that she d said a word inst Grandma eeler.

WEEK later there was a box for the eelers, and Helga ve up beside the se with it. Bess out weeding the vers. Helga could her childish short rand slender shoul- s bent above the ghtness. She was a flower herself, ga thought.

Oh, has them sepa- or pieces come at t?" Grandma eeler said from doorway. "Set right on the steps, lga. I'm up to my s in canning! The early rries have come on awful . I've got twenty quarts the stove right now; I n up since four a-pittin' . It's some job—all e!"

Helga felt anger rise with- er at those last words. wondered why Bess n't helped. Grandma eeler told her soon ugh.

Bess is in one of her s this morning. She't take a word of advice! tty contrary, uppish sort olks, I always thought, t couldn't take advice n folks a lot older. All I nted of her was for her to nge her apron. Anybody ws cherry stains are bad get out, and she had on of her best aprons. I't stand anybody that ks!"

"But it was *her* apron, sn't it?" Helga asked, a le tartly.

"What if it was? Does have to ruin it?"

Helga felt again that wave nger. She found herself ving away without an- ering. She stopped by flower beds and spoke ectly to Bess.

"It's none of my busi- s," she said, "but why n't you and Ed leave here l live somewhere else?"

Bess looked up. Her eyes were not ky. They were still and bewildered. e looked frozen inside.

"I don't know," she said. "You just n't seem to go. She's all alone, you ow!"

Helga couldn't find anything more to .

"It does me good to look at your flowers," she brought out at last. "Folks up this way don't do much with flowers. I don't know why, when it comforts so just to look at them." (*Continued on page 90*)

"You got a place to stow us away for the night, Helga?" he asked

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"Daylight And Dark Are Mine Alike To Use"

The story of B. Frank Irvine, blind editor of the "Oregon Journal"—For twelve years the fear of blindness was before him, and when the blow fell it turned out to be a challenge to him to make more of his life

By Magner White

MORE than twenty years ago, B. Frank Irvine, then of Corvallis, Oregon, took a trip to San Francisco, California, accompanied by Mrs. Irvine. They were gone three weeks. When he returned to his business at Corvallis—he was running a small newspaper there—Mr. Irvine had passed the turning point in his life. For the thing he had been dreading and fearing for twelve years had happened to him while he was in San Francisco.

But B. Frank Irvine was far from downcast when he returned to Corvallis. He went about with a new enthusiasm, a new determination. As I have said, he had passed the turning point. From that day he went straight ahead.

Many men have told in these pages the interesting and often inspiring stories of how the turning points came in their lives—those incidents or events from when they have since dated their worth-while achievements.

But it was no ordinary thing that marked the turn in the career of B. Frank Irvine. It was something extraordinary! When he was in his early thirties, and just entering the real earning period of his life, he went blind!

This, then, was the calamity that was upon him when he returned from San Francisco to Corvallis to resume his place in the world. Although he had been fearing blindness for twelve years, when it did come it came on swiftly, with only three days of warning.

As the San Francisco train crawled over the California and Oregon mountains the young man was thinking how he was going to make his newspaper bigger, and planning his adjustment to the new situation.

He was restless, eager to get home.

The next morning he was at his office earlier than he had been for months. He plunged in, and lost himself in work.

He did make his newspaper bigger. He did more. He made himself bigger. He became one of the most widely quoted "country editors" on the Pacific coast. He became a leader in his community.

The management of a big daily newspaper in Portland, Oregon, heard his editorial voice and beat a path to his door. He was offered a job as editorial writer on the daily.

To-day he is editor of that newspaper, the "Oregon Journal," the largest evening newspaper in the northwestern part of the United States. And he is an outstanding figure in journalism on the Pacific coast.

He is a man of many and varied friendships. Many people call at his office to visit with him—railroad presidents, high government officials, famous actors and actresses, pioneers who knew him forty years ago, newsboys, a mother with a blind son. He is a man people like to talk to, because he has learned some of the greatest lessons of life, and has not become embittered in the tests.

He is in constant demand over all Oregon, and, indeed, over much of the Northwest, as a speaker. Schools besiege him every June to make graduation addresses, and he accepts as many of these invitations as he can, because he likes to encourage young people to make the most of themselves and their opportunities.

"I have not had a melancholy thought in fifteen years!" Mr. Irvine told me.

And no wonder, for he lives a most active and interesting life. Last winter he was a member of five dancing clubs.

Every day at noon he takes a swim at the Multnomah Club, never less than a half-mile, and often a mile.

He likes to get out on the Willamette River and, with a friend at the rudder, take out after one of the big Columbia River freighters in a rowboat.

HIS self-reliance is a constant wonder to his friends and associates. "We here in the 'Journal' office never think of him as blind," the managing editor told me.

Mrs. Irvine is his "eyes." She reads the newspapers to him, gives him suggestions for his editorial page, and, particularly, she sees that he stays in the forefront ranks of Portland's best and neatest dressers.

"How did you feel when you knew you were blind at last?" I asked him.

"Relieved!" he replied. "Twelve years of fear, of misery, of vain hoping and uncertainty had come to an end. I knew exactly for the first time what I was up against. Why, I could hardly wait for the train to get home so I could get back into harness again.

"What astonished me most was that the blow was nothing, absolutely *nothing*, compared with what I had expected it to be. Worry! Say, I built enough bridges of worry in those twelve years of uncertainty to have spanned every ocean in the world!

"I remember my first day at the office: I got down early, eager to find out how I was going to get along. About the place was a queer chap who did general chores. He was a Russian; a graduate from some European university—one of those mysterious personages from nowhere often seen in small towns.

Imagining What Might Happen Is a Fine Way to Waste Time!

"WORRYING is the most inefficient use you can make of your mind—and I'll tell you why," says Mr. Irvine. "In any situation it is true that there may be as many as a thousand *possibilities*. But there are only three or four *probabilities*. Now, when you worry, your imagination gets away from you. You find yourself looking at all the things that *might happen*—and you can't see the probabilities for the confusion, or the woods for the trees, as the old saying is.

"That's why it's useless to worry. Try to reason. Worrying is just wild guessing against odds.

"Well, when blindness came on me not a darned one of the things I had thought for years might happen actually did happen. I didn't drop out of the current of life; I didn't become a parasite on my family; I didn't lose my business. Instead, I began to find out that I could depend on myself, and I began to get a confidence in myself I had never had before."

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"'Get a pencil and some paper,' I said him. 'I'm going to dictate some copy r next week's paper.'

"I couldn't then afford to have a enographer.

"It was laborious work. The Russian ten had to stop me while he caught up, r he was taking it down in longhand. e misunderstood some of the words, and dn't know how to spell some of those he nderstood.

"Finally, after two days of it, I couldn't and it any longer. I stepped over to my pewriter, slipped some paper into the rriage, and started writing. Say, that as a thrill! I poured e copy out.

"Now, why had I asted two days try-g to dictate? I had arned the touch sys-m of typewriting. hy, then, didn't I rite? I was afraid, raid I couldn't do —and as long as I lt that way, I uldn't. Worry and agination again, you e.

"The Russian looked my copy. 'Why, at's fine!' he said, ou've hit a capital for an A a couple of nes, and there's a istake here; but out-le of that it's as good you've ever done.'"

BEFORE we proceed with his story I nt you to have a mpse of Mr. Irvine. is about medium ight. His hair is a autiful iron gray and head is leonine, giv-him the appearance, nen he is at his desk, being much taller an he really is.

His face is marked th several lines, sou-nirs of a thrilling tomobile accident, out which he will l you later.

He declined to tell e his age, but I sus-ct it is somewhere ound sixty. This is duced not from any-ing in his appearance t from piecing to-ther details of his story. His step is brisk and springy. He is a hard worker. When you realize at he must get from what is read to him sweep of world affairs wide enough to able him to write from one to three lumns of editorials a day, in addition directing the general news policy of e paper, you can appreciate how vast ust be his capacity for work, and his ility to visualize conditions and memo-e facts.

He doesn't have the advantage other itorial writers have of being able to down a fact or a figure and file it away use later in the day. He must remember until he is ready to use it.

In learning to spell and remember the thousands of new words that have come into our language in the past twenty years, or since he has been blind, he doesn't have the advantage of making mental pictures of the printed words, but must remember the letter sounds.

"I haven't any particular system for remembering," he told me. "I simply store up the facts I want, and when I need them I find them right on tap. Practice does it—a conscious effort to remember."

Mr. Irvine was born in Scio, Oregon, a small town near Salem, the state capital. His father, originally from Kentucky and one of the pioneers, operated a small store, and for a time was in the livery stable business when Mr. Irvine was a boy.

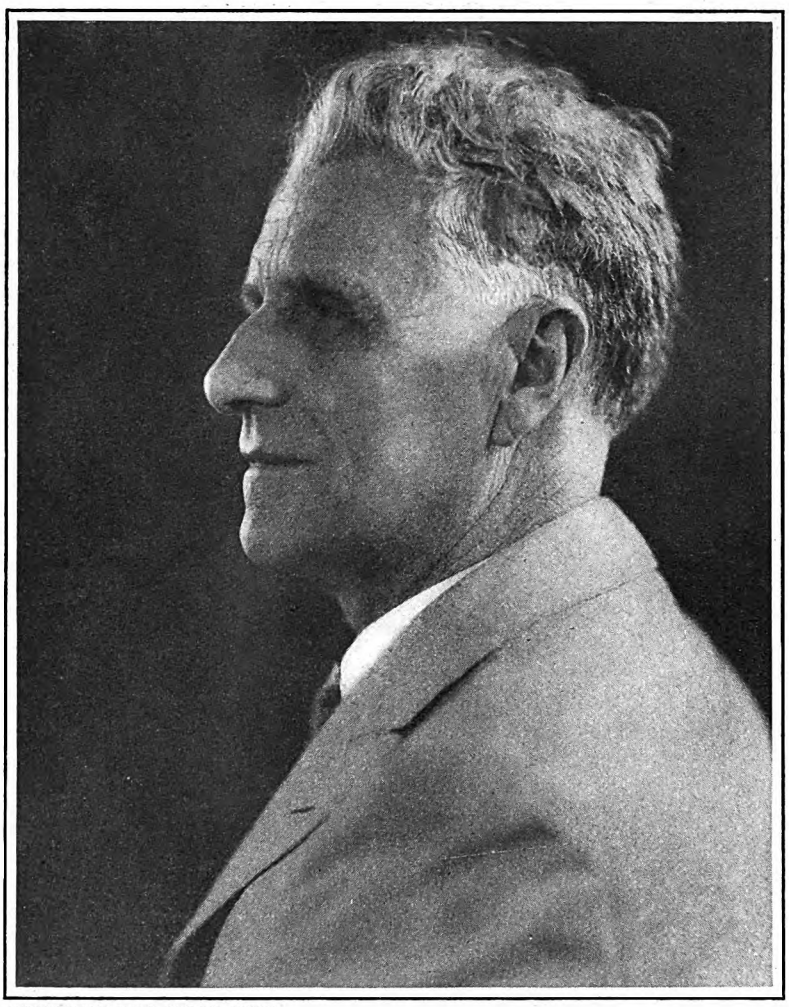

PHOTO BY BERGER STUDIO, PORTLAND, OREGON

Although an urge to run a newspaper was in his blood, B. Frank Irvine tried out teaching, telegraph operating, clerking and dairy ranching before he became editor of the "Times," Corvallis, Oregon. While editing this paper he lost his sight. But his writing had attracted wide attention, and led first to the position of editorial writer on the "Oregon Journal," and later to its editorship, in 1920. In this article Mr. Irvine tells you why he no longer thinks melancholy thoughts

HE WAS always alert to advance the interests of Scio, and one of the things he did was to finance a man in the establishment of a small newspaper. The venture failed, and the elder Irvine was left with the plant on his hands. Frank took it over and got out a four-column paper which he called the "Semi-Occasional," a true description, he says, of its career. As the spirit and business conditions moved him he got out an issue, collecting the news, writing the advertisements and setting the type himself. Sometimes he cleared as much as four dollars on a single issue.

But Scio was small, and Frank had his schooling to look after, so the little newspaper died a natural death.

The experience had given the boy a taste of newspaper writing, however, and after that he began to send news items from Scio to the newspapers in larger towns. His masterpiece, at the age of thirteen, was the story of a fire in Scio. "Doc" Dodge's house got on fire. In the excitement, Dave Mason got caught on a picket fence and couldn't get up or down.

Frank wrote the story of Dave's predicament and sent it to the Albany "Democrat," which printed it. That brought the positive conviction to many people in Scio that Frank should be a writer—and he thought so too.

"BUT I lacked the self-confidence," he told me, "to go to a bigger town and ask for a newspaper job.

"My first real occupation was teaching school. Father was able, by the time I was old enough, to send me to Willamette University, from which I was graduated with a B. S. degree. There were no high schools in Oregon then. Teachers taught 'by the pupil,' five dollars for each one. I was fortunate in having teachers who took a special interest in me, and before I left Scio I had had trigonometry, advanced geometry, algebra, and Latin.

"When I returned from college, the Scio school board offered me the local school. It was a voluntary offer on their part. I took the job.

"Teaching school in your own home town is no snap. An atmosphere of dignity was expected of pedagogues in those days, and you can imagine my mortification over the fact that three fourths of the kids called me 'Frank' instead of 'Mr. Irvine.' Some of the boys were as big and as old as I.

"But we got along fine. They liked me, and obeyed me.

"The school that year had a bigger attendance than was anticipated. I took in so much money at five dollars a head that I was able to hire an assistant, and have nearly one hundred dollars a month for myself after paying her.

"I was saving money, and the outlook was promising. (*Continued on page 71*)

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Lathrop Studied Art Behind The Plow

He looked and saw that beauty is everywhere—in the newly-turned earth, in stones, even in banks of mud; and he longed to paint the wonders his eyes revealed to him—He dreamed, he worked, he suffered disappointment; and then, at last, won fame by his pictures of simple scenes

By Sherman Gwinn

ON THE easel, in the raftered studio that was more than a century old, sat an almost completed picture. As I studied it—a novice, without any training in art—I wondered where I had seen that picture before.

A narrow little country road wound by a woods toward a city on the hill. The late afternoon sun gilded the tops of the distant buildings, and yellowed the green of the friendly trees. Already, shadows of the spring evening were gathering.

There was something warmly intimate about this painted scene that lacked only the final touches of the artist's brush. Familiar as a soothing memory was it; and yet I did not know the road, nor the city. Both seemed vaguely to belong not to fact but to almost forgotten dreams.

And then the artist, who stood at my elbow, spoke. He spoke as if I had become part of the picture, as if I were walking down the painted road.

"It is long ago," he said softly. "You have been wandering in the country, and this late spring day has been one of the happiest of your life. Now, as evening nears, tired and hungry you are approaching home. See, the city is in view as you turn the bend in the road. You are a little sad that the end of the day has come; and yet glad, for home, the haven, is just ahead."

Suddenly, I *was* a part of the picture, and the picture was a part of me! I remembered the very day, that very road. The city on the hill, which I had never seen in fact, was my city. This painting was a golden page out of my past, revived that I might relive it in memory. Again I felt the thrill of that bygone day.

Marveling and silent, I pondered the mystery of this bit of painted canvas which had rescued from the past a cherished experience I had all but lost. The picture had been conceived—perhaps years before—by a man to whom, until an hour ago, I had been a cipher. Not once had our paths crossed. Yet, as he had painted, a day of mine had sat as his model, a day that even I had almost forgotten. And now, like an old friend, his picture reminded me of that day!

Presently, the artist showed me other pictures: a corner of a wood on a drowsy summer day; a wind-swept bit of coast over which a storm gathered; a lonely hilltop at dusk. Each brought back memories such as come upon the leafing of a dusty album, untouched for years. Each revived its hour, its day.

AND there in the raftered studio, I realized why this painter of landscapes, William L. Lathrop, has been called great. He was not a painter of pictures, but a painter of memories. These, caught and made lasting by his brush, did not belong to me nor to anyone alone. They were the common property of mankind.

That unfinished painting on the easel, of the day's end with home in sight, it belonged to every man and woman who ever had experienced such a day—and who of us has not! That drowsy bit of summer woods—it could conjure dreams in a million minds! That lone road over the hill at dusk—it belonged to every person who had ever stood alone and, bound by duty, had faced the night!

"Hang any one of these pictures in any home," I thought, "and daily it will stir cherished memories. Day in and day out, it will help folks over the troubles of the moment by recalling them to the happiness of the past. It will shed light, like a glowing candle in a dark room."

I turned to the artist, to this builder of monuments to gone hours and gone days. Tall, straight, hair and beard grizzled by his sixty-eight years, he himself in that old studio setting appeared worthy of a master's brush. Here again, in the man himself was an inspiring picture.

YEARS ago, on a little impoverished Ohio farm facing the expanse of Lake Erie, he, a farm boy, had dreamed of painting pictures. His first canvases were scraps of linen from his mother's ragbag, bits of paper, pieces of white board, and the pages of his school books. His brushes were such as the druggist kept in stock for medical use. His paints were those to be found about any farm, left over from painting the house, the barn, or a shed.

He was self-educated in art. He had never attended an art school, nor studied art under a tutor. The work which he had done was exclusively his own, born within himself.

And this work of his, over the years, had received some of the highest awards in the field of landscape art: the W. T. Evans prize, the Webb prize, the First Altman medal of the National Academy of Design, gold medals of the Philadelphia Art Club and of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, gold and silver medals at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, to mention just a few.

His landscapes were represented in the country's most famous permanent collections, including that of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, (*Continued on page 140*)

You See Beauty Where You Have Learned to Look for It

"I LEARNED that comfort and ease—and cost—have nothing to do with real beauty," says Mr. Lathrop. "The costliest house is often an atrocity; the humble cottage may be a jewel of beauty. To me, an old freighter, rust-streaked and battered by the storms, is more beautiful than a newly painted ship. Its scars are the wound chevrons of its service. The seas, and not men, have painted its colors; and the seas are master artists.

"You may see beauty in the newly painted ship. The old freighter, you may say, is ugly. The view you take is the consequence of your training. You have been taught, perhaps, that the thing which suggests comfort, ease, and luxury is beautiful, and that which suggests discomfort and toil is unbeautiful."

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Photograph by Robert Neff Longacre, Phila.

William L. Lathrop

WITH all outdoors as his studio, and Nature as his teacher, William Lathrop swung into fame as one of our foremost landscape painters, after winning the W. T. Evans prize at an annual New York Water Color Show—an award much coveted by landscape artists. The prize-winning picture, a little water-color, not more than twelve by fourteen inches in size, swept the Exhibition, and the struggling, unknown, penniless artist, who for years had been miscast as a farmer and a country school-teacher, found himself a figure in art. He grew up near Painesville, Ohio, and began early to dream of line and color. This picture shows Mr. Lathrop at work on his boat, which he constructed in leisure hours at his home in New Hope, Pennsylvania.

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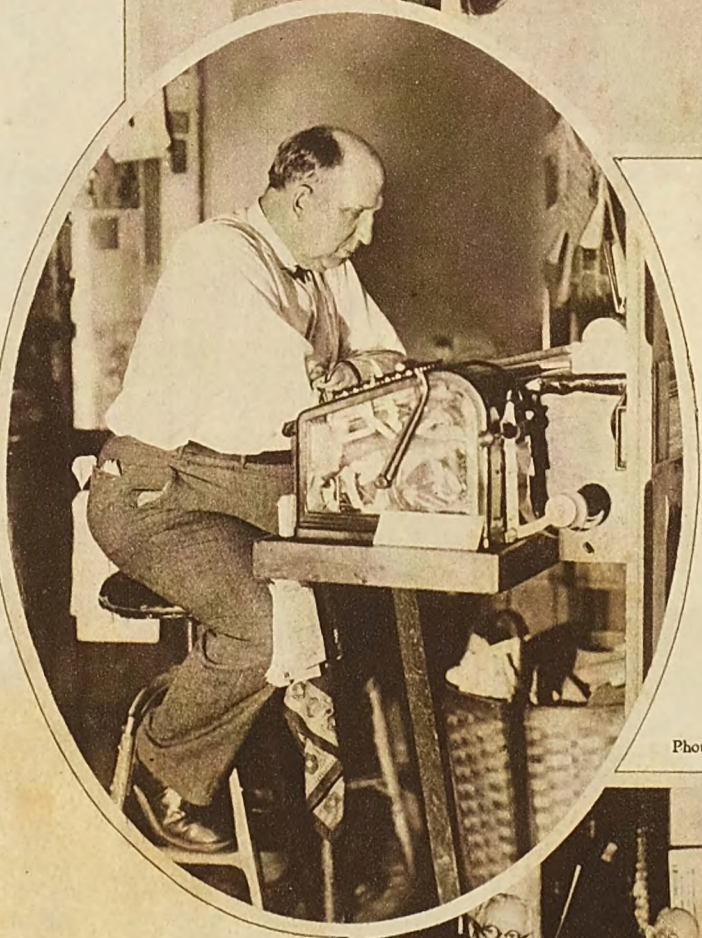

OUT of George Hensel's desire for fun has grown a unique order. It is the Slumbering Ground Hog Lodge. Every February 2d, when the ground hog is supposed to emerge from his hole to view the weather, the lodge assembles to honor the occasion. Above, Squad No. 5 stages a demonstration of how it is done.

GEORGE W. HENSEL, JR., of Quarryville, Pennsylvania, is a hardware merchant, president of a bank, guardian of orphans, and a friend of the poor. He is also a story-teller of rare ability, a patron of old-time dances, and president of the Association of Consolidated Horse Detective Associations!

Photographs by the Killian Studio, Lancester, Pa.

THE fiddle quartet and Taylor McCummings, jig dancer, in action at Hensel's store, Saturday night. Not much tradin' is done, but the fiddles are kept hot. As Hensel puts it, "There's something about a fiddle—"

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"The World Needs Fun And I Aim To Make Some"

So says George W. Hensel, Jr., of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. And he continues: "I found I couldn't take any water out of an empty barrel, and that if I wanted more out of life, I'd have to put more into it"

By Helen Christine Bennett

IN THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE of October, 1926, Clarence Budington Kelland explained Scattergood Baines —that shrewd, likable fiction character around which he has written veral series of short stories. Scatter-ood, he said, is a Vermonter. He em-odies the characteristics of that state, nd is to be found in half a hundred of its nall towns. As Kelland has lived in ermont he must be right. But recently, hen I was in Quarryville, Pennsylvania, met Scattergood in the flesh, a Scatter-ood true to the Kelland tales, but whose rbears had been Pennsylvanians since efore the Revolution. If you, who have nown and loved Scattergood for many ears, harbor any doubts, just have a look t this parallel.

Scattergood Baines is a well-fixed hard-are merchant in his small town.

George W. Hensel, Jr., owns and man-ges the largest hardware store in Lan-aster County south of the Conestoga Creek, where you can buy anything from ins to cook stoves.

Scattergood owns a large number of hares in the local bank.

Hensel is the president of the Quarry-ille National Bank, the financial Gibral-ar of southern Lancaster County.

Scattergood is financial adviser to the eople of his community.

Hensel is the guardian of orphans, the onsoler and adviser of helpless widows, he friend of the poor, the feeble, the old. He writes most of the wills of the neigh-orhood and administers the majority of he estates. Twenty-five children have een willed to him and those who have rown to manhood are able and respected itizens.

Scattergood believes in the power of a ood yarn.

Hensel has been telling yarns all his ife, and writing them for the past twenty ears. His column in the Philadelphia "Inquirer," "Down Lancaster Way," is read from coast to coast, and he receives hundreds of letters each year from all states of the Union.

Scattergood mixes a bit in political affairs both local and state.

Hensel has held but one office, post-master under Cleveland; but his political power is felt in both state and national conventions, and once his friends nominated him for Vice President.

Scattergood says: "Man is of few days and full of trouble. I calc'late we give" (in each story) "about a half-hour of fun. And crowd out a half-hour of trouble. And that's good enough for me."

George Hensel says: "For twenty-five years I've been hunting the fun in life. And for twenty-five years I've been finding it. You can't take more water out of a barrel than you put into it; so I make the fun."

NOW if your vision of life is so real and earnest that sheer fun for its own sake, with no purpose or moral attached, bewilders you, lay down this article right here. But if, like Scattergood and Hensel, you are seeking the fun in life, keep on, and you'll learn how to find it.

When I met Hensel in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, I noted, as I went toward him, that even his thick-set figure with the pronounced middle quarter carried out the Scattergood illusion. A heavy, slow-moving man with a bald head fringed with gray hair, strong features, flapping trousers and coat, cut generously to permit sitting down in comfort, a broad-brimmed black hat, under which looked forth a visage solemn yet humorous. Hensel rarely smiles. He is preternaturally sober, or he laughs great, hearty laughs that redden his pale face and shake him from head to feet.

I had gone to Lancaster County to see George W. Hensel, Jr., not because of his resemblance to Scattergood, but to see a man who has built for himself a reputation of getting almost one hundred per cent out of living. What higher praise can a man receive than this? Naturally, I was eager to get acquainted with a man who, with a moderate financial success, had built himself a plan of life and a philosophy that had won happiness for himself and the high esteem of all those who knew him.

As we journeyed through the fertile fields of Lancaster County, Hensel talked a great deal of the countryside and its people, but very little about personal matters.

"I'm not much at talking about myself," he admitted, when I probed for detail. "There's a good deal of talk that never gets anywhere, like the ducks.

"You see, there was a green farmhand in Ireland, who had been put out to learn. And he was coming 'round the barn idlin', when his master saw him.

"'What ye doin', Pat?' asked the master.

"'Nothin'; what would I be doin'?' asked the green hand.

"'Feed the ducks,' directed the farmer. So Pat, not knowing about ducks, went and did what he thought best, and returned to the master.

"'Have ye fed the ducks, Pat?' he asked.

"'Sure, I fed 'em.'

"'An' what did ye feed 'em?'

"'I fed 'em hay.'

"'An' are they a-eatin' of it?'

"Pat scratched his head.

"'We-ll,' he replied, 'they're a-talkin' about it!'

"A good deal of our talk is like that of the ducks, it doesn't get anywhere."

WE DROVE on down to Quarryville, and stopped at the crossroads known locally as the "gateway to the South," just fifteen and a half miles straight to the Mason and Dixon line. On one corner stands the red brick bank Hensel heads, on the second, large warehouses storing the bulkier of the hardware supplies, and on the third, a rambling, low, white building bearing on its corner stone the carved inscription: "Where the race of men goes by," a building housing both the hardware store proper and the home of the Hensels.

Josephine Martin Hensel was waiting for us, and greeted me with the warmth she has extended through more than thirty years to all kinds and conditions of humanity—and numerous friends of the lower animal kingdom—brought by George Hensel beneath that roof. The hospitality of the Hensel home is limitless; almost no day passes without a stranger within its gates, and the town folks come and go like the tides of the sea, unceasing. From its sheltering walls no one goes forth without cheer and comfort and at least one hearty laugh at Hensel's quaint tales, and at times the stone foundations rock with the laughter of great gatherings for a day of fun. (*Continued on page 175*)

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"Be Yourself, George; Be Yourself!"

By Mary B. Mullett

ONE evening, about seven years ago, a new Shubert revue was opening on Broadway. As on all first nights, the back-stage atmosphere was tense with excitement, as if permeated with an electric current. But it was in the dressing-room of a young actor named George Jessel that this current reached its peak.

For one thing, this was to be his first chance in a big Broadway show. During almost ten years he had been doing sketches and monologues in vaudeville. If he made good now, it would be a long step forward.

He had been engaged simply to give one of his vaudeville specialties. He might "go over big," or he might not! You never can tell in advance. But, anyhow, he was feeling pretty good over his luck—when suddenly the unexpected happened.

A little while before the performance was to begin, J. J. Shubert opened the door of Jessel's dressing-room.

"Do you want a chance to make a real hit?" he inquired.

For the fraction of a minute, Jessel could only stare in surprise. Then his answer flashed back.

"Lead me to it!" he said.

Whereupon, Shubert explained that one of the actors in two important numbers could not appear. If Jessel thought that he could step into the breach . . .

But Jessel didn't waste time thinking. He had been knocking at the Door of Opportunity until his knuckles were tired. This offer sounded like the turning of the key in that door, so he didn't hesitate.

"Give me the cues," he remarked crisply, "and I'll do it."

When he had reached this point in telling me the story, he paused.

"I want you to get this," he said. "We actors have our drama off the stage, as well as on; and the twenty-four hours that followed that opening performance were the most dramatic ones in my life.

"I didn't have time to learn the lines of the actor whose place I was to take. Anyway, they were built up around his personality—not mine—and I didn't want to give a mere imitation of someone else.

"When the first of these two numbers began, I waited in the wings until I heard one of the actors on the stage say, 'Here comes Jack. He'll tell us all about it.'

"That was my cue, and I walked on. But instead of taking up the part as it had been written I went down to the footlights, and said to the audience, 'I don't know, any more than you do, what this is all about! I wasn't hired for the part until about half an hour ago.'

"Then I began to 'ad lib,' telling a lot of jokes, and trying to put over my own kind of stuff.

"Fortunately, it went over. A first-night audience is a very sophisticated one. It likes to be surprised. And it is quick to catch on, eager and responsive. In this case it was especially friendly because it knew that I had jumped into the part at the last minute.

"As a result of all this, the crowd was with me from the start, and I made a big hit. As a result of that, the Shuberts signed me up, the next morning, for a five-year contract as a star! And when the doors opened that evening my name was in electric lights over the entrance.

"Sounds fine, doesn't it? Congratulations poured in, and I thought I was 'made' for life. But when the final curtain fell, my balloon was as flat as a pancake.

"The second-night audience was just an average one. Their attitude was, 'Well, we've paid our money; now show us what you've got.'

"I was no longer a surprise. After seeing my name in electric lights they not only expected me but they expected me to be a 'wow.' I couldn't get their interest on the plea that I was a last-minute pinch-hitter. They thought that was just bunk. So the very same stuff which had convulsed the first-night audience just died when I tried it the second night! Instead of a hit, I was a failure.

"The very next morning the electric lights that spelled my name were taken down. I had thought I was a star. But I had been only a twenty-four-hour rocket."

PERHAPS this is, as Jessel said, the most dramatic episode in his life; but it is by no means the only one. From the time he was born, twenty-eight years ago, his career has been a continuous drama.

"In at least one respect," he told me, "I am different from other Jewish actors. They were born in the East Side tenements of New York. I was born on the upper West Side. But that doesn't mean Riverside Drive. It means a little flat on Amsterdam Avenue.

"If my father had lived, he might have reached the Drive in the course of time. But he died when I was nine years old, and the family prospects died with him.

"Said family consisted of my mother and myself. There was no money to support us, so she earned our living by selling tickets in a motion-picture theatre.

"Even so, our income fell short of our needs, and I helped out by singing ballads in the theatre where she sold tickets; kid songs, you know, like this one:

I want somebody to play with,
Someone, for I'm all alone.
Someone like you, with a dolly or two,
To play till my mother comes home.
She went away with the angels—

"And so on. For these daily warbles I received four dollars a week, Sundays extra. On Sundays I sang my songs at a piece-work rate of ten cents a song.

"One of the performers at that same theatre was no less a person than Eddie Cantor. He was about seven years older than I was; and he has been a sort of big brother to me ever since.

"A few months after our meeting, Eddie was engaged by Gus Edwards for a vaudeville child specialty act, called 'The Kid Cabaret.' He persuaded Edwards to include me in the cast. So, at nine years of age, my future career was settled. I was 'on the stage.'

"For six years I was with Edwards; first in 'The Kid Cabaret,' then in his 'Song Revue.' We played vaudeville houses all over the country. I didn't have a chance to go to school. Once in a while my mother would travel with me, for I was getting fairly good money. But most of the time 'home and mother' was only a phrase to me.

"'GROWING up' was only a phrase, too. At fourteen, I was just about the same size I had been at nine. But when I was fifteen I suddenly started to make up for lost time.

"It seemed as if I grew several inches overnight. My voice changed. A baby mustache decided to take up residence on my upper lip. My little suit ceased to be cute, and became a joke instead. As a child actor, I was through!

"That was in 1913—and the '13' was certainly an unlucky number for Georgie Jessel! I managed to get a few engagements, but I was a failure every time. I had acquired little mannerisms, which had been all right in a child actor but were unpleasing in a more or less grown-up one. Like my little suit, they were no longer cute.

"My optimistic manager, Max Hart, risked sending me abroad. But my reception was bad in London, worse in Scotland, and worst in Ireland. They said I was too fresh. I didn't mean to be. It was just a hangover from the cockiness which people had liked in the kid actor.

"I had outgrown that appeal, and hadn't developed anything in its place. So I came home, with another failure chalked up against me.

"'I guess there's only one thing for you to do,' Hart said. 'Keep out of sight a few years, until everybody—including yourself—has forgotten you were a child actor.'

"'That's all very well,' I told him; 'but I can't get along, even for a few years, without eating!'

"'Well,' he said, 'can't you find a character you can hide behind? Why don't you try blacking up?'

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"The only trouble with that suggestion," Jessel went on, "was that I wouldn't follow it. I can't explain just why, but I've never been willing to do a black-face act. Perhaps," he admitted, "it was because I had a hunch that I couldn't do it well enough. Anyway, when I balked at that, Hart suggested my trying what is known as 'clown white.' I did—but it was no use—the audiences didn't like me.

"Then I got a part in a vaudeville sketch called 'A Ray of Sunshine.' The title was rather misleading, for it was anything but a sunshiny play! My rôle was that of a boy who has the delusion that he is George Washington's son. Audiences don't like characters who aren't 'all there' mentally; so the sketch didn't go over.

"Another failure in my rapidly growing list! But, just the same, I found in that sketch a hint of the sort of thing I wanted to do. There were lines in it that had real feeling. In my old kid songs, like the one I quoted to you, there was an attempt to tug at people's heartstrings. In them, the attempt was just silly bunk. But in certain lines of 'A Ray of Sunshine' I could feel that I did reach people's hearts, because the lines had truth and sincerity.

"SO I had my idea; but for a long time I didn't know how to use it. I just blundered along. The only thing I can claim any credit for was that I stubbornly refused to be a mere imitator of other people, even though they were winning the success which I was *not* getting.

"For instance, the Al Jolson-Eddie Cantor method of singing songs was becoming the rage. You might call it the acrobatic method, with its snapping of fingers and violent motions. It gets more out of a song than any composer ever dreamed of putting into it.

"Jolson and Cantor were wonders at this; and imitators sprang up by the dozen. Of course I was advised—and was tempted—to join the procession. But I knew that this method wasn't *mine*. It wasn't natural to me. Even if I could put it over, my success would be only a borrowed one. So I just set my teeth and tried to find some way that would be *my own way* of winning the public.

"I knew what I wanted to do. I wanted to get laughs, but with a bit of sentiment underneath them. And I wanted to get tears, but with a smile behind the tears.

"I wrote several sketches which went fairly well. Then I hit on the idea of doing a monologue which was supposed to be a talk with my mother over the telephone. That gave me the chance to bring in references to all the members of an imaginary family.

"My mother and my grandmother were the only real ones; but I had a regular army of relatives, who provided all the realism I needed. Our family was one of those sentimental ones that are unconsciously funny, especially when they think they are pathetic. So if I was borrowing at all it was from real life.

"This telephone monologue went so well that the Shuberts engaged me to do it in 'The Gaieties.' And it was then that I went up like a rocket, the opening night, and came down like a stick twenty-four hours later.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BLOOM

George Jessel, star of "The Jazz Singer." Mr. Jessel was born in New York City, and began his stage career when a child. He knew many lean years because he persisted in his determination to "be himself," rather than imitate someone else

"AS I told you before, my name disappeared from the electric signs after the second night. At the end of a week, the two extra numbers were taken away from me. At the end of two weeks, I was out of the show entirely!

"Of course I still had the five-year contract which they had given me when it looked as if I had made a big hit. But a contract is cold comfort to an actor if it allows him to appear only on paper. I wanted to be working. So I gave up my contract and tried to get a job.

"The offer of the Shubert engagement had been so tempting that I had deserted my vaudeville bookings in order to take it. This had made the vaudeville managers sore; and now that I had failed with the Shuberts they had a chance to get even with me. They certainly did it! Not one of them would let me into vaudeville again.

"I had to do something, so I started to write songs. As this was soon after the war, I wrote one song, reminiscent of our soldiers in France, called '*Ooh, là, la! oui, oui!*' It sold one million and five hundred thousand copies. Another was called, 'Oh, how I laugh, when I think how I cried about you!' I made quite a lot of money out of royalties; but, to be perfectly frank, I was a fool and spent it as fast as I earned it. I was young—only a little past twenty—and I had some hard lessons to learn.

"During this period I also wrote a play, called 'Mama's Baby Boy,' but I couldn't get anybody to produce it. Finally, the vaudeville managers relented and let me do it as a sketch. It was a pretty big thing for vaudeville, for there were twenty-three people in the cast; but I wouldn't have agreed to cut it down to a sketch if I hadn't been promised a regular production later on. However, this promise never was carried out. Another disappointment!

"After two years of 'Mama's Baby Boy' in vaudeville, I was engaged to provide one of the so-called 'Shubert Units.' A 'unit' (*Continued on page 170*)

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Where There Isn't A Will There's A Way

Two is company except when they're both grooms, then it's an awful crowd— Ask Effie May

By Ellis Parker Butler

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

"You get up and come down," Mrs. Wrinch ordered. "You got yourself into this fix, and you can get yourself out"

WHEN Mrs. Wrinch had climbed the stairs, she paused a moment outside her daughter's door, partly to get her breath and partly to listen whether her daughter was still weeping.

Effie May was still weeping. She had been weeping all day. She had come down to breakfast and she had come down to lunch; but she had sobbed through both meals, and immediately after each meal she had gone to her room again, locking the door, and had wept there.

Now Mrs. Wrinch, her mouth quite firm, rapped on the door.

"Effie May!" she called sharply. It was the tone of a mother who has had a quarrel with her daughter and who is still angry with her.

"Yes?" Effie May answered, and her tone was that of one who has been most unjustly treated by an unkind world and who is still suffering from its cruelty. The word with which she answered her mother was more a wail asking for sympathy than a query.

"You got to get up and come down," her mother declared. "One of them young men has come."

She heard Effie May blow her nose and heard the springs of the bed creak slightly, but she did not hear Effie May getting to her feet.

"You get up and come down," Mrs. Wrinch ordered. "That's all there is to it. You got yourself into this fix and you can get yourself out. I got to get dinner. The young man is sitting on the porch. And there he'll sit for all of me," said Mrs. Wrinch, "till midnight!"

"Ma," wept Effie May.

"Well, what is it?" asked Mrs. Wrinch impatiently.

"Which one is it?"

"How do I know which one it is?" said Mrs. Wrinch.

Effie May listened to her mother's heavy tread as she went down the stairs again. For a few moments Effie May remained on the bed, dabbing at her eyes with her handkerchief, and then, still weeping, she got to her feet and prepared to go down.

She did her glorious golden hair as beautifully as she ever did it, and she took her usual pains to arrange her garments effectively, discarding three pairs of silk stockings before she was satisfied; but as she made her preparations she wept.

She wept quite frankly as she rummaged in the bottom of her closet among her six pairs of low shoes, trying to decide which was the best pair to wear this time. She knew it would be impossible to remove the traces of her weeping from her face, particularly as she knew she was going to continue to weep, but she bathed it and wiped the fresh tears away while she used powder and lipstick.

EFFIE MAY was in very great trouble indeed. She was engaged to marry. She was engaged to marry Willard Brown. There was nothing in that to make a girl cry, but she was also engaged to marry Wayland Brown.

In Westcote the Brown twins were quite famous, not because they were especially alike, for they were not more alike than many other brothers, but because they were such fine, big young fellows and so inseparable. They topped six feet and they were always together. They had played football together in school; they had won the championship for their school three years in succession. They were as gaunt as they were tall, and they had equally an unconquerable bulldog quality that refused to admit defeat.

Timmerson Brown, their father, was as unlike his sons as man could be, for he was a chubby man, always laughing and endlessly good-natured, and he had played a rather unfair trick on his wife when he named the twins.

Willard and Wayland are perfectly good names for any boys, and Mrs. Brown had accepted them as such, but Mr. Brown had known that the names would be shortened to Will and Way. It was his little jest to say that where there was a Will there was a Way. On the whole, Mrs. Brown did not complain; Timmerson Brown was quite capable of calling the boys Pete and Repete.

Although he was a prosperous dry-goods merchant, Timmerson Brown had not wished his boys to be merchants. They had been graduated from college together, and Way had gone at once into the office of Tanner Brothers, the sewer and road construction contractors. Will took a little more time, and after looking over the field carefully, entered the office of Harvey Cale, the surveyor.

BOTH boys were doing splendidly. They were serious-minded boys; people even remarked that they were old for their years. This was because they had such sedate manners and bony faces. They liked fun; but they had always been somewhat shy.

Dropping football when they left college, they had looked about for some other

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rm of exercise, and this had led them nost inevitably to the National Guard ompany and its basketball team. Presitly they were stars in the basketball mes. These games were always made cuses for dances in the armory, and the sketball team and the girl friends of the embers became a "bunch."

One of these girls was Effie May Wrinch. e was far and away the prettiest girl in e "bunch"—one of the prettiest girls in wn. She was the most helpless little ing, sweet and appealing, like a bigled, golden-haired doll. She had the ost amusing, senseless chatter, and she nced like a fairy.

AT FIRST Will and Way thought of her only as one of the "bunch." At e dances the "bunch" would run across e street to Miffin's for soda, or evenward eleven—make a rush for Tim's for t coffee and sandwiches. The "bunch" ways started home together, and when ey split up one young fellow sometimes ok one couple of girls to their homes and metimes another couple.

But one night in late spring, after the nal dance of the season, when the "bunch" ached the corner where they split up, Vay Brown put his hands under the bows of Effie May and her friend Alice nd turned toward their street.

Before they had gone five steps Will rown called to them.

"Oh, Way!" he called. "I'll take Alice nd Effie May, if you say so."

"It's all right; I'll take them," Way alled back.

They dropped Alice at her gate and Vay and Effie May loitered on their way. n hour later, in Effie May's porch hamhock, Way and Effie May were kissing assionately and were engaged to be mared. When Way reached home he paused t Will's door, but Will was sound asleep, nd Way went to his own room.

The next night about eleven o'clock Will Brown opened the gate and walked up the short path to the Wrinch house. For three hours he had been walking about trying to decide whether it was wise to marry before he was earning more and whether he could live without Effie May much longer. From the street he had heard the creaking of the hammock as Effie May swung it gently.

"Effie May!" he called softly in the darkness.

"Hello, honey!" she answered eagerly.

"May I come up there a minute?" he asked hoarsely.

"You certainly can," Effie May answered, and Will went up. It was totally dark, but he heard Effie May laugh in a giggling sort of way, and as he felt with his hand in the darkness Effie May took it and kissed it. When he dropped beside her in the hammock she snuggled close to him. All his shyness departed instantly.

"Sweetheart! Sweetheart!" he cried, and kissed her, and she cuddled closer to him. He could not, afterward, remember exactly what he said or what she said, but he thought that what he said—after he had kissed her again—was, "And you'll marry me, won't you, dearest?"

"Of course, you darling boy," he thinks she said next. "You just know I will!"

"Right away!"

"Oh, no!" she said then, as well as he can remember it. "It can't be right away, sweetness. Not until June. I can't get ready, possibly, before June. It must be a church wedding, big boy."

"I don't care what kind of a wedding," he thinks he said.

"But I do," he seems to remember her saying. "Mother did not have one, and she has always been so sorry. She always told me never to be married unless I had a church wedding. She says a girl is only married once—"

"You'll only be married once," he thinks he said next. "Have it a church wedding if you say so. And June, if you insist. The first day of June!"

"No," she said, "that would be unlucky. The first of June is Friday."

"The first of June is not Friday," he knows he said. "The first of June is Wednesday. Will you marry me the first day of June if it is not Friday?"

"Yes," she said, and of this he is positive, because he took his pocket diary from his pocket and struck a match to make sure he was right about the day of the week on which the first of June fell.

AS HE struck the match Effie May uttered a cry of dismay.

"Oh!" she cried and drew away from him.

"What is the matter?" Will asked with concern, because he thought the match might have burned her hand.

"You're Will!" she exclaimed. "I thought you were Way. Why, I can't marry you—I promised Way!"

Will looked at her in amazement—looked until the match burned his fingers and went out.

"When did you promise Way?" he asked hoarsely.

"Don't be angry with me, Will," she pleaded. "I didn't know it was you. I thought you— Oh, this is terrible!" and then she began to cry and Will put his arm around her again. She cried against him.

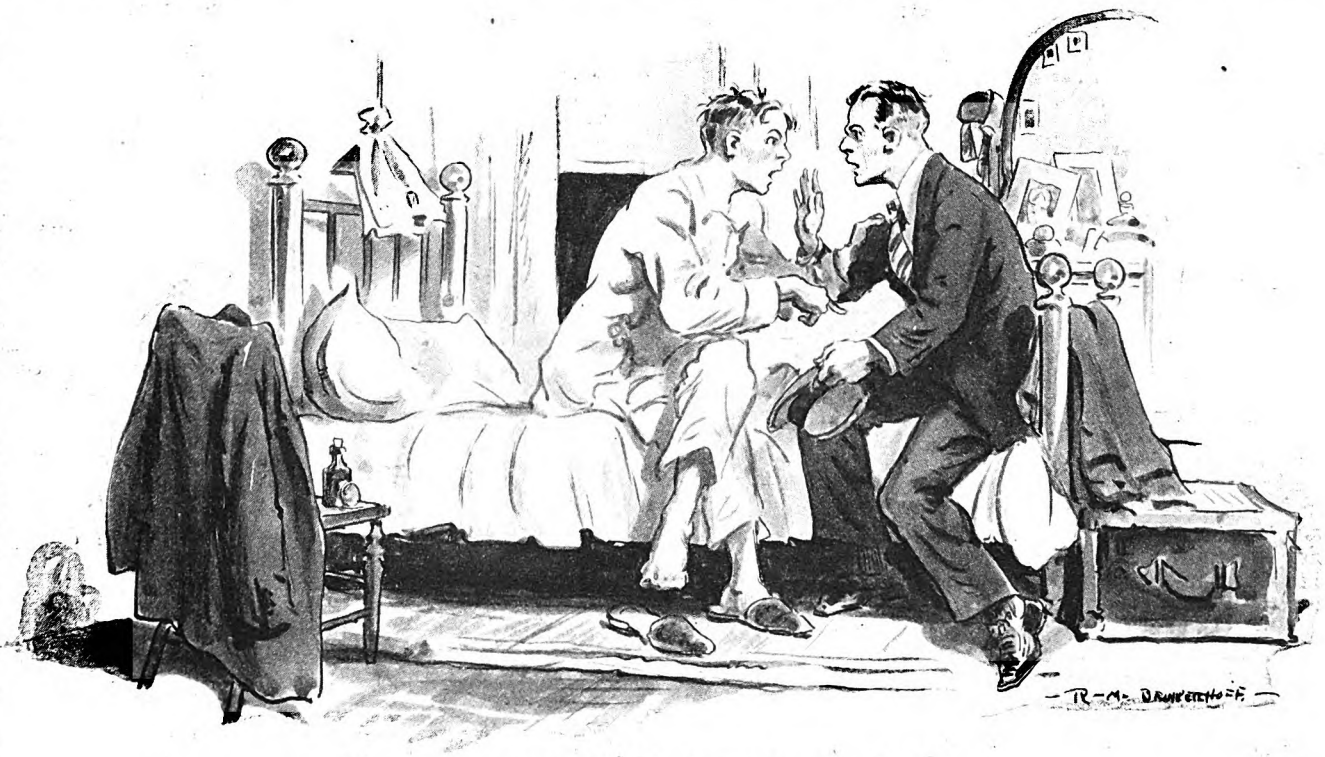
"Now, don't cry, Effie May," Will said. "There's nothing to cry about. You like me, don't you?"

"Oh yes! Yes, I do, Will," she wept. "You know I do, Will."

"You love me," he asserted. "You do, don't you?"

"Yes—yes—" she sobbed.

"Then there's nothing to cry about," Will said rather sternly. "You've prom-



They talked until two o'clock in the morning, but they did not quarrel. They were too fond of each other to quarrel

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ised to marry me and you've got to keep your promise."

"But—but I promised Way," she sobbed.

"I don't care who you promised," declared Will. "I don't care if you promised a thousand fellows. You may have for all I know—but you promised me last, and that's all I care about. That's what counts. Don't cry now; quit crying. Honey, don't cry like that; I'll fix it up with Way. It will be all right. Listen, sweetheart, don't worry about it. You go on in to bed and I'll fix everything all right. Kiss me!"

She continued to cry and explain that she had to marry Way, and Will kept her in his arms, kissing her and telling her she had to marry him now that her promise was given, and finally she gave him a wet kiss and went into the house weeping, and Will went home.

He awakened Way and told him he was engaged to Effie May, and Way sat on the edge of his bed and said he would be hanged if anyone but himself was engaged to her and they talked until two o'clock in the morning, but they did not quarrel. They were too fond of each other to quarrel.

Finally, Will yawned and said he was all in and that the best thing to do was to sleep on it, he guessed, and Way got into bed again, and Will went to his own room and was asleep as soon as could be expected.

The next day Way was busy until late in the afternoon, and then he went up to the Wrinch house to see Effie May. Usually the Brown boys faced the world with clear eyes and smooth brows and with heads held high, but Way Brown frowned as he walked to the Wrinch place. He had his hands thrust far into his pockets and his hands were doubled into fists.

"I want to see Effie May," he said when Mrs. Wrinch came to the door, and he was abrupt to the edge of rudeness.

"And I should think you would want to!" exclaimed Mrs. Wrinch, glaring at him. "Whichever you are," she added.

EFFIE MAY came downstairs crying. She felt utterly miserable and wicked. She loved both twins so much she did not know which she loved more, and she knew she would lose them both and that they would hate her forever, so she was crying with all her heart, like a hurt child, one hand feeling the wall and the other holding a wet handkerchief to her eyes. When Way Brown heard her sobs he jumped out of the hammock into which he had dropped, and ran into the hall.

"Effie!" he cried. "Effie May, don't cry!" and he took her into his arms and drew her shelteringly to him and kissed her passionately.

Mrs. Wrinch looked into the hall and then closed the kitchen door with a bang.

"I'm so wicked! I'm so miserable!" Effie May wailed, clinging to Way.

"No, you're not," Way said. "You're the sweetest girl in the world, and that's all you are."

"But I don't know what to do," Effie May sobbed. "I don't know which one of you to—to marry!"

"Why, of course you don't," Way comforted her. "Nobody would; I wouldn't myself. You've got a right to like Will—Will's fine. You bet Will's fine. Only he can't have you, Effie May, because you're going to be mine. You *are* mine. I've got a right to you; you promised me first."

"He—he says I'm his, be-because I promised him last," Effie May sobbed with her face against Way's coat.

"That's fool nonsense," said Way stoutly. "He's got his logic wrong, that's all. I'll talk that out of him, you bet. But don't you worry any more; it's nothing for you to worry about—the whole thing is up to Will and me. You didn't do anything; I'm glad I'm engaged to you, and Will is glad he's engaged to you. Aren't you glad you're engaged to us?"

"Ye-yes!" wept Effie May.

"Well, there you are!" said Way. "Everybody's glad. I would have been broken-hearted if you had turned me down, and so would Will have been. You didn't do anything—you did the right thing. Of course you did!"

"I—I FEEL so guilty," Effie May wept, but less violently. She felt immensely comforted there in Way's arms.

"You needn't a bit," said Way. "This is not your business—this is Will's and my business, and we'll fix it up between us. Let me wipe your eyes. That's the girl! Give me a smile now. That's the girl! You'll be all right now, won't you?" he begged. "You'll leave this to us, won't you? That's the girl!"

He kissed her again, and she laughed a half-hysterical little laugh and wiped her eyes.

"My face must be a sight," she said, quite comforted. "I cried all night and all day, Way."

"You poor kid," Way said. "But don't think of it any more; you let Will and me do the worrying. You've got enough to do."

"To do?" she asked, not understanding him.

"Getting ready to be married," he explained. "You girls have to fuss up a lot of clothes, don't you? And Will says it's to be a church wedding, you li'l rascal. Spats and everything. And June sometime."

"June first," Effie May said.

"June first." Way repeated, making a memorandum in the little red book he always carried in his vest pocket. "Will told me; but I was sort of agitated and didn't catch it quite. June first suits me. I'll be waiting at the church with all flags flying. Daytime or night?"

"Noon, don't you think?"

"Fine!" said Way. "That suits me if it suits Will. Did you and Will talk about which church it would be?"

"I thought it would be the chapel, Way," said Effie. "It's easier to decorate a small chapel than a big church. I think it's nicer to have a small place filled with people than a big one half full, don't you?"

"The chapel suits me," Way said. "Did you ask Will about it or shall I? I guess he won't care any more than I do. That means Mr. Raylor will do the marrying. He's all right. Did you and Will talk about the wedding trip?"

"I'd like to go to the mountains somewhere," said Effie May diffidently. "I've never been to the mountains."

"That suits me," said Way, "and I guess it will suit Will if—but he's not going to marry you, and he needn't think he is. But I'll tell him. I'll look up some good mountains; there are plenty of moun-

"I'd like the one that doesn't marry me to be the other one's best man," Effie May said wistfully

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"I'll tell you, Mother Brown! You tell me which to marry!"

ains around one place or another. I've ot to get a cutaway coat."

"And spats, Way," Effie May said, uite happy now. "You've got to wear pats. They're just too smart! Pearl-ray spats, like the duke and that prince vore. Tell Will, too, will you, Way?"

"I'll tell him," said Way; "but it's not nuch use—I'm the one that's going to narry you. But, look here, do I have to vear spats? I'd rather be shot than wear pats. If there's anything makes me feel ike a fool it's to wear spats!"

OF COURSE, you don't have to marry me if you don't want to," aid Effie May. "I guess Will—"

"Oh, I'll wear them!" said Way quickly. "I'll even wear a stovepipe hat if you say o. But I'd rather be shot."

"I don't believe they wear stovepipe hats with cutaways," said Effie May doubtfully; "but I'll find out and let you know. I'm going to have my maid-of-honor wear blue and my bridesmaids wear rose."

"Effie May," said Way, who had not heard her last words because he had been thinking.

"What, Way?" she asked.

"I believe stovepipe hats can be worn with cutaways if you insist. I believe I've seen pictures of them—swells coming out of churches with their brides on one arm and their stovepipe hats on the other arm, and wearing cutaways and spats," said Way eagerly. "Why don't you say right now that whoever marries you has to wear spats and a stovepipe hat?"

"Why?" Effie May asked.

"Well, I don't believe Will would wear them," said Way frankly. "I heard him say once that he would die rather than wear a stovepipe hat. I don't believe he'll do it. And if you said right now that the man you married had to wear a stovepipe hat—well, it would simplify things a lot. If Will would come right out and say he wouldn't wear a stovepipe hat—"

"I guess you don't know how much Will likes me," said Effie May simply. "Will would wear anything to be married to me, I guess."

"I'm afraid so," said Way, sighing. "*I* would. Well, I'll have to fix it up with him some way. We can't both marry you, that's sure!"

"No, you can't both marry me," Effie May agreed, "but I'd like—"

"What?" Way asked her.

"I'd like the one that doesn't marry me to be the other one's best man," Effie May said wistfully.

"If Will was going to marry you I'd be glad to be his best man," said Way; "but you'll have to speak to Will about it. I'm the one that's going to marry you."

"But if Will does marry me—"

"Of course," Way said, and they talked further about the wedding, as engaged lovers will, and presently it was dinner hour, and Way had to go and Effie May went singing into the kitchen.

"YOU'RE mighty happy all of a sudden, seems to me," said her mother. "Bawling your eyes out one minute and singing like a lot of canaries the next! Heaven knows what to make of girls these days. What happened?"

"I'm so happy, Mother!" cried Effie May. "It's all fixed up—Will and Way are going to decide it between them. We're going to be married in the chapel, at noon, and they're going to take me to the mountains for the honeymoon—whichever goes. Mother, can I have engraved invitations?"

"Engraved— You'll have to ask your pa about that, Effie May," Mrs. Wrinch said. "Business has been none too good in the ice business yet this spring. Well, they're nice boys, whichever it is. They'll have a lot of money one of these days, if their old man don't go bust."

"I DON'T care for money," said Effie May. "I'm marrying for love. I always said I would too, didn't I, Mother? I always said I would never get married until I found a man I loved with all my heart—"

"You've found two of him, seems to me," said Mrs. Wrinch somewhat dryly.

"Well, of course, Mother—" said Effie May hesitatingly. "Well, I know how you would think about it, because you don't know the twins as well as I do; but if you did know them as well as I do you would know how a person could love each one of them with her whole heart, because that's the way they are, Mother. They're both the kind you can love with your whole heart, don't you see, Mother?"

Mrs. Wrinch opened the oven, peeked in, and slammed the door.

"You sound like a fool," she said; "but you're talking more sense than you've any idea of. What are men, when you come down to it, but a barrel of apples, and if you like them you like them, and that girl is wrong somewhere that can't love any one or two of them that is sound and decent—or a whole lot of them, for that matter—until she has took her final pick and gone crazy with partiality.

"I'll say this for you, Effie May—you've chose better than I ever guessed you would, be it Will (*Continued on page 133*)

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A Man's Debts Are Sometimes The Measure Of His Courage

But he must be sure he is borrowing for a wise purpose, says John H. Camlin, one of the men who helped to build Rockford, Illinois—As a youth he traveled far, searching for adventure. This is the story of how and where he found it

By Neil M. Clark

JOHN CAMLIN'S eyes lighted with interest as he strode up the main street of Rockford, Illinois, on the first day of September, 1883. For the first time, he found himself in one of those raw, new towns of the West, stories of which had long stirred his imagination. His glance took in unpaved streets awash with mud, sidewalks made of planks laid high, buildings, many of which were of unpainted wood, and men and women who appeared to possess in good measure the characteristic energy and hardihood of the frontier.

"This," he told himself, "ought to be an interesting place to stop a while—until I'm ready to go on."

For John Camlin, an English lad into whose nostrils from childhood had been blown the smell of the salt sea, was an incurable adventurer, smitten deep with wanderlust. Having heard the call to far places, he meant to go on and on along dim trails to the ends of the earth, to where only a few rare spirits venture.

"Yes," he told himself, jingling in his pocket the three dollars which were the last of his money, "I'll see what there is to be seen here; make a little stake, and then go on."

That was forty-three years ago. The other day I found John Camlin still in Rockford. And yet I learned that the glory of his dreams had not died. He had found what he sought—adventure—in unexpected guise in that pioneer Illinois city, and he had stayed to savor to the full its heady flavor. By doing so, he missed some of the far places—though he visited many of them, too—but he tasted in their stead the sweetness of a life made rich by satisfying achievement.

Briefly, John Camlin is one of those men of whom a few may usually be found in every city. They take an active share in a variety of important activities; make money for themselves and others by their vision and enterprise, and eventually, because of their integrity and willingness to serve, they come to be known as first citizens of their communities, and are drawn inevitably into wider spheres of service.

For John Camlin, special tasks were in store. He is head and sole owner of the John H. Camlin Company, one of the large fire insurance agencies of the Mid-West and much the largest agency in Rockford, dealing also in bonds and real estate loans. He owns or controls much valuable property in the business heart of Rockford; he is vice president of two manufacturing companies, and a member of the board of directors of a dozen. He has been president of the Illinois Chamber of Commerce, an office to which he was elected annually for five years; and he has served as president of the National Association of State Chambers of Commerce.

A career busy and distinguished, certainly; but how in it did he find adventure? As the story is told, I think you will see.

CAMLIN'S motto is the ringing slogan of adventurers: "Bold men win." He also cherishes the conviction that what one man can do, another can do. All his life an athlete, at the age of sixty-three he retains the vigor and rugged health of a man of forty. His cheeks are ruddy, his hair but slightly gray. The numerous crow's feet around his eyes are less signs of his years than they are the inevitable paths worn deep by good nature revealing itself in smiles.

The *burr* in his speech is a continual reminder of his Scotch ancestry; for his mother was a McNeill of the fighting Highlanders, and his father's family bore the name "Cameron," until some seventeenth-century royalists of the line, over-loyal to a defeated king, found it necessary to flee to France for their lives, and when the hue and cry grew less hot, they returned under a name slightly changed. John Camlin himself was born in England.

"My birthplace was Gravesend," he said, "a city on the River Thames, more than half way from London to the Channel."

On this broad highway to waters that wash all lands, he saw passing the commerce of the world, carried near or far in single-masted smacks, schooners, tall barks and barkentines, darting launches, stately liners aflame with lights at night, tugs endlessly busy, tramps laden with homely cargo, but bound to or from ports whose very names were poems to a boy who found himself consumed with desire to know all that lay below the horizon.

"Every red-blooded English boy," Camlin says, "at some time dreams of going to sea. Often, after watching the ships, I'd climb into the branches of an old apple tree in the garden, and sit for hours absorbed in some adventure book. 'Swiss Family Robinson' was a favorite. I *lived* the experiences of those castaways."

At sixteen he was past holding.

"One of my friends," he says, "possessed an invaluable uncle who was captain of a steamer, and this friend took a voyage. Nothing would do then but I too must go. With my parents' consent, I enrolled in the ship's company as a purser's clerk, and made two voyages to Bombay and Calcutta and back. It was merely a taste of roving, which whetted my appetite but did not satisfy it. After six months, however, at my parents' earnest request, I gave up the berth and entered college. I entertained the possibility of reading law, and my parents were eager for me to become a doctor."

Camlin remained at college for three years; but he takes care to point out that he never was graduated.

"By the end of the third year," he said, "I felt as if I were suffocating and *must* get away. Settling down in England to a musty career was the last thing I wished for. I could not, in any of my dreams, see myself on a high stool, growing old and gray while I waited for somebody ahead of me to die, so I could step into a job I never wanted in the first place.

"I insisted to my family that I had to go *somewhere*. Finally, my parents agreed that I come to America. They gave me a sum of money which little more than paid for a second-cabin passage to New York; when that was gone, I was expected to fend for myself."

ON THE way across, Camlin by chance read a novel which he discovered in the ship's library, a current favorite, Roe's "Barriers Burned Away." It related the imaginary adventures of a young man who sought his fortune in Chicago, encountered innumerable vicissitudes, and reached the crisis of his adventures during the great fire of 1871, which the author described circumstantially.

"That book," Camlin says, "led me to think Chicago would be a good place to go to; especially since it seemed to be a sort of jumping-off place for the frontier West, which had fascinated me in Mark Twain's 'Roughing It.' So upon landing I went at once to Chicago.

"My money would not last long, and I knew that soon I'd have to find some kind of work. Stopping at the old Hotel Sherman, I made inquiries, and met a man

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who was enthusiastic about Rockford, a town enjoying prosperity, he told me, and lying about a hundred miles west of Chicago. He explained that the town had some factories already built and others projected, about ten thousand people with plenty of energy and go-get-it spirit, a river with water power; and he said jobs were to be had. So to Rockford I went.

"My cash balance when I stopped off the train amounted to three dollars and maybe a few pennies. I considered eating a primary necessity, while other things were, by comparison, luxuries, so I looked immediately into the question of food. Down a flight of stairs under a store I found a cheap restaurant, and here for three dollars they offered me a meal ticket good for twenty-one meals. I quickly owned a meal ticket, and practically no cash. Luckily, I succeeded in finding a rooming-house where they didn't require me to pay in advance."

In "Barrier's Burned Away," the book that had attracted Camlin toward Chicago, the hero was jobless and down to his last dollar in a strange, unwelcoming city. In order to provide himself with a bed and meals, he turned to shoveling snow off the walks at twenty-five and fifty cents a job.

JOHN CAMLIN, in a somewhat similar plight, now sought any job to bridge over his own need, and fared about as humbly. He obtained a place in a carpet store at five dollars a week. It served his purpose by bringing him immediate cash. But he knew it was not the kind of job he wanted to keep. Before his first week was up, he located another place, in a small insurance office, where the pay was thirty dollars a month, and the opportunities greater. The agency was operated by a father and son; Camlin was their sole employee.

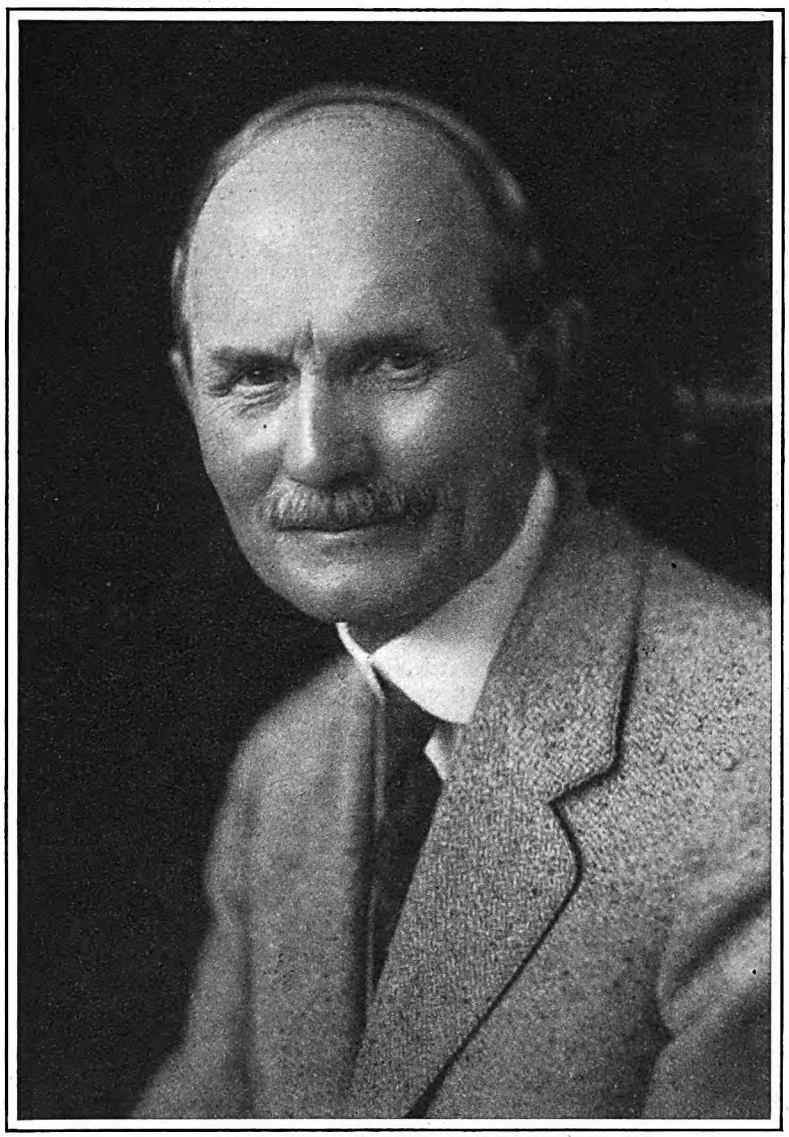
"I was hired as a bookkeeper," he explained, "but I did a porter's duties as well; swept and dusted, made the fires, and carried ashes down two flights of stairs. The proprietors were exceedingly conservative, and had an old-fashioned method of keeping their books which left them scarcely any time to go out and scare up business.

"My first month's salary was pledged for expenses incurred before I received it. But the Scotch in me soon showed, and I made up my mind not to spend *all* I earned. Out of my thirty dollars a month I began putting aside five, with which I bought shares in a building and loan association.

"I found this a particularly good way to save money. The idea was to put in fifty cents a month per share, and keep paying at that rate for a period of ten years, when your certificate of investment matured. The total you actually put in, on each share, was sixty dollars, and the certificate at maturity, on account of the accrued interest, was worth one hundred. At the start, I bought ten shares and paid five dollars a month. When my income increased, I bought more. And I never missed a payment. Those first little savings were the foundation of all I did in business later.

"At the insurance office, I was told that if I could sell any insurance I would be paid a commission on it. We carried one side line that didn't amount to much with us; namely, travelers' daily casualty insurance.

"It was on this type of insurance that I got my first experience as a salesman. Every so often the railroad ran excursions from Rockford to Chicago, going early and returning late, and on such days I made a practice of getting to the station at five or five-thirty in the morning. As soon as the crowds began to arrive, I went through the coaches and offered the passengers insurance that would protect them for the one day, in the event of injury by wreck. I always made a little money in this way. Sometimes I sold as much as two dollars' worth of insurance, on which my commissions would run as high as fifty cents!



John H. Camlin, head of a large insurance company in the Mid-West, was born in a little town not far from London. While still in his teens he made two voyages to India, but at the request of his parents he gave up seafaring for college. Later, he came to America, stopping first in Chicago, but finally settling in Rockford, Illinois, where he still lives. Mr. Camlin is sixty-three years old

"I SAW that it would be to my advantage to devise some simpler method of keeping books, so that I would have more leisure for selling. Therefore I worked out a system that took only a fraction of the time; the balance of each day I put in hunting for customers.

"One fact about salesmen had already impressed me. I noticed that as a rule they expected to receive attention when they called, whether they came with or without an appointment, and often they arrived at times when the buyers were very busy, and were either unable or unwilling to listen carefully. Besides this, I thought many of them wasted time by not coming quickly to the point. I decided to try a different plan, and I went about it this way: Calling on a prospect, I would say:

"'Mr. Jones, my name is Camlin. I'd like to talk with you about your fire insurance. I suspect you're very busy now, but if you'll name a time when you can give me a few minutes, I'll come then.'

"Invariably the men I approached agreed that they were busy; but, just as invariably, they named a time for me to return. People seemed to like the businesslike approach that didn't take up much time. I practiced, and before long managed to become a pretty good salesman. My salary was increased to forty and later to fifty dollars a month, and after a few years, what with commissions, I was earning as high as eighteen hundred and two thousand dollars a year. The owners of the agency hired a girl to take care of the books, while I devoted all my time to selling."

Meanwhile, John Camlin the rover was gaining a revised conception about life's values.

"A year or so after reaching the United States," he (*Continued on page 84*)

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The Biggest Battle Americans Ever Fought

By Thomas M. Johnson

EDITOR'S NOTE: Nine years ago, the grim, desperate battle of the Meuse-Argonne was in full swing. You read of it eagerly each day, or took part in it; but so stupendous was the operation that no correspondent could give a complete picture of the engagement. After this battle, the war ended, and there followed a time when the public was "fed up on war stuff." Very little was written about the great conflict in those years; but there were a few writers whose interest never flagged. Thomas M. Johnson, author of the following article, was one of these. He was an accredited correspondent of the New York "Sun" throughout America's participation in the World War. He conceived then the desire to tell the story of the great fight Americans made—and during the nine years since the Big Battle, he has been steeping himself in facts about it. Mr. Johnson has had access to innumerable authoritative sources of material. This article is a result of his faithful interest and tireless work on "war stuff." In its preparation he had the whole-hearted coöperation of many Army officials, among them Major General Fox Conner, who was Chief of Operations of the American Expeditionary Forces, and Brigadier General Hugh A. Drum, who was Chief of Staff of the First Army, A. E. F. In this article is much material heretofore unprinted in popular form. Mr. Johnson gives you an accurate story of the great fight, a thrilling story, and as complete a picture as it is possible to give within the limits of one article.

You have here a real contribution to American history, and one that will fire your interest; and keep it fired from start to finish.

THE Chief of Intelligence drew from his pocket a long envelope.

"Gentlemen," he said, "here is the plan of tomorrow's battle."

The correspondents leaned forward about the table. The locked door muffled the sentry's voice:

"Can't let nobody in. S'orders."

The Chief of Intelligence took from the envelope a few mimeographed sheets.

"It will be a very great battle," he said slowly. "A big job."

So the Meuse-Argonne proved to be: a very great battle, the greatest any American army ever fought in any war, our part in the mighty struggle that in forty-seven days broke the greatest military power in history, and ended the greatest war; a big job, so big that only the grim will of the few who led, the bright courage of the many who followed, made it, at last, the greatest, most far-reaching single American victory.

The American army, pick of the American nation, passed a stern test, that tried it to the uttermost. What a test is scarcely comprehended even now nine years after, when many would answer, "What was the Meuse-Argonne?" by, "It was a battle in a forest where an entire battalion got lost!"

We have never appreciated our biggest battle, or what our soldiers accomplished there. The same forty-seven days were too lurid with other events. Bulgaria, Turkey, Austria-Hungary fell, one after another. The German armies yielded on every front. The people revolted, the Government asked armistice, the Kaiser fled. Even the flu epidemic came, to distract attention.

News of the Meuse-Argonne seemed buried. But what news it was! The unceasing assault of 1,200,000 hastily-trained boy soldiers, more than half in their first battle, upon positions the most vital and among the strongest on the Western Front, defended by a veteran German army, desperate because it must hold them to escape complete disaster. Forty-seven days and nights of unending struggle with some 200,000 casualties of all sorts, that have not ended yet—you read of new ones often.

That was what it cost us to stop trains running through a place called Sedan. A high price. But when those trains stopped, the German Empire stopped, and, with it, the most enormous war in history.

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(In oval) Congested traffic on the road through Esnes to the front, September 29th, 1918. (Below) American soldiers sheltered by undergrowth near Dommiers

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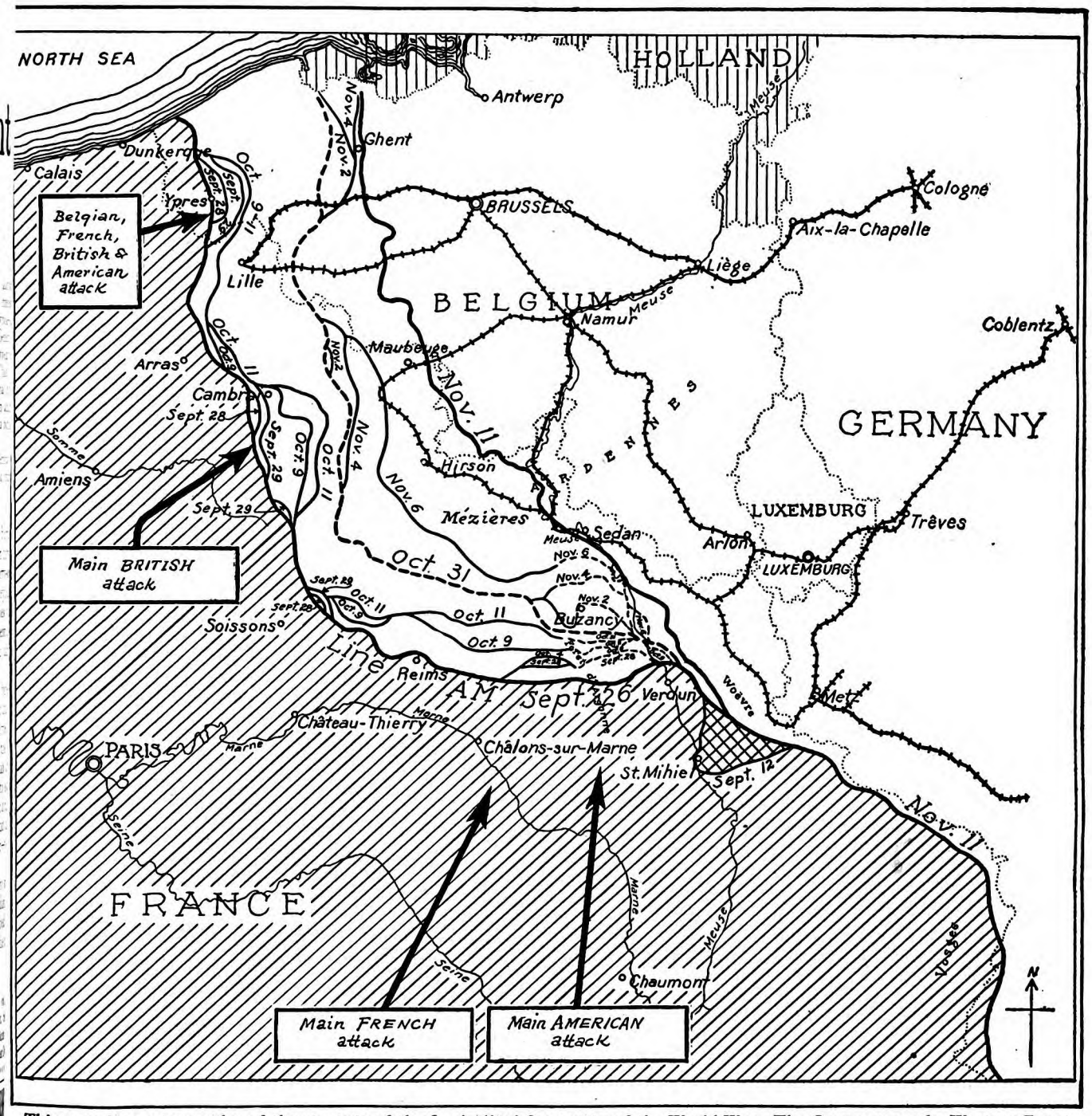

This map gives you an idea of the strategy of the final Allied Campaign of the World War. The Germans on the Western Front were dependent mainly upon two great railway systems, one through Maubeuge, Namur, Liège and on to Cologne; the other by way of Mézières and Sedan, and on to Coblentz. Marshal Foch planned a united drive, hitting hard in the general direction of Maubeuge and of Sedan, to cut either or both of these railway arteries. Once these lines were cut or even seriously threatened, the Germans would have to retreat quickly from France and Belgium. The American part of the campaign was to drive toward Sedan, on a front of approximately twenty-one miles, about one fourth of which was the Argonne Forest front. Beginning September 26th, the Americans, British, French, and Belgians hammered unceasingly at the Germans, and at the end of forty-seven days of fighting, the Marshal's plan was crowned with victory—and peace! The lines on the map, with their dates, indicate the stages of the Allied advance during the great and final battle of the war

On the way to Sedan and victory the German army was not the only obstacle. We were short about every kind of supply and equipment, including experience. We made mistakes. But we made good, as an American Army, under the American Flag and an American General whom history will write down as a great American General.

Guns were crashing and flashing in this battle little more than three weeks after Marshal Ferdinand Foch, commander-in-chief of the largest armies ever assembled in the world's history, had his great idea—a converging attack of those armies upon the railroads vital to the safety of the German armies in France and Belgium.

It was a big and risky thing to attempt. French and British had lost heavily during the summer. Americans alone were fresh.

The safety of the German armies in France and Belgium depended upon two main east and west railroad systems: the northern, the Liège line in Belgium; the southern, the Sedan-Mézières line in France. The German front was shaped like the Florida peninsula, with a neck one hundred and twenty-five miles thick between the frontier of neutral Holland on the north and the trench front on the south. Both railroad lines traversed this neck, like jugular veins, but separated by the mountainous, forested Ardennes region, through which were few connecting lines.

The Allies were then nearest to either railroad at the Meuse-Argonne-Champagne front, only thirty-one miles south of the Sedan-Mézières railroad. That was the place chosen for the American attack, supported by the French—to cross the thirty-one miles quickly enough to cut or shell and bomb to

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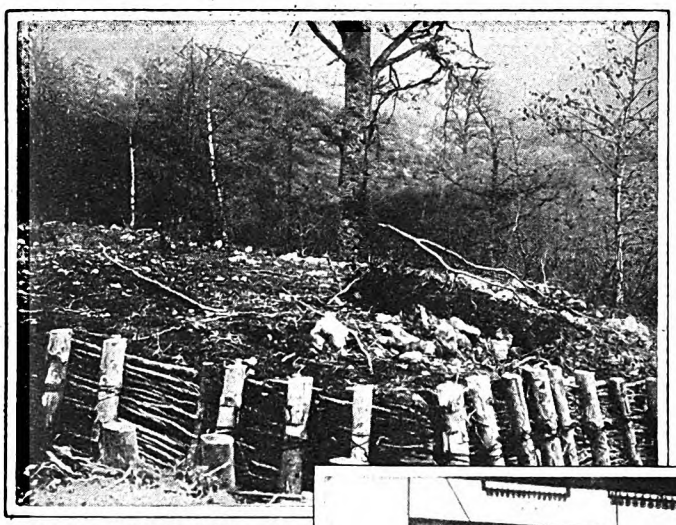

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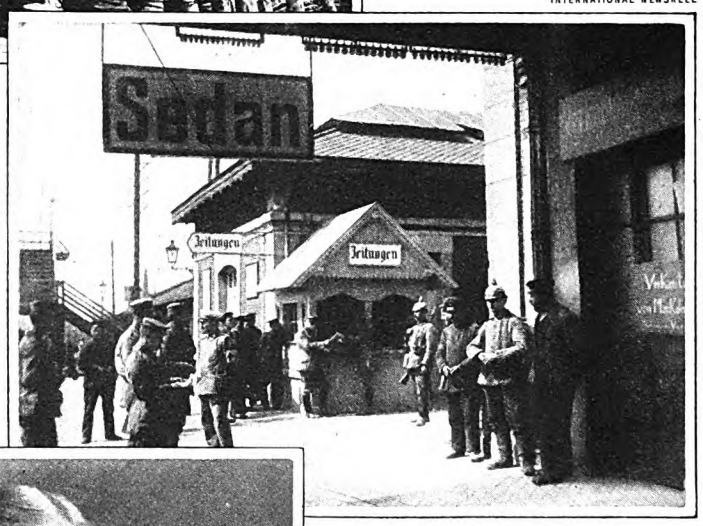
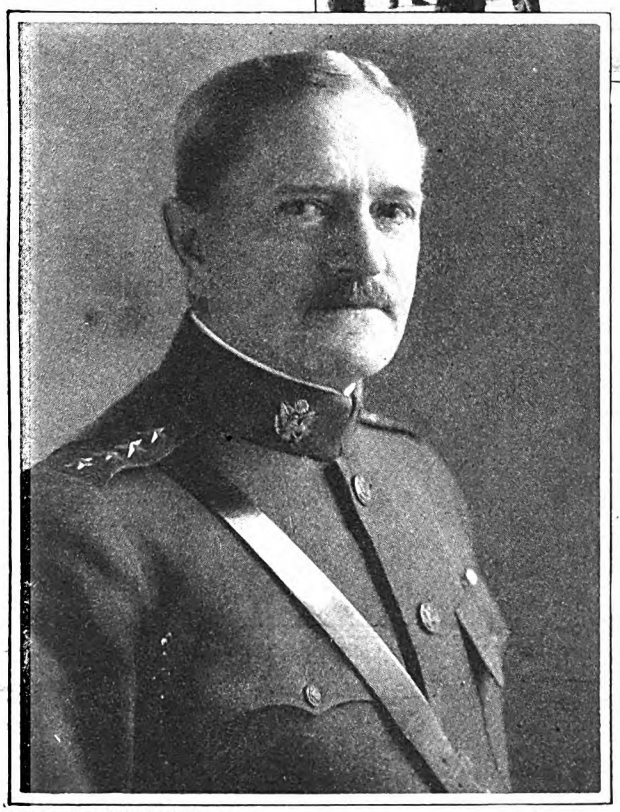
INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL



(Above) German trenches at crest of Hill 283, Romagne Wood. These are part of the "Kriemhilde Line" trenches, the capture of which marked the turning point in the Meuse-Argonne. (Right) It was to force these men out of Sedan that the Americans staged their great battle. (Below) General Pershing



PHOTOGRAPH BY SIGNAL CORPS, U. S. A.

pieces the Sedan-Mézières railroad before the Germans could extricate troops, guns, and supplies from the peninsula.

In short, their armies on the whole Western Front would be cut in two parts north and south of the almost impassable Ardennes. The northern must surrender at once, the southern be overwhelmed afterward. That was Marshal Foch's ambitious plan. The British part was to cut the Liège line, which was ten miles farther from their front than the Sedan-Mézières line was from ours. To do this, the British must break the famous Hindenberg Line in their sector, then drive for Maubeuge. But the advance upon Sedan and Mézières from the American viewpoint was the crux of the whole plan, which was feasible only with American help, for British and French were tired.

General Pershing has called the territory Americans were to take, "ideal for defensive fighting." Nature and the Germans had made it so. Nature had made it rugged, hilly, wooded, the climate raw and rainy, especially in autumn. The Germans had worked four years adding artificial to natural obstacles, and the thirty-one miles comprised, first, thirteen miles of trenches, barbed wire, concrete dugouts, and machine-gun nests, then several miles more surveyed for defense.

Here the German defensive zone was thickest, because the Metz-Meuse-Argonne region was the southern pivot of their front in northern France and Belgium, where converged all the defensive lines they had built in four years of war to protect their conquests or permit, at least, their orderly and gradual relinquishment.

The Americans thought the Metz-Meuse region the most vulnerable part of this vital zone. But Marshal Foch's plan was to attack frontally in the Meuse-Argonne. Speed was all-important, for we must cut across the neck before the Germans got out of the peninsula. General von Schwarte's new and authoritative German war history says: "The chief work on the important right wing was assigned to the Americans."

If we succeeded fully, Sedan would see German disaster and the war might end. If we failed, there might be an American "Wilderness" in the Meuse-Argonne.

General Pershing faced an awesome decision. This new battle might nickname him "Butcher," even lose him the greatest military command in American history. A weak man might dodge responsibility, pass the buck to President Wilson. An over-ambitious one might insist blindly upon the original American plan.

This plan was to follow the St. Mihiel battle with a second thrust east of Metz on the Luneville front, or north of Metz on the front east of Verdun, and so disrupt German railroad communication, envelop Metz, key to one half of the Western Front, and take, or render useless to the Germans, the Briey iron basin and Lorraine coal fields, indispensable sources of munitions supply. That should force German withdrawal from northern France and Belgium as readily as the Marshal's Sedan-Mézières attack, and the fighting would be on easier ground. The Americans had built their Service of Supply to this end.

Instead, General Pershing asked himself: "What is the big thing we are after?" The answer was: "To win the war as soon as possible." To the question, "How?" the answer was: "By playing the game with the Allied Commander-in-Chief"

That did not mean sacrificing the American Army's independence. General Pershing insisted that the Marshal give to an army comprising most of the 1,500,000 Americans then in France, not split up, either all the sector of the Fourth French Army west of the Argonne, or of the Second, east of it. Finally, Marshal Foch agreed.

"Well, on which side of the Argonne do you wish to fight?" he asked.

THAT was another big decision. West of the Argonne the country was more level, going easier; but for an American army, supply and evacuation very difficult. East of the Argonne, the country was the hardest on the Western Front, and supply and evacuation hard enough, but easier than on the west, as this sector was closer to the supply lines and hospitals established by the Americans for the now abandoned Metz campaign.

"We'll fight east of the Argonne," Pershing said.

Marshal Foch knew what that decision meant. His eyes brightened.

"It is a country very rugged," he said. "But—you have the Devil's own punch. Go to it!"

At least, so he told some American correspondents later. The Marshal was proud of his knowledge of English. He was learning American.

Speed was the big thing now. General Pershing agreed to limit his already arranged St. Mihiel attack on September

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2th to the bare pinching out of the alient, stopping before the Hindenburg ine across its base. That should be reliminary to the Meuse-Argonne, then et for September 25th. So the Americans ntered upon plans for the greatest battle n American or world history, discarding ome previous strategical convictions in rder to give their indispensable help to he Allied Commander-in-Chief to execute he hardest part of his plan, and so hasten rictory and peace.

Then began the most intense, the most trenuous job of preparation that any American army ever attempted, carried out under increasing pressure day and night. General Pershing and General Drum directed the First Army staff in preparation simultaneously for two battles, while all along the railroads, depots, wharves across France, Major General James G. Harbord and Brigadier General Johnson Hagood were called upon to turn the uncompleted Service of Supply inside out.

ON THE morning of September 25th we were ready! The French asked twenty-four hours more, so September 26th was "D day."

The night of September 12th, eighteen hours after the jump-off at St. Mihiel, heavy guns, not yet cool, moved westward, starting the greatest military assembly in American history. Federals and Confederates at Gettysburg totaled not more than 165,000. There were altogether 1,200,000 Americans, 150,000 French, and 750,000 Germans in the Meuse-Argonne. On one day there were 1,031,000 Americans and French in the First Army. They used as many as 143,500 animals and 178,800 gallons of gasolene a day. They built 21 miles and rebuilt 50 miles of standard railroad, 170 of narrow railroad, and repaired 350 miles of roads. Their artillery fired 4,216,575 shells. They salvaged goods worth $20,000,000. The battle news was written by some twenty-five of us who were accredited correspondents, and by many visiting correspondents.

Four days before the battle started, American correspondents, driving over roads crammed with troops, truck trains and guns, saw a thousand and one signs of what was coming. We wondered how everything would ever get in place in time. Troops thronged villages, roads, ditches, even fields, most of them clamoring, "Where the hell's our outfit?"

FROM nearby heights, crowned by the Verdun forts, we looked on the morning of September 26th over the "country ideal for defensive fighting," and wondered whether a hundred thousand and more might not be the price. At St. Mihiel was the flat Woëvre plain, but here in the Meuse-Argonne were ridges, hills, valleys, gulleys, ravines, forests, woods, copses, every natural fortress and hiding place for troops and artillery, above all for the terrible machine guns.

The American battlefield stretched before us, a great triangular defile, twenty miles wide at its opening or base, the jump-off line, and tapering toward Sedan, thirty-one miles to the north, where the River Meuse turned westward to flow through Mézières, fourteen miles away. North of both cities was the almost impassable Ardennes region, against which we should fling the Germans if we struck hard and quickly enough.

To the east, through the mist that seemed always to swathe that battlefield, loomed the heights of the Meuse. Away to the west, was the Aire Valley, overlooked by the tree-crowned promontories of the Argonne Forest. Almost straight ahead, up the center of the defile, was the ruined village of Montfaucon, "Mount of the Falcon," crowning the first of three barrier ridges that crossed the defile and blocked our advance. The second was a ridge running through Cunel and Romagne, and the third, through Buzancy, eighteen miles from the jump-off. That was the crest of the high ground in the defile. From it the country sloped down toward Sedan, thirteen miles away. When our infantry should reach Buzancy, our long-range guns could shell Sedan and the vital railroad.

To prevent that, the Germans planned their first real fight on the ridge through Montfaucon west to the fortified promontories of the Argonne Forest. Beaten here, they would make a life-and-death fight on the Kriemhilde Line, southern extension of the Hindenburg Line, along the Cunel-Romagne ridge, and already fortified. They had another line surveyed, the Freya Line, to protect the highest ground near Buzancy. As it turned out, the Kriemhilde heights marked the peak of our effort.

West of the Argonne Forest was the Fourth French Army, commanded by General Gouraud, of the one arm. His battlefield was the Champagne plain,

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(Above) Two American officers of the 115th Field Artillery, at Montfaucon. One is taking observations, the other sending them to headquarters. (Left) The village of Grandpré, one objective of the Meuse-Argonne battle. (Below) Men of the 102d Infantry, 26th Division, loading supply wagons with food for troops at the front

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level but strongly fortified. His ultimate objective was Mézières, as ours was Sedan.

To reach those objectives quickly, an ambitious plan had been drawn. Marshal Foch was striking for decisive results. Objectives, he said, should be made more remote, the "limited" days were over. The sky was the limit now. The thing was to push ahead, wherever we could, as far as we could. It was time for optimism.

So the Americans, preparing with the French Army, under General Petain's coördination, hoped for a knockout at the start. They hoped in the first few days, perhaps the second or the third, to break through, not only the Montfaucon Line but far enough through the Kriemhilde Line, so that railroad artillery could shell the Sedan-Mézières railroad and at least hinder, if not stop, German troop movements over it. At the same time, they would pinch the Germans out of the Argonne Forest, as two weeks before they had pinched them out of the St. Mihiel salient, and join the French in the Grandpré Gap. That would be a twelve-mile advance. Its effect would be to cause the collapse of most of the German front to the North Sea.

Then we would make another twelve-mile advance, break the Freya Line, take the Buzancy heights and push down the slope toward Sedan, outflanking the Germans before the French on the Aisne River, and clearing the way for the French advance to Mézières.

THAT was the plan. We carried it out, except for changes in the time table, made by some people who had not been consulted—the Germans. They made us take forty-seven days, instead of just "a few." But that was better than General Petain's prediction on September 2d—that we wouldn't make it before winter.

We started to break the Montfaucon Line at five-thirty on the morning of September 26th, by driving a flanking wedge on either side of Montfaucon. Then the troops between were to close up, and attack the Kriemhilde Line at Romagne and Cunel. Later, the heights east of the Meuse would be cleared. The troops that had been thronging to carry out this plan were all eager, young, and fresh; but would be "war-wise" only with dearly-bought experience. Of the nine jump-off divisions, two had never even been under fire, and only three had battle experience as divisions, and those three had so many new replacements that of the 225,000 men only about 75,000 had ever been in battle, and another 75,000 had never even been under fire.

The eastern wedge would be driven by the III Corps under Major General Robert Lee Bullard, fighting man of unquenchable spirit, with, from east to west, the 33d Illinois Guard, the 80th Pennsylvania National Army and the Fourth Regular Divisions—only the Fourth battle-experienced as a division. The western wedge would be driven by the I Corps under Major General Hunter Liggett, indomitable, indefatigable, among the ablest American commanders, with, from east to west, the 35th Kansas and Missouri Guard, without battle experience, and the 28th Pennsylvania Guard and 77th New York City National Army Divisions, both with battle experience in the Marne salient. In the center before Montfaucon, the V Corps had three green divisions, two never under fire, one never in battle. These were the 79th Pennsylvania National Army, the 37th Ohio Guard, and the 91st Pacific Coast National Army.

FULLY as important, six of the nine Division Staffs and one of the three Corps Staffs had never before commanded troops in battle. The Army Staff had done it only once, two weeks before, at St. Mihiel. Everything had been so hurried by the change of plan when our St. Mihiel concentration had already commenced, that the staff had to grab divisions as it could for the Meuse-Argonne, without too nice a selection of sectors. That, and necessity for safety at St. Mihiel, is why the experienced First, Second, Twenty-sixth, Forty-second and others were not in the Meuse-Argonne jump-off. Perhaps, as some have said, if they had been, we should have gone clear through. But they could not have been.

There were no men in the world more fit, more gay, more determined than the 225,000, mostly Guardsmen or National Army, "tin soldiers and drafties," led largely by "ninety-day wonders" from the officers' training camps, who opened our part of the world's greatest battle. No other army had their equal, in fresh vigor and enthusiasm. No wonder Marshal Foch, Napoleon's successor and admirer, expected much of his "Young Guard."

For four days, Ludendorff says, the Germans had known all about the French attack in the Champagne and were ready for it. But from the Argonne to the Meuse, they expected at most a slight attack, and, although they had taken prisoners from several American divisions, they thought our great effort would be east of the Meuse, toward Metz. We had fooled them. They had only five divisions, barely 60,000 men, against our attacking 225,000, and 85,000 (*Continued on page 195*)

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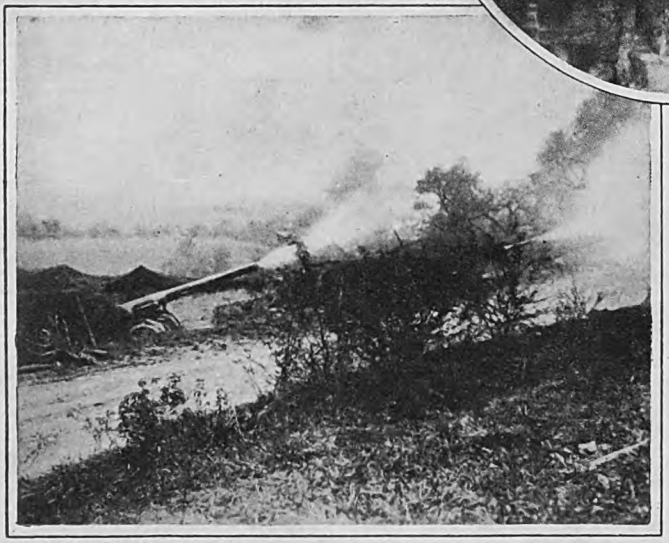

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(In oval) An impromptu organ recital in a wrecked church at Exermont, France. (Left) Six-inch guns of Battery E, 56th Artillery, backing up the First Division, October 7th, 1918. (Right) American sharpshooters on the road leading into Cunel

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An Ounce Of Prevention Is Worth Fifty Firemen

've found that people are very careless about things that make for fire hazard around their homes, and very excitable when they smell smoke. Some rules that may save you a disaster

By a Volunteer Fire Chief

HAVE you ever had a fire in your house? Sooner or later, practically everybody does have one—or more! I could tell you of a family with a cord of six fires in ten years; perfectly honest" fires too.

You see, I know a good deal about fires; so about the people who have them. By rofession, I am a lawyer; but I live in a own where we have a volunteer fire epartment, and I have belonged to it ver since I left law school. For the past ve years I have been fire chief in our own.

Now, I want to repeat that, sooner or ter, you probably will have a fire in your ouse. I am going to tell you some things hat will help you to avoid having one; ut I am also going to give you some dvice to follow in case you do have ne.

If you are as smart as I hope you are, ou will get your family together *right ow* and thresh this thing out. Drill into heir heads, and into your own, a few ules which I shall give you before I get hrough.

Keep these rules all shined up, ready or use. They will save you money and rouble. They may even save your life. 'or a fire can be anything from an xpensive inconvenience to a terrible ragedy.

A LAW firm in our town used to have its office in an old building on the main treet. There was a large closet off one of the rooms; and in this closet was stored a mass of old papers, magazines, and things for which someone, at some time, night possibly have some use.

One member of the firm was an old and partly crippled man. His pet fear was that this rubbish might accidentally be set on fire; which, by the way, was a more sensible notion than most pet fears are.

Knowing that the boss cherished this particular worry, the office boy prepared and tacked up on the closet door a sign which read as follows:

In Case of Fire Put It Out

When the old man read this sign, he called the office boy to him.

"Son," he said, "you are a bright lad. When you grow up, you ought to make a great lawyer—already you give such excellent advice."

Now, although you smile at the office boy's amusing effort, you may think that it was pretty good advice nevertheless. Well, it *was* good; but it wasn't the best that could be given in that case.

My own advice would have been to get rid of the whole mess of rubbish in that closet! Hundreds of fires start in just such accumulations of old stuff.

FOR years, insurance men have been warning people of the danger of letting rubbish accumulate in closets, attics, and cellars; but you folks go right on doing it.

You even put oily rags, and other highly inflammable things, into these closets, where a heap of dusty old stuff is just waiting to be touched off and turned into a bonfire; there are well-authenticated cases of spontaneous combustion occurring in just such places.

People who do that sort of thing have the magpie instinct. The magpie, you know, is a bird with an uncontrollable impulse to hoard up everything he can get his claws on. Not because he has any use for these things, but simply because of his impulse to get and to keep.

It seems to me that in every family there is at least one member who has this magpie instinct. To throw away anything is as painful to them as a surgical operation. They fill their attics, cellars, and closets with decrepit furniture, old magazines and papers, old clothes, shoes, hats.

After a recent fire, which fortunately was put out before it had done much damage, I went through the house to make sure that everything was all right. I found the attic crammed with the usual conglomerate lot of rubbish; and I particularly noticed a large pile of discarded masculine headgear, including half a dozen old straw hats of various vintages! Somebody in that house was evidently a hopeless magpie.

One of the leading citizens in our town spends a couple of days at home twice a year, in the slack business seasons. He devotes these days off to his own brand of housecleaning. It consists of collecting everything which he considers of no further use and making a bonfire of it.

After these semi-annual raids, his wife will hardly speak to him for about a week. But he tells me that when she has recovered from the agony of these enforced partings with her beloved if useless trash, she is really grateful to him.

Naturally, women are more likely to have this failing; but they don't monopolize it.

We have a doctor in our town who has this magpie instinct in a particularly dangerous form. At least, he did have it. I hope he was cured of it by a fire he had.

His office is in his residence; and it was his custom to have the office boy unpack, in the basement, the boxes in which his medical supplies were shipped to him. Most of these supplies being contained in glass bottles they were packed in excelsior.

I found that they had been putting the excelsior into a small room, partitioned off from the main basement where the furnace was, and occasionally they used it to start a quick fire in the furnace. But they had a huge pile of the stuff there, enough to last a year.

Excelsior is so inflammable that it will almost take fire at the mere sight of a match. As if this were not dangerous enough, they had thrown into the room the oiled rags which they used on the hardwood floors. Moreover, this tinderbox of a room was so close to the furnace that it sometimes became very hot.

Now, perhaps the office boy went in there, carrying a lighted cigarette, and dropped a spark without knowing it. Perhaps the heat caused those rags, saturated with oil, to break into flame.

No one knows just what happened; but in some way a fire did start in that room. Fortunately, it was in the daytime and was quickly discovered. The fire department put it out before it burned up into the house itself. Moreover, the basement was cemented throughout, except for the partitions.

That doctor had a narrow escape from losing his home. He almost deserved to lose it.

LET me tell you about another fire we had in our town. It happened one night early in the autumn. The house was a new one; the family had only recently moved in.

Although the man was an architect, had planned the house himself, and had supervised its construction, the bricks forming the bed of the living-room fireplace had been laid directly on wood! As the evening was a cool one, a fire had been built in this fireplace. After the family had gone to bed the wood under the hot bricks caught fire. The next morning, the nice new house was a smoldering ruin.

The moral of that story is: Don't build a fire trap, thinking that you are building a home!

You may say to me, "But we didn't build the house we live in. Someone else built it; and we don't know what mistakes they may have made!"

My advice then (*Continued on page 183*)

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"Folks Mostly Acts Like Human Beings"

A story in which Scattergood fires a chance shot, and hits the mark

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Illustrated by Paul Meylan

"SQUIRE TINGLEY," said Scattergood Baines, "was a perty good man accordin' to his lights—and they was middlin' bright lights too."

"He was a dum fool, seems to me," said Postmaster Will Pratt, "and this here slayin' proves it."

"I allus says," Deacon Pettybone interjected, in his high nasal voice, "that no good wa'n't comin' from adoptin' the daughter of a proved murderer into a Christian fambly."

"And now the squire's killed," said Scattergood slowly, "and you ol' coots 'll have it that Gertie done it. W-al, mebbe she did; but that hain't no reflection onto the squire's takin' her in when she wa'n't wanted no'eres else."

"Ye can't turn a gnurly crab apple into a Northern Spy," said Will Pratt.

"She wa'n't but seven when her pa was put away," said Scattergood.

"She needn't of been more'n seven months, if the seeds of it was in her," said Deacon Pettybone.

"You calc'late folks is born so's they can't help bustin' the Commandments?" asked Scattergood.

"They be," said the deacon.

"THEN," said Scattergood, "it don't seem right to punish 'em for it. They hain't rightly to blame."

"They're evil," said the Deacon.

"But it hain't their fault—not if it's born into 'em before they git a chance to weed it out."

"The's suthin to what you say, Scattergood," agreed Will Pratt. "But what you goin' to do about it? Who is to blame?"

"W-al, if you fellers is right, the' hain't but one's to blame. And the' hain't no way we kin manage to punish Him. If God creates 'em wicked then the sin's at His door, hain't it?"

"I don't want to lissen to no sich sacrilege," scowled the Deacon.

"Facts is facts," said Scattergood. "But, s'posin' you fellers is wrong, and God don't foreordain folks to be crim'nals. Which sounds kind of reasonable to me. You got to take your choice. Either folks is foreordained or they hain't. If they be, then it hain't their fault, but God's; if they hain't, it's their fault for undertakin' wickedness when they wa'n't forced. I calc'late, Deacon, you be the one that's a mite sacrilegious—blamin' so much onto the Creator."

"Jest the same, Gertie shot the squire with that there rifle, her a-hidin' alongside of the road. And she shot him so's she'd fall heir, and be able to marry that loafin' Milt Green."

"And mebbe Milt put her up to it," said Scattergood. "Calc'late so? Eh? Figger that's about the size of it?"

"More'n likely," said the deacon.

"When was the squire found?"

"Along the middle of the mornin'—a-layin' on the roadside with the ol' hoss browsin' near."

"Jest one shot?"

"Didn't need no more."

"Doctor hazard how long he'd been dead?"

"He estimated the shootin' was last night."

"Um. . . . What's been done, so fur?" asked Scattergood.

"They've fetched in his body, and now the sheriff's on his way over to take charge. Dep'ty Penny's watchin' the back door of the house and Town Marshal Snyder's watchin' the front."

"Um. . . . Hope they're thorough," said Scattergood. "With one desprit

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:een-year-old girl to watch seems as gh the' wa'n't enough growed men he job."

Don't aim to have her escape," said Pratt.

Jm. Escape? Shot las' night, wa'n't W-al, if she was bound and set on oin', why didn't she go to work and t? Wasted eight-ten hours, hain't "

Seems as though," said Will Pratt, tching his head.

ID," said Scattergood, "if she was to run off how d'ye calc'late she'd it by the killin'? Killed him to in- t his money, didn't she?"

That's the idee."

Couldn't inherit much if she was n' off in Canady," said Scattergood. o; the' hain't goin' to be no escapin'. he done it, she's got to face the music. 's got to prove she never done it a-tall. n she kin inherit and live in peace. erwise, she jest wasted a adopted er and a ca'tridge out of a gun. Find evidence?"

Nobody hain't looked for none."

Jest leaped to conclusions, eh?"

Gen'ral opinion's runnin' agin her."

Searched the house or anythin'?"

Waitin' fer the sheriff."

Um. Peered around the scene of the otin' any?"

Jest fetched the body in—that's all."

So nobody knows nothin' except that squire's dead."

Exceptin' what common sense tells ."

The's been times," said Scattergood, hen it looked to me like this town didn't have much common sense to be told by."

"Everybody knows Gertie's a crack shot," said the deacon. "The squire was allus braggin' about her."

"Folks don't do killin's 'thout a reason," said Scattergood; "and Gertie didn't have no more reason than any girl whose folks has proppity to leave her. You don't, any of you fellers, suspect your children is tryin' to contrive your deaths, do ye?"

"No. But our children didn't have murderers fer their fathers," said Deacon Pettybone, "and the squire was opposin' Milt Green!"

"Huh. S'pose he did hinder her runnin' around with Milt. So does every other father hinder his daughter. Comes natural, I calc'late. And never amounts to nothin'."

"W-al," said Will Pratt, "I can't stand arguin' here all day. I got to 'tend to the U-nited States mail."

And so, presently, Scattergood was left alone, slouched down in that specially reinforced arm chair which for a generation he had occupied on the piazza of his hardware store. He closed his eyes and crossed his hands on his ample waist line, but he did not sleep. He was thinking, remembering—looking into the future when he should no longer be there to meddle in the affairs of Coldriver Village. Who would take his place—or would any man arise to occupy his shoes.

IT WAS perhaps a half-hour later when a horse and buggy dashed into town at a speed to which Coldriver was unaccustomed. Its driver was a young man in overalls and a dilapidated, broad-brimmed straw hat, who, as soon as the horse came to a stop in front of Scattergood, leaped over the wheel and rushed across the sidewalk.

"Mr. Baines!" he panted. "Say, Mr. Baines, what's this I hear about the squire?"

"I dunno what you come to hear, Milt."

"The rumor's runnin' that he was shot to death out of ambush."

"For once rumor's speakin' true."

"He didn't have much use fer me, but he was awful good to Gertie," said the young man. "And her alone to face it. That's why I come tearin' in, calc'latin' she'd feel the need of me."

"Mebbe," said Scattergood, "she's a-goin' to need you more'n you figger."

"What d'ye mean, Mr. Baines?"

"Gertie," said Scattergood, "was a crack shot."

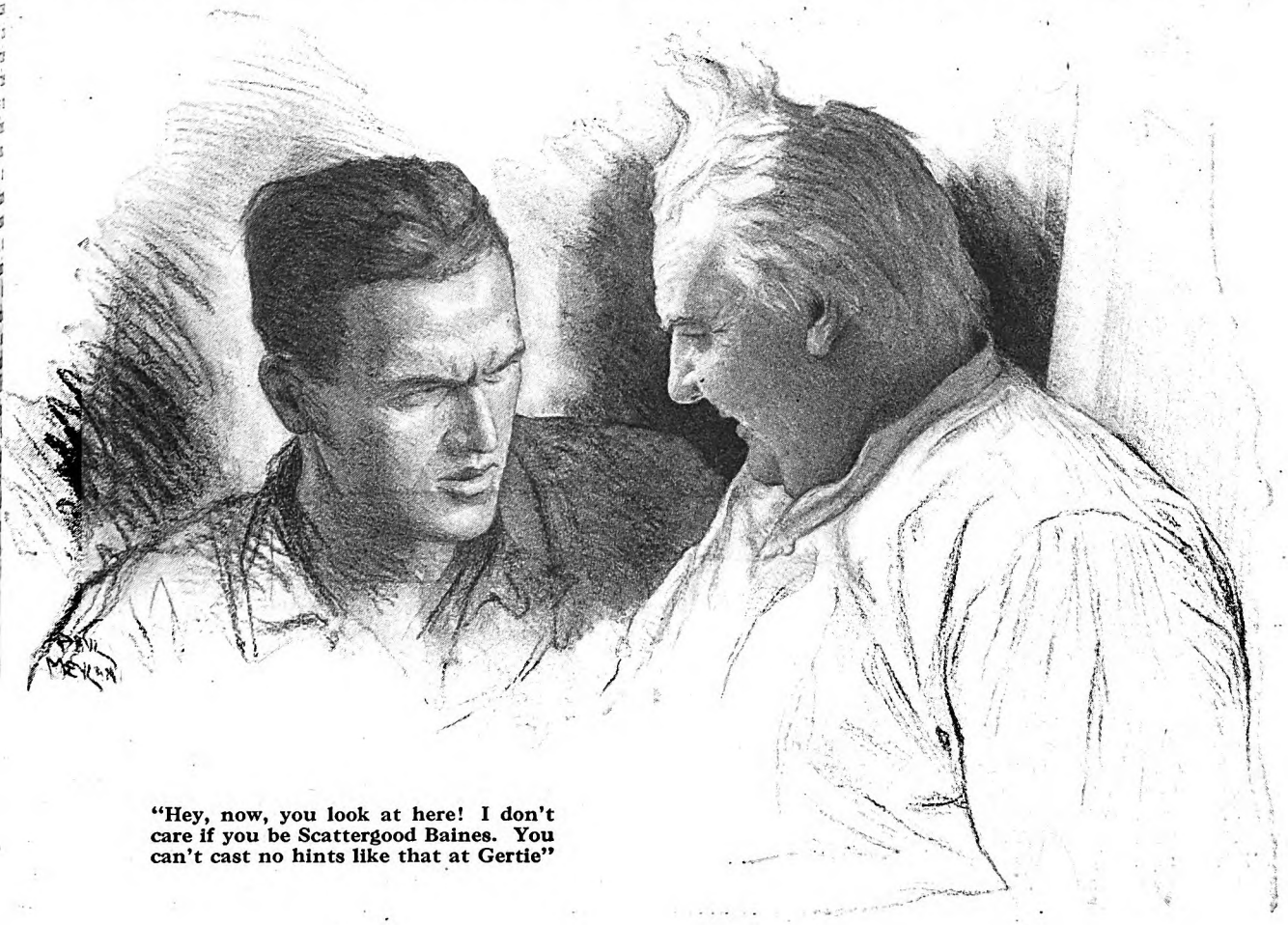
FOR an instant this passed Milt by; he did not catch the significance of it. Then his blue eyes blazed, and he leaped up the steps with fists clenched.

"Hey, now, you look at here! I don't care if you be Scattergood Baines, nor the President of the United States; you can't cast no hints like that at Gertie. I hain't goin' to stand and endure it—"

"Calc'late you'll have to git used to it," said Scattergood. "It's bein' talked from Dan to Beersheeby. . . . Where was you las' night, Milt?"

"Settin' in the dinin'-room readin' till nigh nine o'clock, and then to bed."

"Anybody with ye, Milt? Anybody settin' there could swear to it?"



"Hey, now, you look at here! I don't care if you be Scattergood Baines. You can't cast no hints like that at Gertie"

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"Lant James and his wife, that I work for—both of 'em was there."

"Kin they swear you didn't sneak out of the house, Milt?"

"What be you aimin' at, Mr. Baines?"

"It jest come into my mind that an alibi might come in dog-gone handy for you, Milt."

"You mean," said the boy, quiet now, pale, thoughtful, "that these folks is talkin' it up that me 'n' Gertie done it together?"

"Tide sort of runs that way."

"And what," demanded Milt, with a certain youthful dignity, "do *you* think, Mr. Baines?"

"Um. W-al, me, I hain't contrived to commence thinkin' yit."

"Tell me—be they goin' to arrest her?"

"Dunno. They got everybody but the state milishy guardin' the house now. . . . Say, Milt, if you 'n' Gert didn't do this here deed, who d'ye figger *did* do it?"

"Mebbe he done it himself."

"From all I hear he couldn't of. . . . No gun found, and all. . . . Um. . . . Unless he done the shootin' a piece away, and the hoss pulled him along in the buggy till he fell out. Might 'a' been. But suicide and the squire don't set in the same pew, seems as though."

"'TWAN'T like him," said Milt. "But this hain't no time to stand talkin'. I got to do suthin'. I got to go to her."

"The's times," said Scattergood, "when standin' talkin' is a heap sight more profitable'n anythin' else. Um. . . . W-al, I calc'late you 'n' me better step around and put in our oar. Got a new sheriff, Milt, and he's goin' to be almighty active. He's a-goin' to stir around perty brisk, and make himself a reppitation. Wait till I h'ist myself up, and we'll be amblin'."

They walked around to Squire Tingley's house to find Deputy Penny pacing up and down in the front yard. In the rear, Marshal Snyder could be seen at his post. Scattergood stopped.

"Be you armed, Dep'ty?" he asked.

"Got m' gun and m' badge and m' handcuffs," said Penny.

"Don't seem like that's enough fer a thorough job," said Scattergood. "This here miscreant's all of eighteen year old, and she's a girl. Looks to me, Dep'ty, like you was kind of inadequate, so to speak."

"I calc'late," said Penny valiantly, "to cope with this here emergency."

"Uh-huh? W-al, Dep'ty, off and on you been about as able a coper as we ever had in Coldriver. Copin's been your speciality, kind of. . . . Kin Milt and me go in and see her?"

"Pervidin'," said Penny, "you hain't carryin' in nothin' to aid her in escapin'."

"I'm law-abidin'," said Scattergood, "even when it hain't to my advantage so to be. Come along, Milt."

They mounted the steps and rapped. Presently, Gertie came to the door and opened it warily; but at sight of Milt she burst into tears—a slender, sleepless, pathetic figure. Always she had been pathetic since that day, eleven years ago, when the squire and his wife had brought her home after her father's sentence—brought her home to save her from being on the town, as the saying went.

Since then she had been apart, for Coldriver does not forget. She had been the daughter of a murderer, her childhood made dreadful by the jeers of other school children and by overheard, low-voiced comments of her elders. The old squire and his wife had cherished her, had done for her as for one of their own. After his wife's death she had been the old man's companion—but no light of real happiness had come into her life until Milt Green, greatly daring in the face of prejudice, had courted diffidently.

"BETTER kind of soothe 'er some," said Scattergood. "You go into the parlor, and I'll set here till she's fit to talk. Hain't in a mite of hurry. The's times when a pint of soothin's wuth a barrel of common sense."

It was ten minutes before Milt appeared and beckoned. Scattergood entered the shadowy parlor and took a seat on the haircloth sofa.

"W-al, Gertie," he said, "folks is sayin' this and that."

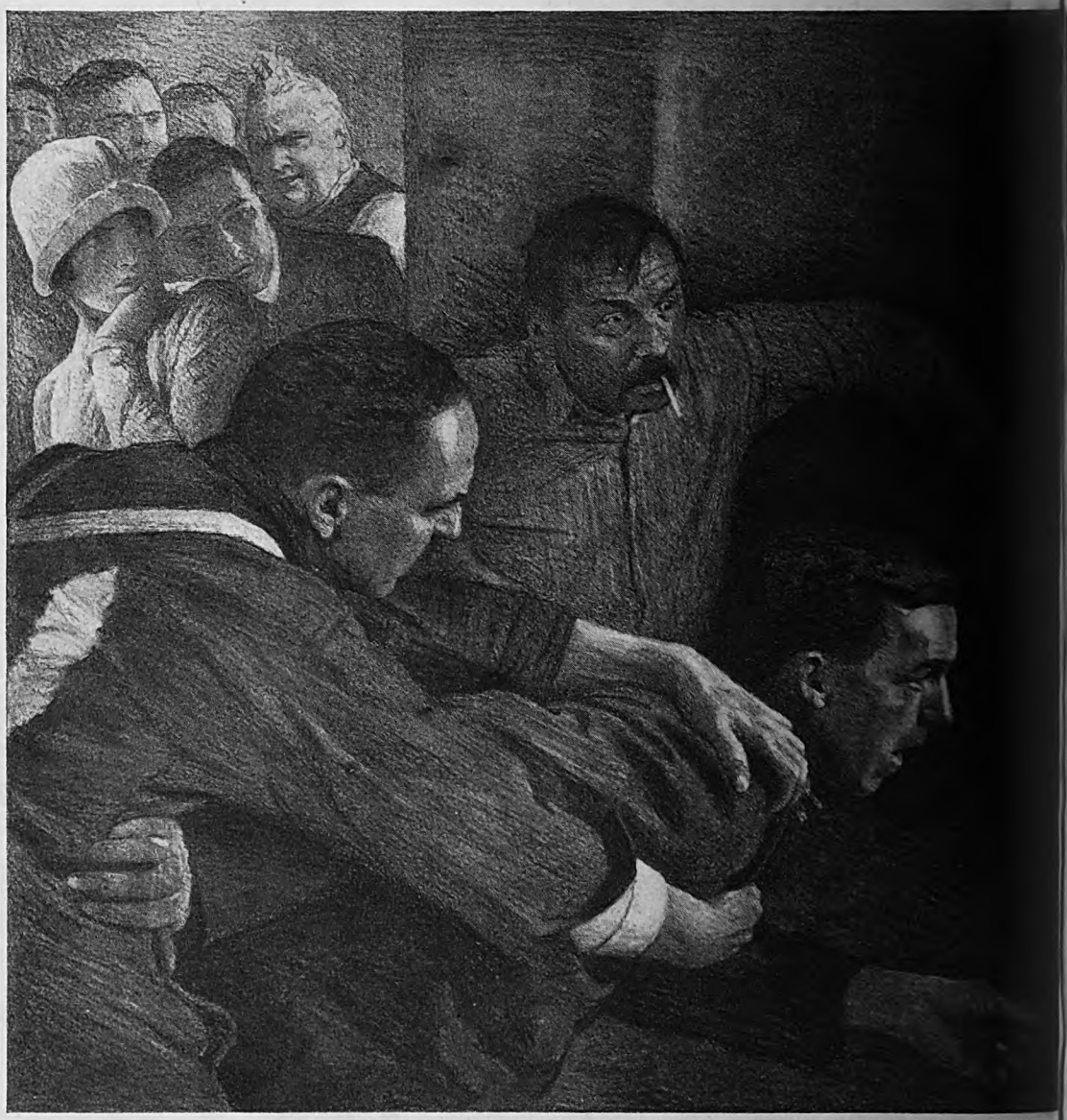
"Do—do they say I killed him?"

"That looks like the underlyin' idee."

"Am—am I arrested?"

"Not yit; but you better git your mind made up to it."

She shut her eyes, and Milt stroked her hand.



There was a sudden commotion, a vicious, thrusting rush for that unguarded

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Do you think I done it, Mr. Baines?"
I hain't one to *think* much, Gertie. pref'rences is all fer *knowin'*. The ire drove to Higgins Bridge yestiddy, n't he?"
In the mornin'."
And this here happened on his way ne. We kin find out when he left gins' Bridge. That'll tell us about en it happened."
He figgered on bein' home by ten ock."
Uh-huh. Where was you last night, rtie?"
To home. I never stirred out."
Anybody come in? Anybody see ye?"
Nobody ever comes in—not when squire's away."
So the' hain't nobody kin swear you

She arose unsteadily; but presently came back with face more pallid than before.

"Mr. Baines," she said, "the' hain't but one gun here. Jest the squire's and the shotgun. Mine hain't in its place."

"Eh? Yourn gone? Sure you hain't put it no'eres?"

"It's gone," she said in a tone of finality. "It's gone."

"GERTIE, ever hear of the squire havin' serious words with anybody?"

"He wa'n't quarrelsome, Mr. Baines. He never had no words that I know of."

"Was he fetchin' or carryin' money yestiddy?"

"He jest went to some kind of a meetin'. He allus had a ten-dollar bill

"What's the good, Milt? Nobody won't b'lieve me, and I hain't no manner of proof. . . . And the gun's gone. I got a feelin' they'll find my gun, and it'll be clost by that place. I got a feelin' my gun done this deed."

"Um. . . . Squire carry it with him, figgerin' mebbe to git a shot at a deer?"

"He'd of taken his own," she said. "He didn't have none when he drove off."

"When'd you see your gun last?"

"I hain't even thought of it fer a month."

"So somebody could of taken it any time the last three-four weeks?"

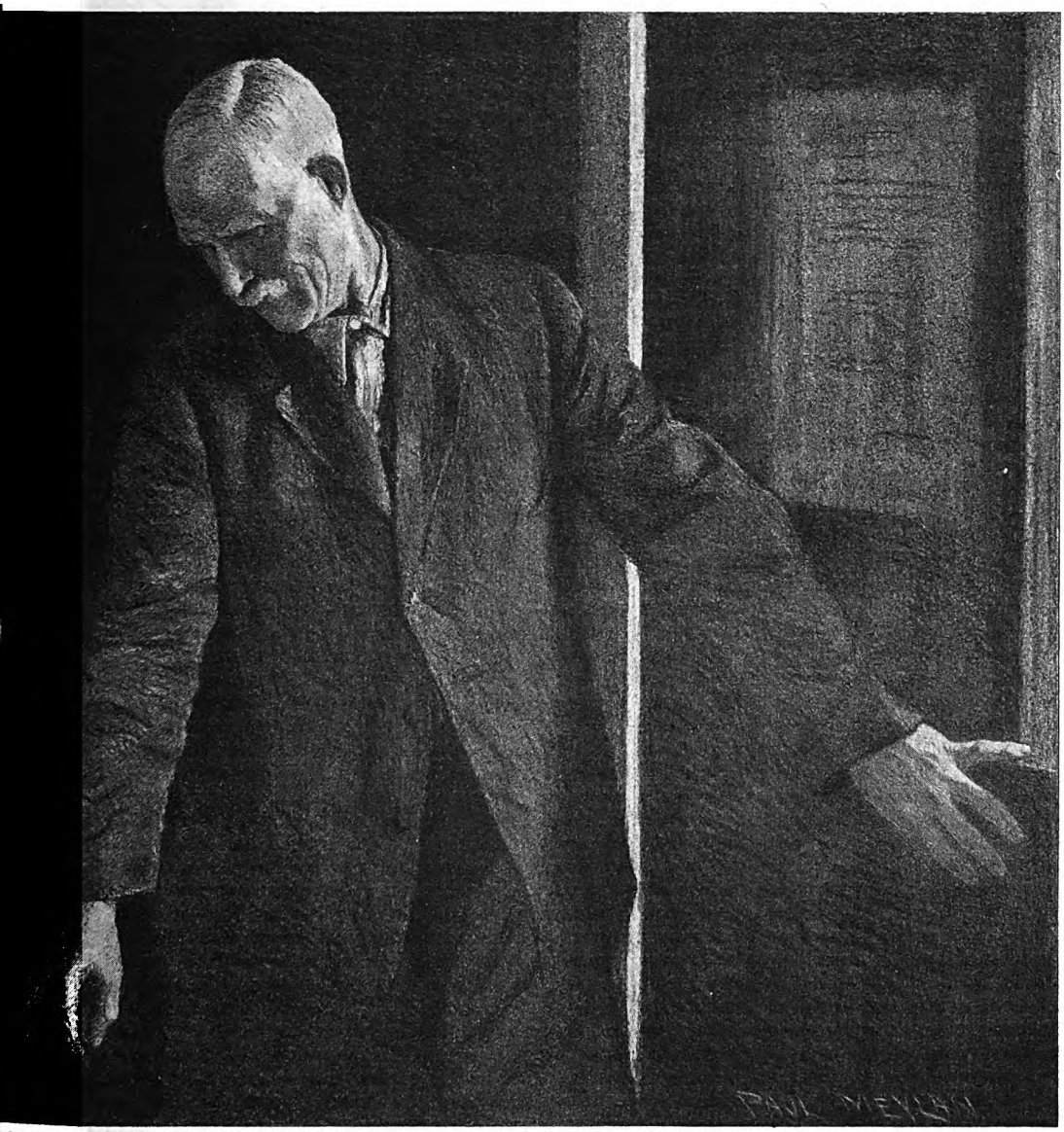
"Seems as though," she said apathetically.

"Gertie, did the squire ever let on to you how he calc'lated to leave his proppity?"

"He showed me his will. Everythin' was left to me."

"Squire ever have words with Milt here?"

"Never what you'd call words. He didn't esteem Milt had much git up and git. And he forbid Milt to come around the house. But that was because he didn't know Milt." Then, with a sudden flash of understanding which astonished Scattergood, "And because he was kind of jealous of me and afraid of bein' left alone. It 'd 'a' been the same if it was anybody besides Milt."



ide door, a sudden babel of sound, shouting, scuffling, thudding blows

as in the house all the whole time?"

"Nobody kin."

"Um. . . . Good shot, hain't ye? Seems ke I've heard the squire braggin' about e."

"He taught me."

"Any guns in the house?"

"Hisn and mine, and a shotgun."

"'Twan't done with a shotgun. Kin ou fetch me them other two guns, Gertie?"

folded in his pocket—agin emergencies, he says."

"Ten dollars hain't sufficient," said Scattergood. "And that rifle's gone."

Apathy seemed to fall upon Gertie. "I calc'late," she said dully, "they'll go 'n' hang me, like they done my father."

"Gertie," cried young Green, "you didn't ever do it! Say you never done it. Gertie, I can't bear it if you don't say you never done it. Say it quick!"

THERE came a sudden rapping upon the door, and Scattergood arose to answer it.

"Howdy-do, Sheriff?" he said affably. "Step right in."

"I come," said Sheriff Tucker, big with the honors of his new office, "to take this here girl into custody."

"Um. . . . Dunno's I'd be hasty, Sheriff. Dunno's I'd be hasty."

"Hain't been. Spent the mornin' investigatin'. Found the gun, Scattergood. Found it where it was throwed in the bushes nigh the scene of the crime. Calc'late that warrants my takin' steps."

"Her rifle, was it, Sheriff? Gertie's gun?"

"It's been so identified."

Scattergood nodded his head. "Justifies you, seems as though. Notwithstandin', Sheriff, the jail hain't no place for a girl. If I was you, (*Continued on page 129*)

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The Age Of Indiscretion

It's the first fifty years of a woman's life that are the hardest; after that, she's free

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

DO YOU feel your years very much, my dear?"

The woman on whom I was calling put the question to me suddenly.

"My *what?*" I asked.

"Your years," she repeated. "Surely, when one has passed fifty-five, one feels her years." I am only eighteen months older than you, yet I feel mine—oh, dreadfully! . . . Why do you look so queer?"

Perhaps I did look queer. Until this moment, it had not occurred to me that my years were something that I should "feel." Nor, to be brutally frank, had it occurred to me that my hostess was only eighteen months older than I.

To be sure, she is not in good health. That accounts for her slow movements, for her appearance of fragility, for her lack of enthusiasm.

I have not failed to appreciate that I am no longer young. Nor have I any illusions as to the number of years that have passed over my head, leaving their gray dust on my hair. But—here is the point—I had not, until my friend asked this question, thought of "feeling" those years.

But her query set me to thinking seriously. I had walked a mile and a half to her house on this especial afternoon, and as I walked the same distance back to my own abode my mind was busy.

I had reached my present age, I mused, so gradually that I had not noticed it. I remembered the story told me in childhood of the woman who began carrying a newborn calf, and carried it every day, so that when it was a cow she was not conscious of its increased weight. Perhaps that was how I had carried my years. Perhaps that is why I do not "feel" them.

But why should I? To be sure, I am a mother of grown men and the grandmother of one small boy. I appreciate all these blessings; but I do not bear them as a burden.

Much cogitation since the interview I have alluded to has convinced me that age is an arbitrary thing. That is a bromidian statement, as is the assertion that some people are older at forty-five than are others at seventy-five. And, after all, why should years make so much difference?

I fancy one reason they make a difference is that we are ashamed of them. That seems to me the silliest thing in the world—to be ashamed of one's age. As if one could help it, anyway! It is one of the few facts about one's self for which one is not in the least bit accountable. I have always had a comfortable conviction that the color of my eyes and the year of my birth were something for which I must thank or blame my forbears. I refuse absolutely to accept censure or credit for either.

Since they, my age and eyes, are what they are, I've got to make the best of them.

In making the best of my years, I find in their number much to be thankful for and little to be ashamed of.

Not that I have always made the best of them. I have not. Had I done so, I might have been famous, instead of mediocre; I might have had erudition, where I have but a vague smattering of knowledge; I might have been a saint, where I am only a poor, stumbling sinner.

But one thing I am sure of: I do not purpose to spoil the remaining span of my life by fussing over what I have done or left undone in the past.

We all remember the remark of the Irishman who by mistake put a five-dollar gold piece into the collection plate instead of the nickel he had meant to lay there.

"Well," he remarked philosophically, "I'll not spend me time regrettin' it! It's gone to heaven—to hell with it!"

My philosophy with regard to the mistakes of past years is something like his.

AS TO these present years—I refuse to "feel" them in the sense in which my friend suggests. For while I am not blind to their disadvantages, I am quite clear-sighted as to their advantages. I said as much to this friend when she renewed the subject on my last visit to her.

"But," she reminded me, "you live alone now, don't you? Surely that must be a hardship."

"In some respects it is," I admitted honestly. "I confess that I have qualms of loneliness when I come home from a theatre, concert, or dinner, and have nobody with whom to talk things over. But, on the other hand, I have many subjects to think about when by myself; and there is also a sort of comfort in knowing that if I am out late, or am detained far beyond the hour of my expected return, nobody is worrying about me. Moreover, I have the telephone, and at the other end of the wire are hosts of friends, as well as members of my own dear family, whom I can summon at a moment's notice."

My pessimistic friend shook her head.

"You are merely whistling through the woods to prove that you are not afraid!" she accused.

I would lie, of course, if I were to declare that I am not sometimes assailed by a sudden longing for the days that are gone. But they *are* gone. Those that are left will be gone too, sometime. While they are here why not get every ounce of good out of them? To do this, I focus on their advantages.

So many friends have asked me to name these advantages that I am moved to mention a few of them. For the longer I live, the more I believe in the law of compensation. I admit that some of the compensations are inadequate—but half a loaf is better than no bread. And, anyway, one can eat only a slice at a time.

Well, then, one of the compensations of being past fifty-five is that one can do as one pleases. I touched upon this when I spoke of living alone. It was impressed upon me recently, when I had been dining out with a man whom I have known for years. He suggested, after dinner, that we attend a social function to which we had both received invitations.

"It is nearly eleven o'clock now," he remarked; "but the affair will be in full swing for at least two hours to come. Can you stay out as late as that?"

"Surely," I replied. "Why not?"

"I thought perhaps someone might be watching for you to come home, and be worried."

"No," I explained. "My maid is fast asleep and will not know a thing until morning. The only other creature at home is my Scottish terrier, and while he will welcome me joyously, he will ask no questions and make no criticisms."

(That is, by the way, one of the reasons I like dogs.)

So I stayed out and had a lovely time, reaching home about two o'clock. Had I been a young woman, or an attractive matron of forty, the sleepy elevator man would have widened his black eyes and wondered at my indiscretion—coming home alone with a man at such a scandalous hour. But one does not gossip about a grandmother. People take it for granted that she could not be indiscreet if she tried.

For the first fifty years of a woman's life she can seldom do as she chooses. She must adhere to certain conventions. If she is not afraid of getting herself talked about, her family may object to her doing so. It may cast reflections on them if she does imprudent and unconventional things.

FOR instance, were I young, I could not go about New York alone at any hour of day or night. Nobody is going to be impertinent to a grandmother. If a street happened to be so dark that a man ventured to address me, he would discover his mistake by the time we reached the next electric light and would flee in dismay.

Which reminds me of a funny experience I had last winter. I was going home at ten o'clock in the evening. I was on Fifth Avenue and saw a bus coming up. I decided to board it instead of taking a taxi. I wished to reach the next corner before the bus did, therefore I ran the length of the block. Before the bus came to a full stop, a handsome limousine overtook me and two young men leaned out.

"I say, honey," one of them called,

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can drive faster than you can run. er get in here with us!"

vore a hat with a brim and my face shaded. I laughed and boarded the but I did wish I could have shown countenance to those fresh youths, to note their consternation.

course the person who can get about kly need not feel her years as does my lid friend.

VERAL years ago I was strolling ptown and saw just ahead of me a ler woman in deep widow's mourn- She was walking rapidly and with free step of a girl.

Poor young thing!" I mused com- ionately. "To be widowed so early!" nstinctively, I quickened my pace. As ached her side she turned toward me, I recognized a dear old friend of nty-five. I uttered an exclamation of rise.

What right have you to be walking at rate?" I demanded. "Why, I thought were a young girl!"

ne laughed lightly. "My , it has been said that a nan is just as old as her . I say she is just as old er walk. I have always ked rapidly, and I mean o so until I step into my ve."

he did. When she died, felt as if a woman in the vigor of life had gone.

by their walk you shall w them—or some of m—these no-longer- ng women. Watch them, see what I mean. If a son is lame, or rheumatic, nas fallen arches or some er ailment, she is to be ed. But when she has ne of these things, why g along wearily just be- ise one is over fifty and "going on" ty? When we did this kind of thing at teen we were reproved for laziness and d to step lively. At sixty, a slouching t is supposed to indicate languor. I do believe that it always indicates that. m convinced that it is often the result inertia, a letting-down of interest, a f-indulgence acquired because one has owed herself to "feel" the years, and get them.

Another of the compensations I have in nd is that people confide in us things ey would not confide in younger friends. en will tell the mature woman of their ve affairs; girls will talk of their prob- ns. One nearing sixty cannot be jealous youth, unless one be a fool. Moreover, e man or woman of that age can give cellent advice. Of course it will not ways be followed; but it is rather fun to ve it.

Then, too, there is a positive thrill in ting the development of other lives. hen one is vitally interested in her own ve affairs those of others are not inter- ting. But the unconcerned observer atches a continuous drama.

Not that I would be only an observer. o, indeed. That would be stupid. But far as heart-affairs go one is so delight- lly out of it! One has all the joy of oking on, and none of the responsibility. here are certain lessons that we, no longer young, have learned. Now it is our turn to stand by and help others if they will let us. Which they probably will not do, for who wants to take her experiences second hand? I did not want to in my youth. We all want to do everything for ourselves. But it is entertaining to see other people working out their problems as we worked out—or messed out—ours.

Here is an interesting thing: even *our* own problems are not all yet solved. I have just suggested that people want to be allowed to learn their own lessons. Perhaps we feel we have not lived until we have known all the sensations. I have not experienced them all yet. There are several that I hope to have before I die.

"What are some of them?" asked a young girl curiously.

I did not say to her just what some of them were, for she would have thought me presumptuous perhaps, or sentimental. And people well over fifty are a little silly when they are sentimental. So I did not tell of certain beautiful places I want to see before I pass on. I want to see them in the company of one or two or three dear persons. Nor did I tell my young friend of vague aspirations after triumphs of a sort for which my material self yearns. But I can always be expecting these. If I don't get them here—and I probably won't—I may get them beyond. But I'm going to make the best of now and here.

Years ago I put a question to a much-loved elderly relative. "Why?" I asked him, "do you always stay up so late at night and get up so early in the morning?"

The dark eyes twinkled mischievously as he dropped his voice to a confidential pitch.

"Dear child," was the honest reply, "I am always afraid something agreeably interesting may happen, and I not be in it!"

PERHAPS that strain is in my blood, for I do not want anything agreeably interesting to happen and I not be in it. That may explain why I always hurry toward a crowd instead of away from it, as do women who "feel" their years. Something interesting may be going on in that group, and I don't want to miss it.

"I hate crowds!" one of my contemporaries shudders. "They frighten me so! I simply will not ride on the subway!"

Why should crowds frighten her? She is one of the crowd herself. I admit that the subway is indecent during the rush-hour; but I do not see why one should be frightened by it, unless one fears to have her good clothes torn or her pocket picked. But that is not why my friend is frightened. It is because she "feels" her years. She confesses that this is the reason.

"Do you always walk as if you were hurrying to catch a train?" a physician asked me recently.

"Yes," I admitted shamefacedly. "I am afraid I do. It is a habit I acquired years ago."

"Well, don't stop it!" he laughed. "Perhaps you'll keep on going so fast that old age will never catch you."

Of course my hair is gray, for am I not a grandparent? Of course I am no longer young. Of course I have had sorrows. Of course I have heartaches. Who has not all these?

But—here is the crux of the matter: my own youth and the things that belong to youth are behind me. But the youth of to-day is near me, thank heaven! Life is still full of interesting happenings; the sun is still bright; the skies are still blue; friendship and love are as real as ever; work grows more absorbing all the time. With all these good things to feel with every fiber of my being, why should I sit down and begin to "feel the years"?

UNDERSTAND, I am not dealing with old age. I am daring enough to say that I have not reached it yet, nor do I intend to for many a long day. Much has been written about its sweetness, its beauty, its placidity. From what I have seen of some ideal elderly folk all these joys may exist. But I am not going to hurry ahead to meet them before my name is called.

A while ago a questionnaire was sent to various well-known men as to what each of them would do if he found he had but a half-hour to live. Some men said they would pray; others said they would give all their goods to the poor. One man, noted for his laconic speech, replied as follows:

"Wouldn't do a thing! What would be the use?"

That is just it, what would be the use? And what would be the use of sitting down and counting the past birthdays when there is not a thing one can do about it?

For which reason—and because I am not ashamed of the age for which I am not responsible—I decline to feel my years, except to get all the good out of each of them. Which does not mean that I try to seem young. I could never make even a pretense of being that, and I would hate to behave like a fool. Nor does it mean that I am what someone calls "shelf-shy." When, because of the infirmities of my flesh, my dear ones must lay me upon the shelf, I shall try to assume a graceful and neatly-folded appearance. But until then I will not fold myself up and tuck myself away in an old-age corner. To quote my blessed relative, "I am too much afraid that something agreeably interesting will happen and I not be in it." (*The End*)

Leading Father Time a Race

"DO YOU always walk as if you were hurrying to catch a train?" a physician asked Mrs. Van de Water.

"Yes," she admitted. "I am afraid I do. It is a habit I acquired years ago."

"Well, don't stop it!" the doctor said, laughing. "Perhaps you will keep on going so fast that old age will never catch you."

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"An hour from now, sir, I shall take great pleasure in placing my sword point there"

War Drums

A stirring romance of the early American wilderness

By Herbert Ravenel Sass

Illustrated by Stockton Mulford

Synopsis of First Instalment

TWO songs floated over a garden wall—the song of a bird, and the song of a woman. Lachlan McDonald—idling in Charles Town while he awaited the arrival of his father's warriors who were to escort him back to Talasé, his father's kingdom—stopped in the lane to listen. The little bird's song was wholly joyous, but in the woman's there was a note of yearning and of sadness. Somehow, Lachlan McDonald knew that he stood at the threshold of a rare adventure.

And even as he listened, the adventure began. From the other side of the wall came a man's voice, a woman's scream, and the rasp of swords. In an instant Lachlan was over the wall. On the grass lay a slim, gallant stranger. Over him bent the loveliest lady Lachlan had ever seen. Ten paces away, aloof and insolent, loomed Captain Lance Falcon of the brig "Good Fortune." The young man leaped upon Falcon, only to be hurled back by the powerful arms. Then the lady intervened. Falcon was sent away, and she demanded to know who Lachlan was and why he had assaulted her friend in her garden!

He told her the first—he was Lachlan McDonald "a Scotchman, a Frenchman, and an Indian, a Prince of the Muskogee Empire, a Chief of the Family of the Wind." As to the second, he knew no answer, and got himself out of the garden. But he could not get the lady out of his mind. He found Almayne, and prevailed upon the old hunter to tell him what he knew of her.

She was the Lady Jolie Stanwicke, lately come from England to her father's house that she might search for her lover, Gilbert Barradell, who had come to the New World and disappeared. The "popinjay" in the garden was Barradell's brother, who would soon return to London. Falcon's part in the drama Almayne did not know. He knew only that Falcon's brig was suspected of piracy.

Almayne implored Lachlan to start at once for home. His education in Charles Town was finished. Rumors of Indian wars were everywhere. His father awaited him. "I will go," said Lachlan, "when I have found how I may serve a lady in distress!" That very night he intercepted a message from the Spanish commandant to Captain Falcon, making an appointment on the "Good Fortune" for Don Ruy Ortiz of St. Augustine, at "12" that night—the conference to concern "Chief Concha's prisoner."

Lachlan changed the "12" to "10," made himself up as a Spaniard, and rowed out to the brig, leaving Almayne and two warriors in the boat to wait for him. Everything went beautifully. Falcon talked freely of his alliance with the Spaniards against the English settlers, of his piracy, and of Chief Concha's prisoner—who was no other than Gilbert Barradell. As to Jolie, he boasted that he "held her father in the hollow of his hand." She must needs do his will. And then, when Lachlan was ready to depart, the cabin door swung open upon a short, squat Spaniard, who lifted his hat to Falcon. "I am an hour before the appointed time," he said. "I am Don Ruy Ortiz!"

FOR a long moment silence reigned. Falcon stood beside the table, swaying slightly as though he had been dealt a blow. Lachlan leaned against the wall, aware only of the pounding of blood in his temples and a sudden weakness in his limbs. Yet, perhaps because his need was greater, he was the first to recover his faculties.

He leaped toward the table and seized the empty wine pitcher which stood there. In the same instant he poised it and hurled it straight at Falcon's head. It was a deadly missile at that close range. But for his thick felt hat, Captain Falcon might have closed his eyes at that moment for the last time. As it was, he dropped like a felled ox.

Lachlan had not waited to see the effect of that first swift blow. Lithe as a panther, he wheeled, whipped out his rapier and, with its point aimed at the Spaniard's throat, sprang toward the door.

He dealt, however, with a cool man and a quick one. The Spaniard sprang backward in a long leap, landing lightly as a cat, and he had scarcely landed before his sword was out. The moon had broken through the clouds, and the deck was bathed in light. For the moment Lachlan faced only one enemy, since the three men of Falcon's company were as yet weaponless.

They stood gaping, bewildered at the sudden apparition of an armed man leaping from the doorway of Falcon's cabin; and Lachlan, turning his back on them, drove for the Spaniard with a shout.

With a clash the swords crossed. The Spaniard gave ground, fighting carefully, devoting himself wholly to defense. He, too, was bewildered—not only bewildered but alarmed; and in an instant Lachlan read the man's mind, understood that he believed himself in a trap.

It was no time for hair-splitting niceties. Lachlan knew that he must win his way quickly to the brig's stern, where he had told Almayne to hold the canoe in readiness, for in a few minutes at most Falcon's seamen would join the fight. Between thrusts, he taunted the Spaniard in his own tongue.

"Spanish spy," he said, "we have you now, and you'll hang for it." Then, in a louder voice, as though addressing men behind the Spaniard, "Close in, lads! Take him alive."

And all the while he drove fiercely forward, thrusting, thrusting, thrusting, forcing his opponent backward step by step toward the brig's stern.

Yet Don Ruy Ortiz fought well. Convinced that he had stepped into an ambush, and that he was assailed by many enemies, he did the one thing that he could do, dealt with the only enemy that he saw. He fought a wary battle, giving ground freely, taking no chances. At Lachlan's shout, "Close in, lads!" he leaped sideways, placing his back against the cabin, so that he might not be taken in the rear by new foes; but when no new foes appeared a light seemed to break upon his understanding.

He smiled, a slow, crafty smile. He was an old soldier and he saw through Lachlan's stratagem; perhaps he himself at one time or another had employed the same trick. Plainly, this swordsman who had leaped from the cabin doorway was alone. Plainly, too, he was not happy just now, otherwise he would not pretend to have allies when he had none. The Spaniard's quick mind darted here and there, nimble as his nimble sword. He could not know all that had happened; but he knew now that it was not he who was in a trap.

He shifted suddenly from defense to offense. For six paces

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gained ground, before a prick in the shoulder halted him. er a minute of quick, hot work, he realized that his skill was rmatched, and again he fell back slowly, on the defensive e more.

Suddenly Lachlan sprang backward, jumped across a hatch-y, darted around the cabin and raced toward the brig's stern. m the direction of the forecastle the three men of Falcon's w were coming, armed with cutlasses, and behind them ran ee other men, who had clambered up to the brig's deck m the Spaniard's canoe.

LACHLAN'S canoe also, under the brig's stern, the sound f the swords had been heard. Almayne and the two Musko-s had gained the deck, and now they came running to meet chlan. He waved them back and the four dashed aft together.

"Into the canoe," Lachlan panted. "I'll hold them. . . . ick, man!" he shouted. But the hunter shook his head.

There was no time for talk. The Spaniard and the three cut-s men were at hand. Yet, before they closed, Almayne spoke guttural word, and the two Indians dropped over the stern o the canoe.

Out of the corner of his eye Lachlan saw that Almayne car-d not the cutlass with which he had equipped himself, but one the long paddles of the canoe. Next moment, as the Spaniard d one of Falcon's seamen rushed, the tall hunter smote with is weapon as though it were a flail.

Don Ruy Ortiz, catching the blow squarely on his shoulder, as hurled sideways and fell sprawling. He fell, as luck would have it, directly in front of the foremost of Falcon's seamen, and the latter, stumbling over him, reeled sideways, staggering drunkenly as he tried to regain his balance.

Almayne gripped Lachlan, nearly dragging him off his feet.

"Now, lad!" he shouted. "Overboard!"

Next moment he stood on the brig's bulwark, Lachlan beside him; and in another instant both had plunged into the river.

Almayne's head had hardly bobbed above the surface when one of the Indians laid hold of him, and he was safe in the canoe, into which the other Muskogee had already hauled Lachlan. There ensued a few minutes of some anxiety, during which the Spaniard and one of Falcon's men peppered the water roundabout with musket balls. The shots did no damage, however, and the two Indians soon drove the canoe out of range.

The danger was over. In the stern, Lachlan McDonald, as wet as Almayne, laughed softly to himself and whistled the first bars of a song. But the tall hunter saw nothing to whistle about, and grumbled his discontent in a monologue curiously punctuated with English, French, and Spanish oaths. Lachlan he ignored, addressing his remarks to Little Mink, who sat nearest him.

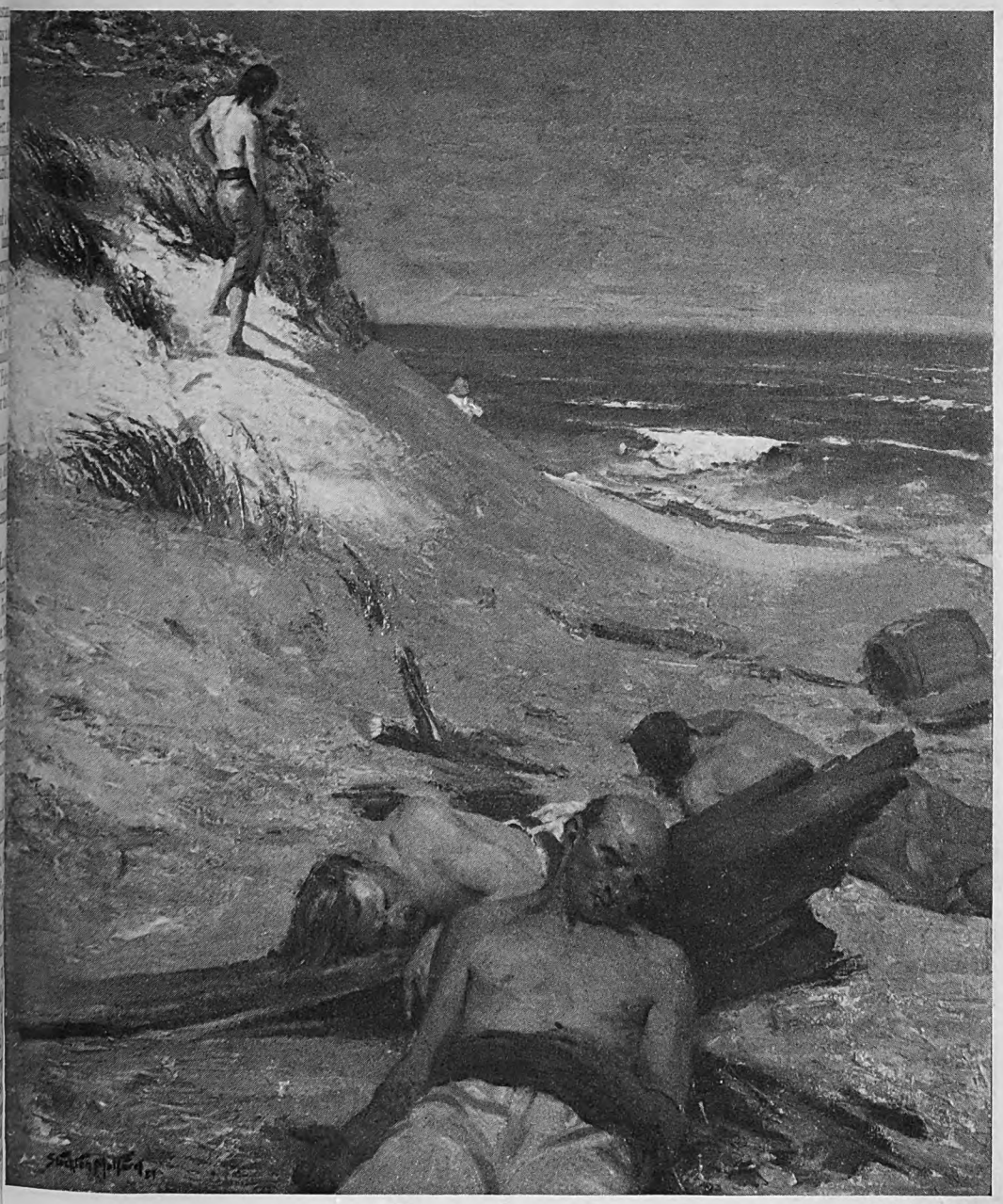
"A fool's errand," he growled; "a crazy, crack-brained, chuckle-headed venture! Near stabbed, and near drowned, and near shot, and 'twould have served us right. Listen, Little Mink, my brother. From this time forward, Almayne follows his own judgment, and not that of any mad boy whose tongue bewitches his wits. I give you that pledge, Little Mink, and if I break it, my best knife's yours."

Lachlan grinned.

"Mark the pledge well, Little Mink, my brother," he said. "Mark the pledge well. And choose the silver-hafted knife that he won from the Frenchman at Fort Prince George."

AGAIN he fell to whistling, and for some minutes, for the joy of it, he let Almayne grumble and snort. Then, having had enough of foolery, he said in a tone of mock reproach:

"Old friend, if you had taken the trouble to inquire what happened in Lance Falcon's cabin, perhaps you would see some sunshine in this sad world."



Lachlan got slowly to his feet . . . and walked a few steps to the top of the dune to get a view of his surroundings

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Almayne grunted and was silent for a moment. Then, "What happened?" he asked grudgingly.

"Two things," Lachlan answered. "Captain Falcon got a knock on the head which put him into a sound sleep, from which I think he has not yet awakened. But before he was put to sleep he told me something."

There was that in his tone which aroused Almayne's interest.

"What did he tell you?" the hunter asked, with an eagerness which he could not conceal.

"That Gilbert Barradell is alive," Lachlan answered; "and that he is a prisoner in Chief Concha's town!"

The next morning, a Sunday, dawned clear and warm. Lachlan had crawled into bed not more than two hours before sunrise, yet before the sun was an hour high he opened his eyes and was instantly wide awake. For a while he lay thinking. He had learned that Gilbert Barradell was alive, had learned where he was. That much of the problem was solved. But that was only the beginning. There remained the task of bringing him back to Charles Town, where Jolie Stanwicke awaited him.

YET it was not with this task that Lachlan's thoughts chiefly concerned themselves. His interview with Lance Falcon had disposed of one mystery, but it had revealed two other mysteries: What was the power which Falcon possessed over Edward Stanwicke of Stanwicke Hall, Jolie's father? And what was that mysterious "affair of Chief Concha's daughter," concerning which Falcon had so eagerly sought news?

For many minutes Lachlan studied these two problems to little purpose. Then he rose, dressed quickly, and walked to the inn where he usually breakfasted. A half-hour later he knocked on Almayne's door, at the house where the hunter lodged.

A gruff voice bade him "Come," and, finding the door unbolted, he entered.

"Plague on you!" growled the hunter from under his sheet. "I had thought to sleep till noon to make up for last night's frolic, and you wake me at cock-crow. What want you?"

"My letter," said Lachlan briskly. "The letter which you were to deliver to Mistress Jolie Stanwicke in case I came to grief on Falcon's ship."

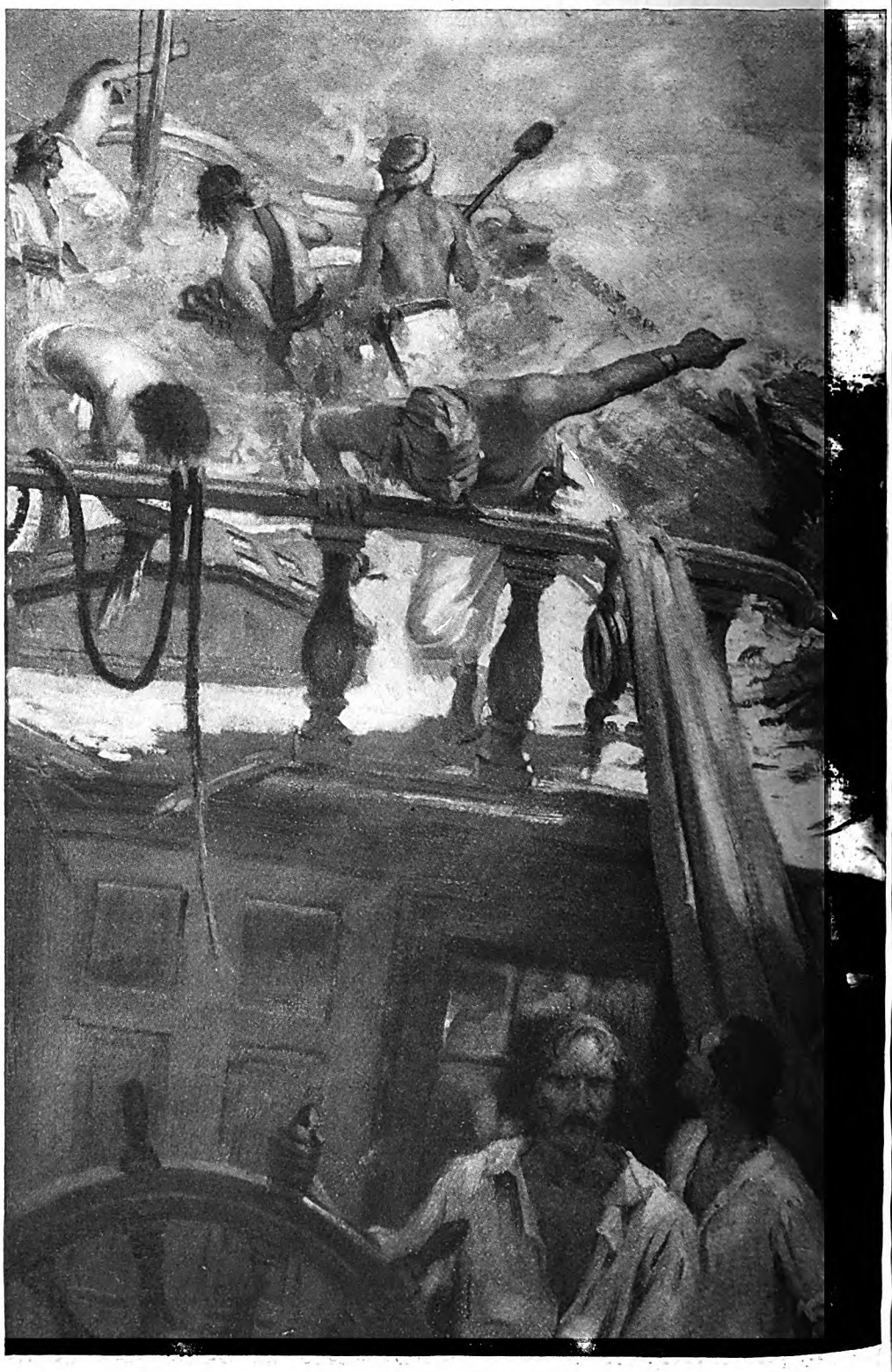
ALMAYNE jerked his head toward a rough closet built into a corner of the room. Lachlan crossed the floor, found the letter, and thrust it beneath his coat.

"That's finished," he said. "Fortunately, I'll not need your services as letter carrier. I can make my report to the lady in person."

Almayne chewed the end of his white mustache.

"You mean," he asked, "that you will call on Mistress Jolie Stanwicke?"

Lachlan nodded. Almayne, sitting up in bed, seemed to consider. "That's fair enough," he said presently. "It was



Next moment, with a whining, humming hiss, a ball passed not six feet from Falcon, where he stood at the wheel, and picked a great chunk out of the port bulwark

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that discovered Barradell's whereabouts. It's only right you should give her the news. Wait till I've eaten, and I'll you to her."

"Thanks," replied Lachlan dryly, "but I'll not trouble . Much as I enjoy your company, I prefer to see the lady ie."

He moved toward the door, but paused before crossing the eshold.

"Almayne," he said thoughtfully, "I shall return here later we can plan what's to be done next. We must move swiftly."

For some minutes after the door had closed Almayne sat tionless on the bed, frowning and chewing his mustache. wly the frown faded.

"By Zooks!" he muttered, swinging his long legs out of the l, "the young cock partridge is in fine feather now! He's en command, and Almayne's a private in the ranks."

Lachlan McDonald had not the honor to be included among the friends of Edward Stanwicke of Stanwicke Hall. Hitherto he had not counted this a misfortune. Old Stanwicke—Lord Stanwicke, as he was often called—was a power in the Province, a great landholder, the bearer of a title in that strange system of Colonial nobility which the Lords Proprietors had established in the day of their authority. Yet, for certain good reasons, few sought his favor or his company.

Lachlan was turning over in his mind the problem of how to gain entrance to Stanwicke's home, when something plucked lightly at his sleeve. He half turned and saw a small negro boy wearing the Stanwicke livery. For an instant the round black face grinned up at him, white teeth gleaming. Then the thick lips framed the word "Come," and the boy passed on ahead of him, walking rapidly.

His heart beat faster when presently he made sure that the boy was leading him by a somewhat roundabout way toward the Stanwicke house. It was not the house itself, however, which they finally approached, but the spacious wooded garden.

Lachlan's thoughts sped back to the moment, two evenings before, when he had stopped in that lane and listened to a woman singing; but he had little leisure now for meditation. The black boy slackened his pace, halted, motioned to Lachlan.

"Ober de wall, master," said the boy. "Me fust."

LACHLAN cupped his hands, and the little negro mounted and scrambled upward. For a moment he sat on the top of the wall, peering this way and that; then, evidently satisfied, he nodded to Lachlan, and immediately dropped out of sight within the garden.

Lachlan waited, listening keenly. There flickered in his mind for an instant a doubt as to where this adventure would lead. Who had sent the black boy, and why? Who was waiting there in the shrubbery of the walled garden? It was perhaps a subtle forewarning of peril. Yet he crouched, sprang upward with outstretched hands, and in a moment was perched on the wall's summit.

He saw her instantly. She was seated on a

(*Continued on page 117*)

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Getting Ready For Winter

By William S. Sadler, M. D.

WHEN the frost is on the pumpkin, and the fodder's in the shock," most of us are feeling in the pink of physical condition. During the summer we have spent a great deal of time out of doors and we look forward to a good, productive winter.

It is the purpose of this article to give you some practical suggestions on getting ready for the winter season, which, with its sedentary indoor life and artificial conditions, tends to draw heavily on the strength and energy that you have stored up during the summer and fall.

Biologically, man is an outdoor animal, and he always courts trouble when he undertakes to live for long periods indoors. It is a recognized fact that we have more sickness in the winter than in the summer. But most of it is preventable.

Winter would be the most healthful season of the year if we but knew how to avoid some of the handicaps of the indoor life which the cold season imposes upon us. Cold weather is a tonic, and this is borne out by the fact that the races who occupy the earth's colder regions are in many respects more active and stronger than tropical peoples.

I want you to resolve to continue your physical exercise during the winter months, and arrange that at least a part of it shall be taken out of doors.

The approach of the winter season necessitates many radical readjustments on our part. We must provide for burning more fuel in the body, in order to maintain the standard, normal temperature. Physical exercise assists us in burning up the fuel, and the resultant heat that is liberated helps to keep us warm, even in the presence of frigid temperatures. The energy which furnishes the heat to warm the body is derived from the digested and assimilated food which has been stored in the muscles. About eighty per cent of our food is burned up to keep us warm; only twenty per cent is spent in the energy of motion.

Along with the fuel stored in the muscles, nature prepares a chemical substance called *oxidase*. This is a sort of digestive ferment which contributes to the combustibility of the stored-up muscle fuel. As cold weather draws on, the amount of oxidase to be found in the body is greatly increased, thus supplying us, as it were, with additional kindling wood which can be used to advantage throughout the winter season of low temperatures.

Other changes also take place in the early fall which amount to a complete overhauling in the heat-regulating mechanism of the body. But these cold weather adjustments have nothing to do with the old exploded notion of the blood being "thick" or "thin." We used to be told that certain people were cold and chilly because their "blood was thin." It was supposed that our blood got thick during the winter. Generally speaking, the blood is the same during summer and winter, with the exception that during the latter season it contains more of certain substances which increase the internal combustion of the fuel, thus assisting the body in the necessary task of generating more heat. It is only in some such subtle fashion that the blood is materially changed as between summer and winter. Some folks are doomed to have cold hands and feet, not because their blood is *thin*, but because of certain hereditary tendencies or deficiencies in the circulatory mechanism.

While I commend all of the outdoor sports belonging to the winter season, ranging from hiking to skating, I especially recommend the former as adapted to all ages and conditions. It's free for everybody, and there is no form of exercise that is more invigorating and healthful than walking in the fresh, crisp, wintry air, with chest expanded and arms swinging freely.

Gymnasium work, indoor swimming and other forms of indoor exercise will serve to supplement outdoor activities; but don't forget the health value of the winter hikes.

After outdoor exercise on cold days, don a sweater or overcoat the moment your muscular activity ceases. If you don't, you are inviting a cold.

THE wild animals fatten up during the summer so as to provide against food scarcity during the winter. By spring they are usually relatively thin and gaunt. In the civilized human species it is just the opposite. We are more active during the summer, have more green stuff to eat—foods which are less fattening—while during the winter we tend to house ourselves, eat heartily, exercise less, and gain in weight. So it develops that around ground-hog day human beings of obese tendency begin to weigh themselves and think seriously about reducing.

But we can burn up more food in the winter than we do in the summer, provided we don't overheat our living-rooms, and provided, further, that we get out of doors occasionally. Starches, sugars, and fats are the fuels of the body. Starch and sugar are about of equal value, while fats are highest in calories. If we are not overweight and are exposed to outdoor temperatures during the winter season, we are justified in eating more butter, cream, and other fats than during the summer. We can also utilize a reasonable amount of starch and sugar, together with the usual protein allowance.

In fact, we probably use a little more protein in winter than in summer, but not a great deal more, as protein is not ordinarily used as a fuel in the body. It is utilized for tissue replacement; though protein can be burned up as fuel if there is a scarcity of the ordinary fuel supply.

And one important point to remember is that the body needs water during cold weather the same as in warm weather. The minimum of six to eight glasses of water should be drunk every day during winter, regardless of whether or not you are thirsty. This is done to keep the blood stream clean and to prevent irritation of the kidneys by the over-concentration of the circulating fluids of the body.

The iron content of the blood tends to run down during winter. This is what we doctors mean when we say the hemoglobin is getting low. The following are foods which are especially rich in iron, and you should try to have some one of them at each meal during the winter season: spinach, egg yolks, asparagus, beef, cabbage (outside leaves), oranges, apples, unpeeled almonds, tomatoes, beets, carrots, lentils, beans, fish, peas, potatoes, cereals, bread, figs, and milk.

THE question of vitamins is a more important problem during winter than during summer. This is not the place to enter into a discussion of vitamins; it is too big a subject. I merely want to say this—if you are eating something green each day, if you are using milk, you don't need to worry much about vitamins. You require only a small amount to be healthy, and vitamins are found in all our raw foods. In the case of children, vitamins are of more importance. We should remember that orange juice and tomato juice contain practically all of the known vitamins, and that even canned tomatoes are very good. Cooking the tomatoes does not wholly destroy the vitamins.

In a former generation some families were wont to have a certain date, like October 20th, as the day on which every member of the family was to don the winter flannels. Young and old had to put on the winter underwear, no matter how warm the day or how much these old red or other colored flannels might "itch us." This business of putting on flannels on a certain day was almost as much a ritual with some people as was the habit of taking molasses and sulphur in springtime to purify the blood.

Now, if there is any one thing that needs to be thoroughly revised about our notions of winter clothing it is the idea of wearing the same amount of underwear, no matter what the temperature. Clothing should be a matter of constant adjustment with reference to the weather.

I am more and more convinced that it is best for indoor workers, city dwellers, to wear the same type and weight of underwear the year around. This may not be sound advice for farmers and those who are out of doors in low temperatures many hours each day. I still think, though, that many of our outdoor workers would do better to wear lighter underwear and to provide for heavier outer garments, overalls, leggins, sweaters, and coats, so that when they do come indoors they will not be overheated.

Many of us maintain our indoor temperatures at almost summer heat. Most homes are kept at 75 degrees Fahrenheit

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r above. One cannot live in such temeratures, wearing heavy underwear, and ot bring about that constant state of erspiration which predisposes to chilling nd catching cold, when suddenly going rom such a warm temperature into the older outdoor air.

There is one exception I want to make to his advice about wearing the same undervear winter and summer, and that is with eference to socks and stockings. Men and vomen who are in the habit of wearing hin silk hosiery in the summer need to vear something a little heavier during the vinter.

The main thing about dressing in the vinter is to keep the arms and legs well clothed. The greatest opportunity for chilling is in the extremities, and it is chilling that does the mischief, contributing to internal congestion, colds, and sinus trouble. There are plenty of blood vessels to be found in the skin of the face and even on the neck and chest. It's not the low-necked dresses that cause trouble during the winter. It's the exposure of the arms and the legs to wintry blasts.

Women who are in the habit of wearing satin or thin-soled leather shoes during the summer should turn to low-cut oxfords in the winter. The important point in the dressing of the feet is that we should do our best to keep them warm, without overdressing them. Those individuals who "catch cold" every time their feet get wet should form the habit of wearing rubbers. This is also good advice for those who have chronic sinus trouble.

And don't be afraid, if the temperature goes up, to leave off your heavy winter overcoat and wear one of lighter weight.

THE biggest problem of our indoor life during the winter season is that of humidity. I think the majority of our colds, troubles with the nose, throat, and lungs, are due to breathing air that is too dry. In the case of the hot-air furnace the water pots can be kept filled, and this helps a little; but it doesn't entirely solve the problem. Where there is steam heat, attachments can be put on the coils automatically to liberate steam in the room and thus the humidity problem is largely solved. In the case of hot-water heat this is not possible. If your home is heated by stoves, keep kettles of water boiling on the top.

Humidity is best indicated by means of the combined thermometer—that is, a wet and dry bulb thermometer. If the air becomes over-humid it is depressing, and such conditions are very undesirable.

A good practical test for humidity during the winter is to observe whether or not the windows are frosted. Janitors don't like to have a humid atmosphere, because it makes the windows "sweat." But this is all wrong from the standpoint of the health of the people who live in the house and breathe the air. When the air is around 70 degrees Fahrenheit and has fifty per cent humidity, it is not far from right. Whenever such air falls down to 52 degrees Fahrenheit, the dew point is reached, and water will precipitate on the cold window surface. Of course, on cold days the window glass is far below 52 degrees Fahrenheit, and so it follows that if there is no frost on the glass there is little water in the air of the room—too little for the health of its occupants.

Of this one thing you can be sure—the house where the windows do not sweat and frost during the cold weather is not fit for human habitation. The school with clear windows is wasting the taxpayers' money, the teachers' time, and the pupils' health. The office with clear windows is a place where employees (*Continued on page 108*)

If You Ask Me:

Don't be afraid of a draft if you open the windows of your mind

ON a recent rainy night, Carl Lomen, the reindeer king of Alaska, told me a true story. It has stuck in my crop ever since. And now I'm going to pass it along.

"A certain Greenland Eskimo," said Lomen, "was taken on one of the American North Polar expeditions a number of years ago. Later, as a reward for faithful service, he was brought to New York City for a short visit. At all the miracles of sight and sound he was filled with a most amazed wonder. When he returned to his native village he told stories of buildings that rose into the very face of the sky; of street cars, which he described as houses that moved along the trail, with people living in them as they moved; of mammoth bridges, artificial lights, and all the other dazzling concomitants of the metropolis.

"His people looked at him coldly and walked away. And forthwith throughout the whole village he was dubbed 'Sagdluk,' meaning 'The Liar,' and this name he carried in shame to his grave. Long before his death his original name was entirely forgotten.

"When Knud Rasmussen made his trip from Greenland to Alaska he was accompanied by a Greenland Eskimo named Mitek (Eider Duck). Mitek visited Copenhagen and New York, where he saw many things for the first time and was greatly impressed. Later, upon his return to Greenland, he recalled the tragedy of Sagdluk, and decided that it would not be wise to tell the truth. Instead, he would narrate stories that his people could grasp, and thus save his reputation.

"So he told them how he and Doctor Rasmussen maintained a kyak on the banks of a great river, the Hudson, and how, each morning, they paddled out for their hunting. Ducks, geese and seals were to be had a-plenty, and they enjoyed the visit immensely.

"Mitek, in the eyes of his countrymen, is a very honest man. His neighbors treat him with rare respect."

The road of the truth-teller has always been rocky. Socrates sipping the hemlock, Christ crucified, Stephen stoned, Bruno burned at the stake, Galileo terrified into retraction of his starry truths—forever could one follow that bloody trail through the pages of history.

Something in human nature makes us resent the impact of new ideas. We hate to be disturbed in the beliefs and prejudices that have been handed down with the family furniture. At maturity too many of us go into hibernation, and live off the fat of ancient fetishes. If a new idea invades our den we rise up snarling from our winter sleep.

The Eskimos, at least, had some excuse. They were unable to visualize the startling pictures drawn by Sagdluk. Their simple lives had been too long circumscribed by the brooding arctic night.

But there is no adequate reason why the average man should ever close his mind to fresh "slants" on life. He does, just the same. Nothing is more tragic—or more common—than mental inertia. For every ten men who are physically lazy there are ten thousand with stagnant minds. And stagnant minds are the breeding places of fear.

An old farmer up in Vermont always used to wind up his prayers with this plea: "Oh, God, give me an open mind!" If more people followed his example they might escape being hamstrung by prejudices. And what a pleasant place to live in the world would be!

Merle Crowell

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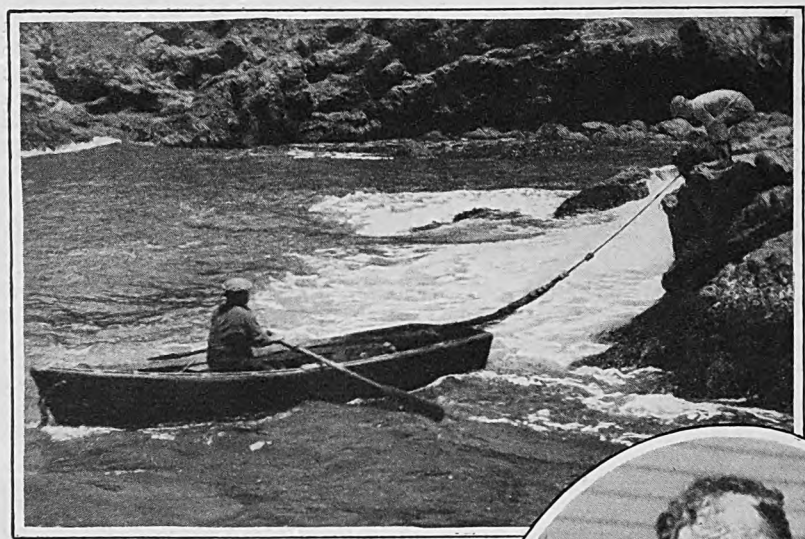
INTERESTING PEOPLE

They Hunt Seals for Zoos and Animal Acts



WHERE do the trained seals you see on the stage and in zoos, circuses, and carnivals come from? Are they grown domestically and reared from babyhood for theatrical careers?

One would think from their grace and skill that the sleek animals begin their studies early, to qualify for public appearances; but most of them enter captivity after having reached comparative maturity.

The seals of stage, zoo, and circus fame come from the Pacific Ocean. They breed on both shores of the Pacific, and on this side may be found all the way from Mexico to Washington along the California and Oregon coasts. They are hardy animals, and cover a wide range in their habitat.

It is the California sea lion—*Zalophus Californianus*—you see when the animal act comes on. Ten chances to one, these seals have been captured in a narrow-mouthed cave on the middle one of the Coronado Islands, in Mexican waters, twenty miles south of San Diego, California. For it is there that two professional seal hunters brave Pacific storms and the attacks of the seals themselves, so that science may be furthered and the world entertained.

Steve Zolezzi and his son John, two Italian fishermen, supply nearly all the trained seals and captive seals you will find. In four years, the two men have captured six hundred of these animals, some of them after hard struggles; and their prizes now appear in the world's greatest circuses, in London and in Berlin zoos, in the Imperial Zoölogical Gardens at Tokio and in the National Zoo at Washington, to mention only a few places.

The two Zolezzis set out from San Diego whenever an order for seals reaches them, and chug to the cave in their thirty-three-foot sloop-rigged boat. They drop anchor two hundred yards from the island, then put ashore in a skiff. They work alone, and with no other human aid they capture seven or eight seals weighing from two hundred to four hundred pounds each, and manage to get all these aboardship in one fighting, barking mass.

"How?" says the elder Zolezzi. "My boy John and I go to the middle island and try to land when the sea is smooth. There is no place to dock a thirty-foot boat, so we must anchor outside and row in with the skiff. I row the little boat, and John fastens the net to the rocks on one side of the entrance to the cave. It is very rough here, and we must take great care.

"When John has fastened the net to the rocks, we row across the narrow channel to the other side and secure the other end. At high tide the lead sinkers rest on the bottom of the ocean and the cork floats barely reach the surface. The sweep of the water holds the net taut.

"The cave is like a big room, with the entrance low, like a chapel. Right in the center the seals play and fight and bark on a rock that steps out of a sandy beach.

"Sometimes there are three hundred sea lions in the cave, judging by the numbers that leap at the net. That starts, by the way, when we fire two shots from a gun, to frighten them. Then they pour from the mouth of the cave, the first-comers rushing blindly into the meshes of the net.

"After the first six or eight have been caught, those following sense some trouble, and dive to the bottom or slide over the cork top. Even though three hundred may rush from the cave, we seldom catch more than eight on one trip."

Once the "drive" ends, the Zolezzis gather the ends of the

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF SAN DIEGO NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM

Most of the seals in zoos and circuses are captured by Steve Zolezzi (oval) and his son. (Above) Steve and John adjusting the net at the mouth of a cave at Coronado Islands, in Mexican waters. When Steve fires a gun, the seals plunge out of the cave into the net, and are towed out to the "Josephine Z." (Bottom) a herd of the seals that inhabit the Pacific Coast

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into the small boat. They row out to the "Josephine Z," r fishing craft, towing the net. Since each catch weighs from thousand pounds to a ton and a half, they have rigged a ck and tackle by which the net and its contents are pulled ard and dropped into the hold.

During their first "experimental" year the Zolezzis dropped sea lions into the hold with no mechanical means of remov- them on reaching the dock at San Diego. On such occasions, younger Zolezzi would go below with a lariat and lasso the atures, which were then hauled on deck by his father.

Now, Steve arranges crates into which the seals may be ven. They are given the freedom of the hold during the yage to San Diego; but on arrival at the dock a heavy stick ces them into the crates, which then are lifted to a waiting tomobile truck. Thus the men save considerable energy, and oid risk.

Trainers who purchase seals rely upon Steve's good judg- nt to bring in only those which give promise of becoming apt pils. Steve has learned to discard the heavier and older seals, d those with too thick necks.

He seeks seals weighing from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty pounds, though the average adult runs around two hundred and fifty. Cubs seldom live in captivity, so he tries to get males about two and one-half years old, because the youngsters learn more rapidly than older animals. He relies largely upon the shape of the neck and the seal's movements in the water when he predicts its probable future.

Just what age the California sea lion attains no one knows definitely. Some have weathered forty winters, but few live longer than twelve years in captivity.

The California State Fish and Game Commission recently took a hand in the controversy over seal conservation, and sent an investigator on a two-year cruise to learn how many seals live on the west coast of Mexico, California, Washington, Oregon, and British Columbia.

While the scientists pursue the seals for study, the Zolezzis pursue them for personal gain under a permit issued by the Mexican central government. Steve has the privilege only because the Mexican Government believes the ends of science are being served.

ANDREW R. BOONE

Jim Way Pushes His Lawn Mower 1,700 Miles a Year

ON OCTOBER 12th, 1927, James Edwin Way—or Jim Way, as he is better known—celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of his birth by purchasing another pair of army shoes. The shoes came in handy, because Jim is official Keeper of the Village Green at aron, Connecticut, and has to do a lot of walking. For three ars he has been responsible for a bit of lawn from fifty to nety feet wide and more than mile long. And because he kes his responsibilities seri- usly, he disdains horse or motor ower and cuts the grass with a rty-pound lawn mower which e pushes personally.

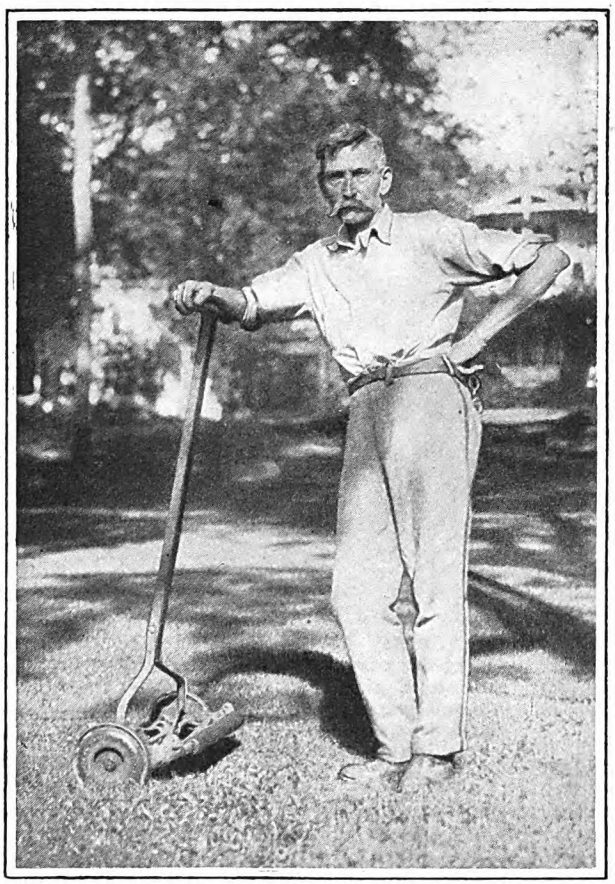
As demonstrated by a pe- ometer fastened to one of his ng and active legs, Sharon's eeper of the Green propels his wn mower eighty-six miles each eek, from late April until about ctober first, an annual mara- on of 1,700 miles. But Jim ouldn't trade places with any- ody.

"Sharon's the prettiest vil- ge in Connecticut," he pro- laims with pride, "principally ecause it's got the prettiest reen. Lays just right and shaded y some of the finest old elms and naples in the Nutmeg State. But our green wouldn't be so uch talked about if it didn't ave such velvety grass, and it ouldn't have such velvety grass f I didn't get out and mow it egularly.

"Before I took this job, in 925, the Sharon fire district ommittee had tried all kinds of chemes to keep the green in ood condition. They bought a ower-motor mower steered by and; but after it went into a ditch in front of Jones's place and had to be hauled out by main force, they discarded the mower. Then our public-spirited Dewitt C. Noyes gave the fire district a bigger and fancier motor mower. Like the one the committee invested in, this big one was a combine of cutter and roller, but it was a whale! It cut a swath thirty-six inches instead of two feet wide, and the driver sat on top of it.

"All told, this contraption weighed a ton, and would have been fine on some of the big estates that surround Sharon and have acres of lawn without many trees; but the thing was too cumbersome for our village green. It skinned the humps and missed the hollows, to say nothing of barking the elms, and getting out of order. Once the committee tried a horse-drawn lawn mower, but the horse's hoofs cut up the turf. Then I agreed to do the cutting myself for nine hundred dollars, and keep the sidewalks graveled to boot.

"The committee voted to try me out, as I'd been a professional gardener and horticulturist for fifteen years.



Jim Way, seventy-five-year-old keeper of the village green of Sharon, Connecticut, pushes forty pounds of lawn mower eighty-six miles every week, from April until October

"The first year they furnished me, at my request, with a sixty-eight-pound, five-bladed hand machine that cut an eighteen-inch swath. I pushed it; but it nearly ruined me. Since the spring of 1927 I've been pushing a mower with three blades, cutting sixteen inches wide and weighing only forty pounds.

"As soon as the snow's melted in the spring I rake most of the leaves, and burn them up on the highway that borders the Sharon green, but I don't try to rake quite clean. Some of them I leave for soil nourishment.

"After the spring rains have given the grass a start, I oil up the mower and begin each Monday on the schoolhouse lawn—my contract covers that and the lawn in front of the public library—and work south past the soldiers' monument, the flagpole, post office and town clock tower clear to the southern end of the Wheeler place. I finish up there Friday afternoon.

"In forty-two hours of steady going I travel eighty-six miles. Of course my lawn mower travels, too. But both of us quit at three each afternoon, and lay off entirely on Saturday, unless rain delays us, or I have some extra contracts to carry out. In dry spells I may skip the library lawn for a week or two. But throughout the season I'll give the whole green a once-over every week.

"It's careful cutting that makes a lawn. The Sharon green hasn't had any fertilizer since 1925. It didn't need it then. But you won't find any finer grass carpet than the one I'm mowing in the summer months. It's mostly red top and very few weeds."

If you catch Jim after three P. M. perching on the granite boulder in the center of the green, the Keeper of the Village Green will call your attention to a bronze tablet on that boulder and to its legend:

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"Site of the 2nd House of Worship in Sharon. George Whitefield Preached Here June 18, 1770. Text, 'Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye shall be born again.' John 3, 7.
An Immense Congregation Assembled."

Then Jim will describe the thrilling day in 1862 when he saw the 150th New York Volunteer Infantry march out of Poughkeepsie for Baltimore, and how, one year later, he ran away and became their mascot until the regiment was called to the field of Gettysburg.

Or he may dwell on the decade in which he kept store, or the years when he was a guard in Sing Sing prison.

"If I could only write the story of my life!" he exclaims, gazing along the stretches of his green under the cathedral arches of its elms. "But between mowing and weeding and raking leaves, and managing movie benefits to raise extra money for benches and bridges and flower beds the warm months go past fast enough. And in winter I have to keep the sidewalks along the green clear of snow, put on the Litchfield County poultry shows, take a turn at the wood-burning furnace in the Methodist Episcopal Church and try to keep our new Sharon Men's Club alive."

EARL CHAPIN MAY

An Invalid Who Directs a Business From Her Bedside

THE bed of Mrs. Shirley L. Lloyd, of New York City, might almost be a throne, except that the cause of her being there is severe arthritis. At seventy, after four years in a sick-room, she still sends and receives messengers to and from her far-flung dominions, which happen to be a wall-paper company with headquarters in New York and branches in Brooklyn, Newark, New Jersey, and Chicago.

She took over her small empire, the W. H. S. Lloyd Company, at the death of her husband, thirty-five years ago. At that time it was tucked away in two rooms on a top floor in Twenty-first Street, New York City. It has since grown to have three branches, with a spacious main store in flourishing Forty-eighth Street. Mrs. Lloyd has been the guiding influence all these years, and now, when she cannot go to them, her son and her old associates come to hold their councils around her bed.

The council's edicts go from a back room in a modest apartment on Ninety-first Street, where the sun shines in for part of the afternoon. Mrs. Lloyd sits there in her old-fashioned brass bed, wearing a kimono, varying her position now and then by sitting erect or by leaning back against the improvised cloth rest, a total varying distance of about one inch.

This is as far as she can move by herself without pain.

The arthritis was the second quirk in her life that she refused to let upset her. The first was finding herself a widow with a son of four and a baby daughter. As her husband's business could not provide for her if she engaged a manager, the natural thing at first seemed to let it go and accept her three older brothers' offer of support.

Yet complete independence was what she really wanted. She disliked being indebted for help, even to her brothers. She called in her mother, then nearly seventy-five, to keep house and care for the children, and she took command at the office.

She knew nothing about either business or wall paper, so she asked questions. A traveling saleswoman in those days was a strange sight, yet she went on the road, carting two huge trunks. The wall-paper samples used to be mounted in large sets on wooden easels, each weighing thirty pounds, which had to be lifted in and out and around the room until the customer chose the one he wanted.

As her customers somehow managed to be away or engaged in deep thought while the lifting was going on, she did that, too.

She had two guiding rules: Her earnings must be put back into more stock or held as reserve capital; and everything must be done to make her salesrooms and her service convenient to her customers.

The one helped the other. Her first ambition on taking charge was to move the office down to the ground. She economized rigidly in the business; she took a modest apartment for herself, and finally, after two years, she risked additional expense by moving to a ground floor on Twenty-fourth Street.

Mrs. Shirley Lloyd's husband died thirty-five years ago, leaving her with two small children. She took over his wall-paper business herself, expanded it, and at seventy is still managing it, propped up in bed

Other moves followed, but her next big decision was that of opening a branch. The West was thriving. By 1908 her salesmen were making regular visits to the Pacific coast. Trade was growing; but her customers were impatient at having to wait for goods sent from across the continent. Chicago was a central point for distribution, and, with only the capital she had retained in the business, she sent her oldest salesman to start an office there.

The demand for speed grew more insistent after the war. Even the Hudson River seemed a handicap to business between New York and New Jersey. Two years ago, though she had then been two years an invalid, she agreed with her managers to expand again. A branch was established in Newark. A year ago, one was opened in Brooklyn, still with her own capital.

To-day, from that little beginning in Twenty-first Street, with three assistants and an office boy, she has a main store in a new building in a new center of business, on the ground floor of course, with a dozen clerks and as many salesmen, with three branches, and a corps of salesmen on the road. Hers is one of the largest wholesale firms in the United States dealing in imported wall papers.

Wall paper came to be her hobby. As the business grew, she took more time to become acquainted with it, traveling to visit the English and French factories once a year.

She learned how the workmen raised the large stamps on pulleys, wet them on ink-soaked blankets and touched one after another on the paper, always with patient precision. One particularly memorable work—paper for International House, on Riverside Drive, New York—represented early American scenes, for which each block of the design had to be stamped eighteen hundred times.

She by no means claims all the credit for the firm's success. "I've had splendid help," she said. "The head of the Chicago branch was engaged as a boy by my husband. One of the heads in New York has been with me twenty-six years, and some of the others over twenty. I always got their advice about the business."

Yet a person going into her store to-day and asking a salesman casually whether it is true that Mrs. Lloyd manages the business, gets the positive reply, "She *is* the business."

The arthritis seems almost incredible to her after her active, healthy life. Yet, Mrs. Lloyd has not let it upset her. She has surrounded herself with a few comforts, and sits there, carrying on business, talking enthusiastically with guests and discussing the day's events. Whatever hold the arthritis may have got in this struggle, she has the real victory. Her mind is free and her interest reaches everything.

CLYDE BEALS

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Hunter Has Revived a Fifteenth-Century Art

DARD HUNTER, of Chillicothe, Ohio, does what nobody else has done since the invention of printing. Unassisted, he makes books complete.

Hunter makes his paper in a water mill operated by himself; he designed his type and laboriously cast it, piece by piece; he writes his books or, rather, composes them in type at the case; he himself prints them on his own press. His customers include the great museums of Europe and of the United States, and many of the wealthiest book collectors. Each of his volumes, upon its appearance, has been included in the annual list of the fifty typographically best books of the year. Copies command premiums equaled by few other present-day fine books.

Hunter is a strongly-built man in the early forties, classic of features, reserved in manner. His father was a printer, as were his father's people for generations before, and he was brought up in a printing shop.

At twelve, Dard quit school. But he was studious, and in his own way acquired a knowledge of subjects he liked.

When he was eighteen he joined Elbert Hubbard at the Roycroft colony. His first task at East Aurora was making a colored glass window for the Roycroft Inn, a task on which he spent months of patient effort. When it was completed, he felt it failed as a work of art, though Hubbard and others said it was beautiful; therefore he took a hammer and smashed it.

After several years at East Aurora, where he designed many books, Hunter studied abroad. He is the only American who ever received a degree from the Royal Austrian School of Printing, which in its day was the Mecca of typographical students. Once while in Austria, Hunter found himself practically penniless. He went to England and made a fresh stake by designing advertising matter and booklets.

Meantime, he lived with the art of bookmaking. His taste was nurtured on the great books of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries that he found in museums and libraries. He studied type, paper, and papermaking, and, comparing the old with the new, gradually resolved to produce modern books as beautiful as those early books.

"The more I studied," he says, "the more I felt that paper, type design, the type itself, page design, presswork—all should be the product of a single mind and hand, as a painting is the product of one artist."

The project required years of patient labor. One day on a walking trip in Wiltshire, England, Hunter passed a village where workmen were dismantling an ancient paper mill. For a few dollars, the equipment became his; he crated and shipped it to the United States.

At Marlborough-on-the-Hudson, in New York State, convenient to water power, he built his paper mill.

Papermaking, however, was only a small part of the preparation.

"Of all the work I had to do," he says, "the most discouraging was making the type. I was five years at it. To support myself and my family at that time, I raised raspberries on a farm near Marlborough.

Bookmaking is a real art to Dard Hunter, of Chillicothe, Ohio. He writes them and prints them on paper he makes in his own water mill, with the type he has cast himself

"There were months of discouraging labor. Certain letters caused no particular trouble. But I found it nearly impossible to make perfect castings of the small letter *m*. For every perfect letter saved, I discarded hundreds. I made easily fifty thousand castings of that one letter, and to-day I doubt if there are a hundred perfect specimens in my type case."

Hunter's first two books were made for the Chicago Society of Etchers. He printed two hundred and fifty copies of each, to sell for two dollars and forty cents apiece.

Shortly after, one set of the two books was sold at auction for eighty dollars.

His third book was the first he wrote himself. It dealt with the history and methods of papermaking. The library he has collected on this subject is probably more comprehensive than any of its kind elsewhere. This third book was made to sell at twenty-five dollars per copy. One Chicago bookseller contrived to get six copies at the time of publication, and after holding them for three months, disposed of them at fifty dollars each. A copy recently sold in London for one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

The next book, "A Bibliography of Papermaking and Watermarks," was sold for thirty dollars a copy. But the latest book, on which Hunter is at work now, will be sold for sixty dollars a copy.

"I had finished the 'Bibliography,'" he said, "all but the presswork on the title page and the dedication page, when late one night I suddenly could not see. I lay in a hospital with my eyes bandaged for months, and permanently lost the sight in one eye."

In gathering material for "Primitive Papermaking," on which he is working now, Hunter made a trip to the Tonga Islands in the South Pacific, for no authentic study had been made of the *tapa* of the South Sea Islands.

"Tapa," he said, "is made from the bark of young mulberries stripped from the trunk in pieces six or seven feet long, and from one to four inches wide. It is pounded with wooden mallets until it becomes extremely thin, and much wider. The thin pieces are pasted together, until the material has the thickness of three or four pieces. The result is a tough paper which the natives color in many intricate and interesting designs, and use for clothing. In my next book I am including many different samples.

"Sometimes," Mr. Hunter went on, "I am asked why I limit myself to a couple of hundred copies of each book. As a matter of fact, in future the number may be less. One hundred and fifty copies are about as many as I can produce, without endangering the workmanship.

"Results?" He shrugged his shoulder. "My aim," he said, "is to produce beautiful things. Still, I know there have been results of another kind, tangible and cheering. Many of our modern books bear witness that their makers have forgotten, if they ever knew, that bookmaking can be an art. While commercially the pendulum has been swinging away from art, I am pushing hard to swing it back. I know that my influence has penetrated a little way, even into unexpected places."

NEIL M. CLARK

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Her Job is to Make People Want to Pay Their Debts

A BUSINESS man of Minneapolis proudly informed me that his city possesses a unique institution: a collection agency owned and run by a woman.

Collecting bad debts is a hard job for anybody to tackle; yet Clara Sandborg has been doing it for six years and with surprising results.

When she was graduated from a Minneapolis high school, over ten years ago, she landed a job with the credit manager of a leading retail store.

In the store, she learned how retail business men size up customers before allowing them to have a charge account and to run up bills.

After some experience there, she took a position with a collection agency, where she learned that there are different kinds of "bad debts," just as there are different kinds of people. Handling these delinquent accounts, as they are politely called, meant handling human beings. More and more, she studied the people behind the debts. In each case, she tried to find out *why* they were delinquent.

She wanted to work intelligently, even sympathetically. For her experience has taught her that not all "bad" debts are incurred by "bad" people.

Since she started her own company, the Legal Adjustment Company, she has handled hundreds of these delinquent accounts; and she has learned to separate them into a few distinct groups.

"In proportion to their numbers, the enormous middle class furnishes very few of the delinquent accounts," she said to me. "These people usually plan their expenses carefully, and try to accumulate a surplus to take care of emergencies.

"The very poor people cannot always get credit. As for the very rich, the head of the family, who is pretty certain to be a business man, cannot afford to let the family bills go unpaid. His own commercial standing would suffer if he did.

"Most of the trouble comes from two strata of society; one below the real middle class and the other above it. Both these strata are made up of would-be's; people who are struggling to keep up with the class above them. They live on a scale which they can't afford. They allow no margin of safety; and consequently they are unprepared for an emergency, such as sickness or loss of a job.

"There is also a smaller group. I might call it the 'optimist group'; people who have a blind confidence that the future will somehow take care of itself.

"There are certain families which seem to inherit this cheerful irresponsibility, just as they inherit their physical characteristics. They live comfortably and blithely. But they are really living on the charity of the merchants with whom they trade.

"Seventy-five per cent of the people who owe money can pay their debts if they really want to! If this were not true, I couldn't stay in business, for we are not paid for *trying* to collect a debt. We get a percentage of the money that we actually do succeed in collecting from debtors.

Clara Sandborg runs her own collection agency in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Three years ago she formed a Physicians' and Dentists' Credit Exchange, now numbering 500 members, because she says these professions suffer most from unpaid bills

"There are some delinquents who have nothing and are not earning enough to enable them to save a dollar. These accounts are hopeless and I don't try to collect them as long as that condition exists. They are held in abeyance and rechecked at various intervals to see whether any favorable change has taken place.

"But most debtors will *say* that they can't pay. So it is up to us to discover whether the person, or the family, has a steady income and how much it is. We find out how much they are spending and what they are spending it for.

"Then we try to discover the right appeal; for my idea is not to make people pay, but to make them *want* to pay.

"I employ both men and women as collectors; but, on the whole, a woman does better than a man.

"A man, even a supposedly hard-boiled collector, is prone to succumb to the smiles or tears of a woman who has neglected to pay her bills. But a woman debtor knows that she is wasting time if she tries those tricks on another woman.

"A woman collector is also more successful with the brow-beating, blustering type of man; the kind that swears at a collector and threatens to kick him out.

"He can't very well try those tactics on a courteous and well-bred woman. He doesn't know just how to meet the situation. This gives the woman a chance to state her case, which is really *his* case. If she does this intelligently and sensibly, he begins to realize that she is not an enemy but a friend; that we want to help him to get out of a bad fix.

"Of all business and professional men, doctors are the worst off in this matter of bad debts. Before a merchant allows you to open a charge account, he requires you to furnish references, but if a physician is called to your bedside, he can't wait to investigate your reputation for paying your bills.

"Physicians suffered such severe losses through unpaid bills that I began to specialize in that kind of collection work; and this led me, three years ago, to form a Physicians' and Dentists' Credit Exchange. It now has 500 members.

"Theoretically our members should send us, regularly, a list of their delinquent patients. These lists are assembled in our office and are available to each physician and each dentist. But if I waited for this information to be sent me, I simply wouldn't receive it. I have to go to them, examine their books, and find out for myself who, among their patients, are not paying their bills.

"The dentists have responded more concertedly to the idea of this exchange than the physicians, for not only is their labor involved but also their actual outlay of money in valuable materials put into their patients' mouths.

"As a matter of fact, I have found that not many debtors really mean to be grafters. But they get in so deep that they just flounder hopelessly.

"A collection agency is a cold and cruel thing if it tries merely to get money out of people's pockets—usually pretty empty pockets at that! But if, instead, it tries to give understanding and help—even when they are not, at first, wanted—I think it is a real service. To the creditor, of course; but that isn't what I mean. The greater service is to the debtor; because he is helped to become a free man again."

MARY B. MULLETT

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"Daylight and Dark Are Mine Alike to Use"

(*Continued from page 33*)

"But, unfortunately for me, there was a nny old Scotchman on the school board.

"The next year I was offered the school gain, but at a flat salary of sixty dollars a nonth.

"Somebody else got that sixty dollars a nonth. I wouldn't have it. Instead, I ent to Marion, seven miles away, and ung around the railroad station about a ear without pay while I learned the elegraph code and picked up enough nformation to enable me to get a job as n operator. I lived on the money I had aved teaching school.

"The train dispatcher finally put me n as relief operator. During the vacation eriod I traveled from station to station, elieving operators who wanted to get way, or filling in between regulars.

"Assignments were not very frequent, nd my money kept dwindling. By the ime I got down to seven dollars and very ew clothes, the dispatcher gave me the ob of agent at a new station opened at Corvallis. Corvallis was a terminal point hen, and a very busy little city.

"IN COLLEGE I had made it a rule to learn at least one important, valuable hing a day, and the whole field of railroading was now open to my inquiry. There was nothing organized about my effort to acquire knowledge; I simply istened to everything I heard: the comments of trainmen, executive officers of the road and so on, and read all I could find on railroading.

"Years later when, as editor of this newspaper, my duties required me to comment editorially on various phases of railroading this knowledge came in handy. I remember an instance:

"There was an accident at Celilo. Seven people were killed in a head-on collision. The engineer and conductor of one of the trains were fired by the railroad company.

"I couldn't believe that those men, both old in service and nearing the pension age, could be so plainly to blame for the wreck as at first seemed the case.

"It developed that, instead of a regular block signal, the stretch of track where the wreck occurred was protected by a telephone system. It happened that when one conductor was telephoning ahead, in the case I'm telling you about, the other had already rung and, getting no answer, had passed on. The second conductor, getting no answer, also ordered his train ahead.

"They had done all they could do with the equipment at hand. But as the public didn't understand railroading, it wanted the trainmen punished, and the railroad company dismissed them.

"I went to bat for those two loyal employees. Time and again the 'Journal' hammered on the fact that the fault was not with the men, but with the equipment they had to work with.

"The Oregon public service commission finally ordered an investigation. When the facts were sifted, the men were found to have been in no way negligent, and the railroad company restored them to duty with full pension privileges.

"Without the experience I had gained in the business, I would never have been able to present the case of those two old men to the public as effectively as I did.

"Among my railroad friends during the three years I was in the station at Corvallis was a young locomotive fireman. He was a powerful chap. His favorite pastime was boxing.

"One day, while we were having a friendly match in a box car at the side of the depot, he accidentally hit me in the left eye with what must have been all his might. The blow sent me spinning to the other end of the car, and my eye felt as though it were occupied by a lot of lightning.

"My eye blackened and swelled. It is possible that my vision in that eye had been defective for years. I remember that when we youngsters used to go strawberrying in Scio, I could never find any strawberries—couldn't see them, I guess.

"Anyway, from the day of that blow my eye gave me discomfort. That was the beginning of the twelve years of trouble that led to this." And Mr. Irvine tapped his temple with his finger tips.

All the time he worked at railroading Mr. Irvine was editing for the Corvallis newspaper. As he was at a point where he could watch the comings and goings of everybody in town he kept the newspaper supplied with this type of news.

"My dream in those days," he told me, "was to have a job like the one I have now; but I lacked the confidence necessary to try to get one. As a matter of fact, I wasn't ready for such a job.

"The enthusiasm I had had for railroading began to wear off and, lacking this interest, I found it more and more difficult to learn something new every day. Added to this waning of enthusiasm was the constant reminder that railroad jobs were becoming more insecure all the time.

"Feeling this way, I was ripe for the proposition when my brother-in-law suggested that we buy out a boot and shoe store in Corvallis.

"The most important thing I learned in that business was that the commercial instinct is totally lacking in my make-up.

"MY EYES were steadily failing. The size numbers on the shoe boxes were so small I couldn't see them, and I had the boxes marked with a code system of letters. The letters were three quarters of an inch high.

"But the first real definite feeling that I was going blind came one day when I was driving a horse and buggy from Corvallis to Brownsville, a distance of twenty-four miles. I had difficulty in seeing the road. The trip convinced me that sooner or later I would be totally blind.

"Mrs. Irvine sensed the situation. She and one or two of her friends took up stenography, studying together at each other's homes. Do you think I didn't know why she was studying so earnestly?

"I was proud to know that she was willing to prepare herself for whatever extra burdens the future might bring; but, even so, the fact that she thought it necessary filled me with gloom.

"Any reference to my eyes became embarrassing to me. My imagination was running amuck, and my self-confidence was dying. When a chance came to sell the store, I was glad. I wanted to get away where people couldn't see me—where they couldn't pity me.

"MY FATHER owned a dairy ranch near Sprague, Washington. I leased it, and we spent four years and a half on the place.

"The work was hard, and I lost myself in it—a blessed relief from thinking of myself so much. I did my share of the milking, led about by a small boy. We had between fifty and sixty cows. I helped with everything, from digging post holes to harvesting.

"But my horizon kept coming closer and closer. Trees I had once been able to see disappeared in the blur. In the late '90s, I went to New York and had an operation on my left eye. It became much better.

"In February—we had gone East in September—I returned to Sprague with my eyesight about fifty per cent of normal. A tree down in a hollow a mile away showed up perfectly plain. I had never seen it from that point before, and the sight was some thrill, believe me.

"But—the other eye, the one I had been depending on when the left eye was so bad, began to fail! In a year or two, conditions had completely reversed: My left eye was the 'good one,' and the right was the failing one.

"My sight was slowly, very slowly, failing again.

"Ranching wasn't a successful venture. Finally, thoroughly discouraged, I sold my personal property on the place and went back to Corvallis.

"I decided to end once and for all the urge that had been breaking out in my mind every so often—the urge to buy a newspaper.

"Corvallis had two newspapers by that time—the 'Gazette' and the 'Times.' The 'Gazette' wasn't for sale; the 'Times' could be had for $5,000 with $1,000 down.

"A banker there agreed to lend me $500, to be secured with a mortgage on the plant. I went to a groceryman friend of mine and asked him to lend me the other $500.

"With fifty dollars as operating capital, I walked into the 'Times' office and became proprietor. It was a proud moment; but it would have been followed by a lot of sad ones but for Mrs. Irvine.

"I've told you that I haven't the commercial instinct. There Mrs. Irvine came in. I devoted my time to getting out the paper, and to taking part in civic affairs. She ran the business, made collections, did the buying, paid the bills, and so on.

"I made it my business to study the needs of Corvallis. We backed a gravity water-system project, and a sewer system,

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and put them both over. My fellow townsmen honored me with the office of mayor.

"The business grew, and I changed the paper to a semi-weekly.

"BUT all the time—my eyes! One night there came a streak over my left eye; the next morning it had spread further; the next night still further.

"Mrs. Irvine and I got on the train and rushed to San Francisco. An oculist told me a strange condition was developing in both my eyes that would eventually leave me blind—and that the time was not many hours away.

"Within three days, while I was lying on a cot in a hotel room in San Francisco, the blow fell. I felt it coming. A light seven feet away suddenly grew dimmer, and went out! I was blind.

"For a few days the oculist continued his treatment, to make it easier for me to bear the affliction. Then we got on the train and went home.

"I was anxious to get back to my work. 'Now,' I said to myself, 'I don't have to worry any more about my eyes. I know what I'm up against, and from here on I'm going straight ahead.'

"Mrs. Irvine did my reading for me, and kept me posted on all the topics of the day.

"I gave special attention to farming topics. One day I wrote an article on the coöperative movement started by a handful of apple growers at Hood River, Oregon. They were the first in the West to point the way to coöperative farm marketing. Mr. C. S. Jackson, publisher of the Oregon 'Journal,' saw it. He wrote at once and asked if I wouldn't write similar articles and editorials regularly for the 'Journal.' I lost no time in getting some copy to him. Every line I sent was used.

"Finally, in September, 1907, he asked me to come to Portland and write editorials for the 'Journal.'

"My dream had come true! I accepted on the spot, rushed back to Corvallis, leased the 'Times' for a year and returned with my family to Portland. I later sold the 'Times.'

"My first day on the 'Journal' was a hectic one. The racket of a city newspaper room was new to me. It took me all day to write an editorial that I wrote ordinarily in fifteen or twenty minutes.

"In the room where they put me was a boy with a foghorn voice. He was an eager youth, very much interested in sports. Every time I got settled down to write, he would yell across to the sporting editor for details on some sporting event. As I was interested in sports too, it was difficult for me to concentrate.

"Now, I had anticipated something like this, so before I left Corvallis I wrote a handful of editorials. Whenever I thought the proper period of time had passed, those first three or four days, I'd slip one of these editorials out of my pocket and send it to the composing-room. This stratagem got me by, and nobody was any the wiser."

Mr. Irvine would rather be editor of the "Journal" than governor of Oregon. He proved it once when he headed off a spontaneous movement for his nomination that was sweeping the state.

"I feel there is a bigger work for me to do here," was his reply to those eager to honor him with the highest office the state can offer.

"Mr. Irvine," I said, "what is it that keeps you so happy?"

"The things I *see!*" he replied. "If, by touching a button I could restore my sight, I would hesitate a minute or two while I took leave of the beautiful world I'm living in now. I am blind; but I see a side of life that many do not see.

"A kind word, a touch, a deed—every day some beautiful token of human kindness comes to me. There is so much more goodness and kindness and fairness in the world than most people realize.

"It sounds odd to you, I know, for me to say I see things—but I do see them. I don't see the faces of my friends, but I see their souls, their real personalities—for, realizing my condition, no one tries to bluff me."

I asked Mr. Irvine to tell me about the automobile accident that left such deep lines on his face.

"A party of us were going to Hood River to a meeting of business men and farmers. In the crowd was a woman singer, her accompanist, a swimming partner of mine named James Sayer, and myself. I was to speak.

"Traveling down a five per cent grade on the Columbia highway, we hit a spot where the sun hadn't had a chance to shine yet—it was early in the forenoon. The driver stepped on his brake, skidded, and then things commenced to happen.

"The back end of the car began to sway. It felt as though we were running down a railroad track. I gripped my seat and waited. In about five seconds there was a terrific bump. The car had left the pavement and run into a telephone pole. The pole was snapped off like a twig.

"I was thrown into the windshield. The first thing I did was yell to see if my friend, Jim Sayer, was hurt. There was no answer. I opened the door and stumbled out of the car. Someone said, 'Your friend is hurt, Mr. Irvine.'

"I FELL down in a heap beside the road. The next thing I knew somebody was wiping my face. I didn't feel any pain. The blow had evidently blocked a nerve center.

"'What are you trying to do?' I asked.

"'Your face is badly cut up,' was the reply. 'Don't move.'

"The woman singer and her accompanist were both injured; but Jim Sayer was hurt worse than anyone else. He was unconscious for more than an hour. They rushed us to Hood River, bandaged us up, and we went on to the meeting."

I asked Jim Sayer about the incident. "I want to add just one thing to what Mr. Irvine has told you," he said. "After we got to the meeting, Frank, with one wound that had been sewed up with twelve stitches, went ahead and made his speech!"

Spectators at the Multnomah Club swimming pool are often amazed at Mr. Irvine's endurance in the water.

"It is a pity everyone doesn't realize the benefit of a daily swim," he said to me. "I leave the office at noon tired out, take a swim, have lunch, and come back fresher than I was in the morning."

"How did you come to take up swimming? Weren't you afraid of the water?" I inquired.

"Yes, I was afraid I would be afraid; but that was just my imagination working overtime again. When I was a boy, I pretty nearly lived in the water of a river near Scio. I was a good swimmer. I might just as well have had the pleasure of that sport all along, but I never supposed I could get around in the water after I lost my eyesight.

"One day three of my friends dropped into the office. I asked where they were going.

"'Swimmin',' one of them said. 'Want to go along?'

"He was only jesting, but I said, 'Sure. I'll go.'

"Mrs. Irvine spoke right up, 'No! You'll do nothing of the kind. Why, you might get drowned. You couldn't take care of yourself.'

"Well, there was a challenge—and so I went.

"MY FRIENDS led me to the pool, told me how far it was to the other side, and turned me loose. I took two or three experimental strokes, and all at once the glorious pleasure of it came over me. Here was a brand-new activity I had been overlooking. I struck out for the other side as hard as I could swim!

"My friends took after me—to see that I didn't drown, I guess. I thought they were racing me, and put on some more steam.

"I touched the other side—the first one across, and as happy as I could be. They had a time getting me out of the water; and, except when I'm out of town or the tank is closed for repairs, I have never missed a daily swim since.

"Next to swimming I like dancing—the swing of the music, the joyous frivolity of the conversation, the enlightening phrases from the language of youth, which are a constant source of amusement and wonder to me. It is an offset to the hours of serious thinking I must go through here in the office.

"People often ask me how I manage to get about the ballroom. There seems to be a sense, I don't know just what it is, by which I realize when another couple approaches. One's partner, too, is always giving little signals of warning without realizing it.

"Voices tell me a lot about a person. When you are able to see a person, you miss so much that is revealed in the voice. When we are sad, our voices reflect it—even when we try to cover up any signs of grief. When a person is happy a wonderful quality develops in the voice, a greater resonance and a more vibrant quality.

"Oh, I'm in contact with life," Mr. Irvine said. "You consider me, I suppose, a very dependent person. But in many ways blindness gives me freedom!

"I can 'shut myself up in my mind' any time, anywhere. Concentration has become a habit, because I can't look out of my window and see something to distract my attention.

"Except for the sympathy I feel for my friends, or when it stops the 'Journal's' presses, it means nothing to me when the lights go out. All time is mine to use, daylight and dark."

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Don't be "Sold"

When you're convinced, buy. In the meantime, accept this 10-day test we offer to prove our claims

GENTLEMEN:

Men are slow to change a habit. So we have found in offering them this remarkable new shaving cream that it is better to offer a test, *at our expense,* than merely try to *argue* them into a change.

Results prove the big majority of men who *try* Palmolive Shaving Cream stick to it. For they find the things we say are true. And they tell others, in extravagant terms, things we would never dare to claim.

So now we urge you to clip the coupon as a reminder. Try this ten-day test, and prove to yourself that what you seek, we've got. You owe it to yourself to know from your own experience.

How we did it

Palmolive Shaving Cream's sensational success is no accident. Our vast laboratories worked years perfecting it.

Before we started, we asked 1000 men what they expected in a shaving cream. Then we set out to give them what they asked. They named four things. We offer five—features that came only after 130 different experiments had been rejected.

All our knowledge of soap, gained in a lifetime of study, has gone into this new shaving delight.

5 exclusive factors

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Won't you try it?

It costs nothing to learn what we have done. We count on winning you strictly on merit. Your present method may suit, still there may be a better. Send the coupon before you forget.

THE PALMOLIVE-PEET COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man. Please let us prove them to you. Clip the coupon now.

35c

3776

10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1415, Palmolive, 3702 Iron St., Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address Palmolive, Milwaukee, Wis.

.....

.....

(Please print your name and address)

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It's All Right to Be a Wife if You Don't Look Like One!

(*Continued from page 19*)

right thinking. What is more, in the home it is one of the causes for discontent, unhappiness, and divorce. It takes a strong-minded man, or a blind one, to keep on loving a dowdy wife."

"But what about the cost of this pretty dressing?" I interrupted.

"It is no more," replied Mrs. Donnelly, "than the cost of ugly dressing. A dollar's worth of material is still a dollar's worth, whether the color of it is gray or orange, or whether you cut it up in straight lines or in curves."

NELL DONNELLY was born on a farm near Parsons, Kansas. Her father, formerly a farmer, worked in the Parsons railroad shops, and Nell Quinlan —which was then her name—was the youngest in a family of twelve children.

"Oh, there was plenty to do in a family of that size," admitted Mrs. Donnelly; "but I'm afraid I didn't do much of it. Being the baby among the twelve had its advantages. It made of me the family pet, the 'lady,' if you please."

Nevertheless, at least in those days, it was considered a disgrace in Parsons even for a "lady" not to know how to sew and to cook. A woman's ability was judged by her baking and her needle. So Nell was taught by her elder sisters how to remake for her own use the dresses which they had outgrown but not outworn, and how to preside over a kitchen range.

Later, she attended a convent school, the high school, and the business college in Parsons, where bookkeeping and stenography were taught. She was "good in arithmetic," and was advised to become a bookkeeper. Over and beyond the ambition to become a bookkeeper, she had a greater ambition to go to college. But there wasn't enough money for that.

Instead of college, therefore, Nell decided on what she considered the next best thing, a business career in Kansas City, which was the nearest big city to Parsons.

"I was positive," laughed Mrs. Donnelly, "that I could live on twenty dollars a month, and earn eighty dollars a month. I pictured myself having a perfectly wonderful time selecting from a dozen nice openings the one I would like best. I wasn't one bit afraid, and surely not lacking in confidence."

But at the first office where she applied, her confidence was slightly shaken. A man with a fierce mustache informed her without ceremony that they "hired only girls with experience." At the second office, the young manager was not quite so blunt, but just as emphatic. He couldn't afford to waste his time on inexperienced help. And so with the third office, the fourth, and the fifteenth.

In all of these offices girls were serenely at work—experienced girls. The question was, how had they ever got started?

"I settled it in this way," said Mrs. Donnelly: "I had been applying only at the best offices, to the ones which appealed to me as the nicest places in which to work. I reasoned that every other girl looking for a job also would apply to those offices, so they could afford to be choosy. Next morning, in looking over the 'Help Wanted' columns, I checked off only the least desirable jobs advertised, the kind that nine out of ten applicants would pass over. I argued that these offices wouldn't be so particular, and that I could get my experience in one of them, and *then* get a good job.

"About the poorest-sounding opening in the whole list advertised was that in a mail-order house. The same 'ad' had been in all of the previous day's papers. I applied there first, got the position, and worked six weeks. Then, armed with my 'experience,' I went after one of the really desirable jobs, and was engaged almost at once. It was easy, once I had the secret.

"I think that most girls, and men too," she continued, "make the mistake I did in first trying to get a position. They come loaded up with recommendations, and expect them to take the place of the experience which they do not have. There is no recommendation like being able to say, 'Yes, I am now employed; but I want a better position.'"

AND back at her boarding-house, the newcomer from Parsons had launched into a new adventure. Young Mr. Donnelly sat opposite her at the dining table, and on both sides of the table it was love at first sight. He was a former St. Louis boy, also a stenographer, twenty-two; which gave them much in common. There was a church wedding in Parsons at the end of the year, Nell Quinlan became Mrs. Nell Donnelly, and off they went to St. Louis to visit his people for their honeymoon.

One day during the honeymoon they were taking a walk along one of St. Louis's shady streets. On the right was a building sitting back in green grounds.

"It is a school, isn't it?" asked Nell Donnelly.

"Forest Park Girls' College," answered her new husband.

Nell Donnelly stood still. "You know," she said, "for a whole year I've forgotten all about it; but when I came to Kansas City my big idea was to earn money enough to go to college."

Paul Donnelly was also standing still. "Do you really want to go to college?" he demanded.

"We-ll," shrugged Mrs. Donnelly, "I did want to go once; but I wanted to get married more, I guess, for here we are—married."

They walked on in silence for a block. "There is no reason, Nell," said Donnelly suddenly, "why you still can't go to college. We are both young. Being married shouldn't make any difference, unless it's a favorable difference. Before, you were going it alone. Don't overlook that you now have a helper."

"But married women don't go to college," Nell Donnelly protested.

"You'll learn just as much married as you would single," Paul Donnelly decided. "Marriage should help, not harm. As commander-in-chief of this family, I say, 'Go to college.'"

And Nell Donnelly *did* go to college, though a bride, and though it took them more than a year to raise the money.

Between them, at the outset, they had two hundred and eighty-eight dollars in savings and Paul had an eighteen-dollar-a-week job. Nell, as seemed proper at the time, had given up her position with the thought of assuming her new one as a housewife. Now the dream of the bungalow was put out of mind except as a dream for the future. Instead of talking furniture costs, they sat down to figure college costs per year.

THE result was that they decided to continue boarding, as the cheapest way they could live, and Paul Donnelly struck out and got a job at twenty dollars a week. A month or two later his old boss begged him to return. A Donnelly did return to the place, but it was Nell Donnelly, to earn her husband's former salary, and save every penny of it. At the end of a year they had nine hundred dollars, which was enough for a two years' course at Lindenwood College, at St. Charles, Missouri, near St. Louis. So for two years Mrs. Nell Donnelly was a "college widow," while back in Kansas City Paul Donnelly was putting aside his savings for a home.

"We looked at it this way," explained Mrs. Donnelly in our talk, "that marriage was not the end but the beginning of life for both of us. It was a coöperative venture for the mutual good.

"This is not my company. It is not Mr. Donnelly's company. It is our company. I had the idea, which was a woman's idea, and the woman's knowledge of how to put that idea into concrete form. My husband, on the other hand, supplied what I did not have—the knowledge of how to market that idea, to finance the operations, to put the whole on a workable business basis. He filled the man's place in the partnership.

"And he did not think it unusual or startling for his wife to get a practical idea. He did not 'pooh-pooh' and tell me I knew nothing of business; nor did he stand lost in surprise when the results proved that I did. In my husband's eyes, I was one half of the marriage, a co-signer of the contract, and supposedly endowed with a normal allotment of brains."

But that is ahead of our story. After college, the bungalow did become a fact—a "little jewel of a place," as Mrs. Donnelly described it, with five rooms and a bath, all for seventeen dollars a

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On with the Frolic!

Here's a combination of nuts and chocolate that makes for merriment

The Sweets for Hallowe'en

In the very center of the fun, iving warmth and "pep", is ıe chosen box of candy. Let s suggest the Fussy Package ɔr the Hallowe'en revels. ınd, as a most appropriate ift, the Fussy Package in its right orange and black special ift wrapper. Whitman agencies will mail it to your friends at a distance.

The Fussy Package has a peculiar place in the regard of thousands of candy lovers. It is *their* assortment. Rich chocolate, flavored with real vanilla beans, with centers of nuts and nut combinations. Every piece a firm, or "chewy" chocolate.

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Whitman's

Fussy Chocolates

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In business
FACES that are FIT
inspire confidence

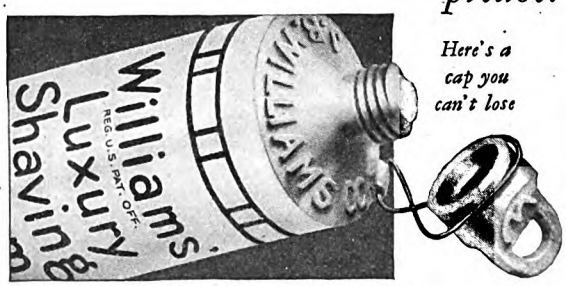
"Just notice the fine skins of the men who shave with Williams!"

TO insure that look of fitness that comes with a well-conditioned skin, millions of men demand Williams for the morning shave. For Williams Shaving Cream—pure, mild, free from coloring matter—does far more than make shaving remarkably smooth and easy. It thoroughly cleanses the skin pores—tones up and conditions the skin texture—and leaves your face with a buoyant, youthful fitness.

87 years of research and specialized study have gone into the preparation of Williams. Ask the drug clerk! He'll tell you: *"Oh, yes—sometimes they change . . . but they all come back to Williams!"*

Next time say
Williams Shaving Cream
please!

FREE TRIAL SIZE
WRITE "Shaving Cream" on a postal and address:
The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 111, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.
(Canadian Address: 1114 St. Patrick Street, Montreal.)
If you don't like to bother with samples, buy from your nearest drug store; two sizes, 35c and 50c.



Here's a cap you can't lose

Afterwards, a dash of Aqua Velva. FREE sample of this, too, if you say so on your postal.

month. Mrs. Donnelly made the curtains, sofa pillows, and similarly decorative things herself and she adopted the cook book as her favorite novel.

Of course she became acquainted with her neighbors, and, of course, they talked about dress. The neighbor women, all older and more experienced in married life, were unanimous on one thing: A woman simply could not look pretty and do housework; there was no such thing as an attractive house dress. The most drab and practical kind of house garments predominated in the neighborhood.

At first Mrs. Donnelly blamed the women themselves. They simply didn't take the trouble to buy pretty things at the stores.

At a big department store she described the kind of house dress she wanted, something bright, colorful, and cheerful. The clerk actually yawned. "Sorry," she said, "but that kind of house dress isn't made."

"Oh, it must be made," insisted Nell Donnelly, and she had the clerk call the department manager, who, in turn, summoned the buyer.

"No," admitted both manager and buyer, "there isn't a manufacturer who makes such house dresses. The women don't want them. We couldn't sell a dozen in a year."

At other stores the result was the same, and the verdict the same. It was nonsense to think that women wanted to look pretty over frying pans and washtubs. The managers were confident that the manufacturers knew their business.

"Who are these manufacturers?" demanded Nell Donnelly.

Several of the leading firms were mentioned. Without exception they were headed, directed and controlled by men! Even in the stores, most of the buyers were men, and most of the department managers were men! It struck her as being a little funny, and just a little tragic.

THAT night, instead of dresses, Mrs. Donnelly took home with her a number of yards of dress material. Using the parlor floor as her designing table, and a plain sheet of wrapping paper, she cut out some patterns according to her own ideas. In spare hours during the week she made the material into dresses for work.

Seven years slipped by. Nell Donnelly continued to keep house, to buy according to the budget she and her husband worked out between them, to study her cook book, to make her own clothes and curtains, now and then to give little parties to friends, and to do all those things ordinary housewives do. But in her neighborhood and among her friends she had won a distinction, and a victory.

She was now an experienced housewife, a veteran. Yet, to all appearances, she was still a bride of a month! The gay, becoming house dresses which she wore were the marvel of the neighborhood. Visitors, no matter what hour they called, always left to tell "How nice Nell Donnelly looks!" More than one lamented that such dresses could not be bought in the stores.

In the meantime, too, Paul Donnelly had not been standing still. He had risen to credit manager, and then to secretary and treasurer of a wholesale hat company.

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Chrysler Standardized Quality Assures Greater Value

FOUR GREAT CARS IN FOUR GREAT MARKETS

THE NEW "52"

52 miles an hour. Amazing acceleration and smoothness. Full-sized bodies of wood and steel. Saddle spring seat cushions. Fine mohair upholstering. Coupe $725; Roadster (with rumble seat) $725; 2-door Sedan $795; De Luxe 4-door Sedan $875; f. o. b. Detroit. Excise tax extra.

$725

Chrysler "52" Sedan (illustrated), $795, f. o. b. Detroit

earch as you will you can nd no such cars as those fered by Chrysler in their our great price fields — not ithin several hundred dolrs of them.

hrysler's mastery of scientific eneering and precision manufacring, Chrysler's inveterate habit f stepping faster than the procesion, Chrysler's ability to marshal eatures beyond the resources of e imagination of the ordinary uilder and crowd them into a lowingly beautiful vehicle without forcing up the price—these are the unique advantages Chrysler gives the buyer as the result of its exclusive principle of Standardized Quality.

As originated and practiced by Chrysler, Standardized Quality extends its benefits to four great lines of cars—the New "52," the Great New "62," the Illustrious New "72," and the Imperial "80"—specifies uniformity in high-grade steels and other materials, sets new close limits of precision manufacture, establishes new standards of accuracy of inspection, cuts down costs, but always raises quality to higher levels.

More than that. It means that Chrysler, with its vast resources, can apply refinements required by its cars of top price to those in lower price ranges.

The public has been quick in appreciating these benefits, and, by its approval, has raised Chrysler from 27th to 4th place in three years.

CHRYSLER

"52 – 62 – 72 IMPERIAL 80"

PRICED FROM $725 TO $3595, F.O.B. DETROIT

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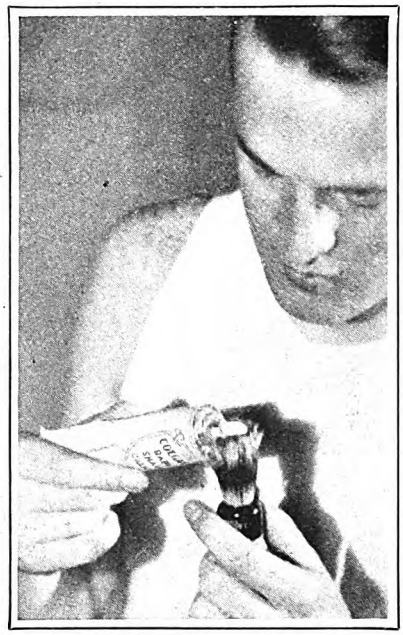
"Small-bubble" lather *soaks every whisker*

Holds water like a sponge. Softens each hair right where it grows out



AT the base, just where the razor edge works—that's where Colgate lather battles whiskers. Sopping-wet with water are its minute bubbles. They snuggle round each tiny hair, as the pictures below show.

How "small-bubble" lather works

The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

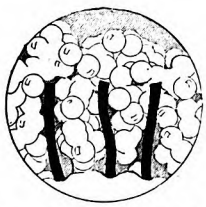
1. The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each hair.

2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

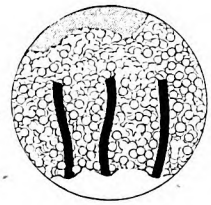
Because your beard is properly softened at its base, your razor works easily and quickly. Every hair is cut close and clean. And your face remains cool and comfortable throughout the day.

A WEEK'S SHAVES—FREE. Try this unique "small-bubble" lather at our expense. The coupon below will bring a generous trial-size tube—free.

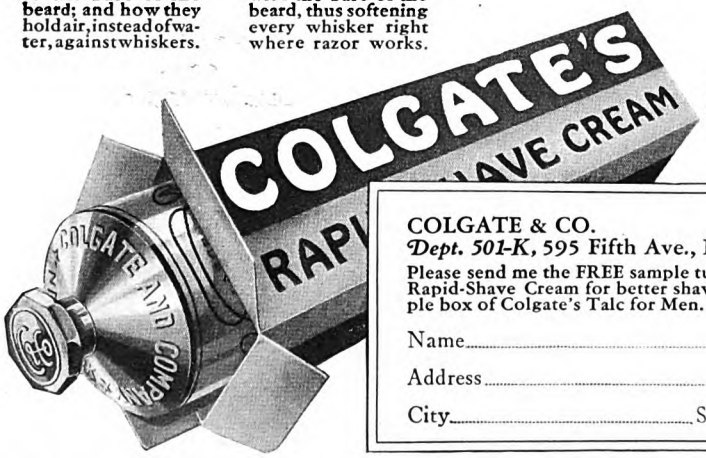
EXTRA DIVIDEND! We will also include a sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men—the new after-shave powder that *keeps* your face looking freshly shaved all day long.



ORDINARY LATHER This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against whiskers.



COLGATE LATHER This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where razor works.



Colgate & Co. Est. 1806

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 501-K, 595 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me the FREE sample tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. Also sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

He was earning four thousand two hundred dollars a year. But still he wasn't his "own boss." He still was planning, dreaming of owning his "own little business," and saving to that end.

Christmas, that year, Mrs. Donnelly decided to give house dresses as presents to various of her friends. She designed each dress a little differently, and sent them on their way.

Shortly after this she gave a party to her friends. It had no intentional connection with the dresses given as presents. However, it turned out to be a veritable house dress round-table. The talk from first to last was of the dresses.

"WHY don't you make these dresses and sell them to the stores?" her friends demanded. "Everybody would buy them!"

The enthusiasm of her friends left Nell Donnelly thinking. She was thinking of several sewing machines standing idle in a little shop near by—machines which belonged to a friend of her husband.

This friend had made a venture into glove manufacturing, which had not proved successful. The three machines in the nearby shop were all that was left of the venture. They were little different from ordinary sewing machines except that they were run by electric motors.

"Why not?" pondered Nell Donnelly.

Wrapping up two of her own dresses, freshly washed and ironed, she took them to the buyer of one of the largest department stores in Kansas City. Her only sales argument was the dresses; but in five minutes the buyer ordered ten dozen of one style and eight dozen of the other. Nell Donnelly rode home on air.

Two of the sewing machines were bought and moved from the shop to an upstairs room of their home—they had a cottage now. Two women were engaged, one a large woman and one a small one.

"The reasons for the sizes," Mrs. Donnelly laughed, "was that I needed models, or dress forms. The large woman was my 'form' for the large-size dresses, myself for the medium size, and the little woman for the small size. Of course these women also were my makers, so that they had two positions in one. I cut out the material, just as I had cut it for my own dresses, and also did the fitting."

They worked one month on that first order. Mr. Donnelly was the financial backer of the venture, but otherwise only a curious onlooker. Nell Donnelly herself delivered the finished order to the store, a day in mid-winter, 1916. Next morning the store placed the dresses on sale.

At home, all on edge, Mrs. Donnelly waited until afternoon, and then she could wait no longer. She telephoned the buyer and asked in a small voice if they had yet sold a dress.

"Sold a dress!" the buyer exclaimed. "We've sold them *all!* The entire lot was gone before noon! How soon can you give us more, and how fast can you give them to us thereafter?"

The Donnellys soon saw they would have to move to a larger house, and to add another machine and another woman. They rented a place far enough apart from their neighbors that the latter would not be annoyed by the hum of the sewing machines. For the first time, too, Nell Donnelly engaged a housekeeper. Quickly

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When busy traffic brings new problems to a Ford

The remedy is in *your* hands

Have you tried the new Mobiloil "E"? (for Model "T")

A serious new problem faces *all* makes of automobiles. It is the problem of multiplied starts and stops—brought in by today's congestion of traffic.

This new frequency of starting, stopping, and accelerating puts a heavy new work-load on *every* engine. Your Ford Model T doesn't escape!

Every start means wear on transmission bands.

Every stop means *more* wear.

Every moment when your car stands idle with its engine running may mean added carbon deposit.

Obviously this is a problem that must interest you, if you want

smooth operation and low repair charges.

A solution

Foreseeing this problem, the Vacuum Oil Company began some years ago a series of experiments. The object: to insure smoother starts and stops and preserve the transmission bands and at the same time to reduce carbon deposit to the minimum.

Today the result of those experiments is bringing new economy to Ford owners the world over; the new Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" does more than the so-called "non-chatter" oils. Its use assures smooth starting and stopping. *Yes.* But on top of that it gives maximum freedom from carbon and sticky valve action.

These characteristics combined in an oil of the highest quality and correct body for the Ford Model T represent the result of these years of research.

The next time you drain your crankcase, refill it from a sealed one-gallon can of the genuine Mobiloil "E" or with 4 quarts from bulk which nearby Mobiloil dealers can supply you.

Mobiloil "E" is also available in original quart cans for touring, in one- and five-gallon cans for the home garage and in 10-, 30- and 55-gallon drums with faucets.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil "E"
***for* Fords**
MODEL T

VACUUM OIL COMPANY MAIN BRANCHES: *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas*

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

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Ahead of him, so much to master...all alone!

Yet only you can care for him in little things like this

What worlds he has to conquer—this boy of yours! How much he needs all the health and vigor you are giving him!

Constantly you are planning for his success—caring for him and safeguarding him. Not just in the big ways, but also in those many small ways which only mothers understand.

It is one of these seemingly small points which has recently attracted nation-wide attention in the public schools. It has been found that children's grades and their entire health are vitally influenced by the kind of breakfast they eat. The National Education Association and the American Medical Association now are urging mothers everywhere to give their children a *cooked* cereal for breakfast.

This slogan hangs today on the walls of over 60,000 school rooms:

"Every boy and girl needs a hot *cereal breakfast"*

Only a *hot* cereal can supply the energy needed for the strain of school work.

And ready for your boy is that one cereal which authorities have for thirty years recommended as ideal for growing children—Cream of Wheat!

First, it brings an abundance of energy. Second, Cream of Wheat is easily and rapidly digested. Third, children love its creamy goodness.

This little care in safeguarding your children's health—start it now! Send them off to school tomorrow morning really prepared. Give them a steaming bowl of good old Cream of Wheat.

This boy is the star runner on his team One reason is, every morning he eats a *hot* cereal breakfast—*Cream of Wheat*

© 1927, C. of W. Co.

FREE—*Mothers say this plan works wonders!*

To arouse your child's interest in eating a hot cereal breakfast, send for attractive colored poster to hang in his room. There is a four week record form on it, which the child keeps himself, from day to day, by pasting in gold stars. Posters and gold stars sent free with authoritative booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children," and sample box of Cream of Wheat. Mail coupon to Dept. P-8, Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

For a girl aged..... *For a boy aged*.....

Name and address.....

the output of the up-stairs "factory" grew to two dozen dresses a day.

"Even the larger house soon proved too small; so I rented a small storeroom not far away, for fifteen dollars a month. When we moved there we added five more machines, making a total of ten. But though we made a greater number of dresses, we made each dress exactly as we had made the first ones, which were as carefully made as my own. I simply taught my helpers, who were housewives just like myself, and not factory-trained women, to sew in my way.

"IN 1917, when America got into the war, Mr. Donnelly considered it his duty to go. His brothers each had children, whereas we had not; and Paul did not want the Donnelly family to be unrepresented in the army. Moreover, my factory was now doing so well that he had no need to worry about me.

"He was several months in closing out his own business interests and in putting me on what he considered a secure basis. For instance, my little storeroom wasn't fireproof, so Paul rented for me a corner of the twelfth floor in a large fireproof building—the same in which we occupy four entire floors to-day. Also, before he left for training camp, he obtained for me a credit-rating, such as all recognized businesses have. This made it possible for me to buy my materials in quantities in St. Louis.

"'Pay your bills on time, and don't plunge!' was Paul's parting advice. 'Go just a step or two slower than you think you can, and you'll be safe.'

"Then he was off. I *had* to go it alone."

Many a woman, under similar circumstances, would have been content to let well enough remain undisturbed. Nell Donnelly quickly demonstrated that she is not that kind of woman. Since one big department store was so enthusiastic about her wares, why not *all* big department stores? She decided to find the answer to that question.

Taking some sample dresses under her arm she called on the buyers of the other leading department stores in Kansas City. At the very first office she was welcomed with a fervor that was not devoid of relief.

"You mean to say," demanded the buyer, "that you've been making these dresses right here in Kansas City? Young woman, you've been giving me a pretty chase. For weeks I've been canvassing New York City in an effort to get those dresses. Nobody in New York had ever heard of them."

Every store to which she offered the dresses gladly gave orders. Various of the buyers even made suggestions as to how she should go about marketing her goods in other cities.

"Really, there was nothing difficult about it," Mrs. Donnelly continued. "Any woman who can run a house as it should be run, and keep a household budget as it should be kept, could have managed as well as I did. Business isn't nearly so complicated as men like to make out.

"I knew just how many dresses one woman and one machine could make in a day. I had my costs figured down to the last penny on this one-woman basis. Therefore, as I obtained new orders and was in need of a greater output, I simply

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So popular, so gay *with the laughing* MOUTH of YOUTH

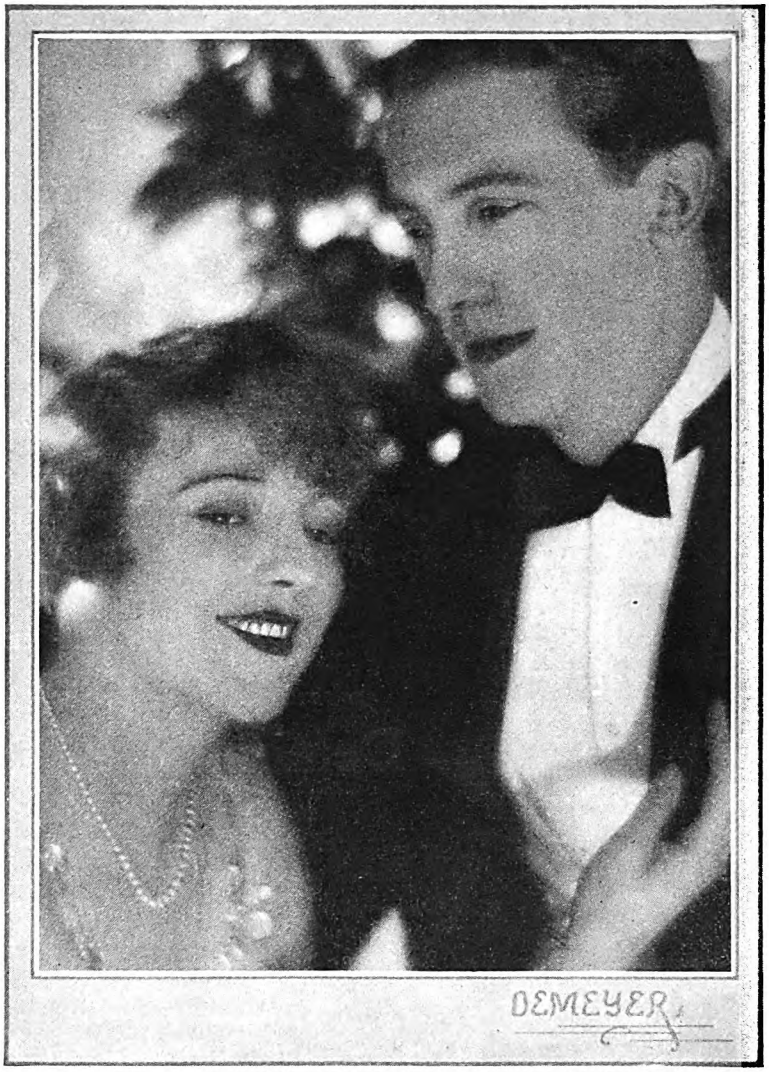
THE smile of youth, light-heartedly revealing perfect teeth, is a gift that all too soon loses its radiance.

Yet you can always keep your teeth shining white, your gums hard and healthy. Two things are necessary, cleansing and youthful activity of the six important mouth glands which produce the healthful fluids that protect the teeth and the gums against the destructive action of food-acids.

But soft foods give the tiny mouth glands too little exercise. While we are still in our teens they slow up. Then food-acids start decay.

The special formula of Pebeco Tooth Paste restores the youthful vigor of the mouth glands and polishes beautifully. A tingling and refreshing after-feeling tells you that your whole mouth is wholesome, healthy.

Made by Pebeco, Inc., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors, Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. Distributed in Canada by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited.



Adored by those whose admiration counts the most!

You can always have the joyous thrill of being admired and sought after. Your gleaming teeth, so white in smiles and laughter, make you proud and confident.

Where the Mouth Glands are located

Three on each side, as the numbers show, are the mouth glands. When we are still in our teens they begin to slow up, then cavities appear. Pebeco stimulates the mouth gland fluids which neutralize the acids of decay.

FREE OFFER: *Send coupon today for generous tube*

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. D-34, Bloomfield, N. J.
Please send me free your new large-size sample tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste.
(PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL)

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

(THIS COUPON NOT GOOD AFTER NOVEMBER, 1928)

PEBECO
keeps the Mouth Glands young

Copyright, 1927, Lehn & Fink Products Company

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All 3

for the price of one

Demonstration Offer

Good things like this don't last forever. You can still get this triple combination of shaving speed, comfort and luxury. But the supply is limited. It's our treat because we want every man who shaves to know the perfect Mennen *dermutized* shave—the tonic touch of Skin Balm—the soothing after-dash of Mennen Talcum for Men. Get them today—this

MENNEN TRIO

50¢

while it lasts

The Mennen Company
Newark, N. J., and Toronto, Ont.

added the necessary number of women and machines.

"In one way, it was perhaps a good thing that I did not know too much about business. For instance, since I was buying my materials in St. Louis, I saw no reason why I shouldn't sell some dresses to St. Louis stores. I knew nothing of the old precedent that one goes *East* to *buy* and *West* to *sell*.

"'If a man were running your business,' one St. Louis buyer told me, 'the first thing he would do would be to get a New York address, or at least an Eastern address. Styles in women's clothes come from the East.'

"'But why should they?' I retorted. 'If Kansas City can make nice dresses, why should she be ashamed of it? Isn't the real test the dress itself?'

"In the long run, he admitted, it was; but still, there was a prestige about a Fifth Avenue address that buyers liked, he said. Nevertheless, he signed a nice fat order for Kansas City-made dresses.

"I DON'T like day traveling on trains. So I arranged my schedule according to my likes. I jumped from one city to another by sleeper, spent the day in visiting stores, and then was off with night for the next city. I don't recall that a single store at which I called failed to give me an order.

"Well, the long and short of the story is that when my husband got back from camp after the Armistice and I turned over the sales end of the business to him, I was able to show him a list of orders amounting to a year's business of a quarter of a million dollars. My credit rating was as good as ever, and I hadn't any unpaid bills.

"After that, Mr. Donnelly took charge of the sales and financial work, and an old friend of his was admitted into the partnership with the title of vice president. I took over the designing department—which soon became, by the way, a real department—and also managed the factory as superintendent.

"For a time we tried hotel life, but it wasn't satisfactory. We wanted our own home, and therefore took an apartment, which is how we now live. Every morning we drive down to work together. Last summer we spent two and a half months in Europe, largely to permit me to study Paris styles and to get fresh ideas.

"You see, we make so many dresses now that our volume enables us to buy materials made to our order directly from the mills. The patterns for these materials, color schemes, and so on, are all our own exclusive designs. Our factory is now the second largest in America engaged in this line of business. We also make many dresses for general daytime wear.

"No," she concluded; "I haven't missed my home, because I still have that. Besides, business is a sort of glorified housekeeping. To me it is like a fairy tale come true—the fact that we are able, with all of these prosaic machines, to help make thousands of homes more cheerful and thousands of women prettier at their housework. And with our competitors all making so much prettier dresses than they once did, no housewife in America to-day need look dowdy and frumpy, unless she wants to be that way."

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

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YOU HAVE TO BEAT RUGS TO GET THEM CLEAN

NOTHING very new about that, is there? You've heard it a thousand times. If you've ever kept house you know it's true.

Because it *is* true, it wasn't enough that The Hoover should whisk up dust and lint from the *surface* of carpetings.

No; so long as it was the deeply *embedded* dirt that did the damage, The Hoover must be designed to get that, too.

What better method of getting it than to apply the time-tested principle of *beating*—of jarring the buried dirt to the surface so it would be suctioned away?

Such is the reasoning behind The Hoover, which as everyone knows is the electric cleaner which *beats*, as it sweeps, as it cleans.

Such is the practical common sense behind the now-famous principle of "Positive Agitation," which is *beating* reduced to an exact scientific process.

Such beating, instead of being concentrated in a few violent strokes as with the carpet-beater or broom, is modified by The Hoover into a series of swiftly repeated air-cushioned taps. This is accomplished by means of a totally new appliance—the exclusive and patented Hoover Agitator illustrated here.

Suction lifts the rug from the floor and floats it on a cushion of air while the Agitator gently flutters out all the embedded grit.

Then strong suction draws all this dirt into the dust-tight Hoover bag.

Simple, isn't it? Efficient, too. "You have to *beat* rugs to get them clean."

The difference between The Hoover and a vacuum cleaner is that The Hoover *does* beat them—"Positive Agitation" being a feature of the celebrated Model 700 Hoover and of the lower-priced Model 543 Hoover as well.

Authorized Hoover Dealers will make you an allowance on your old cleaner, delivering you a new Hoover on easy payments. Cash price, the Model 700, $75.00 or the Model 543 **$59.50**
Dusting tools, $12.50. Prices slightly higher west of Rockies and in Canada.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners . . . The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

The HOOVER

Registered Trade Mark

It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

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A Man's Debts Are Sometimes the Measure of His Courage

(*Continued from page 45*)

said, "I attended a banquet in Chicago, sponsored, I think, by the St. Andrew's Society, at which the principal address was made by Andrew Carnegie. He was not then as important a figure, financially or industrially, as he later became, but he was already a big man. After the formal meeting, several of us gathered around him, and somebody asked the question: 'Mr. Carnegie, what advice would you give a young man starting out in life?'

"'I never give advice,' the shrewd little steelmaster replied, with a twinkle in his eyes, 'because nobody takes it. But if I did, I think I'd say something like this: "Be reasonably sure you are on the right track, then go ahead, and don't let anybody or anything dissuade or discourage you."'

"This made a great impression on me, and I never forgot it. At critical times, I heartened myself by repeating it. It is really, I suppose, another way of saying that the bold men who make their plans carefully, and then won't be frightened and discouraged, are the ones who win.

"About this time, also, one of the newspapers, probably the old 'Chicago Times,' published a series of interviews with prominent business men, such as Chauncey Depew, E. H. Harriman, and Collis P. Huntington. I saw by reading what they had to say that they were impelled by something bigger and far more important than merely making money. It was true that making money was part of the scheme; but it was apparent that these men were also motivated by ideas of accomplishment, of service, of building and creating.

"Business had not appealed to me in any such light before. I had thought of it merely as a means of making a living. Now, as this bigger vision dawned on me, I began to realize that a man might very well find in business the same sort of satisfaction and thrill as in accomplishing a difficult piece of exploration or in scaling a mountain, and probably far more than in beating without purpose around the Horn, or in trading idly for pearls or copra in some corner of Polynesia."

THUS, among the stirring opportunities he found in this new land, Camlin's heart warmed with the promise of adventure—to be sure, of a different stripe and color from that which his dreams had pictured for him. And adventure of a stirring kind, too, the adventure of pitting his wits against problems that demanded all he could give them. Perhaps the hardest job of all was overcoming himself, because inevitably there were times when he was tempted to solve problems by chucking them and turning rover again. So Camlin began taking journals and financial papers. Eschewing social activities, he studied diligently every night in order that he might gain a knowledge of the rules and idioms of this new adventure. And presently he made his first investment.

"I had accumulated five hundred dollars in the building and loan association," he said, "when a business man who had taken some interest in me called my attention to a subdivision in which he considered the lots a good investment and bound to advance in value. He was buying two lots himself. I went to the building and loan association and borrowed four hundred dollars on the security of the five hundred I had invested, and bought one lot next to my friend's.

"The lots did advance in value very rapidly. In less than a year my friend decided to build himself a house. Thinking he needed more room than his two lots afforded, he bought mine; but prices had increased to such an extent that he had to pay me more than twice what I had paid.

"I now had a little fortune in hand, about a thousand dollars in cash. The impulse was very strong to strike my tent and head for Borneo. But I had now fully reached the conclusion that there was a job for me to do in Rockford, intrinsically bigger and more satisfying than merely roving. I promptly bought three more lots with the cash I had."

AT THIS spot in the world to which chance had brought him, Camlin saw there was a city to be built. He had reached it when it was flush and new. In but a few years it had developed with something like magic before his eyes. But he saw that enormous jobs remained to be done—providing new homes and home sites, perfecting transportation, introducing and helping to finance new industries; and, in all this, leadership would be required.

The chance to participate in the leadership and the building appealed to him. So John Camlin sat him down to aid in the adventure of creating a modern city.

It was not to be all easy sailing. Had it been, he would have missed the tang of adventure.

In 1890, Camlin bought the insurance agency in which he had been employed, changing its name to the John H. Camlin Company; the company now does, in a week, as much business as the old company did in a year. Even before buying the agency, however, Camlin had been venturing into bigger enterprises than buying single lots, and he soon got a sharp taste of business vicissitudes.

"Half a dozen of us," he explained, "formed a syndicate and bought at the edge of town a farm, which we planned to convert into a subdivision. Before long it became clear that if our plans went through, and this property was improved with high-class homes, as we meant it should be, the adjoining property would increase in value and would also be desirable for homes. Therefore, we organized another syndicate to buy a second farm.

"Some members of the first syndicate didn't want to go into the second, so we brought in some new men. Presently we organized a third syndicate on the same basis, then a fourth, a fifth, and finally a sixth. Some men were in one, some in two or three, but I was in *all*. Of course I didn't have enough cash to pay my share in all these purchases, so I tested my credit and borrowed to the limit. I believed then, and still believe, that after you have decided, upon mature consideration, to go into an enterprise, venturing boldly is ninety per cent of the task of bringing it to a successful conclusion. In a short time, I had notes outstanding totaling approximately one hundred thousand dollars.

"Then came the panic of 1893.

"Nobody, I venture to say, who was in business and passed through that period, will ever forget it. That was when the bankruptcy law first became really popular. One day in the midst of the crisis I met a lawyer who knew something of my affairs, and he said:

"'Well, John, I suppose you're going through bankruptcy?'

"'I suppose I'm *not!*' I said.

"My banker called me in. He was a good friend and a splendid business man. In front of him lay a fat pile of my notes.

"'What are you going to do about these?' he asked.

"'I'm going to *pay* them.'

"He looked at me shrewdly for a moment.

"'Yes,' he said finally, 'I believe you will.' He clapped the notes into a drawer. 'Now,' he went on, 'you'll need some money to carry on with. How much?'

"He was offering to lend me *more*. I thanked him; but assured him I had done all the borrowing I wanted to just then."

DURING the panic, few people cared or had the cash to buy real estate; not many were buying fire insurance; but Camlin had to earn money, and a lot of it. Therefore he got a job on the road for a while as an adjuster and investigator for a fire insurance company, being paid on a *per diem* basis, with the privilege of attending to his own business in Rockford as it needed him.

In five years, by working at this job, by selling some fire insurance, and by disposing of an occasional lot from his subdivisions, he earned enough to pay off his debts. Eventually, he had his reward too, for the properties he had held onto in spite of the terrific strain became the choicest residential section of the city. More important to him than that, however, was the fact that men had learned he had the stamina to live up to the first law of accomplishment: To *stick to his job under fire*.

Camlin was not in the least frightened by his first experience with fire. On the contrary, the adventurer's heart in him, shrewd to attempt, and careful to prepare, and bold to carry through, urged him to undertake still bigger enterprises.

"One of my friends," he said, "a banker, used to drop in at my office nearly every day on his way to lunch, and one day he said:

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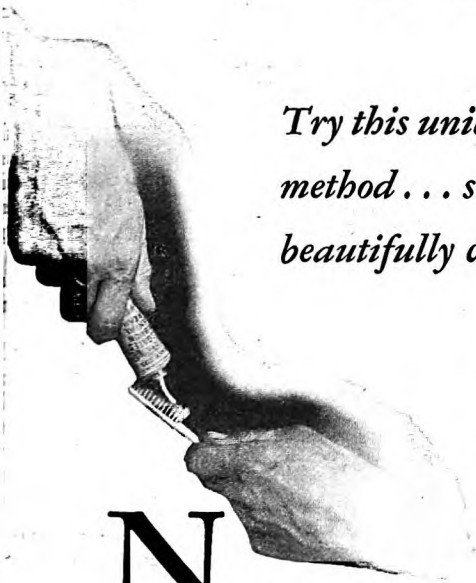
The flash of a smile that reveals brilliantly clean teeth . . . what an asset!

Now . . . for You Cleaner Teeth

CLEAN

Your dentist will urge you to use a dentifrice for *one* reason only—to keep your teeth *clean.* If you think your teeth or gums need treatment for any disease, don't expect a dentifrice to cure you—go to your dentist at once.



Try this unique cleansing method . . . see teeth grow beautifully clean

NOW—you can have teeth that sparkle, they are so *clean*—teeth that make you proud to smile. Thousands have gained this wonderful result after a few weeks' use of this unique cleansing dentifrice. Ribbon Dental Cream is designed to *clean* teeth—leading dental authorities say that this is the *one* function of a dentifrice. Its famous formula is based upon the cleansing principle, the result of many laboratory tests and years of experience.

When Ribbon Dental Cream is brushed upon the teeth it breaks into a delicious, aromatic foam. This foam contains calcium carbonate, a material which safely *rubs loose* the imbedded food particles, releasing their hold and dividing them into minute bits—at the same time polishing the teeth brilliantly. Then this remarkable foam sweeps over every tooth and gum surface, through every tiny crevice—*rinsing away* all impurities and removing the very causes of tooth decay. Thus Colgate's *cleans.*

Once you have cleaned your teeth with this cleansing dentifrice you will realize that, after all, the best thing you can do for your teeth is to keep them really clean.

Thereby you are doing your utmost to preserve the health of your teeth and gums and the flashing brilliance of your smile.

Colgate & Co
Est. 1806

TRY THIS—*see teeth grow cleaner!*

If you want to have beautiful, clean teeth, you will gladly take a little trouble to find the dentifrice that really cleans them best. Send for a trial tube of Colgate's and compare its cleansing quality with that of any other dentifrice.

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 200-K
595 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Please send me a sample of this cleansing dentifrice.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

In Canada, Colgate & Co., 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal

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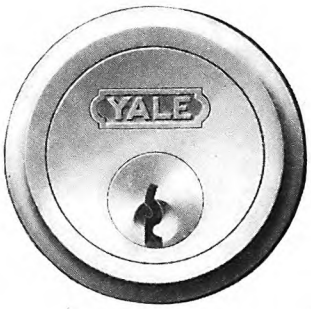
TRADE **YALE** MARK



SUPREME SYMBOLS OF SECURITY THE WORLD OVER WHEREVER MEN ENFORCE RESPECT FOR THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MINE AND THINE

There is only one maker of Yale Locks and Keys. The mark Yale means the name of the maker.

The Yale and Towne Mfg. Co.
Stamford, Conn., U. S. A.
Canadian Branch at St. Catharines, Ont.

YALE MARKED IS YALE MADE

"'John, I hear you've bought some more lots in the outskirts.'

"'Yes, that's true.'

"'Did you ever stop to think,' he asked, 'that every time one of those lots out there increases in value one dollar, the lots down-town increase one hundred dollars.'

"THAT started me to thinking, and I could easily see the truth of the remark. The town had to grow to the outlying districts, and each lot there depended on growth in its direction; but in the business center, growth in any part of town helped to raise values. So I began making a change in my plan of investments. I bought no more lots in the outskirts, but confined myself to business property in the center of town. For the most part, I was unable to buy it outright, so I took what I could get on ninety-nine-year leases.

"I induced owners to make such leases by offering them rentals far higher than they had ever dreamed of receiving. I did this because I believed that one day the income from such property would justify the high rentals. In this way I picked up something like fifteen or twenty choice sites in the center of the city.

"The advantage of leasing lay in the fact that I did not tie up any capital, but merely agreed to pay yearly rentals, trusting that my judgment of what was going to happen was sound."

With what result? To-day the properties that Camlin leased are exceedingly profitable. On one, for example, he contracted to pay a yearly rental with taxes of three thousand dollars, and to-day it brings ten thousand; on another he pays a little over five thousand dollars, and receives eighteen thousand. And so on.

Camlin, sitting in as he was at the fascinating game of helping to build a city, discerned that, among other things, better transportation was needed. A miserably inadequate horse-car line was operated on one street by the city, and a private company operated cars on a few other streets. Both companies lost money daily and gave bad service.

A few men, including Camlin, began buying the stock of the private company, which was a drug on the market and could be had for a song. A practical, experienced manager of street railways was brought in to head the enterprise, and Camlin and his associates together gained control of the management. They secured additional franchises, consolidated the two poor companies into a single good one, bought new equipment, hitched up the city line with interurban lines which they built to neighboring towns, watched the pennies carefully, but gave the city excellent service and made money for themselves. When they sold the property, it was a prosperous, efficient organization.

There were many other things, too, to be done. A city, Camlin realized, grows by means of the prosperous enterprises it already has, and by the new enterprises it organizes or encourages and enables to become prosperous. Camlin now had money and credit a-plenty, and he invested freely, but intelligently, in the stock of new and promising concerns that were sadly in need of crisp cash. To-day he is a heavy stockholder and director in fourteen such companies, besides his own company, which he owns outright and which to-day, besides insurance, handles bonds

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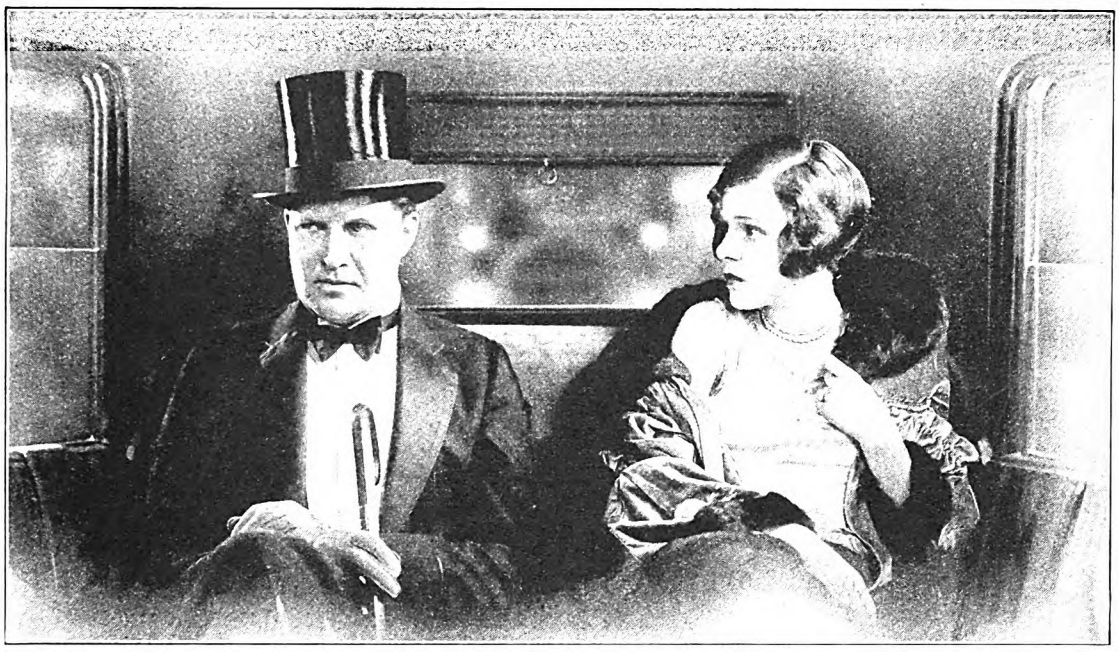

"You Didn't Say a Single Word All Evening"

"HOW could I? I didn't even know what they were talking about."

"Well, Ralph, I wouldn't brag about that."

"But how was I supposed to know that they were going to talk literature and art? If they had discussed real estate, I could have chatted with them easily—all evening. . . ."

"Business, always business! If you were a big enough real estate man you'd know how to forget business and talk of other things in company!"

"I never felt so uncomfortable in my life," he said ruefully. "Couldn't even follow the drift of things. What was all that discussion about some poet who was killed in the war?"

"Really, Ralph—you should keep more abreast of things. I was surprised that you didn't contribute at least one idea or opinion to the whole evening's discussion."

He turned to her, curiosity and admiration mingling in his smile. "You were certainly a shining light tonight, Peg! You more than made up for my deficiency."

Many Wives Are Keeping Pace with Successful Husbands —This Pleasant Way

Peg was grateful for her husband's praise, and Ralph was quick to observe this. He moved closer to Peg, glad that he had succeeded in diverting attention from himself. "You were the prettiest and the cleverest woman at that dinner, dear," he added. "What a pity it is that we business men cannot find the time to devote to books and reading. Now women—"

"One moment, Ralph, I know what you are going to say—something about women having more time. But, my dear, you know that for the modern woman that is not so! Let me tell you the secret of it all. Do you remember that Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book I purchased several months ago? You were rather skeptical about it. Well, I have been reading it in my spare moments ever since."

"That sounds interesting. Tell me more about it."

The Famous Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book

By the time they reached home, she had told him all about the unique Scrap Book. How Elbert Hubbard, many-sided genius, began it in youth and kept it throughout life. How he added only the choicest bits of inspiration and wisdom—the ideas that helped him most—the greatest thoughts of the greatest men of all ages. How the Scrap Book grew and became Hubbard's chief source of ideas—how it became a priceless collection of little masterpieces—how, at the time of his death, it represented a whole lifetime of discriminating reading.

Imagine it! This Scrap Book has now been published and anyone can have a copy. Do you know what that means? You can get in a few minutes' pleasant reading each evening what it took Elbert Hubbard a whole lifetime to collect! You can get at a glance what Hubbard had to read days and days to find. You can have the finest thoughts of the last twenty-five hundred years in one wonderful volume. If you read in the Scrap Book occasionally, you'll never be uncomfortable in company again. You'll be able to talk as intelligently as any one.

May We Send It to You for FREE Examination?

The Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book radiates inspiration from every page. It contains ideas, thoughts, passages, excerpts, poems, epigrams—selected from the master thinkers of all ages. It represents the *best* of a lifetime of discriminating reading, contains choice selections from 500 great writers. *There is not a commonplace sentence in the whole volume.*

This Scrap Book is a fine example of Roycroft book-making. The type is set Venetian style—a page within a page—printed in two colors on fine, tinted book paper. Bound scrap-book style and tied with linen tape.

Examine it at our expense! The coupon entitles you to the special five-day examination—if you act at once. Just send off the coupon today, and the famous Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book will go forward to you promptly. When it arrives, glance through it. If you aren't inspired, enchanted—simply return the Scrap Book within the five-day period and the examination will have cost you nothing. Otherwise send only $2.90, plus few cents postage, in *full payment.*

We urge you to act now. We want you to *see* the Scrap Book, to judge it for yourself. Mail this coupon TODAY to Wm. H. Wise & Co., Roycroft Distributors, Dept. 3311, 50 West 47th Street, New York City.

Wm. H. Wise & Co., Roycroft Distributors,
Dept. 3311, 50 West 47th Street,
New York City.

You may send me for five days' free examination a copy of Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book in cloth-lined butcher paper binding. Within the five-day period I will either return the Scrap Book without obligation, or keep it for my own and send only $2.90, plus few cents postage, in full payment.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

[ ] A few copies are available in a sturdy binding of semi-flexible basket-weave buckram for only $1 additional. Please check in this square if you want this de luxe binding, with the same return privilege.

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The average reading time of this advertisement is only 33 seconds. Spend this fraction of a minute and save a life-time of regrets.

THE boy is fearfully reckless. He chases that bounding pigskin, regardless of reason or caution, into the path of grave danger.

But what of the driver who comes sailing along on a wet pavement? For all the care he takes, he might be alone on a dust dry road in the country.

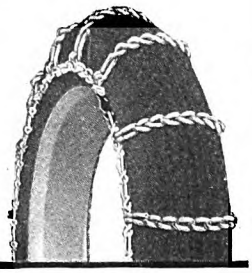
What if his car won't stop in time? What if it keeps on skidding ahead? His four wheel brakes and balloon tires won't make the blow any softer if he bowls over the careless boy.

Use extra caution on skiddy days. Have WEED Chains on the tires to grip the road, and drive more carefully. Then you will reduce the likelihood of a heart breaking skid accident.

Be Prepared for Early Winter

Buy your WEED Chains now. Don't wait for the first sleet or snowstorm. Don't delay until one day when so many stand in line to get their WEEDS. Be prepared.

A PRODUCT OF THE AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc. in business for *your* safety



Wet Rubber *Slips* — WEED CHAINS *Grip*

and real estate mortgages. It is due not to John Camlin alone, of course, but to him in part, and to men, like him, inspired by the adventure of creating and building and accomplishing, that Rockford to-day, aside from Chicago, is the greatest manufacturing city in Illinois.

Once or twice, John Camlin has quarreled with his ordered life. The Boer War broke out. "There was never a skirmish to windward," sings Kipling, "but the Leaderless Legion was there." Camlin, although a naturalized American citizen since 1887, and the owner of a prosperous business and much property, left things and went. He got only as far as Montreal, however, where he attempted to enlist.

"To my disgust," he said, "and to my wife's relief, they wouldn't take me. My left eye had been injured in a football scrimmage when I was a boy, and they claimed the vision was defective."

The "aching void" of his rover's heart, however, has been filled partially by occasional trips: to Europe, to South America, and by thousands of miles of travel over North America. Yes, though he stuck to Rockford, he has seen something of the world on four of its continents.

"WHY not be bold," asks Camlin; "that is, if you really *want* to win?

"Be cautious, of course, in arriving at your decisions, but bold in executing them. The willingness and courage to incur the obligation of debt in a worthy purpose are hallmarks of successful men.

"To be sure, there are debts and debts. There are men who borrow to buy luxuries, to pay unnecessary bills, to have an easier time. The kind of borrowing I mean is not of this sort, but has to do with well-thought-out plans, constructive undertakings; it is borrowing money to make money.

"Making money isn't a mere matter of luck. There are two ways of doing it. One way is to take a wild dash at some 'good thing'; that is, speculating. Some men make money this way, but far more fail. The second way is to figure out what you mean to do, and then stick to it, applying all the energy and intelligence and courage you've got. It takes will power to stick it."

"You," I suggested, "came into this country when it was new, rich with opportunities on every hand; but to-day—"

"Ah!" he cried; "opportunities! Do you know, the surface has scarcely been scratched. Where there was *one* opportunity when I came, now there are *ten*.

"Do you realize that in business to-day, if we need a good man in a hurry, usually we can't find him? There aren't enough to go around. That's because opportunities have multiplied so much faster than good men!"

ON TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS a week, with a wife and two children to support, Archie Chadbourne, a truck driver, finds life has many compensations. Next month, in "Debt is the Only Adventure a Poor Man Can Count On," he gives a most interesting and intimate account of how he, as a member of that great class of respectable poor which survives by borrowing from Peter to pay Paul, lives, and gets a great deal of fun and happiness out of life.

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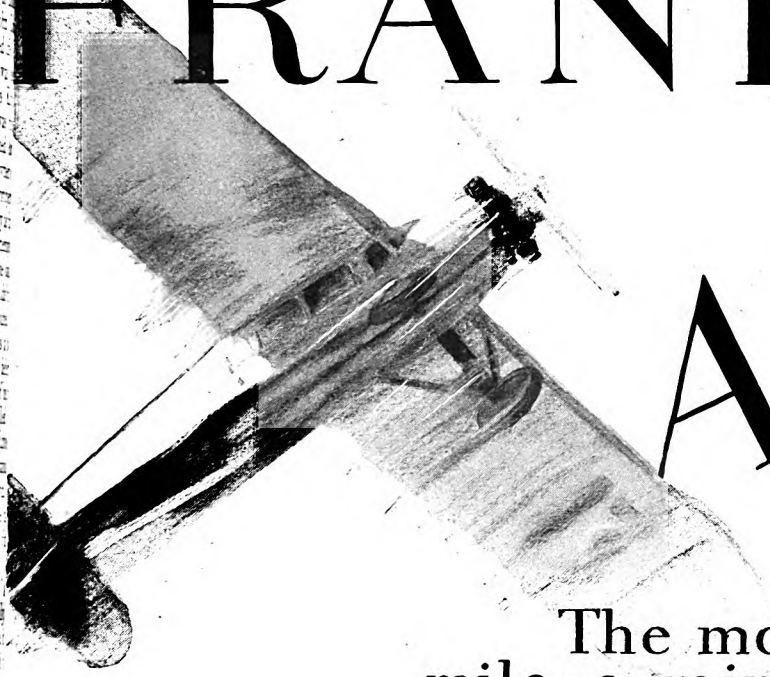
Announcing the New

FRANKLIN

Airman *Series*



The most *comfortable* mile-a-minute car ever built

Airman Features

Air-cooling—the advanced scientific principle now so widely endorsed by Airmen

Acceleration—the swift-darting, quick maneuvering of the pursuit plane

Synchronized 4-wheel hydraulic brakes—just a touch and you get action

Speed of a new kind—distance speed—all-day speed—speed you use

Riding comfort—the swift, easy glide of the airplane

Larger motor—for any temperature, altitude or road condition, a wealth of power always available

Engine smoothness—the balanced purr of the turbine

7-passenger models—(128 inch wheelbase)—the up-to-date family cars—commodious and light weight

Advanced designs—having their counterpart in aeronautical engineering

New ways to do new things—that's the spirit of the Airman—dashing, daring, care-free—the automobile's nearest approach to flying.

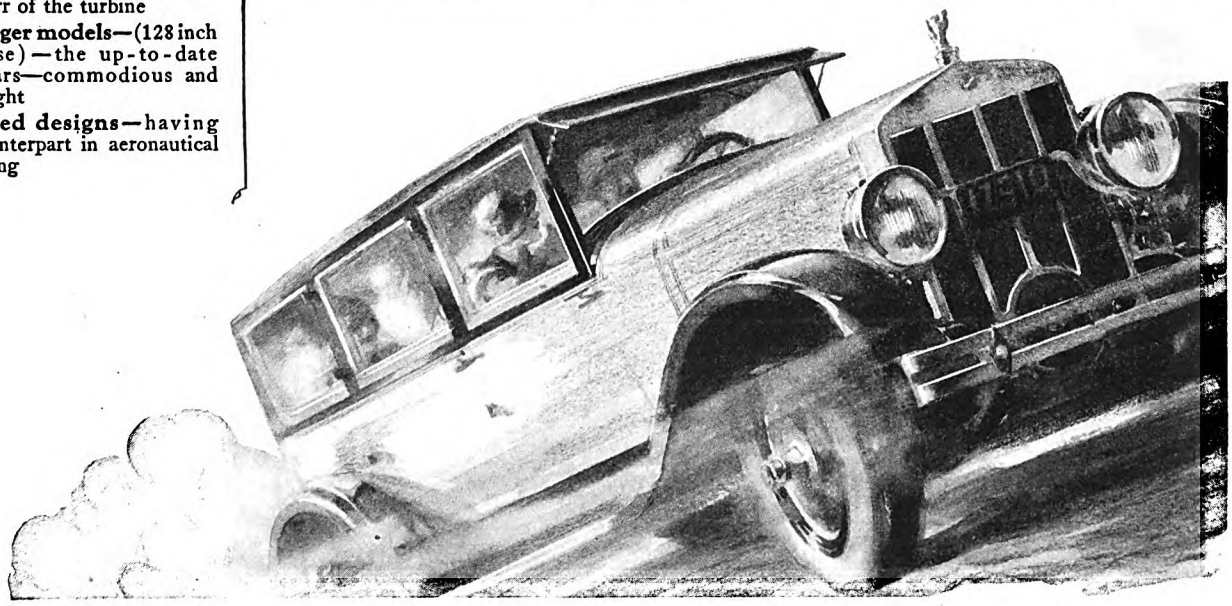
Fresh from the triumph of the most remarkable endorsement ever accorded a motor car—the almost universal adoption of air-cooling by Airmen for their sensational distance flights—Franklin presents the new Airman Series. It is an achievement for which automotive science has been striving for years—fast travel—mile-a-minute and upward—*with absolute comfort and sure, quick control.*

With its highly efficient air-cooled motor larger by 24%, Franklin provides what Aircraft has demonstrated as so desirable for distance ability—power which is usable at constant high speed for hours on end.

The Franklin Airman substitutes for the common discomforts, strains and uncertainties of continued fast driving, new and unprecedented smoothness, amazing acceleration, and the unfailing safety of perfectly synchronized 4-wheel brakes.

The spirit of the Airman stands for a wholly new motoring experience in store for you—vivid, thrilling, indescribable—when you have your first ride in the Airman. Arrange it today. Representative showings of 7-passenger and 5-passenger types now—at all Franklin dealers.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE CO., SYRACUSE



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For the business manager . . . of your home

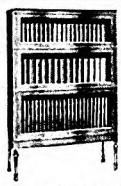
HER weekly budget; her careful record of daily expenses; the bills to be paid, letters to be written, recipes and lists to be filed. All this is as much a source of pride to the modern woman as are the records of any business to its chief executive.

Yet, for want of a better place to work, many women are forced to neglect this important task or to use makeshift methods such as a dining-room table. And their records are piled in confusion in a buffet or dresser drawer.

The Globe - Wernicke Home Desk makes this burdensome inefficiency a thing of the past. Its roomy flat top assures restful convenience in making daily records. Its large drawer is equipped with special filing compartments adapted to the needs of the home. Its small drawers are divided with removable partitions for cards, envelopes, recipes, booklets, etc. Finally, its beautiful mahogany, walnut, or modern lacquer finish harmonizes perfectly with the home interior.

Globe-Wernicke Home Desks are available in two sizes with either one or two rows of drawers—the desks being 36 and 48 inches in length, respectively. Antique brass drawer-knobs lend a charming contrast to either finish.

Make *your* gift a G-W Home Desk—for years of increasing pride and delight! Your nearest Globe-Wernicke Dealer can show you these desks at reasonable prices. He will gladly explain their many features in detail. Call on him today!



Globe-Wernicke Sectional Bookcases can be enlarged a section at a time—each section increasing the attractiveness and efficiency of home or office. May be obtained in the Chesterfield design to match your G-W Home Desk. Write for interesting booklet, "For Every Room in the Home."

For the man who takes work home

—G-W Home Desks are indispensable. Overtime work, like regular office duties, requires the convenience of a *flat top* desk, and deep, easy - sliding, partitioned drawers — outstanding advantages of the Globe-Wernicke Home Desk.

Globe-Wernicke

OFFICE EQUIPMENT SERVICE

Globe-Wernicke Service

This emblem appears on the window of every dealer authorized and qualified to render Globe-Wernicke Service. Look for it

THE GLOBE-WERNICKE CO., Dept. A-11, Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me, without charge, the booklets checked:

☐ "Your Private Secretary"

☐ "For Every Room in the Home"

.....

Name .....

Address .....

Growing

(*Continued from page 31*)

For an instant the girl among the flowers looked really young, friendly, almost happy.

"Yes, doesn't it?" she said and smiled.

It was in August and the wheat fields were full ripe when Sary Overhiser stopped Helga one day.

"Helga," she said, "I'll never speak to Charity Wheeler again to my dying day! *Charity*—that's a good name for her! Do you know what she done last night? She locked the doors on Bess 'n' Ed, just because they didn't get in early enough to suit her. She said midnight was late enough for any party that was respectable, and no son of hers was going to come home at two, and expect to get in. And they set out on the steps till five o'clock this morning! She told it herself, as if she was proud of it. And Bess is sick to-day—I s'pose Charity thinks it serves her right! I declare, Helga, I believe the woman is a little cracked."

Next day, when Helga saw Grandma Wheeler bearing down upon her, she looked straight ahead and clucked to the horse to hurry.

When she saw Ed in town, she said to him: "Bess doesn't look very well, Ed!"

Ed started anxiously.

"I know it," he said. "I'm worried over her. She's homesick . . . and she and Mother don't get on together. But I don't know what to do!"

"Well, Bess'll be more'n homesick if you don't do something soon," she said, a little impatiently. "I know it's your mother, Ed; but folks are talking about how she pecks away at Bess so much. It wears a body out more than hard work."

"I know!" Ed agreed miserably.

Helga let it go at that.

But she wondered, when she saw Bess at church next Sunday, if she shouldn't have said more. The girl's eyes frightened Helga. Once, when Helga had thought about a bitter, old trouble for many months, never talking of it to anyone, she had looked in the glass, and her own eyes had been like that.

"Wouldn't you think," she thought, "that a woman with children and grandchildren, a woman sixty years old and more, would break her heart over a hurt child like Bess?" As she looked at Grandma Wheeler the impressiveness of the heavy old woman seemed to fade, and she saw her as only cruel and hard and old and ungracious.

What if Bess didn't know how to make pies? What if she didn't know how to cut out baby clothes? What if she was a little wasteful in peeling potatoes? What if she did wear her hair short as a boy's?

Couldn't Grandma Wheeler see how she tried, see how wistful and lonely she was under her sophistication? Couldn't she see that a girl who could make that lovely garden, and have that beautiful baby, had some beauty within herself?

THREE weeks later it happened. Helga was out in the kitchen washing dishes when she looked up to see Ed and Bess and the baby in the doorway. She knew instantly that something was very

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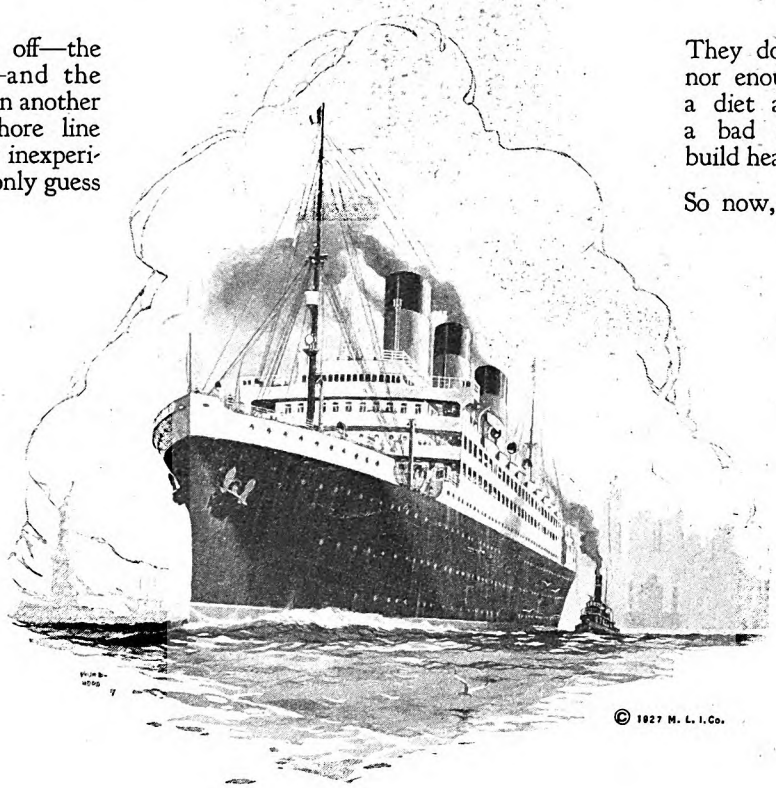
Ship-shape Condition



HE last cable is off—the whistle blows—and the great liner starts on another g voyage. As the shore line les away, veteran and inexperi-ced travellers alike, can only guess at the future holds store. But they ow that before the p sailed, every vital t was given pains-king inspection. our after hour oughout the voy-the same watch-ness will be con-ued. The captain ready to meet heavy s, for in fair weath-he has prepared for rms.

ch of us, during the tumn, bears a ange resemblance to ship leaving port. me, sturdy and nd and ready for at may come; ers weak and unfit a crisis; still others ding only a slight overhauling to alify them to meet the added hazards ich the winter months bring.

uary claims more deaths than Decem-, and February more than January. ar after year, the same thing occurs—cause men and women and children ve not fortified their bodies to meet rigors of the winter.

They do not get enough exercise, nor enough fresh air. Too heavy a diet and too little sleep make a bad foundation on which to build health and strength.

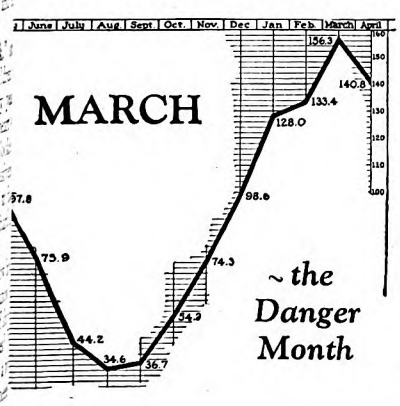
So now, during the crisp, autumn weather, exercise in the open whenever it is possible. And during the winter, if you have no time or opportunity for outdoor exercise, you will find that intelligent daily indoor exercise in a properly ventilated room is a fine substitute—a daily tonic.

But, first of all, have a thorough physical examination. If there are any defects which can be corrected see that they are given immediate attention.

It is a real cause for thanksgiving that this is only November and there is still plenty of time to make preparations to sail safely through the "danger month".

Then follows March—March called the "danger month" because it is then that neglected colds suddenly change from seemingly unimportant discomforts to deadly menaces. Tired hearts and racked lungs make only a feeble fight for life. The plain truth is that all too many people live an abnormal life in the winter time. They eat too much.

You who are wise will fit yourselves to meet the approaching winter months in ship-shape condition.



This chart is an average picture of the four years from May, 1923, to April, 1927. It illustrates graphically for you, month by month, the average deathrate from Pneumonia per 100,000 population from May to April.

Study the picture. Note carefully the rise and fall.

When you reach the dizzy pinnacle—the March Peak—you will see that the danger of death from all forms of Pneumonia is more than four times as great as in midsummer.

* * * *

Statistical records show that in November, 1926, 8,000 persons died of Pneumonia. In December 11,400 persons died from the same cause. In January, 1927, 16,200. In February 15,000. And in March 17,000.

March is also the peak month for colds and for deaths from heart disease and tuberculosis. More children die of measles in that month than in any other month of the year.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared a series of simple exercises aimed to develop the body and keep it in sound physical condition. An exercise chart and two valuable booklets, "Commonsense, in Exercise" and "The Prevention of Pneumonia" will be mailed free of charge to anyone who writes for them.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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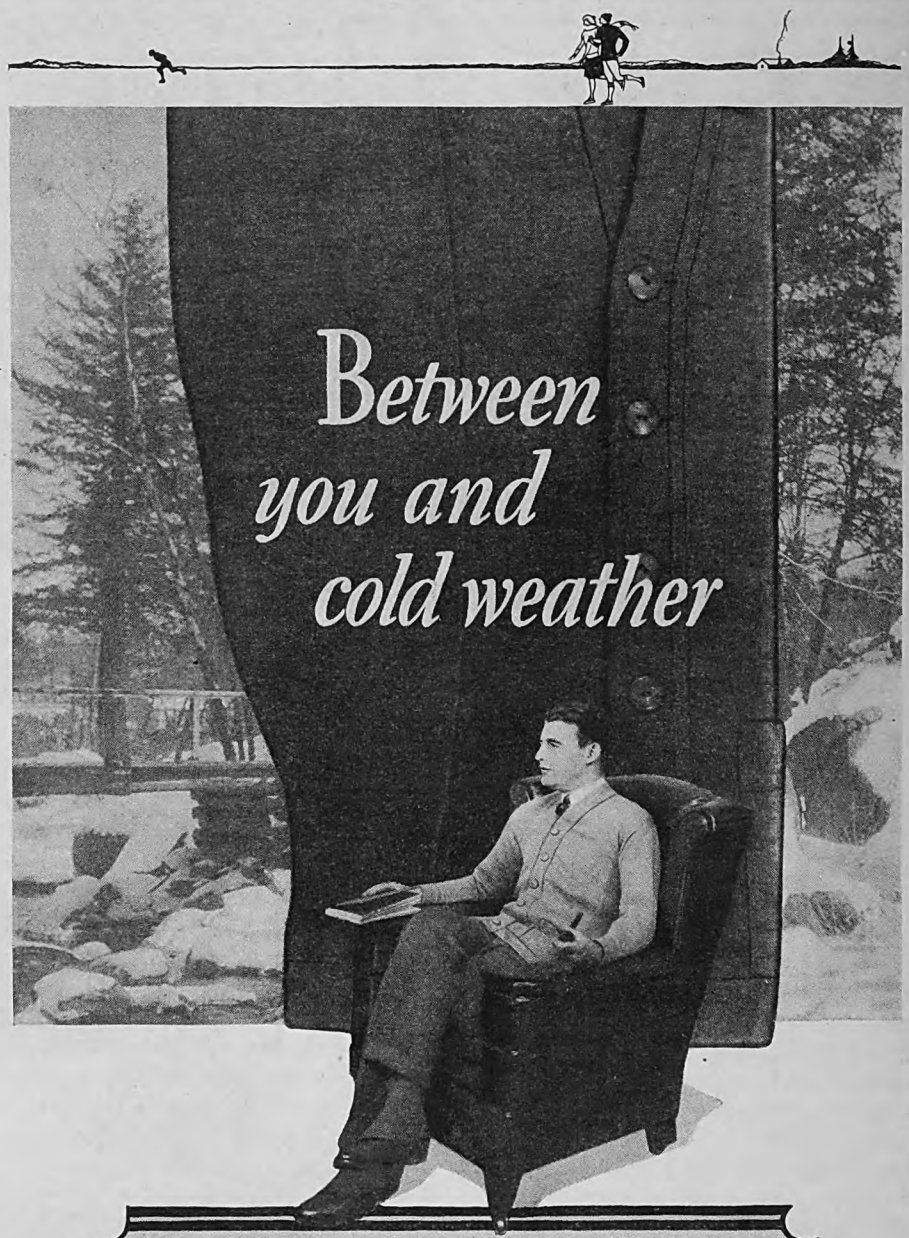

"travelo"
knit jackets & vests *for* men & boys

They hold their shape
-also
Lido
KNIT JACKET
The greatest value you can buy at less than the cost of a "travelo"

PECKHAM-FOREMAN, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

wrong. But Ed spoke quietly enough.

"You got a place to stow us away for the night, Helga?" he asked. "We're moving over to the old Wainwright tenant house to-morrow; but we can't get settled to-night."

"Why, of course! Come on in. Hello there, sweetheart—give Helga a kiss! My, isn't he fat?"

"Bess is awfully tired," Ed said then. "I wonder if she could get to bed right away?"

Helga took Bess up-stairs. In her own little bedroom, she said:

"What was it, Bess? Can you tell me?"

"It wasn't anything." Bess's voice was bewildered, like her eyes. "Not anything. There have been lots of worse things. It was so little. I hung up some of the baby's things, and she took them all down and wrung them out again. It wasn't anything—it wasn't anything at all—but I—I—"

Helga found her eyes were stinging with tears.

"Oh, *cruel!*" she said. "Well, get to bed and rest, you're tired to death!"

Not anything, not anything at all! Well, maybe not; but Helga could see the stern satisfaction in Charity Wheeler's eyes as she squeezed a few drops of water out of a baby's dress. Nothing at all! Maybe not, in itself, but a thousand little things like that would break one's heart.

Emanuel Lind lent Ed his horses to go to town after a few pieces of furniture, and the young Linds took care of the baby, and helped clean woodwork and cut grass. It was a shabby little place, the old tenant house on the Wainwright farm; but Helga said:

"I think you'll be awfully happy here!"

Bess gave her a queer look.

"I'm too tired to be happy," she said.

And Helga, startled, saw that it was true. Old Grandma Wheeler had crushed out of Bess the very power to rise to happiness. She had tired her very soul, till it was like a beaten, flogged thing. When Helga offered her hollyhock roots to set out along the side of the house, Bess said:

"I don't believe I'll fuss much with flowers here."

FOLKS up the Hollow knew about it all. Of course they did. Grandma Wheeler herself talked about it. She stopped Helga, against her will, one day.

"I know folks is talking, and sayin' I'm to blame for fussin' with Ed's wife," she said. "But I guess if they'd have had to live with her, month in, month out, it would 've been a different story! If a body ain't got strength in their bones to wring out a baby's petticoat, they ought to be thankful that somebody's willin' to do it after 'em, instead of goin' into hysterics. Drippin' wet, she hung things out! And just last week I only so much as said to her, where was her other slip for the wash, and, Helga, she acted like she was crazy. Now, wasn't it natural enough for me to say that, I want to know? Wouldn't anybody that was anyways clean have had two slips in the wash? She got awful impudent. And she left things around. . . . Land, you wouldn't believe it, Helga, but more'n once I've had to straighten up her bureau drawers for her, they was that cluttered!"

Helga's face was a little white, and she spoke more sharply than was her habit.

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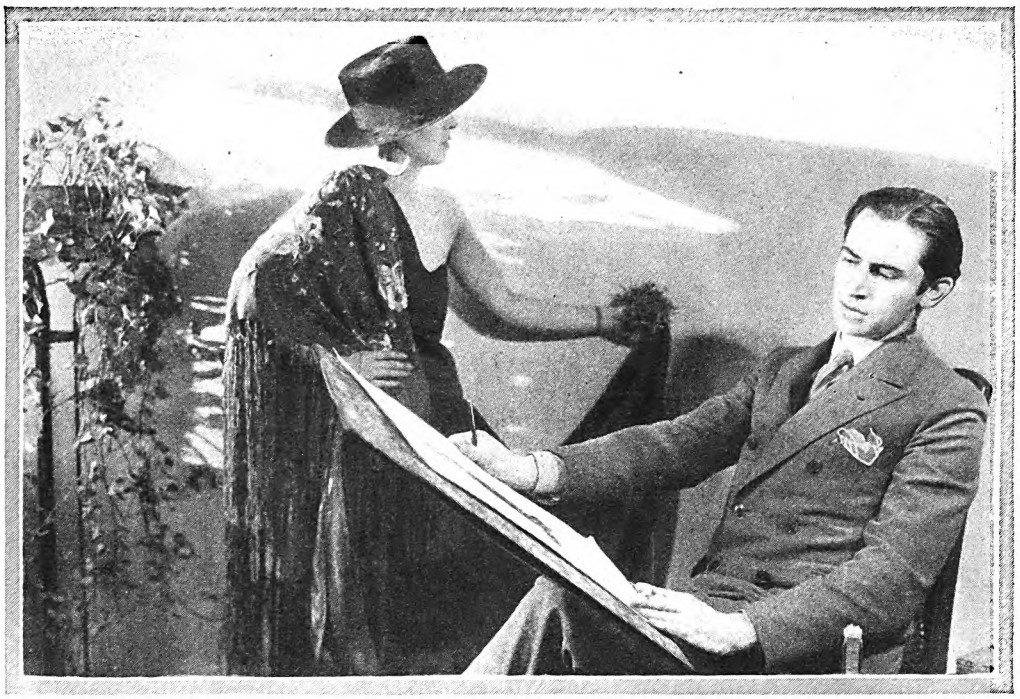

MR. CHARLES LE MAIRE, *New York City, at work on one of the costume designs for which he is famous*

"Long hours of exacting work had made me stale"

ABOVE

"FOR SEVERAL YEARS I had been troubled with constipation and headaches. I was skeptical when one of my friends advised me to use Fleischmann's Yeast. But finally I decided to try it. I took 3 cakes a day, one before each meal, dissolved in water. Now I feel like a new woman. I also gave Fleischmann's Yeast to my young son. He was always constipated, his skin full of pimples. I gave him one cake in the morning and one at night. Today my boy has a nice clear skin—thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast."

MRS. MARION DECLERCQ, Detroit, Mich.

RIGHT

"MY DIGESTION got in such a condition that I was no longer able to enjoy my hunting and fishing. Taking the advice of a friend, I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. It made a very great change in my health. Now I am again able to enjoy the outdoors. I recommend Fleischmann's Yeast to any one with indigestion."

A. J. JOHNSON, Dallas, Texas

New York City

"THE COSTUME DESIGNER is expected to create new ideas every day, oversee the making of his costumes to the minutest detail, and spend many evenings a week at the new plays and revues or at dress rehearsals.

"Continuing in this routine for a number of years, I gradually became run down. I would get up in the morning with a splitting headache. My work and my reputation were endangered.

"At a friend's suggestion, I ate Fleischmann's Yeast before meals—and often while at work. In a short time I found myself enthusiastic again about my work. I slept better. My appetite and digestion improved. Fleischmann's Yeast built up my system, recharged my creative energy."

Charles Le Maire

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST is not a medicine. It is a food as fresh as any vegetable from the garden.

Fleischmann's Yeast cleanses the intestines of noxious wastes, brings about a healthful regularity and *completeness* in elimination. Your digestion is improved. Your complexion and color are better than ever. Your whole outlook on life becomes cheerier.

Buy two or three days' supply at a time from your grocer and keep it in any cool dry place. Write today for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Address Health Research Dept. J-46, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.

A simple means to rebuild health

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in water—cold or hot—or any other way you like. For stubborn cases of constipation physicians say to drink one cake in a glass of hot water (not scalding) before each meal and at bedtime.

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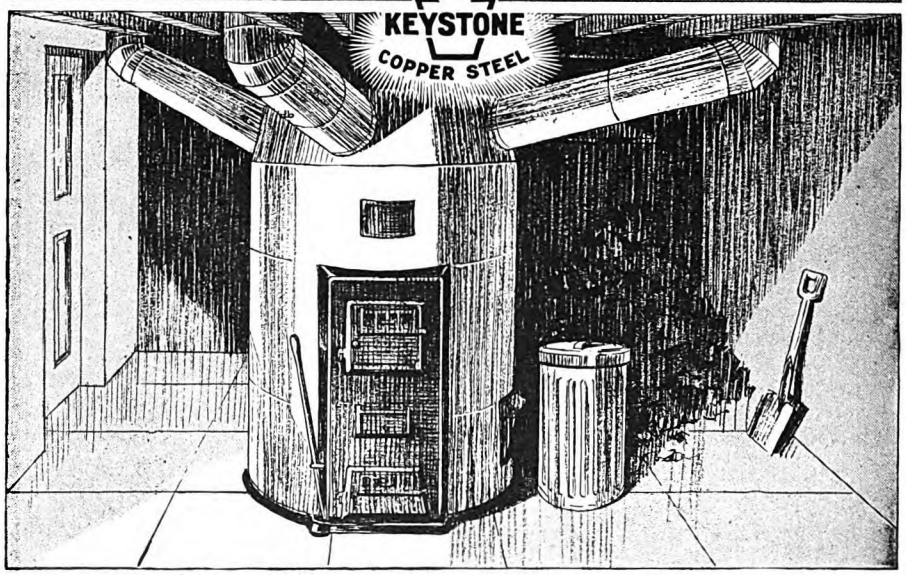
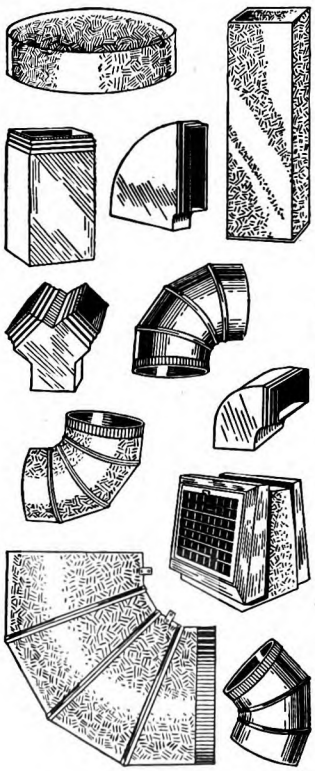
STEEL SHEETS

For Heating and Ventilating Equipment



Now KEYSTONE Copper Steel Sheets
Serve Heat and Air to the Nation—



ANOTHER giant industry has turned to the use of Keystone Copper Steel Sheets—for resistance to rust and corrosion, for greater endurance, for the qualities that assure the utmost in service.

Heating and ventilating engineers were quick to recognize the superiority of these remarkable sheets, and to put them to good use in making their products. Keystone quality gives a service that is a sound means of upholding the good names of the makers of heating and ventilating equipment. Remember—this Company is the oldest and largest manufacturer of high grade

Sheet Steel Products

For Every Known Purpose:
For Stoves and Ranges, Warm Air Furnaces,
Ovens and Oven Linings,
Pressed Steel Radiators, Heaters, Etc.

—as well as for all uses to which sheet metal is adapted in the building construction and industrial fields. If you have a sheet metal problem, address our nearest District Sales Office. Send to-day for FACTS booklet.

AMERICAN SHEET and TIN PLATE COMPANY
General Offices: Frick Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

High Grade Steel Sheets and Tin Plates for every requirement

DISTRICT SALES OFFICES

Chicago Cincinnati Denver Detroit New Orleans New York Philadelphia Pittsburgh St. Louis

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"Some folks would rather let bureau drawers *be* cluttered than meddle in other people's things!" she said. "Get along, Net!"

Yes, she'd better go before she said something terrible to the cruel old woman. She invited Ed and Bess to supper that night. It was not an especially happy supper. Bess did not talk or eat much.

"She can't wake up; Charity Wheeler's killed her," went through Helga's mind. It was Emanuel Lind who, after supper, sat on the porch and talked with Bess in his slow, friendly way. Helga left them alone, but as she went about her tasks she heard Bess say:

"But I don't feel right. I could be happy now—only I don't feel right inside, Mr. Lind! She's an old woman and Ed was her baby. I should have been able to stick it out, and I couldn't!"

Helga couldn't hear her father's answer, but she stood still beside the dishpan, strangely stirred. What sort of strength was this, that regretted leaving that cruel old woman? And how had her father, so still, and a stranger, been able to get past that reserve of Bess's? What did Bess mean? Why should she have been able to stick it out? How many people up the Hollow would have stuck by Grandma Wheeler this long? How many would have felt they were doing a wrong to themselves by leaving? Helga sensed here a standard high and inflexible, and she did it homage in her heart.

IT CAME to her sharply that perhaps she had done wrong to sympathize with Bess, or to show her scorn of Grandma Wheeler. It had seemed to her very important that Bess should have her physical freedom. Now, standing there by the sink, Helga wondered if that freedom were important at all. Nevertheless, the next day she couldn't bring herself to respond to Grandma's wave of greeting. She was hateful, Charity Wheeler.

Even one Sunday in church, when she saw Grandma Wheeler out in the vestibule with Ed's baby, the tears running down her proud old face and dropping on the baby's bright hair, even then Helga could not find it in her heart to forgive the old woman. There was even a sort of satisfied exultation in her as she thought, "*She misses them!*" And she didn't tell Bess what she had seen.

The neighbors let Charity Wheeler alone now. They all liked Bess. But, the pity was, Bess stayed thin and her eyes kept their still, inward-seeing look.

"She thinks she ought to go back!" Helga said resentfully, to Emanuel Lind.

"Well, shouldn't she?" said her father.

"No!" stormed Helga. "Why should she? Give up her youth and her happiness and her peace of mind because she thinks it's her duty not to leave that old woman alone? Why should she?"

"But she hasn't any peace of mind now," insisted Emanuel Lind gently.

And, Helga knew, that was true. But she could not bear the thought of Bess back there with Charity Wheeler. It was too much to ask of a girl! And yet—oh, what *was* right?

And then one day—the leaves had begun to turn and the grass on the bare slopes had become burnt golden-brown—Helga started out for the office and overtook Doc Davy from town.

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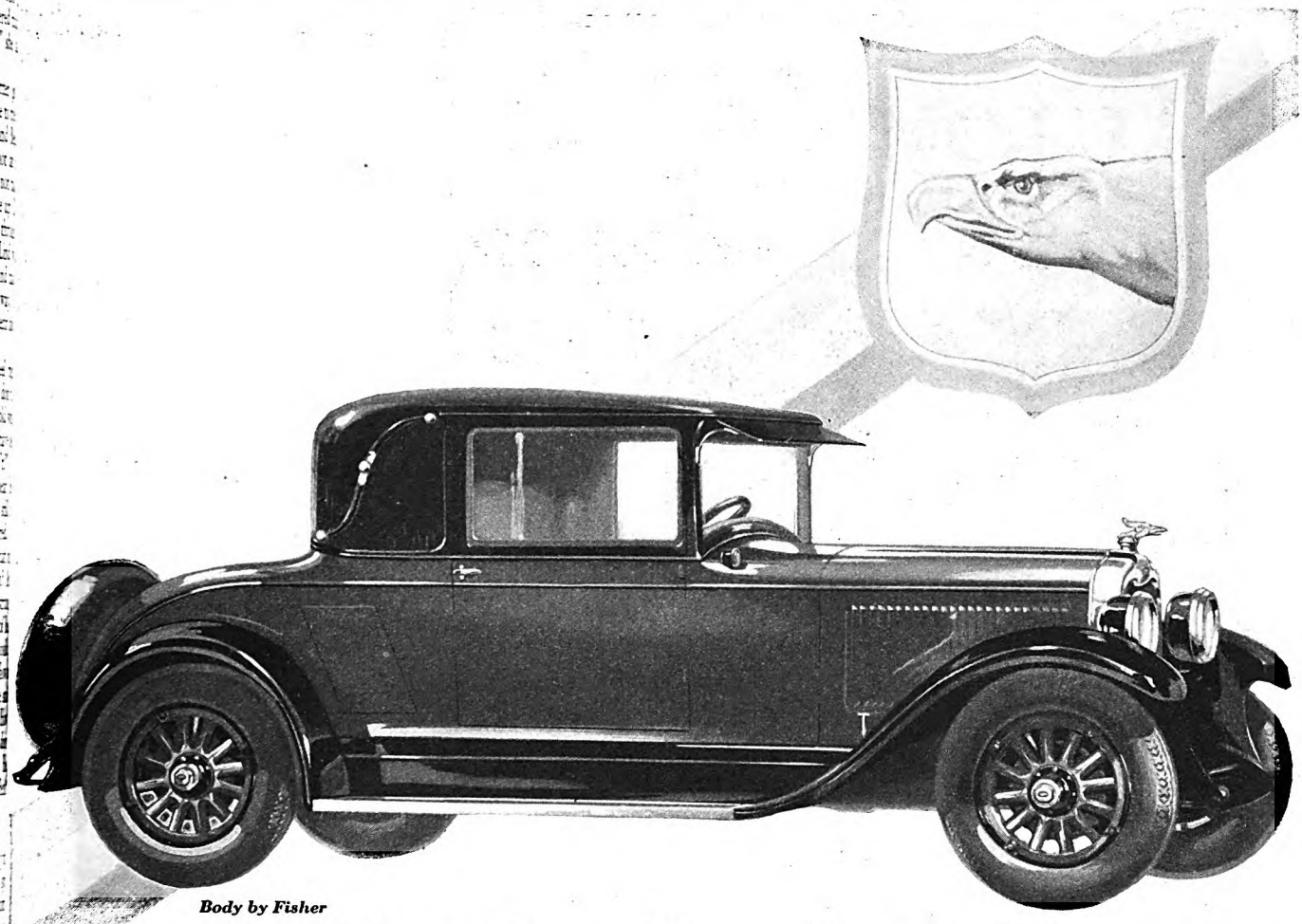

Body by Fisher

Everything that *Everybody* Wants

A long, clean stride away from the hackneyed in motor car design. Months and months of pitiless testing and development engineering. Bodies created by master Fisher craftsmen. And the result—

★ ★ ★

—a stirring example of America's automotive supremacy . . . . the All-American Six. A car that rises above the commonplace like a lighthouse from the sea. A car with *everything* that *everybody* wants.

★ ★ ★

Power, drive, snap and staunchness. Litheness, speed and *personality*. The spirit of our breathless age expressed in a motor car.

★ ★ ★

You've watched it flashing by you. You've heard of its success. Now why not acquaint yourself with its many innovations? Why not see an Oakland-Pontiac dealer—enjoy the revelation of a ride?

NEW LOW PRICES

LANDAU COUPE $1045

2-Door Sedan $1045 | 4-Door Sedan $1145

Sport Roadster $1075 | Cabriolet $1145

Landau Sedan $1265

The New and Finer Pontiac Six, $745 to $925. All prices at factory. Delivered prices include minimum handling charges. Easy to pay on the liberal General Motors Time Payment Plan.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

OAKLAND
ALL-AMERICAN SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

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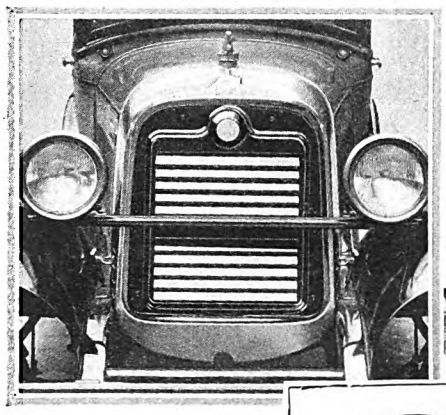
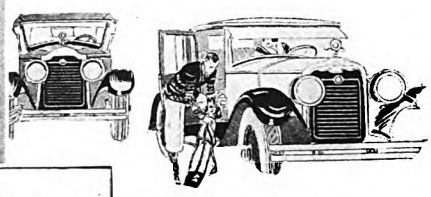
Authorities Urge AUTOMATIC MOTOR *Protection*



as the only *effective* means of fighting dangerous cold—and breaking car-owners of the costly cold-weather "choke" habit.



ENGINEERING findings show that cold is definitely responsible for 50 to 75% of all premature motor wear. Tests prove at 60° Fahrenheit cold strikes its first blow at unprotected motors.

"Over-choking" warns you!

Coughing, spitting noises and delayed starting are the danger signals. Out comes the "choke"—flooding cold cylinders and cylinder walls with raw gasoline. Glass-like metal surfaces are washed clean of the vital oil film of protection. Vital motor parts are exposed to grinding friction. Excessive dilution follows, fouled spark plugs, high gas consumption, extreme carbonization, corrosion and rapid cylinder wear. These are the troubles that bring *big* repair bills—troubles for which *cold alone* is responsible.

Winterfront regulates motor temperature

The radiator on your car was put there to waste heat—thus to prevent overheating in hot weather. An efficient radiator throws away 35 to 40% of the heat of the fuel. At 60° Fahrenheit there is no heat to spare, yet heat-waste continues through the radiator. Obviously, therefore, there is only one place to efficiently control motor temperature—that's at the radiator, where heat-waste occurs.

The motor car dealer who recommends and sells you a Pines Automatic Winterfront is considering your interests first. Take his advice. Your dealer will supply you.

Closes Itself when your motor needs heat.

Opens Itself when your motor needs cool air.

Pines Automatic Winterfront completely covers the radiator and remains closed until the motor is warm enough to operate without damage to vital parts. The shutters then begin to open, *automatically,* allowing the entrance of exactly enough cool air to maintain a scientifically correct temperature.

Important—The moment your motor stops, Winterfront shutters begin to close, automatically, and are fully closed while your motor is hot. Thus you are certain always of complete motor protection. There is no chance for dangerous neglect.

With a Winterfront on your car you "warm-up" in seconds. You lose the dangerous "choke" habit because Winterfront eliminates the need for it. Your motor starts quicker and easier with less battery strain. You enjoy a noticeable increase in gasoline economy—snug warmth inside your car—summer-time smoothness and flexibility in your motor.

Put on any car in ten minutes

Pines Automatic Winterfront is sold by automobile and accessory dealers everywhere. It is installed in less than ten minutes. Models for all cars—priced $22.50 to $30.00. Special models for Ford, $15; Chevrolet, $17.50; Dodge Four, $20. Slightly higher prices in the Rocky Mountain area and West—also Canada. Pines Winterfront Company, 424 N. Sacramento Blvd., Chicago.

Pines Automatic Winterfront is the only Automatic Radiator Shutter on the Market

It is automatic because—

There is no other way to assure you of timely, constant protection against the destroying force of cold. When cold strikes, Winterfront is *always* ready. You can't forget to operate it. There's nothing to remember. Its results are possible *only* because it is *automatic.*

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PINES WINTERFRONT—*It's Automatic*

"'Lo, Helga, give me a lift?" he called. "The old flivver backed down on me. I always *did* like a horse. They don't run out of gas, nor do you always have to monkey at 'em with wrenches and whatnot. I've been up to see Charity Wheeler. . . . Now, there's a woman I admire. She's got a backbone! I told her six months ago that she might last a year—m vbe not that; but she goes right along as r nothing had ever happened. Yes, sir, she's got sand—that old woman!"

Helga felt her face sting. She did not know, afterward, what she had said to Doc Davy.

When she came to the Wheelers' house that day, she saw Grandma Wheeler out picking grapes off their vine over the arbor. Grape jelly . . . a year . . . maybe not that. Twenty quarts of cherries . . . grape jelly . . . Helga's mind was full of confusion.

After supper that night she said to Hilda and Anna, "You do the dishes tonight, girls; I have to go up to see Bess."

She hated her errand fiercely, but she was compelled to go. Her telling Bess became identified somehow in her mind with the lifting of that terrible look in Bess's eyes. The telling was, she knew, the spring to release Bess; it would let her go back.

The air was crisp and full of fall smells. But Helga was not aware of the world. She was pulling away from what she was going to do. Why, it would be like putting Bess back into prison! It was a prison, too! Why should it be right for Bess to go back to that domineering, snoopy old woman? What good would it do anyone? But, presently, she stood on the porch of the little tenant cottage and told Bess.

"*Oh!*" was all Bess said; but she said it sharply, as if someone had stabbed at her. Then quietly enough, "Thanks for telling me, Helga!"

She smiled at Helga a little, and there was more than thanks in her eyes; there was a sudden bond of complete understanding between them, so complete that Helga had a sense of being lifted up to a height she had not known existed in friendship. There was, too, a swift peace in the girl's face—a release and a freedom.

BESS and Ed went back to the farm. Folks up Sweden Hollow said Bess was a fool to do it. Grandma Wheeler pretended she was not glad to see them. She said things about their "knowing which side their bread was buttered on," and "being glad to eat humble pie." She kept on making remarks about Bess. Bess was no housekeeper, and never would be one. She couldn't make a light loaf of bread to save her life. She fussed over clothes when she ought to be housecleaning. She laughed when Ed didn't want to dress up of a Sunday.

Yes, Charity Wheeler kept on as she always had. She kept count of how many handkerchiefs Bess had in the wash, and she even read a letter or two of Bess's. But Bess didn't fly up in sudden bursts of half-hysterical resentment now, nor did she keep silent for days on end. She had been released from all that.

She helped what she could, knowing it wasn't much. She kept on "gadding," as Grandma called it (though Helga saw she only went when Ed was to be about the

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"Difference of opinion makes horse-racing," is the immemorial proverb and auspice of the sport of kings. Yet for Man O' War who was indifferent to all but the victorious goal, king and stable boy rise to agree there was *no difference of opinion* when that super-horse faced the barrier.

No Difference of Opinion

When Supremacy is so Outstanding

In its repertoire of brilliant abilities, the New Hudson Super-Six asserts its supremacy in vivid performance facts that stand free and clear of opinion or debate.

Here is a new power in motordom—totally different in development and expression—totally new in range and efficiency—the smooth and mighty power of the steam engine delivered with silky ease and vivacity.

The basis of this great Hudson capacity is a new companion invention to the Super-Six principle which turns waste heat to power. Together they combine the highest efficiency in power generation and transmission ever achieved within our knowledge.

In the new Hudson motor, spark knock heretofore characteristic of the high-compression motor is eliminated, and ordinary gasoline gives the performance results sought through special and higher-priced fuels.

It is receiving the greatest public reception in Hudson history, because in all ways it is the greatest Hudson Super-Six ever built.

HUDSON *Super-Six*

(118-inch wheelbase) ***Standard Models*** *(127-inch wheelbase)*

Coach $1175 · Sedan $1285 **Coach $1285 · Sedan $1385**

Custom-Built Models *(127-inch wheelbase)*

Brougham $1575 · 7-Pass. Phaeton $1600 · 7-Pass. Sedan $1850

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, plus war excise tax

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"Hot water or cold—it works swell with either!"

Next to my face I like Barbasol *best*

(with apologies to B V D)

Because it has such taking ways with the toughest beards.

Because it works so smoothly, swiftly, cleanly.

Because it leaves the face so youthful, cool and grateful—leaves the natural oils right in the skin—takes nothing away but the whiskers.

Here's the Modern Way of Shaving:

1. Wash the face (but leave it wet)
2. Spread on Barbasol (but don't rub in)
3. Shave!

No brush. No rub-in. No after-smart or sting. Quick relief from ingrowing hairs, sunburn, windburn, chap. How about a little Barbasol?

"Mister, you're next!" Try Barbasol three times, according to directions.

Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

COUPON

The Barbasol Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.

I enclose 10c. Please send trial tube and I'll give it a fair trial.

Name.....

Address.....

AM 11-27

house). She fussed over the few remaining flowers, the last marigolds and zinnias, cosmos and chrysanthemums. She put them on the supper table, but when Grandma Wheeler snorted at them, she had the courage now to say, laughing, "Now, you *know* they're pretty there, Mother Wheeler!"

She had never used to call her "Mother." She had not been able to, because Charity Wheeler had been so hideously different from her own mother, from all that mothers meant to her own mind. But now she did it, and felt yet more free. It was as if she felt the strength in that old body to be greater than she had known, and was compelled to respect it. For Grandma Wheeler still kept her secret to herself.

But there were days when she would sit nearly all the afternoon out under the maple with the baby in her lap. And once she said, "I wish you'd make some roll-jell cake for supper, Bess. You make that so good!" And one day she said to Helga, "Bess and I gets on better now. She don't seem quite so uppity—she's more willing to learn."

The gayety that had been quenched in Bess seemed to come back, suddenly unafraid. She ate more and slept better. She looked well.

IT CAME before the year was up. It was in late November, and Sweden Hollow was a valley of frozen ruts and bare, bleak trees. Grandma Wheeler sat by the kitchen stove, crocheting rags for a rug.

"Those colors are so pretty," Bess said once spontaneously.

"Yes, kind of cheerful," agreed Grandma unexpectedly. "I thought as how you'd like this for your room, mebbe. It's kind of like those curtains you put up!"

Something very bright and very sweet glowed up for a second in Bess's eyes.

"Oh—how good of you!" she said, in her quick, impulsive voice. And for the first time since the day Ed had brought her here, she bent over and kissed Grandma Wheeler swiftly on the cheek.

"Well, you been a good daughter!" said Grandma Wheeler, a little of her impatience still putting a tang to her words. Bess remembered that impatience afterward with gratitude. It was a proof that Grandma Wheeler was herself, even to the end; that her courage was like a granite rock.

About half an hour after that, Grandma let the rags drop to the floor.

"I feel kind of dizzy, Bess," she said. "I guess I've got to lie down."

Bess helped her to the couch. Then she called Doc Davy. When she turned from the 'phone, it had happened.

Helga saw the doctor's car there, and went up. Bess sat by the kitchen table, her fair head down, crying.

"It's come," she said to Helga, brokenly. "Oh, Helga—we'll miss her!"

That night, when Emanuel Lind had come down to the barn to help Helga unhitch, Helga said:

"To go back, Father . . . I can understand how she had to do that—but to go back *and love her*—!"

Emanuel Lind's worn face took on a gentle but authoritative dignity as he answered her.

"Well, that's *growing*, Helga!" he said.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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P. A. never wears out its welcome

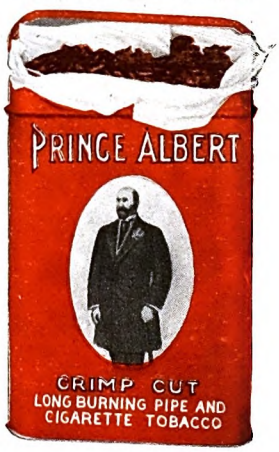
I'LL say this for P. A.—the longer you stay with it, the better you like it. One of those cases where familiarity breeds *content,* if you'll permit this little twist of an old saying. You can smoke it from morning to midnight, seven days running, and never tire of it.

I had a feeling that P. A. and I were going to become fast friends the first time I got a full breath of its fragrance. That was years ago, but I remember it as though it were yesterday. And the taste more than matched the aroma. I had never experienced anything like it.

Cool and comforting, like a breeze on a summer's day. Sweet and refreshing, like a little girl all dressed for Sunday-school. Mellow and mild, like a soft answer, but with a full, rich, satisfying tobacco body. Prince Albert never bites the tongue or parches the throat.

I get so much genuine joy and satisfaction out of this long-burning tobacco, I feel like telling every man I meet. One thing certain, if you have never smoked P. A., you can't have any idea what a lot of fun you can get out of that old jimmy-pipe of yours. Take me up on this!

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke!

© 1927, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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WHY MEN LEAVE HOME with half-clean faces

MOST fellows shave and bathe every morning, and yet go to work with half-clean faces.

Pore-dirt hides in *every* face. Millions of tiny, grimy particles fly about in the cleanest air. You can't see them; they're too small—so small, really, that they get worked down *under* the skin.

After a while, pore-dirt gives you a grayish pallor . . . like a fellow who needs a vacation. "But I can't see any pore-dirt on *my* face," you say. That's because it's *in* your face, not on it. Here's proof:

Send for the free tube of Pompeian Massage Cream. When it comes, first wash your face—then treat yourself to a quick, invigorating massage.

What happens?

Goes in pink, ROLLS OUT GRAY . . . The upper picture, taken under a powerful microscope, shows a section of skin *before* using Pompeian Massage Cream. Compare it with the lower picture, taken *after* using Pompeian Massage Cream. That's skin that really IS clean—Pompeian clean! See those dark marks . . . dried pellets of cream, gray with the pore-dirt that a few minutes' massage brought out. And remember that imbedded dirt couldn't have been washed free in a month of Saturdays!

Photomicrograph taken under the lens of powerful microscope showing section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream.

Photomicrograph of the same section of skin after using Pompeian Massage Cream. Compare the skin tone. Note the dried pellets of cream, dark with the pore-dirt that has been rolled free.

Give yourself a Pompeian Massage. Free your pores of sallow-toned dirt. It not only sets you up with a clean, confident feeling, but invigorates your skin with a fresh and ruddy glow that makes the others say, "Never saw you look any better, old man . . ."

FREE test convinces thousands

Pompeian is 60 cents at any toilet goods counter. We'd really rather you tested it FREE. Fill in the coupon and drop it in the mails—right now, while you are reading this message.

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

The Pompeian Company. Dept. 300-K, 595 Fifth Ave., New York.
Gentlemen: Please send me a generous trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream . . . enough for three facial massages.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Gossip!

(*Continued from page 9*)

"The speaker must have been misinformed. Mrs. Guest and I have just celebrated our twentieth wedding anniversary, and we are now making plans, God willing, to celebrate our fiftieth. As to the liquor story, the fact is that I personally went dry long before the country did."

Thus I have come never to believe any tale. I have made it a rule never to repeat, even within my own walls, any story reflecting on man, woman, or child, or industry.

"Watch that man," said a friend of mine the other day, as I was starting a golf match; "I am told he is dishonest."

Now, nothing in that man's conduct from start to finish bore out that whispered bit of malice. I found him to be genial, thoughtful, and considerate. I enjoyed his company.

"Did you ever play with him?" I asked my friend later.

"No," he said; "I was simply telling you what I had been told."

"Well, don't tell it again, unless he cheats you," I said. "He has been made the victim of someone's malice."

All things considered, the tongue is the most unruly member of the human body. If I had my life to live over, and could know what my present experience has been, I should devote more time to learning tongue control. I should make speech my servant, not my master. I should make at least eight rules for myself and I think they would be these:

Speak pleasantly and courteously to all.
Speak with caution.
Never in the presence of strangers discuss the personal, social, or business affairs of another.
Never discuss my own affairs in public places.
Never utter offhand opinions of strangers. The smart tongue is the father of embarrassment.
Never repeat any bit of gossip which lacks confirmation.
Never tell anything to a known gossip.
Always be watchful of my tongue, but doubly watchful when angry.

I HAVE often wondered what the relationship is between the thought and its utterance. Why should the tongue seem so eager to give away the secrets of the mind? What is there about gossip which makes us all rush to repeat it?

If at a gathering of friends, I should say:

"I have the greatest car in the world; it hasn't a single weakness; it is finished perfectly within, and its motor is wonderful," I should probably start an argument. But not one of them would go over to their neighbors and repeat my statements unequivocally. But let me chance to remark:

"That's the last car of that make I'll ever buy. I've had nothing but trouble with it. The gears are noisy and it just eats up gas."

Within the week I'll be stopped on the street by people with the remark: "I hear you don't like your car."

Strangers, about to buy a similar car, will telephone me to get my opinion.

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PICTURE *Opportunities* *Never Wait*

Be sure to take along your KODAK

At the football game.... snap the high-spots, shoot the big thrills. Then enjoy them all over again, with pictures in your album.

NOVEMBER.... month of football thrills.... Thanksgiving holidays.... outdoor trips.... thirty days of glorious Kodak opportunities. An ideal time to get snap-shots for your album. Remember, picture opportunities never wait. Take your Kodak along fully loaded wherever you go. Be ready for pictures whenever they happen. Don't let this month slip by without a picture-record of these colorful, eventful days. Kodaks $5 up.... at your dealer's.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

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Pipe Smoker Waxes Poetic Over His Favorite Tobacco

Here is a bit of pipe-smoking sentiment pretty well expressed, in our opinion:

"A Prescription"

Have you ever noticed
right after a meal
How tired and lazy
you always feel?
I'm telling you folks
it isn't a joke,
It will freshen you up
if you try a good smoke.
But whatever you do
these lines you must heed,
There's a certain tobacco
of course, that you need.
It's packed in a tin,
the tin's colored blue.
Not only the smoking
but the chewing kind too.
Of course if you never
are bothered this way,
Just keep the prescription
for some other day.
Ask for tobacco,
the best that's on earth;
To shorten the story,
just call it "Edgeworth."

Chas. J. Butler
Owensboro, Ky.
Feb. 2, 1927

To those who have never tried Edgeworth we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 3 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

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[*On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length (254.1 meters) 1180 kilocycles.*]

Salesmen for other cars will start dropping in on me to induce me to change vehicles. The man who said "Even the walls have ears" knew what he was talking about. He had probably whispered something in strictest confidence to a human leak.

If business men could get rid of the gossips about the office, the store, or the factory, they could double the efficiency of their institutions.

But always the sharp eyes and the quick ears and the glib tongues are at work disturbing the morale of the force.

INTO one of our prominent stores one morning walked the competitor of the proprietor. He remained in the office of "the boss" for almost an hour. At the noon luncheon that day tongues were busy. The store was to be sold. There was to be a merger of the two stores. One place would be closed up entirely. The present manager would be discharged. The other store had been losing money. Bill Blabb had known this was coming for weeks. He had heard So-and-so telling So-and-so that the boss had decided to get out of business. Out on the street went the story, growing larger and larger every minute, until it finally got into the newspaper offices. Reporters visited both men and got prompt and definite denials.

"Ridiculous," they both said, and ridiculous it was; but it had disturbed two great organizations, and kept them disturbed for a week. The meeting of the two proprietors had nothing whatever to do with business. Both men were serving on a committee to raise funds for their church, and that one hour's conference was merely to discuss plans for the campaign.

Jumping at conclusions is the favorite sport of the gossip. It's a dull day in Detroit when a new automobile merger isn't being made or Henry Ford's plans are not being told by someone not connected with the Ford Motor Company. As a matter of fact, I think you can get more misinformation in Detroit about Henry Ford than anywhere else, unless it be in the smoking compartment of Pullman cars. I have known Mr. Ford a long time, and I have never known him in all those years to tell a gossip anything he did not wish repeated, or let him see anything he did not wish him to see. A lot of people who think they are close to him are miles away from him.

If the human tongue could be controlled, life would be a different and easier proposition than it now is. If Kaiser Wilhelm had not talked so much and so loosely, the World War might never have happened. The history of his reign is filled with tense situations his busy tongue alone produced. All his diplomats could not teach him what to say and when to say it, nor undo the mischief which his thoughtless conversation produced.

If the human tongue could be controlled the divorce courts would have less to do; so would the police; so would the doctors; so would the undertakers. One bit of reckless conversation has started neighborhood rows, broken up churches, disrupted business, and stopped progress everywhere.

Only the other day a great organization of business men ceased to function. It was a group formed for the betterment of a certain industry. It began as a co-operative society and it ended in a free-for-all fight.

"Can't this difference of opinion be reconciled?" I asked one of the men interested.

He looked at me rather strangely, and then said:

"The original trouble was trifling, and could easily have been straightened out. But too many bitter things have been said by both sides. The association has been literally talked to death."

When I began to play golf, I soon discovered that a golf ball could not properly be hit in the way I was attempting to do it. I took lessons from a professional, and found that I had to train my muscles in a certain way to obtain the result I desired. It was unnatural, and at first difficult. Try as I would, my hands and shoulders and wrists and arms and hips would not perform in the way I wished them to.

But I persisted, and although I am not a good golfer now I can hit a ball as it should be hit. I can hold a club properly, and I can swing it through. My shoulders don't misbehave now as often as they used to, and when I go out on a course to play, any golfer has only to look at me once to know that I have been trained in the game.

If I have trained contrary wrists and hands and arms and feet and shoulders and hips to function in golf as they should, why should I not also be able to learn to control my tongue? Why should I keep on letting that unruly member of my body violate every rule of common sense and decency? I have no trouble keeping back the smart retort in the presence of the man who could black my eye; surely then, I could keep it back in the presence of those I don't fear. If I am smart enough to save myself pain, I can be smart enough to save others needless pain. I don't have to lend my tongue to rumor or gossip or scandal. If in golf I have made myself keep my eye on the ball, why can't I make my tongue keep off the topics which are loaded with trouble?

ONE warm night in June I was sitting on the hotel veranda in Albion, Michigan. A young traveling salesman sitting next to me began the conversation by discussing the meals, not only in Albion but also in Lansing and Owosso and St. Johns and several other places. It was interesting to get the opinions and comments of an epicure, and I listened attentively.

"By the way," said he, "I see that Edgar Guest is talking here to-night."

"That so?" said I. "Are you going?"

"I wouldn't walk across the street to hear him," he replied.

"Neither would I," I said; and it seemed to please him that at last he had struck a topic on which we were in agreement. Just then the bell boy came through, paging me, and as I rose at the call of my name and started to go to the telephone his mouth fell wide open and his eyes almost popped out of his head.

There is some excuse for the man who takes a check from a stranger. He at least thinks it is all right. But the man who insists on giving himself away to strangers has himself only to blame.

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Behind Nearly Every Lie There Lies a Fear

(*Continued from page 15*)

e have jam you get none, because you e yours all at once."

As was to be expected, Buddie cried piously. He loved jam. But there was certain justice about the arrangement hat bade him accept it, and steal no more m.

It is the adolescent children, so full of ger altruistic strivings, caught in the ruggle for spiritual growth, that make e errors of judgment. Such children eed the most tactful and sympathetic andling. Let me illustrate this point y telling you about two girls in their rly teens whose mother was far from ell. They saw her valiantly trying to de her pain and discomfort, and longed help her. One morning she told them hat she must go to the doctor—an all-y trip—and asked if they could stay one until she returned.

The girls soon completed the tasks their other had laid out for them, and still long day stretched before them de-anding occupation.

"Let's wash Father's flannel shirts," id Frances, the older one.

The boiler was put on and filled with ater and the six flannel shirts were rubbed on the board, well soaped, and unged in the boiler to boil "good."

When the washing was hung on the line e young laundresses stood back and oked at the dejected, dripping things, d shook their heads. "They look funny, n't they?" said Frances doubtfully.

"M-m-m. Kind of skimpy," replied etty.

"Well, they'll stretch," said Frances pefully.

When the tired mother returned in the ening the first thing that caught her e was the line of shrunken shirts.

Sick and tired as she was, the mother alized the unselfishness of the girls' tentions. "It was fine of you, my dears," e said, "to try and help me; but next me you'd better wait until I come home efore you do any washing. It's too big an ndertaking for little girls. But I love u for thinking of me."

HOW can I teach my son good manners?" a mother asked me. "If I have rrected him once I have corrected him thousand times. He puts his fingers in is salad, forgets to take off his hat, yells rough the house as though he were in e playground, interrupts people, and ehaves like a little savage."

I told this mother to cease from worry-g. Parents all over the world are con-onted with this same problem as the nimal spirits of their children (more arked, however, in the boys than in the irls) develop and demand expression.

There's only one thing to do: Keep ight on teaching your children good anners. But be sure that you, their arents, are setting them an example orth following. Children when they are rowing up are little savages. It's a phase hey must pass through if they are ordi-ary normal, healthy children. All that ou can do is to try to instill courtesy and houghtfulness in them by constant attention to their conduct and by repeated corrections of their lapses.

Now, Pudge was eleven years old and sturdy. His heart was in the right place, but his manners were not of the little Lord Fauntleroy type. He forgot to give his mother a chair, forgot to pass the bread, forgot to tone down his voice, forgot to close the door softly, forgot to wash behind his ears. In short, he behaved just like the healthy little animal he was. And his mother shed tears over her apparent inability to make any impression.

One afternoon, Mrs. Curly, who lived down-street, came to call, and in the course of her conversation said, "Tell me how you manage to teach Pudge such exquisite manners. For a little boy, he has the nicest manners I ever saw. I was telling my husband about him only last night. If he meets me on the street he raises his hat. He opens the gate for me and closes it, as if he thought it a privilege. When he was at a little party the other afternoon I watched him. He behaved perfectly from the time he sat at the table until he made his bow to his hostess and thanked her for his pleasant afternoon. How in the world do you do it?"

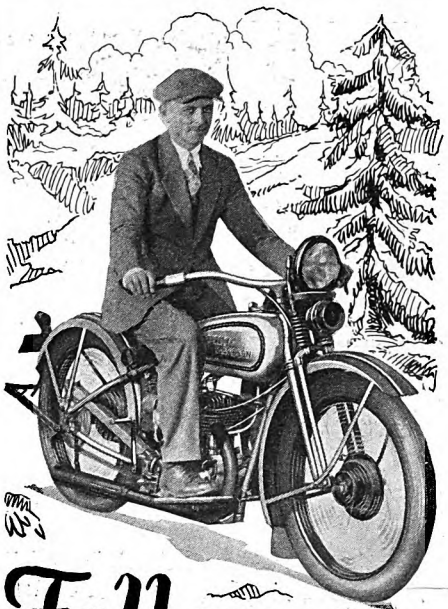
NO ONE was more surprised than his mother to hear of Pudge's good behavior away from home. And yet this is a common enough "miracle." It would seem that the familiar routine of home dulls children's minds to the need of practicing courtesy. Home to them is a place where "company manners" are to be laid aside, just as we grown-ups lay aside formal dress and slip into something comfortable. Learning manners is work done under high pressure. Only with practice do good manners become ingrained.

School life, too, brings its special problems. Some children take to school as ducks to water; others have to be broken in gently to its routine and discipline. How many times have I heard parents complain about their children's lack of interest in school work; their day-dreaming, lack of concentration and half-hearted attention.

Of course, the first thing to be done in case of any school difficulty is to make sure that the child is physically fit. An eye the least bit below perfection, an ear slightly dulled, a spine out of true, a stodgy liver or balky stomach, a gland working over or under time, will make learning difficult or impossible. Have the child examined physically and mentally, and then proceed with the school work.

I am assuming that the disinterested, dreaming, wandering child is physically fit. Why then doesn't he pay attention? The answer is, he does. It is impossible for a normal-minded child *not* to pay attention. The trouble is that the teacher does not *hold* his attention.

In the beginning, attention is involuntary. The child is obliged to notice the thing that is placed before him. If it interests him, if it makes him curious or eager he will dwell upon it, and then we say he is interested. If that interest is held, his mind absorbs it and the idea



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When your mirror says "Coated Tongue" ..*there's trouble ahead!*

YOU remember the physician's first words when you call him in—"Let me see your tongue."

He knows that almost invariably the furry tongue, and the unpleasant breath that go with it, warn of intestinal stoppage, the real cause of many, many ills.

People who want to keep fit know this too. So there's a fine health habit growing up among them—each morning they look at the tell-tale tongue. *When it is coated they take a refreshing, sparkling draft of Sal Hepatica, the approved effervescent saline.*

Sal Hepatica *promptly* and gently rids the intestines of the products of waste the natural way—by releasing the secretions of water in the intestines.

When you take Sal Hepatica, gone are the headaches—the feeling of fatigue,—and all the other enervating symptoms of intestinal sluggishness.

Sal Hepatica not only corrects intestinal stoppage—it is beneficial, too, in the treatment of rheumatism, hyper-acidity, colds, biliousness, and disorders of the liver and kidneys.

For Sal Hepatica contains the same health-giving salines as the waters of the famous European spas where so many people yearly go to "take the cure."

And just as you drink the waters at the spas, you take Sal Hepatica half an hour before your meals. Simply dissolve it in a glass of water—you will like its bubbling, sparkling qualities—its bracing tang.

Take Sal Hepatica when you need it. It is helping to keep millions of people internally clean and free of the poisons of waste.

Send for our free booklet that explains more fully how Sal Hepatica corrects intestinal stoppage and relieves other common ills.

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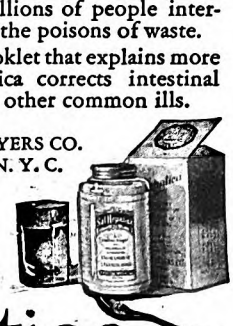

Sal Hepatica

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takes on a personal meaning and becomes a part of him. In other words, his powers of concentration are brought into action, and are coupled with a will and a purpose to learn. That sums up the complete learning process in a few sentences. The mind repeats that round with increasing power until it is the habitual process of a fully released and cultured mind.

When a child fails anywhere along the line of the learning process one must search for the cause of the break, and adjust matters. It may be because he lost the first point of the lesson. That will make the second one unclear. And nobody can be interested in what he does not understand!

IT MAY be, too, that a child loses interest in a lesson because it is beyond his mental growth. Sometimes work is given too soon, or too late, or it is work outside his field. But it may also be that the child is just plain lazy, and objects to making the necessary effort for the accomplishment of the task. When this is the case he must be held down to his work in spite of his struggles to escape. Every bit of work we do, no matter how much we enjoy doing it, has one hard place, one phase where discouragement and doubt enter, where drudgery must be borne with whatever patience and cheerfulness we can muster. Children must learn to face that condition and conquer it. It is the race-old struggle of the mastery of the spirit over the flesh. Its achievement means happiness and success; its non-achievement spells failure and regret.

A mother said to me recently, "Phil wants to leave school. He is in the last grade of elementary school, but he hate s grammar and won't look at his book. Of course he has a deficiency in it, and that will prevent his graduation. He wants to end his education and go to work. What can I do with him?"

This is another common prob'em that parents are constantly asked to meet.

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the child who reaches the last grade in elementary school with a passing grade in all but one subject is shirking. Grammar is drudgery and, to the adolescent child, a heartless imposition put upon him by carping teachers. If the child is permitted to have his own way, he will pay dearly for it all his life. We who know what it means must help him bridge the gap between his slumping, selfish being and his growing, achieving self.

I told Philip's mother to make it plain to him that he was going to stay in school until he made his grade in grammar. "But," I went on, "you must help the lad get a grip on himself. Sit down beside him when he starts his home work and see him through his grammar lesson. Insist that he do it first. When that's off his mind he will be much happier. Stick to this routine night after night; confer with the teacher, and get her to help you by sending home his papers and study topics. And, above all, praise him for each sign of effort and success. Once he masters grammar, he will like it. We all like doing what we can do well, and it's only human to shun work that we do badly. We really have nothing on Philip."

I have found that the kind of study a child does affects his power of concentration. Few of us can concentrate on what we are doing while in the bosom of the family. We must have isolation and freedom from interruptions. But it happens that isolation and quiet are about the last things a healthy child desires. He wants to be in the thick of things, sharing in all that goes on. But if he tries to study in the midst of the bustling activity of the family living-room he will acquire a scattered habit of mind, lack the power of concentration, and grow into the type of pupil to whom persistent effort is positive pain.

Let's take the case of Archie, who in his first year at high school has a deficiency in algebra. If we could listen in on Archie's home-study period this is what we would hear:

"Now, Archie, you must go to your own room where it is quiet, and do your algebra. You've a deficiency in it and it would be dreadful to fail."

"Oh, Mom, I won't fail. I can study down here just as well. I won't pay any attention to anything. Let me stay."

"No; you can't study with everything going on here."

"Aw, Mom. It's cold up there. I'll freeze if I have to go up there. I can study here—"

"All right. But remember. The first time you stop work you go upstairs, cold or not."

Archie unstrapped his books on the living-room table. "Did anybody use my fountain pen? Kit, did you? Did you see my pen?"

"No. How would I see your pen?"

"Well, you borrowed it the other day. Oh, here it is. Oh gee, I forgot to bring home any paper! Mom, can I go down to Sam's and get some paper?"

"No. You've wasted time enough. Use what you have."

"It isn't the right kind. Teacher won't take it if it isn't the right kind. Can't I get some?"

"No. You can't. Use what you have."

SILENCE settles down on the household. Archie opens his book and scowls. "Pop, listen to this. I can't do it. If a man starts at noon going four miles an hour and another man—"

"Archie! You keep still. The teacher said you knew how to do the work, and that you must help yourself. Now don't speak again until you have finished."

Archie reads along in a muffled undertone, "If a man starts—gee. I don't know anything about these silly examples. She never explains anything to us."

The doorbell rang, and Archie was at the door before its echoes had ceased. "That you, Mac? Finished your home work? I got my algebra to do. Yea. I can finish it in five minutes. Wait till I ask. Mom, can I go over to Mac's? I can do these examples in five minutes when I get home. Can't I, Mom? Aw, gee!... No, I can't go. See you to-morrow."

Heavily he drags himself to his chair, and gloomily looks into space.

"Get on with your work, Archie."

"I can't. This stuff is awful hard."

"You just said you could do your algebra in five minutes," said sister Kit with devastating calmness.

"You mind your own business. What do you know about it? You'd better study your own lessons."

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For Trips of Good Cheer!

At this season, when the motor car is so much in demand, the woman driver will especially appreciate the service she receives from Firestone Gum-Dipped Balloons. Any trip, anywhere, is taken with added confidence—a feeling of security and comfort which leaves her mind free and ready for the holiday occasion.

She chooses Firestone Gum-Dipped Balloons, desiring to take no chances on skidding over wet, slippery pavements. The tread is scientifically designed to give a sure hold and to flex easily with the carcass. The instant response to wheel and brake completes her confidence and makes her more efficient in handling the car.

Firestone Balloons are made stronger and more flexible by the Firestone process of Gum-Dipping. They give many thousands more miles, with freedom from delay and repairs. The Firestone Dealer is prepared to give expert suggestions and aid on the subject of tires. He will be glad to explain why you and your family should have the added benefits (at no added cost) which these "Better" Tires give.

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MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

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At noon—each day

JAPAN TEA

Your most restful drink

There is pleasure in its taste, of course, in the fragrance and flavor that only green, unfermented tea can have.

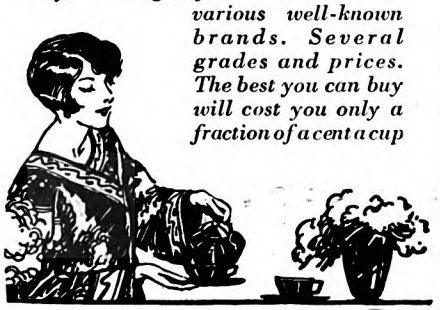
But the greatest delight in drinking Japan Green Tea is in the restfulness it gives you.

Try it at noon. Sit back for ten minutes after luncheon and *linger* over a cup or two, steaming hot. Relax.

You'll get up refreshed and rested, ready for a better afternoon of work or play.

Japan Tea is tea at its best—tea in its *natural* state, uncolored and unfermented, with all the flavor-laden juices of the fresh leaf preserved by immediate sterilization.

Specify Japan Green Tea when you buy. Packaged for the home under various well-known brands. Several grades and prices. The best you can buy will cost you only a fraction of a cent a cup



"Archie, that's about enough. You did your algebra correctly last night. Now, you go right up-stairs. And you are going to do those examples and the rest of your lessons if you sit up all night. I've made up my mind. Now up you go."

All that Archie needed was the habit of retiring to his own room for his study period, and a little supervision of his work. His attention was constantly attracted by what was going on around him; his interest was scattered, and concentration was impossible, because he was wishing to do a host of things outside the field of his work.

Nobody knows what a child may turn out to be. Family tradition is not decisive. He is not a combination of his mother and father but rather a composition of all his ancestors. He is a new organization of old material, and as much a mystery to himself as to his people. Again the principle of education shines through the chaos. Let him follow each phase of his growth to its limit. Each feeds the succeeding one, and the combined growth strengthens the complete expression.

Few children know what they intend to do for a living before they have completed adolescence, therefore it is usually better to give them a general cultural course until graduation from high school. Then, if they are not going directly to college, let them work for a year or two at some gainful occupation in which they gather experience in industry, in meeting people, in facing emergencies, and in applying their knowledge.

Usually, after a year or so of this training, a child has a clearer idea of what he wishes to do. Out of his wish evolves his purpose and the will to carry it through. Higher education without the creative wish and the accompanying purpose and will comes dangerously close to waste.

I hope I have made it clear that rearing a child is not the simple thing that it appears to be. It is not a matter of saying "Do this and do not do that, and all will be well." It is the complicated struggle of a soul striving toward a height which even the best and strongest among us glimpse but dimly.

A child must develop his own power through experience and suffering. You cannot give him the one and spare him the other. But what you can do is to stand tolerantly by, and with sympathy and understanding help him in his fight against ignorance, interpreting his experiences for him in the light of our own wider and richer life.

And, above all, hold fast to your faith that he is here for some destined good, some high calling, and he will, in good time, justify that faith.

"FIVE Years Ago He Tried to Give Away Half His Business" is one of those business romances that are always occurring in American life. The hero is William A. Burnette, who, starting out as an uneducated "poor-white" teamster in the Tennessee mountains, became a minister, and wound up as the president of an organization the sales of which amount to about one million dollars a month. The message of his life is told in a few simple words: "When a man tries, really tries, a way is made clear."

Getting Ready for Winter

(*Continued from page 63*)

have more than the average of colds, pneumonia, and other infections. In midwinter, if your windows are not frosted, get busy—something is wrong.

Another way to test your indoor atmosphere during the winter is to bring some flowers into the room. Most of you folks live in an atmosphere during the winter in which flowers will not grow. When your plants begin to die, if you go to the florist and make inquiry as to what is wrong, he will probably explain that your temperature is too high and the humidity too low.

Human beings thrive best in the atmosphere that plants grow well in—temperature about 68 to 70 degrees Fahrenheit, humidity 40 to 50, and with a reasonable amount of sunlight.

And in this connection, let us remember that the violet rays, the wonder-working rays of sunlight, do not pass through ordinary window glass. If you want a baby to thrive, it must be out-of-doors, or before an open window where the sunshine strikes it directly. The sun parlor is a joke. You cannot get a real sun-bath with light that comes through ordinary glass, since it filters out the most important rays.

The temperature of about 68 degrees Fahrenheit for indoor living seems to be that at which there is less tendency for the skin to perspire, and therefore less danger from chilling if suddenly exposed to drafts. It isn't fair to ruin the health of the entire family in order to make comfortable one chilly or elderly person who demands a temperature around 80 degrees. Far better that the chilly or elderly one should put on extra garments and habituate himself to the enjoyment of a healthful temperature.

Occasional changes in temperature are good for the health. It isn't healthful to live in a perfectly equable temperature. The human skin should be accustomed to frequent changes in temperature. It serves to keep the circulation toned up.

Now let us turn our attention to the prevention of some of the infections and other disorders which are so commonly associated with the winter season. More than one half of the health problems of the winter season can be solved by a sane régime as regards exercise, diet, clothing, and humidity; but it will not be amiss to speak in more detail of the best ways to side-step colds, sore throats, influenza, pneumonia, and other winter ailments.

In general, a cold is an infection. While colds are not confined to winter, since we do have summer colds, the summer variety generally belong to the hay-fever class.

Our winter colds are primarily due, in

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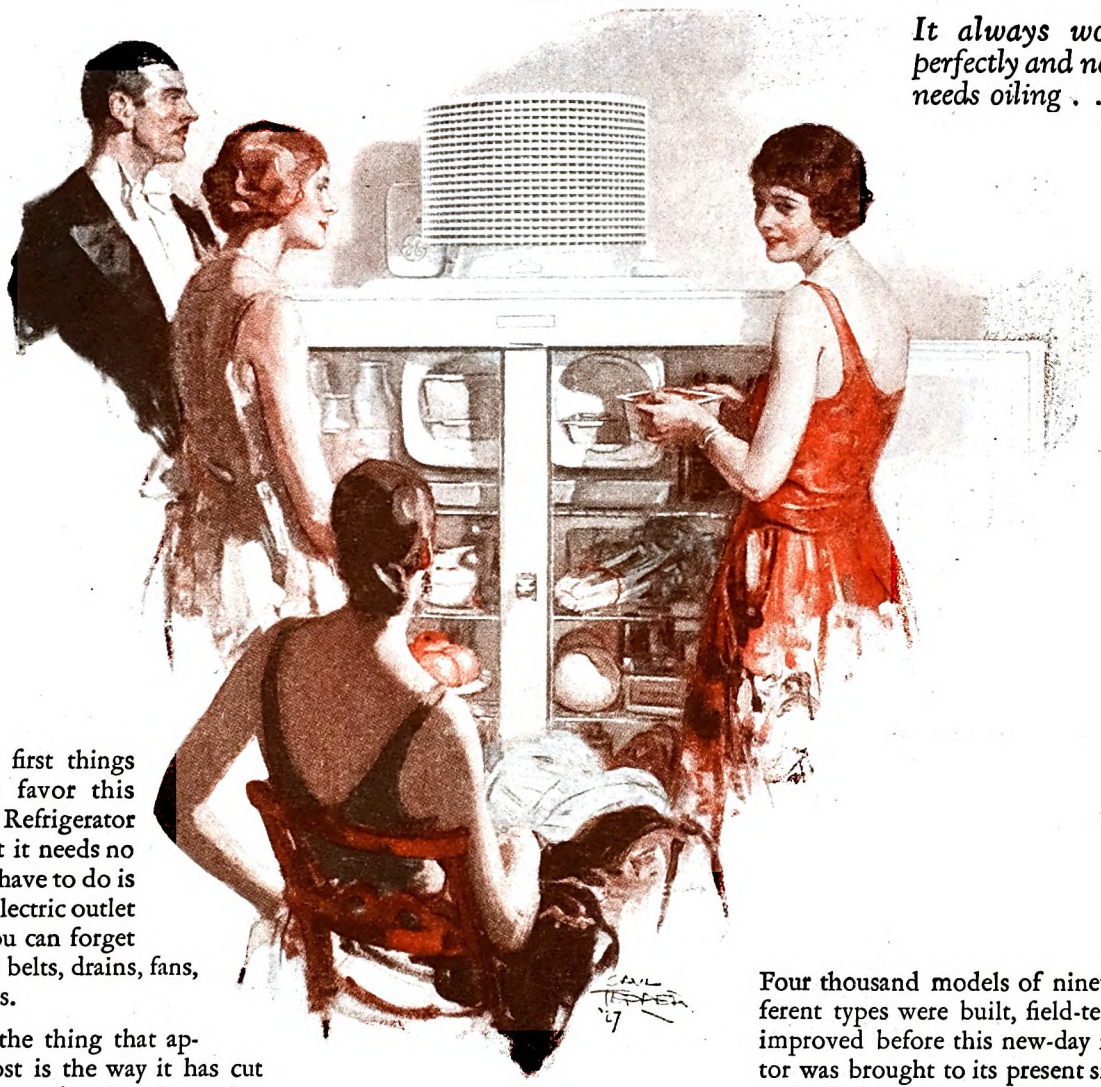
t hasn't a single belt, fan or drain pipe . . . .

It always works perfectly and never needs oiling . . . .



NE of the first things at made me favor this eneral Electric Refrigerator is the fact that it needs no ling. All you have to do is ug it into an electric outlet ..and then you can forget It hasn't any belts, drains, fans, stuffing boxes.

ut, of course, the thing that ap- eals to me most is the way it has cut y housekeeping job. I only market rice a week now, because I have plenty space and just the right temperature keep all sorts of foods in perfect con- tion.

Ve go away for week-ends without hav- g to worry about ice. Everything is ady for use when we get back.

ooking has become easier, too. Des- erts, which used to be the most difficult art of the dinner to prepare, now are eautifully simple—and ever so much nore attractive.

xpensive to run? Not a bit. It uses ery little current to make all the ice we need and give us perfect refrigeration. And, do you know, it's quite remarkable the way the top of this box never gets dusty. The circulation of air through those coils seems to drive the dust away.

For fifteen years the vast laboratories of General Electric have been busy developing this truly simplified refrigerator. Four thousand models of nineteen different types were built, field-tested and improved before this new-day refrigerator was brought to its present simplicity and efficiency.

You will want to see the models. Let us send you the address of the dealer who has them on display and booklet 11-A which is interesting and completely descriptive.

Electric Refrigeration Department
of General Electric Company

Hanna Building Cleveland, Ohio

GE Refrigerator

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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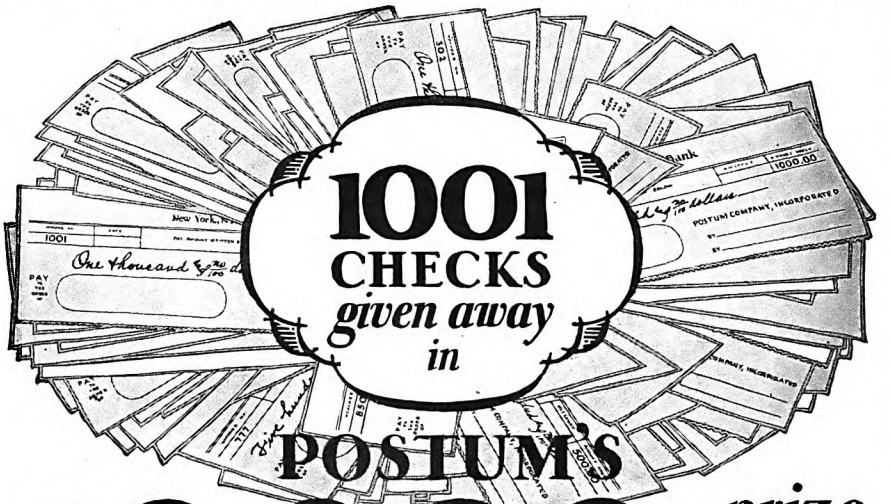
WILL YOUR NAME BE ON ONE OF THESE?



$10,000 *prize contest*

ONLY a few weeks more and Postum's $10,000 prize contest comes to a close. One thousand and one money prizes will be given away—prizes simply for writing letters! These prizes will be won by persons like yourself. Some will win $1000 each—others $500! Why not be one of them?

All that is wanted is a letter on any one of the three Postum subjects given below.

Others have told us, before this contest started, how they used Postum in place of caffein beverages for thirty days—and became regular Postum users forever after! "I sleep better"—"No more indigestion." Typical comments. Give us the results in *your* case—whether you are an old-time Postum user, or only a beginner. Hundreds of prizes for the best letters!

Or write a letter about Instant Postum made with milk for children. Mothers have written: "My little girl has gained weight wonderfully"—"My children couldn't drink milk until I discovered Instant Postum made with milk"—"No more worries about coffee for the children in *this* family!" Win a prize by writing a good letter!

In addition, hundreds of prizes for letters on "How I make Postum—and why I like it best made *my* way." Some Postum enthusiasts won't have anything but Instant Postum, prepared instantly in the cup with either boiling water or hot (not boiled) milk. Others like Postum Cereal much better—prepared by boiling, or in a percolator. Some people like Postum strong, others weak, others "in between." Just as with other hot drinks, individual tastes must be suited in preparing Postum. How do you prepare Postum? A thousand dollars for the best letter!

The prize money is waiting to be won! Don't let another day go by! Read the rules on this page, and enter the contest!

Subjects and Prizes

1. **"What the 30-day test of Postum has done for me."**
   (Letters on any subject not to exceed 300 words in length)
2. **"Why I think Instant Postum made with milk is the best hot drink for boys and girls."**
3. **"How I make Postum—and why I like it best made *my* way."**

For the best letters on *each* subject: First prize, $1000; second, $500; third, $250; fourth, 3 prizes of $100 each; fifth, 4 prizes of $50 each; sixth, 5 prizes of $25 each; seventh, 10 prizes of $15 each; eighth, 25 prizes of $10 each; ninth, 35 prizes of $5 each; tenth, 35 prizes of $3 each; eleventh, 68 prizes of $2 each; twelfth, 146 prizes of $1 each for first and second subjects, 145 prizes of $1 each for third subject.

RULES

1. You may write on any one or all of the subjects, and submit as many entries as you care to.
2. Write the subject at the top of the first page of each manuscript you submit.
3. Write plainly on one side of the paper only. Neatness counts.
4. Write your name and address on each manuscript.
5. In case of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the full amount of each prize tied for.
6. Contestants agree to accept the decisions of the judges as final.
7. No communications will be acknowledged, and no manuscripts will be returned.
8. Employes of the Postum Company, Inc., are not eligible.
9. Address envelopes to "P. O. Box 594—F, Battle Creek, Michigan."
10. Manuscripts must be received before 5 p. m. December 31, 1927.

(Prizes will be awarded, and the names and addresses of prize winners announced as early as possible in 1928.) This contest is not limited to residents of the United States—it is open to everyone everywhere.

THE JUDGES

U. S. Senator Royal S. Copeland, M. D., former Health Commissioner of New York City; Alice Bradley, Food Editor, Woman's Home Companion; Sarah Field Splint, Home Economics Editor, McCall's Magazine.

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Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms—Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, and Postum Cereal, the kind you boil. If you are not one of the millions who now purchase Postum, you may obtain a sample of either Instant Postum or Postum Cereal by addressing the manufacturer.

my opinion, to the drying out of the respiratory mucous membrane by indoor living in an atmosphere too low in humidity. Enlarged turbinates, crooked septa, diseased tonsils, adenoids, polypi, sinus infections—all these are predisposing causes of colds. The circulation of the blood, the so-called general vitality of an individual, undoubtedly has something to do with this tendency to catch cold. I find in the study of my patients who are predisposed to colds, that it is a different group of causes in nearly every case.

The first thing to do to prevent colds is to try to be in good health, and the next thing is to try to improve the circulation of the blood, and this is where exercise and bathing come in. People who have cold hands and feet may do something to get ready for winter by the morning cold bath, or, still better, the alternate hot and cold shower. The best way is to take a shower bath, say a minute or two of hot, and then twenty or thirty seconds of cold water; alternating this way half a dozen or even a dozen times, beginning with the hot and ending with the cold. This tones up the circulation.

People who do not enjoy the morning cold shower can improve the circulation by the employment of dry friction, taking a Turkish towel and rubbing the skin until it is good and red. Regular exercise also is good for the circulation—it promotes elimination, and it helps to prevent colds.

We have learned of a type of cold which is recurrent and which is caused by too little calcium in the blood. Now, calcium can be taken in many forms, but one of the best ways to take it is in connection with the ordinary table salt. This is particularly to be recommended if you live in a goiter belt, for then you probably have too little iodine in your water, and it is best to use the brand of salt that some states now require by law to be supplied to their citizens. I refer to the ordinary table salt which contains both iodine and calcium.

IF YOU are a victim of colds, see a nose and throat specialist early in the fall and make sure that your nose is in proper condition. It is a waste of time to take baths, exercise, calcium, and vaccines to prevent colds which are due to a chronic diseased condition of the nose and throat.

Remember that there is always danger of chilling, and consequent colds, if your undergarments are wet with perspiration, and you go from a warm room out of doors into lowered temperature.

One young housewife was seized with a severe pain in the head, which proved to be sinus trouble, and in going carefully into her history we found that when she made frequent trips to the back porch to deposit paper or garbage, she always stepped out of an overheated kitchen into the cold, with no protection for the head or shoulders. She contracted a serious and painful sinus infection as a result of her carelessness.

Let us not forget that many of our winter colds and other infections are caught from crowds. When epidemics are prevalent, and when you are feeling tired and a little below par, stay away from crowded gatherings.

If you expect much benefit from nose ointments, or throat gargles, they must be used in the very early hours of a threatened cold. These preventives are most effective

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en they are used in the so-called dry ge of a nose and throat infection; that the stage in which there is a dry or ling sensation in the mucous mem- ne of the nose and throat. After cous discharge starts, or after the oat has been sore for a number of rs, I very much doubt the efficacy of se remedies; nevertheless, we continue ise them and they may do some good.

Certain people are born into this world n poor and unstable skin circulation. w, some people can almost cure them- es of this cold hands and feet tendency, others cannot. Some of you who read article will always have cold hands feet; but this doesn't mean the blood oor or that you have anemia. It means t, for some reason, the blood vessels of r extremities do not move the blood und with sufficient vigor to keep a h, warm supply in the skin.

Exercise is good for this condition, but are not going to cure it. You are g to learn how to get along with it. are going to learn that your arms and s must be clothed (during the winter) a le more warmly than the average per- 's, and you will in time learn how to rcome this handicap, and will see that n no way predisposes you to catching quent colds.

HIS question of circulation brings up the problem of winter bathing. I be- e that the average individual gets along y nicely with two or, at most, three rm cleansing baths a week. Avoid tak- baths too hot, for by failing to cool m down you set up a profuse second- perspiration. It is chilling from this rspiration after going to bed or dressing it makes so much trouble.

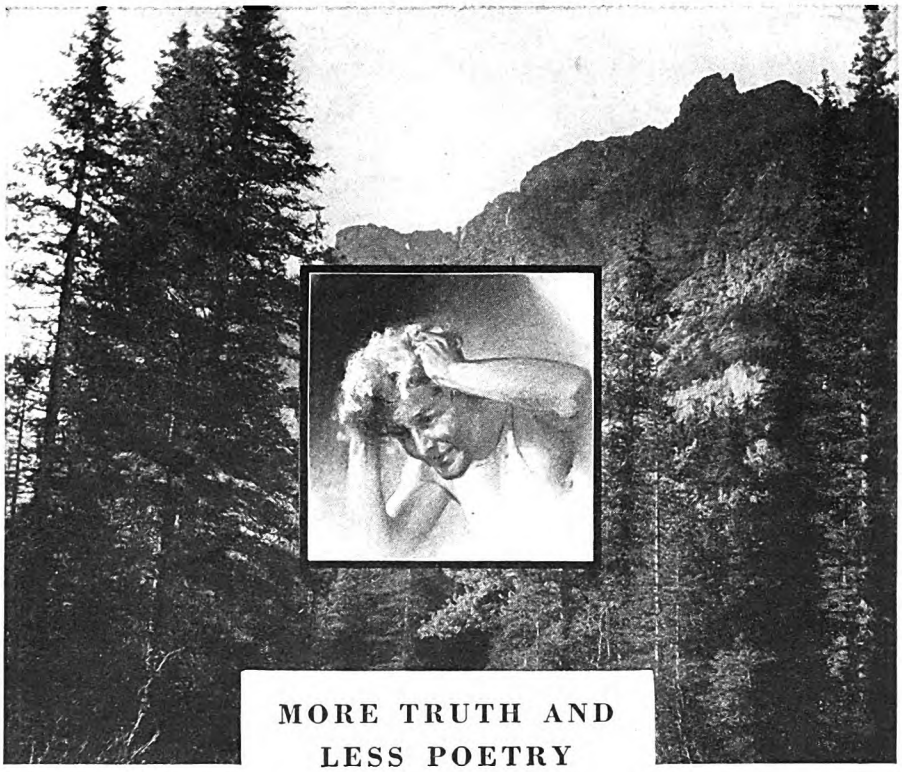
I have already paid my respects to the rning cold bath. I don't believe in ad- cating it as a general practice for every- dy, and I see no reason why people who not like them should take cold baths as natter of duty. Certainly something is ong with the morning cold bath if you ve headaches following it, and are lly until noontime. You probably can oid these unpleasant after-effects if you e a hot bath just before the cold ower, or if you will take a little exercise fore your cold shower and perhaps a le afterward—not enough to start per- ration.

I am far more interested in exercise as a nter health practice than in special ms of bathing; that is, for well people. m saying nothing against electric-light ths, sun baths, and other treatments at your physician may advise because u are suffering from some ailment.

Neither do I approve of such insane actices as breaking the ice in order to ke a winter dip; or sending the "kiddies" t in zero weather with socks and bare ees in order to "harden" them. Send e children out to play every day during e winter; but dress them sensibly.

Among other common ailments which dict us in winter are chapped hands and s. Individuals with dry skins are par- ularly addicted to them. Much can be ne by way of protection by the use of ld creams or other ointments which will otect the skin from the wintry blasts.

If these chapped conditions are allowed go on sometimes eczema develops, and zema is very hard even for doctors to



about hair health

If poetic promises would grow hair there needn't be one bald man in the whole forty-eight states! But magic aside, what are some unvarnished *facts* about the day-to-day care of the hair?

The care of the hair is not a new subject. Doctors have studied it for years. As the makers of Packer's Tar Soap, we have studied it with doctors for years—over fifty years. Specialists have always recognized that pure pine-tar was very beneficial to the hair. In their books on the care of the hair and skin they have always recommended pine-tar.

The difficulty was that pine-tar alone could not be conveniently applied to the scalp. It remained for Daniel Packer, 60 years ago, to successfully incorporate pine-tar in a soap—Packer's Tar Soap. And ever since doctors have been recommending Packer's Tar Soap —largely because of the healthful qualities of the pine-tar in it.

If you talked to a doctor today about guarding your hair, he would probably tell you something like this: In the care of the average head of hair there is just one real secret. Wash it frequently with a fine soap like Packer's and —massage the scalp.

A hair soap, of course, should yield a mountain of lather—at the double-quick. Packer's does! And a great many men tell us that the piney fragrance of this willing Packer lather makes a shampoo fun—really!

So, if you suspect magic promises but wish to give your hair as fine and intelligent care as it can get, outside of special medical treatment, we suggest that you get a cake of Packer's Tar Soap in its metal box and begin to give your scalp the benefits of weekly Packer shampoos.

Send 10c for Sample and Manual

For 10c (stamps or coin) we will send you a generous sample of Packer's Tar Soap and a copy of our new Manual, "The Care of the Hair." This profusely illustrated 28-page book presents the most scientific thought on the care of the hair; suggestions for the care of dry hair, oily hair, falling hair and dandruff. Fill in coupon, clip and mail.

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Box 85, G. P. O., New York, N. Y.
I enclose 10c. Please send me sample half-cake of Packer's Tar Soap and your Manual, "The Care of the Hair."

*Name*_____

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(PRINT CLEARLY to avoid mismailing)

PACKER'S *Tar Soap*

"PURE AS THE PINES"

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WHAT have they found—these million and more men who wear Bostonians? Some call it good looks; some, style; some, character. We call it individuality, that quality of style and comfort that is never absent in Bostonians. *Mostly $7 to $10 the pair.*

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Shoes for Men

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WHITMAN, MASSACHUSETTS

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cure. The remedy that will be helpful to one person doesn't always help another. In the case of the eczema of children, and even adults, ordinary crude coal tar is perhaps the best home remedy. It is employed as follows: Crude coal tar, 8 parts, and zinc oxide ointment, 60 parts. This is spread in moderate amount over the affected part, which is then bandaged for twenty-four hours. It is discoloring for the time being, but if this is applied as directed it is a simple and effective remedy. As little water as possible, or none at all, should be used in cleansing the affected skin area. Use olive oil instead.

Ordinary chapped hands will respond to simple measures. I know of nothing better than dilutions of glycerin, using one part of glycerin to four parts of water. This should be applied after each washing.

The use of a plain, uncolored lip stick, procurable at all drug stores, will help prevent chapped lips. It should be applied when going out in the wind and cold.

A great many persons, especially if they are above thirty-five or forty years of age, and live in an atmosphere that has little humidity, suffer with an intolerable itching of the skin, which often keeps up until the month of March arrives. Now, I have used many remedies for this "winter itch," but I have found the following program to be the best for the average individual: Take a fairly warm, soapy bath, twice a week, scrubbing the skin clean; dry thoroughly, and then liberally anoint the body with coco butter. Nine times out of ten you will control the itching; but if you do not, rub the coco butter on the body each day, or twice a day if necessary. If persisted in, this will usually afford relief.

Salves which contain carbolic acid will give quick relief from the itching, but they sometimes set up an irritation of the skin, so that in the end the remedy will prove to be worse than the disease. Folks who suffer from "winter itch" should avoid eating shellfish or oysters.

PNEUMONIA is very largely a winter disease, but not always. Proper exercise, good ventilation, control of the appetite, avoidance of chilling, exposure, crowds, alcohol, will contribute enormously to the prevention of pneumonia.

Neuralgia and neuritis, while they tend to appear and bother us more in winter, are really the result of focal infections. They are due to the action of pus-producing germs some place in the body.

It is interesting in this connection to note that some diseases, such as measles and scarlet fever, are almost always confined to the indoor season. When the fires are drawn and the windows are thrown open these diseases vanish, and then in the fall, when we lay our fires and shut up the house, back they come.

All of which leads me to repeat what I said at the beginning of this article—that man is an outdoor animal. However, since modern civilization and our climatic conditions necessitate our living indoors almost half of the year, it behooves us to do everything in our power to get ready for winter, and so to live during winter as to keep ourselves, as far as possible, above the disease line, particularly above the line of those so-called house diseases—colds, "flu," bronchitis, pneumonia, and tuberculosis.

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War Drums

(*Continued from page 61*)

ne bench in a little recess in the shrubery, a book in her lap. She wore white ith a green shawl about her shoulders. achlan knew now what he had only aguely guessed at their first meeting in e dusk of evening—that her hair was of most wonderful red gold in which the ntangled sunlight worked miracles. He new now also that her eyes were not gray ut gray-green, with yellow-tawny lights nd very large, and that, in spite of those yes and that hair, she was not fair-skinned ut richly dark.

At that first meeting in the dusk he had een thrilled by her voice, by the grace of er slender form, by the poise of her head. But he had not really seen the brilliant eauty of her, beauty which could shine vith its full radiance only when there was ight to glorify her hair and reveal the parkling depths of her eyes.

It was not strange, perhaps, that he was naware of the signal that her eyes flashed o him—that he sat motionless, absorbed, ntil he was roused by a sudden imperious movement of her head which more plainly than words bade him descend.

He did so, with something less than his usual agility, since as he leaped downward a vine caught his foot and nearly threw him. He stumbled, then turned to find that she had risen and was moving toward him.

"I WILL read your thoughts, sir," she said in low, clear tones, full of a mock humility. "You are thinking what a monstrous unmaidenly thing it is that I have done in bringing you here to a meeting with me in this secret place."

Lachlan smiled.

"It happened," he replied, "that when the black boy plucked my sleeve, I had been searching my brain to find a way in which I might come to you, and I had already decided to try the garden wall. It had served me once and might serve again."

She flushed. It seemed to Lachlan that her tone was colder as she bade him take seat beside her.

"I brought you here," she said, "to offer my apologies, to make amends for my ungracious conduct on that occasion when you so gallantly came to my assistance, thinking me in distress. Believe me, sir, my scant courtesy then has troubled me ever since. I could not rest until I had spoken these words to you; and I knew no other way to accomplish it save this."

"It was nothing, Mam'selle," Lachlan said quickly. "I interfered in what did not concern me, and you sent me about my business. It is I that owe you thanks, since your intercession saved me, an unarmed man, from Captain Falcon's sword."

He hesitated, then continued, smiling:

"It may interest you to know that since then I have squared my account with that gentleman."

She caught her breath.

"You mean?" she asked.

"It is a long story," said Lachlan, "and there is something else that I would tell you first, something of much importance to you: Gilbert Barradell is alive, and

Just Wait— 'til He Learns to Play!

BEFORE New Year's he will have mastered the scale. In another week he'll be playing popular tunes. And by spring he'll be "the boy wonder" with his Buescher True Tone Saxophone.

At school he'll perk up and take the lead in his classes. He'll grow up with the right companions. He'll "make" the band. And the minister and the family doctor will regard him as a model boy.

Fun! Good friends! Health in mind and body! A pleasant, easy way to work his way through college! These are the gifts thrown in with Dad's Buescher True Tone Christmas.

Could your boy learn to play? Can he whistle a tune? Can he keep step with the band? Anyone who can do these things can quickly master any Buescher True Tone Instrument. It is not uncommon for beginners to learn scales in a day, play easy tunes first week. Your boy, or girl, or you, yourself, can learn to play a *Buescher.*

But only with the simplified keys and the perfect tune of the Buescher is rapid progress assured. You don't have to fuss and favor for certain notes. You just open or close the key and blow normally. It's almost as easy as playing "Home, Sweet Home" at the piano, with one finger. But oh! how beautiful.

Six days' trial in your own hands, at home, any instrument you choose, will prove to you how easy it is to learn to play a Buescher. Then, when you've tried, and you see how easily sweet music is produced, you may, if you choose, pay a little each month while learning. Easy to play. Easy to pay.

Let's flood our homes and our school rooms with the sunshine of harmony and foster a healthier, happier, holier generation. Our beautiful book, "The Story of the Saxophone," tells how, and it is mailed free to anyone interested in purchasing a Saxophone. No obligation. Trial and terms given if you decide to order. Send the "Happiness Coupon" now.

Buescher Trumpets, Trombones, and other band instruments are superior in easy playing, perfect tonal qualities, and are used by the leading artists throughout the world. Any instrument sent on six days' trial. Easy terms of payment. Mail the coupon for special catalog of your favorite instrument.

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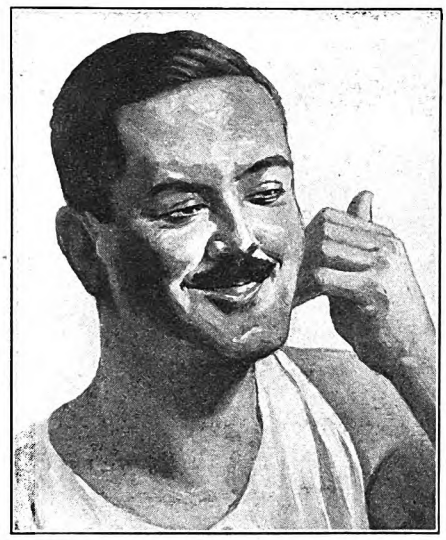

He stropped a new blade and it changed his whole idea about shaving

LIKE many men he had always said "Why should I bother to strop my blades when new blades are so cheap?"

To him a new blade meant a good shave. To be sure the second, third and fourth shaves were not so good, but he got by.

One day on a Pullman he got out a new blade, and was unwrapping it when his friend Putney showed him his Twinplex and offered to strop the new blade.

That first shave with a new blade, Twinplexed, was an eye opener to him. He admitted to Putney that never before had he had such a wonderful shave with a new blade.

Of course he bought a Twinplex when he got home, and now every shave is like that first one,—caressingly smooth.

To his surprise and delight he finds that a blade when stropped regularly on Twinplex holds its original keenness for weeks and weeks. He shaves in less time, has a cleaner shave and has more than saved the cost of his Twinplex.

You can now buy a Twinplex for as little as $2.50—less than a year's saving on blade purchases. Other models $3.50 and $5.00.

Stropped blade FREE

Name your razor and we'll send you, free, a new blade Twinplexed. We would like to show you what real shaving is.

TWINPLEX SALES CO.
1692 Locust St., St. Louis
New York Montreal Chicago London

Twinplex Stroppers
FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES

within the week Almayne and I will go to him."

She rose with a stifled cry, her hand at her forehead, her bosom heaving. She opened her lips to speak, but no words came; and suddenly her eyes, wider than ever now and wildly staring, were full of terror.

Those eyes looked past Lachlan, and over his head where he sat on the bench, leaning forward a little, and looking eagerly up into her face. Suddenly his own eyes narrowed. Perhaps it was wholly the fear in her face that warned him; perhaps his keen ears had caught some slight sound behind him.

He gained his feet, but only for an instant. There was a crash, the world went black, he was falling, falling, falling an interminable distance.

LACHLAN McDONALD sat in Captain Lance Falcon's cabin on the brig "Good Fortune." Across the table sat Falcon, and between them stood the same silver wine pitcher which upon another occasion had served Lachlan as an effective weapon at close range. It was half full of red wine now; but Falcon, smiling grimly, picked it up and held it in his hand, testing its weight.

"Odds Fish!" he exclaimed. "The marvel is you did not kill me. 'Twas my hat saved my life. And your own head? How does it feel?"

"There was some pain; but it has passed. It must have been some hours ago that I was struck down."

Falcon poured wine for himself and pushed the pitcher toward Lachlan.

"It was on Sunday morning," he said, "and this is Monday forenoon. Meanwhile, you have enjoyed a long sleep here on my brig, and I rejoice to see that you have awakened refreshed and quite yourself again. When I bade my men bring you here to my cabin from your sleeping quarters in the hold, I did not know whether they would bring a live man or a dead one."

He sipped his wine; then, pushing back his chair, swung his booted legs up on the table. He was in high good humor.

"You must admit," he said pleasantly "that my little plan was skillfully conceived and that I worked fairly fast."

He paused as though expecting a reply, but Lachlan held his tongue. He knew now what he had already suspected—that he was a prisoner on Falcon's brig; and he knew that the man opposite him meant to kill him.

"It was a pretty plan," Falcon continued; "yet I owed something to luck. Perhaps you have not yet quite grasped all that has happened to you?"

He paused, his eyebrows lifted, and, at Lachlan's nod, proceeded briskly:

"Of course, it was necessary for me to lay hold of you at once. It was a clever game that you played as Don Ruy Ortiz, and you played it well; aye, and fought well, too, they tell me, after you had put me to sleep. In truth, it grieves me to interfere with the designs of so promising a young man. But you learned too much here in this cabin that night, and, although you could hardly prove your tale, I thought it best to get my hands on you before you could go to the governor with your story of Captain Lance Falcon as an agent of the Spaniards. In the nick of time, Mistress Jolie Stanwicke's black boy, who is in my pay, brought me word that at a certain hour you would be in the Stanwicke garden. This was a stroke of fortune. I regretted the necessity of rough work in the lady's presence, but that could not be helped."

He refilled his glass and drained it; then, noting that Lachlan's glass stood empty, he leaned forward and filled it also.

"Drink, sir," he exclaimed, with a gleam of strong white teeth under his thick, reddish-brown mustache. "Drink while you may! Since no travelers ever return from that mysterious country, we do not know whether or not they quaff wine there to the thrumming of the angels' harps."

He smiled more broadly. "Your pardon," he said, "for the intrusion of an unpleasant thought. To continue my explanation:

"I have in my crew three Indians of the Mohawk nation, who, long ago, while I lay in New York Harbor, forswore the forest for the sea, but who still retain their skill in woodcraft. They were the very men for my little enterprise, since, you will understand, I did not wish to appear in the affair myself, and I did not wish the lady to know that my men were concerned in it. She knows only that, while you sat talking with her in her garden, you were set upon by three Indians who leaped suddenly from the bushes. Being new to Charles Town, and thinking us even more barbarous than we really are, she has no difficulty in believing that your assailants were Indians of some tribe hostile to the Muskogee nation, of which I understand you are a chief."

Lachlan had followed the narrative with close attention. He frowned. The plan had been well made, indeed. Yet there were details as to which he felt a certain curiosity.

"I CONGRATULATE you, Captain Falcon," he said steadily, "upon your strategy. You have been frank in telling me how the trap was set and sprung. One thing more: After your Mohawks had knocked me down, what happened then?"

"The lady rushed into the house, crying for help," Falcon answered at once; "but when she returned, you and my fellows had vanished. I had, of course, foreseen the difficulty of getting you through the streets to the river front in full daylight. Townspeople who saw my Mohawks pass perceived that they were carrying on their shoulders a small boat's mast and sail. None knew that under the folds of the sail a handsome youth was lying unconscious!"

Lachlan nodded. The story was complete, and he detected no flaw in the execution of the plan. Almayne might suspect what had become of him, but Falcon had covered his tracks well.

Falcon, eying him keenly, seemed to read his thoughts.

"You perceive," he said gravely, "that the business of getting you away was managed exceedingly well. The rest is both simple and safe. If I now decide to let my men drop you into the ocean, I can do so without fear of embarrassment later."

Lachlan poured a glass of wine and swallowed it. His hand shook a little, sweat stood on his forehead. Falcon had lowered his legs from the table and sat upright, staring at him intently; and sud-

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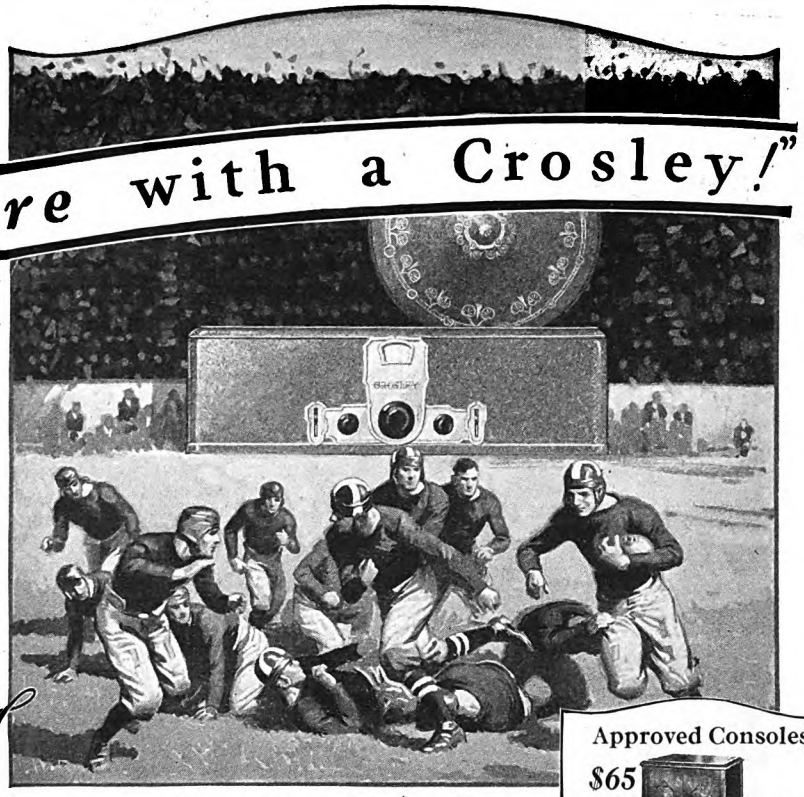
When the ball goes 'round the end for 40 yds.

"You're there with a Crosley!"



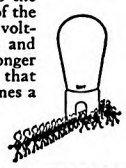
The Crosley Radio Corporation,
Can you explain "balancing," so folks can understand it? We technical people know that Hazeltine's neutrodyne principle is a wonderful thing. If you can make it understandable to laymen you're good.
Yours truly,
Giller Ward Hasner Hdwe. Co.,
St. Louis, Mo.

Nature always puts obstacles in our way. When men begin to study a new invention or discovery they find that there are many problems to solve before a successful device can be built. This was the case with the steam engine, the printing press, the automobile, the aeroplane, and every other major invention that you can think of.

The vacuum tube is, perhaps, one of the most remarkable inventions ever made. We found that we could use it to amplify the radio signals. But when we tried to tune these amplifiers, so that they would help us select the desired signal, we found that the vacuum had a tendency to misbehave.

SIGNAL VOLTAGES GOING INTO AMPLIFYING TUBE

When a tube is used to amplify, the output voltage is much stronger than the input voltage. This is the natural result of the amplification. But there is a path back through the tube through which some of the strong output voltage can get back to the input side of the tube. This voltage is then again amplified and again returns, getting stronger each time, the result being that the tube goes wild. It becomes a miniature broadcasting station on its own hook.



SIGNAL VOLTAGES LEAVING TUBE GREATLY AMPLIFIED BUT SOME RUN AROUND TO ENTRANCE AND CROWD IN WITH THE LITTLE INCOMING SIGNALS

AMPLIFIED SIGNALS RETURNING TO TUBE MIXING IT UP WITH INCOMING SIGNALS

If we can provide a second path from the output circuit to the input circuit, so arranged that the voltage which comes back through this second path is opposed to the voltage that comes back through the tube itself we can prevent the trouble. This is called "balancing" because the second path is adjusted so that it exactly balances the path through the tube.

HAZELTINE DIVIDES BOLSHEVIK VOLTAGES. BALANCING EACH OTHER BY OPPOSING EACH OTHER THEY CAUSE NO RUMPUS IN THE TUBE AND PROGRAM SIGNALS GO THRU AMPLIFIER WITHOUT INTERFERENCE

The Hazeltine method of balancing (or neutralizing) this path through the tube has several unique advantages over all the other methods that have been proposed. This is why Crosley radios use the Hazeltine "neutrodyne" method.

THIS new Crosley Bandbox

6 TUBE RECEIVER *de luxe*

is the national radio hit at $55.

The "All American" radio of 1928! With license to participate in the enormous radio resources of The Radio Corporation of America, The General Electric Co., The Westinghouse Co., The American Telephone and Telegraph Co., and The Hazeltine and The Latour Corporations, the Crosley Bandbox of 1928 is an "eleven" of super-efficient features and amazing co-ordinated performance. In it are incorporated:

1. **The best idea of balancing.**
2. **The best ideas of shielding.**
3. **The best ideas of sharp tuning.**
4. **The best idea of controlling volume.**
5. **The best idea of station selection.**
6. **The best idea of finish and color.**
7. **The best idea of power tube use.**
8. **The best idea of console installation.**
9. **The best idea of power supply connections by enclosing all leads in a cable.**
10. **The best idea of AC tube operation.**
11. **The best idea of converting AC current to necessary radio DC.**

Operation of the Bandbox receiver from house current is possible with the AC model at $65, which uses the new amazing R. C. A. AC tubes. Power converter costs $60 more.

These new Bandbox receivers are now on display at over 16,000 Authorized Crosley dealers. Their faultless reception of the many wonderful events constantly on the air is proving such a startling demonstration that a national enthusiasm sweeps the country in the natural exclamation—"You're there with a Crosley!" If you cannot locate your nearest dealer write Dept. 2 for his name and literature.

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Powel Crosley, Jr., Pres. Cincinnati, Ohio
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Crosley is licensed only for Radio Amateur, Experimental and Broadcast Reception.

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Licensed only for Radio amateur, experimental and broadcast reception.

denly something in the man's eyes, some expression of hateful, triumphant expectation, stabbed Lachlan like a sword.

He had held himself in check until now; but now at last his tautened nerves threatened to give way. Falcon was waiting and watching for this, was expecting it.

A sudden hot anger blazed in Lachlan because this man had expected him to falter, anger which was all the hotter because he knew that for an instant he *had* faltered. He leaned across the table, and struck Falcon across the mouth with the back of his hand.

"You call yourself a soldier," he said hoarsely. "If you have a soldier's pride, you will wipe out that stain before your seamen throw me to the sharks!"

Falcon did not move. There was a fleck of blood upon his mouth, but the lips were smiling. At last he brought his open hand down upon the table with a crash.

"WELL done, Lachlan McDonald!" he cried. "Well done, and well spoken, and a happy, happy thought—a flash of inspiration, no less! A thrust through the heart or lungs in fair fight is not murder, and it is a more gentlemanly way of killing a man than dropping him overboard."

He rose, and, suddenly extending his long arm across the table, tapped Lachlan's chest with his forefinger.

"An hour from now, sir," he said, "I shall take great pleasure in placing my sword point there!"

Again his forefinger tapped Lachlan's chest above the heart.

A space had been cleared on the brig's deck between the masts. Around it in a circle were gathered the vessel's crew—some fifty seamen, English for the most part, but many of them sunburned as dark as Spaniards. In the center Captain Lance Falcon stood, his hand upon the hilt of his rapier, the point of which rested upon the deck in front of him. A little behind him stood Lachlan McDonald, pale, but level-eyed and cool, in his right hand a rapier somewhat more slender than Lance Falcon's.

There was a silence broken only by the swish of the water, the creaking of rigging, the harsh cries of a few circling gulls. On every sun-tanned face in that crowding, eager circle was written a savage, joyous expectancy. Some were bareheaded, some wore scarves of red or blue or yellow upon their heads, all were bare-armed and bare-chested, many had hoops of gold in their ears.

Lachlan's black eyes swept round the circle of faces. He saw there what he might have seen in the faces of men gathered around a cockpit: no hint of mercy or compassion; only blood lust flaming in hard, relentless eyes; the seething, passionate excitement of savage men about to witness that which their stern souls loved most to see.

Falcon raised his hand, although there was no need to command silence. He stood bareheaded and coatless, his arms bare to the elbows, his white shirt open at the throat; a tall, broad-shouldered, immensely powerful man, yet so perfectly proportioned that, for all its weight and bulk, his body had something of a tiger's grace.

Lachlan's lips tightened. Knowing his own powers, he was nevertheless aware that he faced an antagonist whose experience was far greater than his. Yet his hand was steady as he placed himself on guard. Now, as always, the feel of the sword gave him courage.

Falcon had turned and was facing him, his weapon raised in salute. Lachlan, on guard, watched him closely—watched, waited, was struck with sudden wonder. Gradually, yet swiftly, Falcon's countenance was undergoing an astonishing metamorphosis. The sneer was fading from his lips; the tan of his cheeks was deepening to a purplish-red; on his forehead the veins were swelling; into his eyes had crept a look of rapt, incredulous amazement.

He stood as though paralyzed, mouth open, eyes glaring; and those eyes looked past Lachlan, stared wildly, fixedly, as though they saw a ghost. Then from some seaman in that part of the circle behind Falcon burst a hoarse cry:

"The 'Merry Amy'! Black Lowther's ship!"

The spell was shattered. The circle of fierce faces was now a milling mass of men who surged this way and that, cursing, shouting, craning their necks, staring toward the east. Another moment, and the circle broke as most of the seamen rushed to the rail.

Out from the heavy fog bank ahead and to the eastward had burst a great ship, a ship of towering masts and tapering spars, high-sided, her black hull pierced with gunports like a frigate. She flew no flag. Her wet, bellying sails shone like silver in the sun; her white decks were dotted with men running to and fro. She was sailing on a course which would bring her presently across the brig's bows; and even as Lachlan watched her, there came a puff of smoke from her forward deck, and a ball struck the sea ahead of the "Good Fortune."

Close behind Lachlan a thunderous voice bellowed a command. Falcon stood there, his face aflame with excitement, his eyes blazing. Still grasping his sword, he shouted orders with his bull's voice, turning now forward and now aft. Lachlan saw chaos magically transformed.

Hubbub ceased, confusion vanished. Men ran to the ropes; suddenly, with a mighty flapping of canvas, the brig swung 'round into the wind, careening so sharply that for a minute Lachlan, struggling to keep his footing, thought that she must capsize.

SHE righted herself, her sails filled, slowly she gathered headway, her stern now turned to the great ship which had come out of the fog. Lachlan, gazing aft, saw that the ship also was turning in a maneuver as swift and daring as that in which Falcon had turned his brig. Beside him a harsh voice croaked an oath—a one-eyed, ear-ringed seaman, teeth bared in a snarling grin.

"By the Pit!" the man growled, "Black Lowther knows his business too!"

A hand fell on the seaman's shoulder and sent him spinning. It was Falcon. "Come aft, sir!" he snapped at Lachlan, and strode toward the stern, shouting orders as he went. Lachlan followed, saw Falcon snatch the wheel from the helmsman, stood by with thumping heart and parted lips, as the man before him, oblivious of his presence, dealt with the peril that had burst upon him out of the fog.

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Here is the Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486, Eveready's longest-lasting provider of Battery Power.

Radio is better with *Battery* Power

NOT because they are new in themselves, but because they make possible modern perfection of radio reception, batteries are the modern source of radio power.

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WCAE—*Pittsburgh*
WSAI—*Cincinnati*
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WWJ—*Detroit*
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KSD—*St. Louis*
WDAF—*Kansas City*
WRC—*Washington*
WGY—*Schenectady*
WHAS—*Louisville*
WSB—*Atlanta*
WSM—*Nashville*
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He crowded sail on the brig until she was carrying every inch of canvas. He sent men aloft with buckets to wet the sails so that they would hold the wind. From a long gun on the after-deck he answered the cannonade which the pursuing ship maintained, until both sides desisted, seeing that the shots fell short. Meanwhile, he prepared for battle. Lachlan saw that men were busy at the broadside guns, that ammunition was being brought from the magazine, that cutlasses, hangers, and pikes were stacked upon the deck.

Then, after half an hour of feverish activity, of ceaseless bellowing of orders, a strange stillness and silence fell. Lachlan knew that for the present all that could be done had been done, that the issue rested with fate.

Falcon turned to him then.

"You have good luck, Mr. McDonald. D'ye know our friends yonder?"

Lachlan shook his head.

"That ship," Falcon continued, "is named the 'Merry Amy,' and she is commanded by a gentleman of some fame upon the seas. From his amiable disposition, he is known as Black Lowther, and, like myself, he is a privateer of somewhat easy conscience, who does not quite understand where privateering ends and piracy begins. Once in the Gulf of Florida I stole from him a prize which he had taken, and he swore by his favorite saint that he would cut off my ears and feed my heart to his pet dog. His ship, being twice as large as the 'Good Fortune,' and carrying eighteen guns to our eight, he conceives that he has his opportunity now." He glanced aloft, shouted an order, then turned again to Lachlan.

"It may happen after all, sir," he said calmly, "that I shall have to drown you like a rat instead of killing you like a gentleman. If I am forced to that necessity presently, you will please blame this inconvenient fellow, Lowther, who has interrupted our little affair!"

IT WAS an hour after noon when the "Merry Amy" burst like a phantom ship out of the fog and the chase of the "Good Fortune" began. Two hours later it was plain that the chase could have but one ending: Black Lowther's ship was gaining. At first, while the breeze held light, she had dropped a little behind; but the "Good Fortune" belied her name; luck, or fate, turned persistently against her. The fog bank to the eastward, in which Falcon had hoped to lose his pursuer, lifted and disappeared, and simultaneously the breeze freshened.

The "Good Fortune" sailed well in any wind. She gathered speed as the breeze increased, and Lachlan, standing beside Falcon at the wheel, marveled at her swiftness as she leaped quivering through the seas.

"I think we shall win, Captain Falcon," he said presently.

The tall man smiled sourly. "A landsman's opinion," he replied. "In light airs we could outpace her. In a stiff wind the 'Merry Amy' is the fastest vessel on the Western Ocean."

For a while he said no more, and Lachlan, watching the ship behind, soon saw that he spoke truth. Little by little the "Merry Amy" was creeping up. Black Lowther, too, had crowded on all sail; from truck to rail his ship was a towering mass of canvas. Beside Falcon, who still handled the wheel, now stood Diccon Drews, his second in command, a short, broad, hairy, tattooed ruffian, stripped to the waist, his sash bristling with pistols.

Lowther's tremendous press of canvas was straining his tall masts and tapering spars. Again and again, Diccon Drews, a long glass pressed to his glowering eye, studied the "Merry Amy's" bellying sails, and any moment he hoped to see a topmast snap. Falcon, knowing Black Lowther's seamanship, dismissed this possibility, but turned his head at intervals to gauge the lessening distance between the two vessels.

Good shooting was impossible in such a sea; but a little later, when the range would be shorter, a lucky shot from the long gun at the "Good Fortune's" stern might give that slim foretopmast a fatal wound. It was one chance in a hundred; and, even then, with half a gale blowing, the ship would outsail the brig. But the chase would last longer and there might be time to play the last card.

With a quickening pulse, Lachlan learned what that last card would be. If they were not overhauled meantime, Falcon would head in for the coast opposite Edisto Inlet, and either wreck his brig on the treacherous shoals at the inlet mouth, or, by some miracle of luck and seamanship, drop anchor safe in Edisto River, where his pursuer could not come.

AN HOUR passed, and always the wind rose higher and the waves grew mightier, so that the "Good Fortune" plunged and leaped from wave to wave, burying her prow deep in the crested combers, her decks awash with brine and foam. She still carried all her canvas, but Lowther had shortened sail. Yet the "Merry Amy" still gained, was now within easy gunshot.

For half an hour the long gun in the brig's stern had been sniping at the pursuer's spars. Shooting from that plunging deck was like shooting in the dark. Every shot had gone wild. Nevertheless, Falcon held his gunners to their task, laughing, cursing, swearing that the next shot would do the work.

Above the roar of the wind, Lachlan heard a hollow booming sound which seemed miles away. Lowther had opened fire with his bow chaser. At the same moment there ran up to the tip of the "Merry Amy's" mainmast a small black square of bunting.

At the sight a deep-throated shout burst from the "Good Fortune's" crew, and Falcon laughed grimly and bellowed an order forward. Three minutes later, a black flag blazoned with white crossbones and skull climbed to the "Good Fortune's" main peak.

Falcon spoke over his shoulder to Lachlan, standing just behind him.

"He is a brutish clodpole, this Black Lowther," he said, "but he has a certain wit. In these tame times the Jolly Roger is seldom flown, because most rovers have grown too discreet to proclaim their profession. But when two gentlemen of that profession meet to settle a quarrel, it is fitting that they should meet under the good old flag!"

He had scarcely finished when the gun at the brig's stern roared again. Suddenly Diccon Drews, who had been gazing at the "Merry Amy" through his glass,

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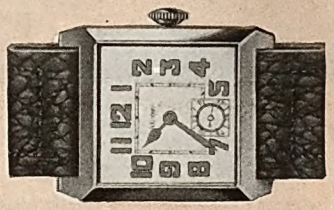

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leaped into the air, clutching wildly at one of the pistols in his sash. He jerked it out and fired it above his head.

"A hit, by Judas! A hit!" he shouted. "Square in the foretopmast!"

A great shout, exultant yet half incredulous, rose from the brig. To the unaided eye there was nothing to show that the man spoke truth, but almost instantly came the proof. On the deck of the "Merry Amy" there was a sudden activity. Yet, swift as Lowther was to act, he was too late. Before he could shorten sail to relieve the strain, the wounded spar snapped with a report louder than the "Merry Amy's" cannon, swayed drunkenly and toppled to leeward, its ripped canvas fluttering and streaming in the wind.

Falcon's great voice boomed out above the gale and the yells of his men—

"Lance Falcon's luck, my bullies! It's never failed us yet!"

Then suddenly the easy nonchalance which had sat so well upon him vanished. With the frenzy of a madman he threw himself into his work, straining at the wheel, cursing with fearful blasphemies the gunners, who still plied the stern gun as fast as they could ram each charge home, bellowing hoarse orders to the seamen forward and in the vessel's waist.

"He knows there's a chance now," Drews growled in Lachlan's ear, "an' he's begun to fight."

But the chance was slender. To Lachlan there came within the next half-hour conviction that the race was lost.

THE "Merry Amy" still gained—less rapidly than before, but steadily, surely. It was not only a race now but a battle, for Black Lowther was firing from his bow chaser and from two of his forward ports; three guns against one, since only the long gun on the "Good Fortune's" after deck could be brought to bear. Already there were three great holes in the "Good Fortune's" sails. The "Merry Amy's" fire was more accurate than the brig's; being much larger, she was a steadier gun platform. She outpointed the brig too, and while she gained, she crept slowly to windward. A little while more, and Lowther would be able to train his port broadside on his adversary.

All on board the "Good Fortune" knew what that would mean. The brig would be hammered to pieces, smashed little by little into kindling wood by an overwhelming rain of iron.

A round shot struck the water just behind the "Good Fortune," so close to her that Lachlan felt the spray on his cheek. Next moment, with a whining, humming hiss, a ball passed not six feet from Falcon where he stood at the wheel and, ranging diagonally forward across the deck, nicked a great chunk out of the port bulwark. Lowther had changed his tactics. Hitherto he had been shooting at the "Good Fortune's" spars. Now, with the race as good as won, his target was the brig's deck.

For a while, though both vessels fired steadily, there were no more hits. Then a cheer arose from the "Good Fortune." One of her shots had gone home.

It had struck the "Merry Amy's" deck squarely, just as the ship plunged into a hollow between two waves, and it had worked havoc. Lachlan saw men running to and fro on the ship's forward deck, and Diccon Drews, peering through the glass

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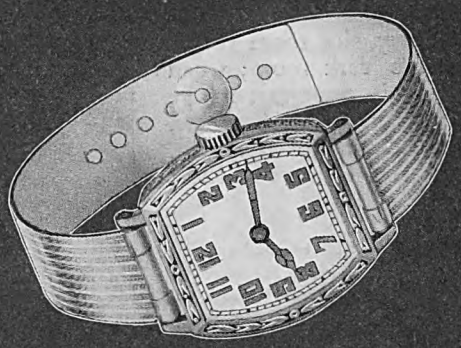

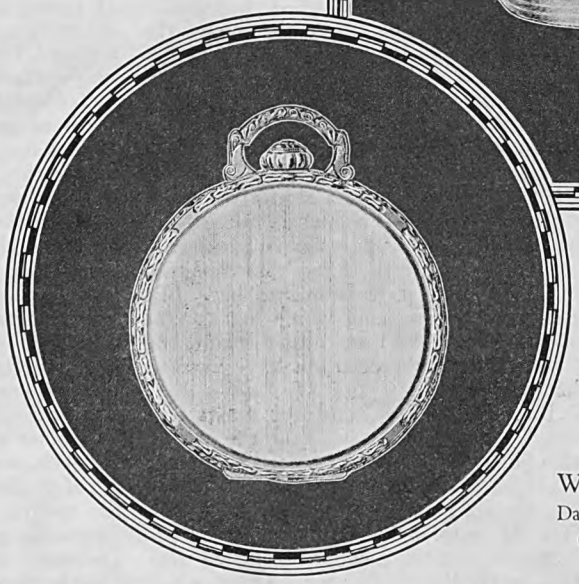

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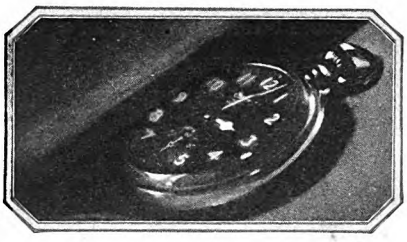

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The Ingersolls illustrated below are: Yankee Radiolite, $2.25; Midget Radiolite, $3.75; Wrist Radiolite, $4.00; Eclipse Radiolite, $3.25; Junior Radiolite, $4.

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just as the shot struck, swore savagely that the crew of the "Merry Amy's" forward gun had been wiped out.

"First blood!" roared Falcon. "By—"

A rending crash drowned the oath. Behind and to the right of Lachlan the brig's bulwark had been ripped asunder. A splinter struck him between the shoulder blades, though without inflicting a wound, and he staggered and almost fell. Recovering himself, he sickened at what he saw. Forward, in the waist of the ship, where the ball had ranged, five men were down.

ABOVE the yells and groans of the wounded, Lachlan heard a whining, a humming. It was so loud, so near, that this time he was sure his end had come; but the ball passed him, passed Drews and Falcon and the men of the after gun, and smashed into the "Good Fortune's" waist near the port rail as she rose on a billowing wave. Thence it ranged forward along the deck, its force almost spent, and Lachlan saw it, and saw the devastation which it wrought.

Men went down before it like ninepins in some bowling game of the giants—man after man in swift succession, until six men had fallen.

Falcon gripped Diccon Drews's arm, bade him take the wheel, then strode forward along the heaving deck. Lachlan followed, not knowing why. Close to the mainmast, Falcon halted.

"Men," he roared, "a half-hour more and we can run for Edisto Inlet. Will you stand the gaff till then, or will you hoist the white flag?"

He quelled with his raised hand the shout that arose.

"Surrender'll mean life to most of you. Black Lowther wants me and Diccon Drews and half a dozen others; but he'll let the rest of you go. We'll die; but most of you'll live. Which shall it be? The white flag or fight?"

From far forward a deep voice made reply. "To hell with Black Lowther!" boomed the words above the din of the gale, and the cheer that greeted them was half a cheer and half an unearthly laugh.

Falcon whirled and strode aft again, his eyes ablaze. In Lachlan's eyes, too, as he followed, a strange light flamed.

The half-hour had nearly passed. The "Good Fortune" was a ship of blood, a habitation of death. Sailing almost abreast of her and scarcely more than a pistol-shot away, the "Merry Amy" had poured broadside after broadside into her. But for the heavy seas, in which marksmanship even at close range was difficult, the "Good Fortune" could not have lived so long.

But she did live, and her masts still stood, and Falcon still held the wheel, though Diccon Drews was dead. Lachlan McDonald had taken his place. In his bull's voice Falcon still shouted his orders forward; but to Lachlan he gave his instructions for the powder-blackened men who worked the after gun. Once, when the "Good Fortune" still reeled under the shock of another broadside, he slapped Lachlan's back and congratulated him on becoming first mate of a pirate brig.

To Lachlan the thing seemed somehow not unduly strange—he was one with this crew of cut-throats, this crew of heroes. He was Lance Falcon's man. He had been Falcon's man since the moment when Falcon had made that speech beside the mainmast.

He had been afraid, weak with fear, sick with the sight of blood, bewildered by the incredible, infernal din of the fight—the thunder of the guns, the crashing of rent timbers, the cries of wounded men. But all this had passed; he was as cool now as Falcon himself. The battle was in his veins. He was drunk with the stark, incalculable courage of these men who fought and cursed and died and still yelled above the tumult, "To hell with Black Lowther!"

From the "Merry Amy" another broadside roared, and this time, whether by design or accident, the shot went high. From aloft came a loud crack, and a great spar hung dangling, the sail which it had supported flapping loosely. Falcon bellowed an order. To Lachlan it meant little; but he saw that men left the guns and leaped to the ropes.

Suddenly Falcon threw his weight on the wheel and the brig swung to port, turning directly away from the "Merry Amy," racing, with the wind behind her, straight for a narrow gap in the distant line of trees which marked the coast.

There was still spirit enough in what was left of that battered crew for another cheer, and they cheered, and Lachlan cheered with them. Yet he at least knew—for Falcon had told him—that in attempting to enter the inlet, they were going to destruction almost as certain as that which in another half-hour Lowther's guns would have dealt.

Lachlan looked astern. The "Merry Amy" had come about and lay broadside on. Then slowly her bow swung landward, her yards were squared, and the chase was on once more.

"He'll follow us in till the water shoals," growled Falcon. "Then he'll tack and watch us drown."

THE minutes passed. Lachlan heard the hiss of the waves, the whine of the wind, the wailing of a wounded man somewhere forward, the groaning and creaking of the brig's straining spars. Yet, now that the guns were still and there came no more the crash of timbers disintegrating under a hail of iron, it seemed to him that they moved through a silence, grim, unnatural, unbearable.

It was more terrible than the tumult of the fight, this silence. It was portentous, black with menace; somehow, he knew that it could not last, and that after it would come the end.

A loud crack, followed by others in quick succession, shattered it. A rending, rushing sound filled the air. Its shrouds and backstays long since shot away, the mainmast had broken fifteen feet above the deck, snapped by the prodigious pitching of the brig as she plunged head on into the rollers. It fell forward, fouling the foreyards; and in that moment the "Good Fortune," already a wreck below from Lowther's guns, became a wreck above, also, a helpless plaything of the waves.

A cry rose from her deck, a cry which was not a cheer, a hoarse, long-drawn moan of dismay. Slowly she fell off until she lay in the trough of the seas, wallowing heavily, rolling her ripped and shattered bulwarks under. No spar ever fashioned could stand such a strain. Within three

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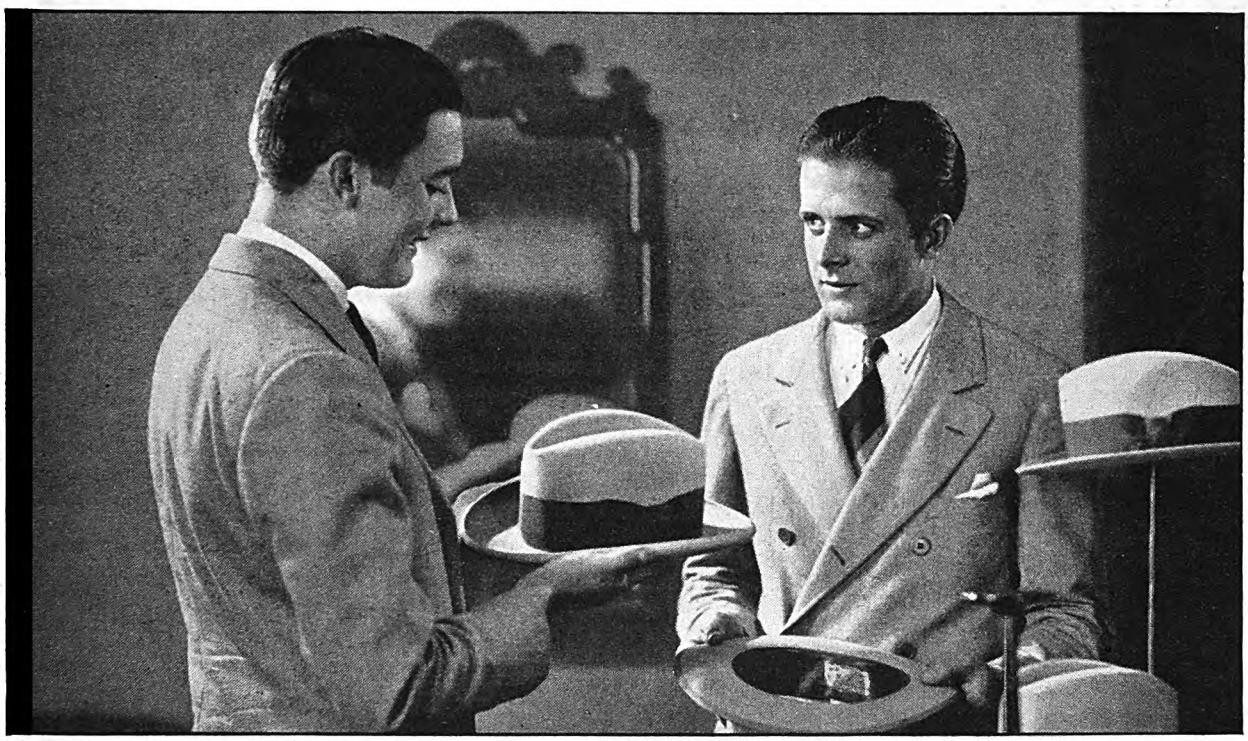

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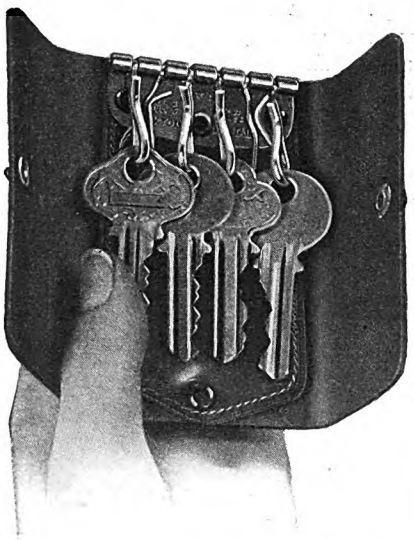

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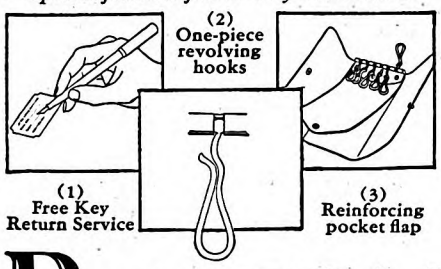

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minutes her dreadful wallowing fairly jerked the foremast out of her.

She lived a half-hour longer. Wind and tide and onrushing combers drove her drunkenly toward the coast. When she perished, she perished utterly. The sea raised her high and flung her down upon an invisible reef, raised her once more, and a second time flung her down. To Lachlan it seemed that she went to pieces as suddenly as though some monstrous cannon in her vitals had exploded and blown her into atoms.

LACHLAN lay on his back in a shallow hollow amid low sand hills. He raised his head slowly and looked about him. Four other men, naked or half naked, sprawled near him, breathing heavily. In the east the sun stood an hour high. The air was very still.

Against the blue sky a white-headed eagle circled on motionless wings. In a small gray-green bush across the hollow a wren sang merrily. Above a ridge of sand thirty feet away, Lachlan saw the head of a whitetail buck appear, heard the buck's snort of astonishment as he wheeled and vanished. From beyond the dunes came the continuous moan of the surf. Suddenly, Lachlan remembered.

It came crowding back into his mind—a torrent of memories, confused yet vivid. Most vivid of all was one!

He was in the water fighting his way toward a great floating timber, a fragment of the "Good Fortune," to which several men were clinging. He knew that he could not reach it, but he fought on.

At last he clutched for it, missed, and knew that he was done. But a hand reached out, grasped him, drew him up on the timber. Later he realized that the man next to him, the man who had saved him, was Lance Falcon.

All this seemed vastly remote, as though it had happened months ago. He remembered vaguely that, after an eternity, the sea had cast them ashore in the dusk, that they had staggered across the narrow beach to the sandhills beyond, and had flung themselves down on the soft sand.

Lachlan got slowly to his feet. He felt somewhat light-headed; his limbs were stiff and sore; he was cold. He swung his bare arms—his only garment was his trousers—to warm himself, and realized suddenly that he was weak and very tired. Without a glance at the four sleeping men, he walked to the top of the sand ridge in order to get a view of his surroundings.

Fifty yards away on the beach he saw Falcon, coatless and hatless, his white shirt hanging in ribbons, gazing out over the ocean.

Lachlan stood for some moments watching him. Presently Falcon turned, saw Lachlan standing on the dune, and beckoned him; and Lachlan walked slowly down the slope of the dune and across the beach. As he approached, he saw that Falcon was smiling; and this smile filled him with a dull surprise, a vague, undefined horror.

"Give you good morning, Mr. McDonald," Falcon said briskly as Lachlan drew near. "I have been mourning at the grave of the 'Good Fortune,' and now my faithful first mate has come to shed a few tears on her watery bier."

It was the tone, the sneer on his lips which made a hard, loathsome jest of the words. Lachlan stepped back a pace, his face suddenly white; but Falcon continued calmly:

"She was a stanch brig, but too small and not fast enough. As for my crew, they knew too much about me, and it was time I was rid of them. It may be that Providence, acting through Black Lowther, has done me a good turn."

The thought seemed to amuse him. He smiled more broadly, then added:

"It happens that the four who are saved are very faithful dogs whom I can trust and use. Else it might be well to finish what Lowther and the ocean between them could not quite accomplish."

He paced to and fro on the beach, while Lachlan watched him. Presently he halted and stood facing the younger man.

"I have a bargain to propose to you, Mr. McDonald," he said, "though why I bargain with you I hardly know. You are alone with me on a lonely shore. Man to man, you are not my match. I am heavier and stronger. You are weak from last night's ordeal. You are not fit either to fight or to run. I have no weapon, but I can easily kill you with my hands or with that piece of driftwood yonder. I may add that out there I saved your life last evening when I could have let you drown.

"My proposal is this: You will forget what you learned in my cabin about my dealing with the Spaniards. You will forget, too, that you saw the black flag flying at my peak or that I am aught else than an honest privateersman. You will give me your word of honor that you will not use these things against me in any way. You will not deny the story I shall tell in Charles Town about the loss of the 'Good Fortune.' As for the lady in whom it appears you are interested, with your friend Almayne, I place no restriction upon you. I shall take care of myself there."

HE CEASED, and stood searching Lachlan's face.

"Your answer, sir," he said brusquely. "Time presses."

Lachlan looked past Falcon over the leagues of ocean. Again there came crowding into his mind a host of memories; the din of the sea fight, the roar of the guns, the crash of shattering timbers, a great voice booming above the gale. He lifted his eyes and met Falcon's gaze.

"I agree," he said in a low, lifeless tone.

Then he turned his back on Falcon, walked to the ridge above the beach, and sat down on the sand.

(*To be continued*)

NEXT month, in "Dick Byrd—Gentleman," you will meet Commander Richard Evelyn Byrd, probably the most active officer on the United States Navy's retired list. Cited for heroism or extraordinary valor twenty-one times, Commander Byrd's achievement of flying over the North Pole made his name famous throughout the world. He crowned that fame when the plane "America," after one terrible night in July, landed on the coast of northern France. This intimate personal sketch, written by his friend Commander Fitzhugh Green, reveals one of the finest sportsmen that this country has ever known.

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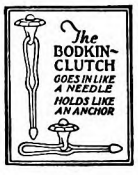

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"Folks Mostly Acts Like Human Beings"

(*Continued from page 55*)

Sheriff, I hain't sure but I'd kind of pamper public opinion some. 'Tain't allus wise to be drastic. That's one of the things I've learnt, muddlin' around the world. No, sir; if I was you I'd kind of keep an eye ahead agin criticism come next election."

"As how?"

"W-al, I'd show the folks I had jedgment. Instid of shuttin' her under the pust office, I'd arrange things to confine her right into this here house."

"Dunno but what that's common sense, Scattergood."

So it was done. Gertie was placed under formal arrest, charged with the murder of her foster father, and Scattergood, perceiving nothing more to be done in that place, drew Milt Green away. Gertie seemed not to be affected by their going. Apathy sat upon her—apathy and grim despair. They left her sitting in her chair, head bent, hands folded in her lap. Milt alone was wet of eye.

"Mr. Baines, she never said she didn't do it," said the boy.

"Neither'd I say I didn't," said Scattergood. "Now, young feller, you go off some'eres and set, and shet up. I got to think a mite. I got to think out which of a number of things could 'a' happened. Fust, if Gertie could 'a' done it. Second, if somebody else done it a-purpose and with malice. Third, if it was done by mistake—takin' the squire for somebody else. And last, if he done it himself. G'-by, Milt."

Thus abruptly, according to his custom, he dismissed the boy and returned to the piazza of his hardware store, where presently he might have been seen with shoes removed, toes wriggling freely and chin buried on his ample chest.

HE ELIMINATED: The finding of the rifle eliminated a section of the puzzle There remained to consider if the squire had taken the rifle himself and had committed suicide; if Gertie had lain in wait for the old man's return; or if some third person unknown had abstracted the weapon from the house with the thought to throw suspicion from himself and onto the girl.

The known facts threw out the supposition of suicide. The squire had been killed by a shot from a distance. Then was it Gertie or some person unknown? And who, besides Gertie, owned any motive for such a deed.

Scattergood pretended to throw Gertie out of the consideration. The guilt might be hers, but he did not wish it to be hers. So his effort was to hit upon someone who could profit by the old man's death. He considered the motives which might prompt a murderer. There was jealousy. The squire was too old to inspire that emotion. There was revenge. That matter Scattergood left for investigation. There was cupidity—and to that he gave scant attention, for the squire carried little money upon his person and his death

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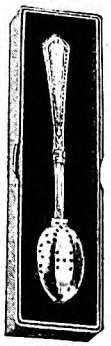

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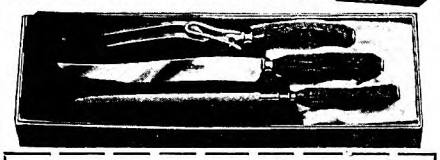

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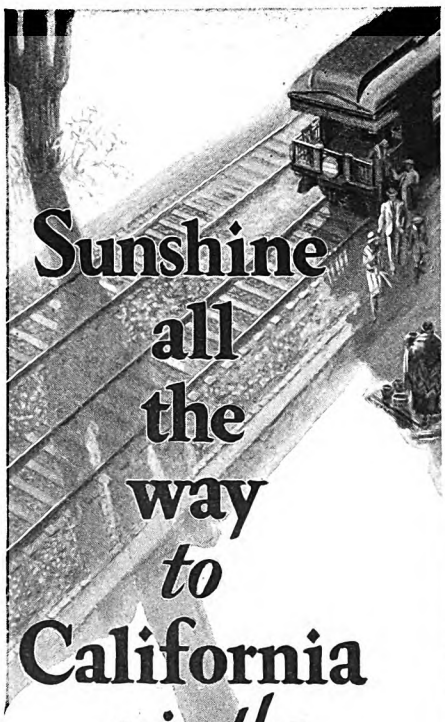

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could benefit only Gertie. And there was fear!

Upon fear he paused. Did any man have reason to fear the squire? And why was he afraid?

Pliny Pickett, conductor on Scattergood's passenger train which plied up and down the valley, came up the street to make his daily report. He stopped, but his employer did not look up.

"Howdy, Scattergood," he said.

"How be ye, Pliny?"

"Town's kind of stirred up, seems as though."

"Seems as though," agreed Scattergood. Then, "The squire wa'n't a killin' man, d'ye calc'late. Eh?"

"Wouldn't 'a' killed a sheep."

"Um. . . . "Wa'n't a vindictive man, nuther?"

"Not what you'd call," said Pliny.

"Mild-like," said Scattergood.

"But sot," said Pliny.

"Uh-huh. Kind of stubborn and determined. . . . My hoss ain't hitched, Pliny."

"I'll hitch him."

"You 'n' me is goin' for a drive. Kind of want you to think at. Uh-huh. I'll talk and you jest set. Hope everybody hain't been tramplin' around."

"Around where?"

"Them woods the squire was shot out of."

"Um. . . . I'll git the hoss."

PRESENTLY they were driving down the road in silence. It was fifteen minutes before the old hardware dealer spoke, and then it was to say, "Squire wa'n't shot for what he had in his pocket; 'cause his pockets wa'n't disturbed."

"So I heard tell."

"He was shot," said Scattergood, "for what he had in his head."

"Mebbe so."

"But what was it he had in his head?"

"I dunno," said Pliny.

"Nuther do I. But, Pliny, when we git to know what he carried there we'll be cluss to knowin' who done the shootin'."

"Then 'tw'an't Gertie."

"*If* the squire had suthin' in his head, 'twa'n't Gertie. If he didn't have anythin', then 'twas Gertie. All depends on that."

"What could he 'a' had in his head, Scattergood?"

"Suthin'," Scattergood said, "that somebody calc'lated it was wuth a killin' to keep from leakin' out of it."

"You're guessin'," accused Pliny.

"I'm reasonin'," said Scattergood. "It's got to be that—or Gertie."

"You mean he knowed suthin' about somebody?"

"That's how I look at it."

Silence again for a quarter of a mile, then Pliny, looking ahead, said, "Looks like the place, Scattergood."

It was the place. A deputy lounged on the roadside, but arose upon their stopping.

"Howdy, Dep'ty," said Scattergood.

"Howdy, Scattergood."

"Keepin' folks from tramplin' the woods?"

"Aim to."

"Them orders include me?"

The deputy scratched his head. There were no exceptions mentioned in his superior's directions; but in Coldriver Valley Scattergood Baines was an exception to most things. He was one who could make or unmake sheriffs, if he set his mind to it.

"Calc'late you kin look around if you step careful," he said.

"Show me where the gun was found," said Scattergood.

They walked to a spot ten rods from the road and the man pointed. "She was found a-layin' under that bush."

"Um. . . . Shootin' done from here, d'ye calc'late?"

"Found the shell layin' under this tree. Looks as though."

SCATTERGOOD went gingerly to the tree and stood looking down at the spot upon which the murderer stood when he looked through the sights to take the life of the squire, driving along the road.

"Um. . . . Didn't stand here long. Jest stepped to this place to shoot. But he must 'a' waited some'eres near. Now, where's a likely place?"

He peered about him. A dozen yards to the left and slightly nearer the road was a growth of young spruce, dense with boughs intermingling—ideal cover for one who lurked.

"I bet you he squatted in there till he heard them buggy wheels," Scattergood said, and moved in that direction. "Um. . . . Folks allus takes the line of least resistance. Must be an openin' in. Um. . . . Here she be." He pushed his way into the narrow lane through the young trees until he came upon an oval spot some six feet in diameter. From the lower edge of this the road could be seen, but too much undergrowth intervened to make a shot certain.

"I'm guessin' he squatted in here till he heard the squire a-comin' down the road," Scattergood said.

"He?" The deputy signified his surprise at the masculine pronoun.

"Jest a figger of speech," said Scattergood. "Sat here quite a spell. Uh-huh. Kind of impatient, too, the way he gouged into the ground with his heels. Now it 'ud be int'restin' to know how he passed away the time, wouldn't it? When one man's a-layin' in wait to kill another, what does he do with his arms and laigs? Must be quite a chore, Dep'ty. Arms and laigs is bound to do suthin', if 'taint no more'n enjoy cramps."

"He was a kicker, all right," agreed Pliny.

"Nobody," said Scattergood, "kin sit around a place like this here for an hour, say, and not kind of write his name. Now, if I was one of them detectives like you read of, it 'ud all be clear to me. No two folks acts alike. Nobody else in the world 'ud 'a' done jest what the person did that sat here—if only we knowed what it was he done."

"He kicked his heels," said Pliny.

"That hain't illuminatin'," said Scattergood. "W-al, I calc'late we seen all's to be seen."

"And that wa'n't much," said the deputy.

Scattergood made no rejoinder, but walked back to his buggy, nodded good-by to the officer and drove back toward Coldriver with Pliny.

"Kind of useless," Pliny hazarded.

"Passed away the time," said Scattergood."

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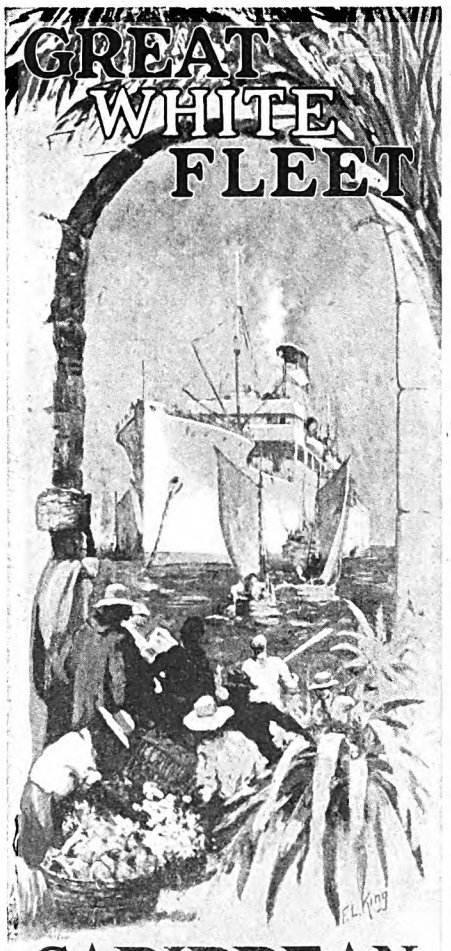

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It was the day of the hearing—that preliminary proceeding before a magistrate to determine if there exists enough evidence against the accused to warrant holding him for trial. Gertie Tingley had been escorted from the home where she had lived since her adoption, to the court-room presided over by Justice of the Peace Goodspeed. The court-room was jammed; the streets were jammed. It was a holiday in the valley.

Gertie was to be defended by Johnny Bones, Scattergood's lawyer, not so youthful now as he had been upon his first association with the old merchant. Beside the accused at the table sat Milt Green—openly holding her hand.

SUCH evidence as was available to the prosecution was adduced under oath, circumstantial in its nature, but pointing toward Gertie. Prejudice pointed its finger at her. Johnny Bones did not cross-question, but left the facts adduced by the people as admitted and indisputable. When the prosecution rested Johnny arose to address the court briefly:

"I shall not ask Miss Tingley to take the stand—unless it shall prove to be necessary. In fact, I shall call but one witness. Mr. Baines, will you step forward and be sworn?"

Scattergood lumbered forward, raised his right hand, took his oath to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and seated himself heavily.

"Mr. Baines," Johnny began, "on August 14th, the day of the shooting of Squire Tingley, did you visit the scene of the crime?"

"I done *so*," said Scattergood.

"This proceeding," said Johnny, "is more or less informal. It is to arrive at facts in the easiest way. Therefore, Mr. Baines, will you tell this court what you found in or near the scene of the crime?"

"W-al," said Scattergood, "I see where the squire was found, and where the gun was found, and the spot where the murderer stood when he done the shootin'."

"Was that all?"

"No. I knowed he didn't wait on that spot, so I searched around till I found the place where he did wait."

"How did you know it was the place?"

"The' was signs that told me."

"Were there any signs to tell you who it was that waited?"

Scattergood cleared his throat. "The' was signs there. Now, 'fore I answer that right out, I got to do some talkin'."

"Talk up, Scattergood," said the justice.

"Everybody," said Scattergood, "is different from everybody else. We got different faces and different shapes; but the most difference is in our habits. You kin recognize folks by their habits if their faces come to be changed so as they look like somebody else."

"What habits?"

"One's they hain't conscious of havin'. Now, take for instance: One man will allus draw squares on a piece of paper when he's settin' near one. He jest can't help it. Another man'll twiddle his fingers agin his knee. Some men sniffle. Some men do this and some do that. But everyone has got some one habit that marks him off from everybody else, so if a body with eyes was to come into a place that man had been for an hour, he could tell who the man was."

"I think I understand," said Johnny. "Everybody unconsciously leaves his signature upon a spot he occupies for long."

"That's the idee. He can't help himself. I knowed a man that couldn't set in the woods 'thout pickin' off twigs and peelin' 'em with his thumb nail. Only man I ever see that done it. He couldn't help himself. Prob'ly, he never knowed he done it. Jest an example."

"Did this person who lay in wait for the squire have such a habit?"

"The' hain't no doubt of it," said Scattergood. "He wrote his name like he was registerin' at a hotel." Suddenly the old man got to his feet. "Hey! Didn't I tell you you sh'ud guard all them doors and winders! . . . And now, jest when I'm aimin' to name the man! . . . Git a guard onto that side door! Quick!"

"Name the man," said Johnny.

"His name's—"

But there was a sudden commotion, a vicious, thrusting rush for that unguarded side door, a sudden babel of sound, shouting, scuffling, thudding blows. Then the voice of ex-Sheriff Ulysses Watts bellowed above the uproar: "I got him, Scattergood. I got him so's he can't git away!"

Scattergood stood up to look. His face remained impassive, but he nodded his head. "The name that was wrote on that hidin' place in the young spruces," he said, "was Dep'ty Sheriff Penny. I calc'late that's all, Jedge."

But it was not all. Deputy Penny was groveling in terror. "'Twan't all me," he screamed. "I jest done the shootin'. But I was put up to it. I hain't so guilty as him." He struggled to be free. "I hain't goin' to suffer alone, neither. He put me up to it."

"Cart that man off to jail," bellowed the new sheriff, advancing threateningly.

"Keep him off of me," whined Penny. "He's the feller behind it. It's him. Sheriff Newsome. Yes, sir. 'Cause the squire 'd got the evidence agin him, and was a-comin' home to turn it over to the authorities."

"What evidence?" demanded ex-Sheriff Watts.

"Usin' his place as sheriff to fetch in whisky from Canady," said Penny. "He's been doin' it right along, and me 'n' other dep'ties has been a-helpin'. And the squire, he clinched the evidence to Higgins Bridge that day."

SCATTERGOOD, with Johnny Bones, walked up the street with Gertie Tingley and her sweetheart—toward the home which would be theirs together very shortly.

"But, Mr. Baines," said Milt, "I hain't got it through my head yit what it was Penny done that give him away."

Johnny Bones chuckled.

"I mean what it was he done amongst them spruces that told it was him."

"I'm wonderin' too," said Scattergood. "What you sayin'."

"That I'd kind of like to know myself," said Scattergood. "I studied that place mighty hard, but I couldn't make out nothin'. Though the' hain't no doubt he left some identifyin' sign visible to somebody, somehow."

"Then however'd you know 'twas him?"

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"I didn't," said Scattergood. "Not ill he told me by bustin' for that door. No, sir. I was mighty curious to see who was goin' to jump—or if anybody was. You see, I told him everybody left some sign, and that got to stirrin' up his guilty conscience. Uh-huh. And I told him he left some sign, which he must 'a' done, thought I didn't notice it. . . . And then I kind of offered him an invitation to git away through that side door. When he up and accepted it, I knowed."

"But—"

"It come out about like I calc'lated. Folks mostly acts like human bein's. Rig up a set of circ'mstances that'll make one man act a certain way, and it'll make most folks act the same. I jest rigged the circ'mstances and let 'em go to work. Penny was obligin'. . . . Um. . . . I calc'late Ulysses Watts'll have to be sheriff agin." He paused, and Johnny paused with him. "G'-by," he said abruptly.

"But we—I—haven't thanked you, Mr. Baines," said Gertie.

"G'-by," said Scattergood; and, turning his broad back, he ambled hastily down the street.

Where There Isn't a Will There's a Way

(*Continued from page 43*)

or Way. I feared you would elope off with one of those jazz-hoppers or whatever you call them. Thank heaven, you'll have a church wedding, though what your poor father will say to the cost of it I don't know!"

That same evening at the dinner table Will and Way announced their engagement to Effie May, and, for once in his life, Timmerson Brown did not come back with a humorous remark. He dropped his fork and stared at his sons.

"But here! Wait a minute!" he exclaimed. "Do I get this idea? Both of you engaged to the same Wrinch girl? Is that what I heard you say?"

"Yes, sir," said Will. "But that, of course, is only temporarily, sir. It just happened so, Father. Effie May is such a darling, and I did rush her pretty hard—"

"And you may be sure I wouldn't take 'No' for an answer, sir," said Way.

"So she's going to let Way and me—"

"Effie May Wrinch?" Mrs. Brown interrupted Will. "Is that the girl with the beautiful hair? Is it the ice man's daughter?"

"Mother! You know her," exclaimed Will. "I introduced you at the East Orange game."

"I remember her quite well," said Mrs. Brown. "Isn't she rather—I mean she isn't—she's not the intellectual type. I don't mean she's light, but—"

"If you mean she isn't a long-jawed high-brow," said Will. "She's a little fairy made of woven sunshine!"

"She isn't made of sunshine," said Way. "She is the sunshine itself!"

"I must be thinking of the right girl," said Mrs. Brown. "I dare say I shall love her when I know her better."

"But about this business of both being

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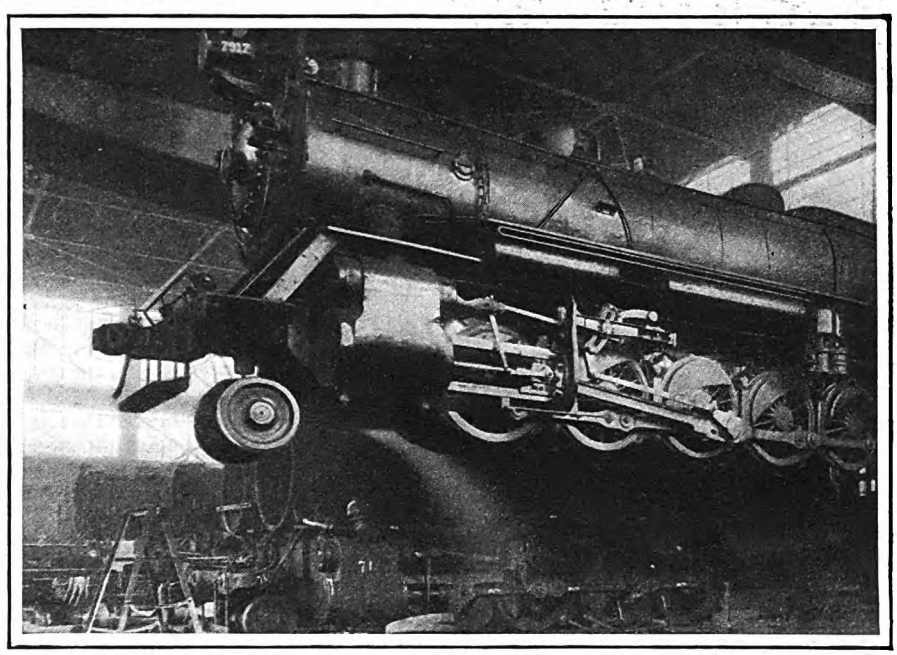

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engaged to her," said Mr. Brown. "That's not—well, I never heard of anything like that, you know. It don't seem to me exactly—"

"But that's only temporary, as Will said," explained Way eagerly. "Will and I are going to talk it out to-night, and decide which is to be which. We haven't had a chance to get at it yet. We aren't going to quarrel about it, are we, Will?"

"No, sir!" declared Will positively. "There's no girl in the world I would quarrel with Way over. We'll fix it up to-night. We thought we ought to tell you and Mother, sir."

"And quite right, too," said Mr. Brown. "And I have no objection to the girl whatever. I've seen her here and there, now and again, and I think she is a beautiful girl—very lovely indeed, and sweet and all that. I will say, boys, that she seems to me a little light; not frivolous, perhaps, but not a mental giant, if you know what I mean."

"I don't want a mental giant," said Will. "Neither does Way, I guess."

"Then all I have to say," said Mr. Brown, "is that when you have decided which of you is to marry her I will do my part. You can't either of you support a wife on what you are making; but I'll see that you get along until you can. . . . Is there any more of that pie left, Sarah? I could handle another piece."

"FATHER was fine," Way said when the boys were alone after dinner. "Mother will be all right too when she knows Effie better. Now, how shall we settle this, Will?"

"There's only one way to settle it, as far as I can see," said Will. "I'm going to marry Effie May. I gave her my word and I wouldn't break my word where Effie May was concerned, not for worlds. All you have to do is look at this thing sensibly. I'm the oldest twin and I have the right of first choice."

"All right!" said Way. "I agree to that. You had the right of first choice—but you did not exercise it. You let it lapse. I asked her first and she accepted me first, and that is all there is to it. She's mine, Will."

"Not for a minute!" Will said. "You say you asked her first, and I don't deny it; but that was only your bad luck. I was her final choice. It is like America—the Indians had America first and no one denies it, but then the English came along. They were the last, and they got it. You had Effie May first, but I came along last, so she's mine. She is mine, Way."

"The English haven't got America, as far as that goes," said Way patiently, "but the comparison don't apply to Effie May. It is more as if Effie May was a house and I made a contract to buy the house. The contract holds, even if someone comes along later and thinks he is making a contract to buy the house. The first contract holds. She is mine, Will."

"Effie May is not a house," said Will. "She is a girl."

"And a mighty sweet one," said Way.

"The sweetest that ever lived," agreed Will. "Now, be reasonable, Way. Everyone knows that a girl's last word is the only one that counts. Thousands of girls have broken thousands of engagements, and married—"

"Effie May hasn't broken her engagement, as it happens," Way said. "Legally, Will, Effie May is not engaged to you. A girl can't be engaged to two men at once."

"A girl is," said Will.

They talked until almost morning, but it led only to each thinking of new reasons why his claim to Effie May was the more sound and logical and undeniable.

"I'm sorry, Will," Way said, when they were so sleepy they were yawning, "but this won't get us anywhere. Are you willing to wear spats and a stovepipe hat at the wedding?"

"I'd wear anything. I'd wear a bathing suit and a gas mask. I'd wear a sunbonnet and go on stilts. I'm going to marry Effie May!"

"I'm sorry," Way repeated. "But you'll have to get that notion out of your head. *I'm* going to marry Effie May. That's final; but no hard feelings, Will."

"No, indeed; no hard feelings, Way." And they shook hands and went to bed.

THE next evening the local newspapers held two notices, paid for. One was: "Engaged. Mr. Willard Brown announces his engagement to Miss Effie May Wrinch. The wedding will be at the South Side Chapel, at high noon, June first." And the other was: "Mr. Wayland Brown announces his engagement to Miss Effie May Wrinch. The wedding will take place at noon, June first, at the South Side Chapel."

The appearance of these notices created the inevitable comment and interest, and hundreds of persons asked Will and Way and Effie May about them. Effie May was flutteringly excited herself, and she did not conceal anything. It was delightful to tell about Will and Way, and almost everyone thought the complication was extremely romantic.

Any girl, they agreed, might find it hard to decide between the twins and, since the twins were willing to make the final decision, it was fair enough for them to fight it out in their own way.

Effie May went ahead with her preparations happily, and Will and Way went ahead with their far less numerous ones, and the matter of the final decision seemed to have reached a deadlock. Mr. Wrinch sold a pair of mules, and let Effie May have money for a trousseau and Mrs. Wrinch have money for the decoration of the chapel and the other wedding expenses. There wasn't even any trouble about the invitations. Both of the twins had their mother's maiden name for a middle name, so Effie May just had the engraver use the initials: "Effie May Wrinch to Mr. W. L. Brown." It wasn't exactly proper, but it would do.

Will and Way each bought cutaways and spats and silk hats, and each bought a marriage license from the county clerk. They went together to see the Reverend Mr. Raylor.

Fortunately, they had the same friends, and together they selected the ushers from the militia company. The matter of a best man settled itself; it was agreed by Will that Way should be his best man, and it was agreed by Way that Will should be his.

Each bought Effie May an engagement ring and she wore them both with great pride. Each bought a platinum wedding ring for use in the final ceremony. Each evening Will and Way called on Effie May

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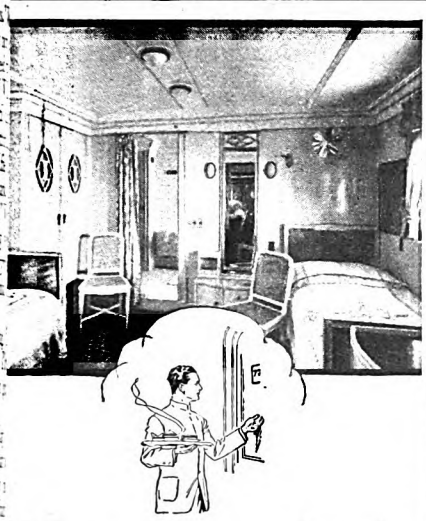

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together, and on the way home and until long into the night they fought for her with words.

Mrs. Wrinch accepted the situation placidly. Either young man would make an excellent husband, and theirs was the duty of deciding which should marry Effie May.

As time passed, however, Mrs. Brown began to be nervous. She feared matters might remain unsettled at the very last minute, and end in great distress for Effie May.

She could visualize the scene at the chapel at noon on June first, with the Reverend Mr. Raylor waiting at the altar, the invited guests seated, Effie May coming up the aisle on the ice man's arm with all her lovely girl friends in attendance, and then Will and Way both stepping from behind the bank of flowers and both claiming her!

In such a situation Mr. Raylor could not be expected to do anything at all. Certainly, it was not his duty to decide which two he should marry. It would be a dreadful state of affairs—nobody would be married and everybody would be disgraced. In this dilemma she spoke to Timmerson Brown, but he gave her no comfort.

"I believe you think it is a joke!" she said indignantly.

"Well, isn't it, in a way?" he chuckled. "I can't kidnap one of them, can I? Can I break one son's heart? I've told them to toss pennies for her, but they won't. I've told them to put on gloves and fight for her, but they won't. They won't run a race for her. They won't risk their chances."

"I'll talk to Effie May," Mrs. Brown said.

An ice man always has a telephone, and she telephoned to Effie May and asked her to come to the house. She had tea and some nice cakes for her, and then mentioned the subject tactfully.

"You haven't decided yet which of my boys it is to be, Effie May?" she asked.

"I decide?" said Effie May, opening her eyes very wide. "But they said they wou'd decide that, Mrs. Brown. Why, I couldn't decide! I couldn't be so mean to either of them."

"And I'm afraid they won't decide," said Mrs. Brown; and she told Effie May what an awful thing it would be—almost desecration—to have the wedding go forward to the point where Effie May reached the altar and nothing decided. At this Effie May became quite serious.

"I hadn't thought of that, of course," she said. "There wouldn't be any wedding then, would there? I'd be a bride without a husband. And Father would have sold his mules for nothing; all that money wasted. I'll tell you, Mother Brown! You tell me which to marry!"

"Dearest," said Mrs. Brown, "I couldn't! They are both such dear, fine boys. You must decide."

"*They* must decide," said Effie May. "They said they would, you know."

THE morning of the wedding was beautiful. Never had there been a brighter, sunnier first of June, and the interior of the chapel was beautiful too. It was packed to the doors, and it seemed as if half the population of the town had massed outside, for the interest in the Will

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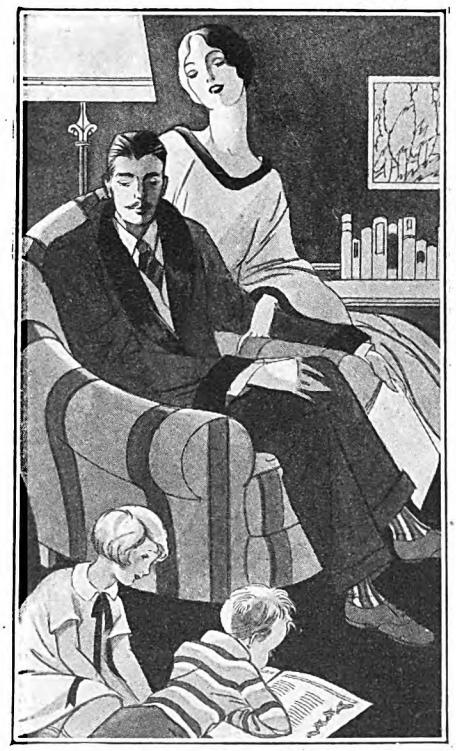

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CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

Publishers

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and Way and Effie May wedding had increased as the days passed and no decision had been reached by the two young men.

Mrs. Wrinch, arranging Effie May's veil with the assistance of the maid-of-honor and the bridesmaids before they left for the chapel, gave her some sound motherly advice.

"Them boys," she said, "maybe won't make up their minds at all which is to marry you. If they don't, Effie May, you'll have to keep your wits about you and decide quick when you get to the altar. Don't you like one of them the least bit better than the other?"

"No, I don't, Ma," Effie May said. "I like them both the same. I won't choose. I can't choose. It would make the other one so unhappy, and it would be me that had done it. They've got to decide!"

Effie May, as she stood in the vestibule of the chapel a few minutes later, was more beautiful than she had ever been in her life. Her mother gave Effie May's veil a few final touches, and an usher gave Mrs. Wrinch his arm and escorted her to the seat reserved for her.

The little chapel was now packed to suffocation and the sexton closed the door. The ushers lined up two by two, the flower girl and the maid of honor and the six lovely bridesmaids took their places, and Effie May put her hand on her father's arm.

"Left! Left! Left!" Mr. Wrinch was saying under his breath as the church organ burst forth with the thrilling strains of the wedding march, and he got off safely with the left foot first. But, like all the others in the church, he was unable to take his eyes from the screen of flowers behind which all knew that Will and Way were waiting, one soon to step into view as the groom and the other as the best man.

AS THE march up the aisle began, the Reverend Mr. Raylor came from behind the screen and took his place before the altar, facing the approaching bridal party. But he was alone.

In one front pew Mrs. Brown crushed one hand in the other with nervousness, and even Timmerson Brown turned red in the face and wiped his cheeks with his handkerchief. In the other front pew, Mrs. Wrinch tapped the floor with her toe and bit her lips. And still no one followed the Reverend Mr. Raylor from behind the screen

The wedding party was half way up the aisle. Mr. Raylor turned his head and looked toward the flowered screen. No one was looking at the bride; everyone was looking at the screen.

Invisible to the wedding guests, Will and Way were standing face to face and eye to eye, unagitated but unyielding.

"I asked her first, Will," Way said. "I'm going to marry her, Will!"

"I'm going to marry Effie May, Way," Will replied firmly. "She gave me her promise last, Way."

"Will," said Way, "I am going to marry Effie May. Take your place as my best man; they're starting up the aisle."

"I'm ready to go out when you are, Way," said Will. "But get on the other side, that's where the best man stands. I'm going to marry Effie May!"

It is the custom, as everyone knows, for the groom to buy the wedding ring, and Will had bought one—solid platinum. So, too, had Way—also solid platinum. At the appropriate moment in the ceremony the best man hands the ring to the groom and the groom places it on the bride's finger, repeating: "With this ring—I thee wed—and with all my worldly goods—I thee endow."

All in the chapel were standing now, staring at the screen. As the bridal party reached the altar the ushers and bridesmaids divided and stood at one side and the other, the flower girl dipped to arrange Effie May's veil on the carpet, and the Reverend Mr. Raylor looked toward the screen and coughed meaningly.

BEHIND the screen Way Brown, his face as white as chalk, was fumbling in his waistcoat pocket with a white-gloved finger.

"Will," he said in a strained whisper, "go and marry her. I don't deserve her—I forgot the ring!"

He pushed Will from behind the screen, following close behind him, and a great sigh went up from the assemblage. Mr. Wrinch drew his arm away from Effie May and stood off to one side, and a reporter sidled toward the door to get the news to the afternoon edition of his paper.

The notes of the wedding march died away and the Reverend Mr. Raylor began the wedding service. But Will Brown drew back and gently pushed Way into the place at Effie May's side, and Way Brown was wed to Effie May Wrinch.

"But, Will," his mother said to Will later in the day, "I don't understand! It looked for a moment as if Way was going to let you marry Effie May."

"Yes," Will said wearily. "Way forgot the ring. He felt ashamed and he gave her to me. I had my ring in my pocket. I hadn't forgot mine."

"And then you resigned her to him, you noble boy!" cried Mrs. Brown.

"No," said Will, "I had to do it. It had to be done. The best man *always* hands the ring to the groom, and I had the ring, so I had to be best man. I couldn't be the bridegroom, because Way didn't have any ring to hand to me. You can't go juggling rings around when your fingers are all muffled up in brand-new white kid gloves. Fate settled it!"

Everything gets settled one way or another.

"And you know, Way," Effie May said as soon as she and Way were alone, "I believe I loved you best all the time, only I didn't know it. Isn't it wonderful?"

"Wonderful!" Way agreed.

And, still later that day, when Way had removed his white kid wedding gloves and stuck his fingers in his waistcoat pockets, he found there a platinum wedding ring, down in a pointed corner of the pocket where a gloved finger could not have found it. Three stitches that had not been put where they should have been had left that point in the corner of the pocket.

Whether Will or Way should marry Effie May Wrinch had been decided by a slight flaw in the black thread on the sewing-machine of a man of whom Will and Way had never heard—Mr. Isaac Blinsky, vest maker, late of Russia, but now of New York.

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Original from STATE UNIVERSITY SYSTEM OF FLORIDA

What a Man in Politics is Up Against

(*Continued from page 16*)

At this point Buzz woke up, roused nself out of his stupor, and said in a sky voice:

"I can see twenty."

Skillful politicians know with Walt hitman that "logic and sermons never nvince." But there are tricks of the ade. There is technique.

Governor Oglesby, of Illinois, opening ampaign at Belleville, began his speech saying:

"Fellow Citizens: The issue in this mpaign is very simple; we have got the ate House, and the Democrats want to rn us out and run the Government. ow, anybody knows that the Democrats n't run the Government; why, it's all can do!"

And there was Governor Hogg, of Texas, other mighty man on the stump. In e of his campaigns for governor, he was posed by an able lawyer who rather shly, as it turned out, challenged him to joint debate. The Governor had the ening, and at the conclusion of his gument, as his opponent rose to reply, e Governor got up and said, "Just a ord, please." Now this opponent did t present quite so imposing an appearce as Hogg did; he was a stumpy man, th a small head, short legs, and a round dy, bulging in the middle, like Falstaff, d, standing there beside the commandg Hogg, he presented a droll and somehat absurd appearance. Hogg, raising s hand with an imperative gesture, as ough the crowd belonged to him, said, ith flattering patronage, and as one nerously appealing for fair play:

"Now, my friends, I want you to pay e same kindly and patient attention to y jug-shaped friend here, as you have own to me."

The crowd looked at the short, solemn ndidate with the protuberant paunch, urst into a roar of laughter, and the ebate ended there.

A GOOD many years ago—more than I like now to count—we had a state nator who won his election in a rather icturesque way. I can see him now, as he ame and went in the Senate Chamber, a lent giant, with massive shoulders, large, trong hands, and the weatherbeaten face f a man who has lived much out of doors. e was dressed in modest, loose, gray weeds, and there was something of native istinction about him. He represented a ural constituency. I do not think he ever nade a speech; but he had a great deal of nfluence in that body, because he had so nuch common sense, such a seasoned udgment. During his campaign in the receding autumn, he had gone every day nto the country, driving in a small buggy nd, seeing the farmers at work in the ields, husking the standing corn, he would itch his horse to the fence, climb over nto the field, and say:

"Boys, I want to talk a little politics to ou."

To this frank introduction of himself, he suspicious farmers, of course, would nvariably reply that they were too busy to talk politics, but my candidate would say:

"Oh, go right on with your work; I will keep up the down-row."

And thus, lending a hand and assuming alone the most difficult part of their task, that of husking the corn that had been beaten down by the wagon as it passed through the field, he would go on talking as he worked, about the issues of the campaign.

Those who would succeed in politics, that greatest of all games, must learn the technique, and they must learn it young; first in the precinct; then in the ward or township; then in the city or county; then in the assembly and congressional district; then in the state, and if the practitioner survives its innumerable and appalling accidents, then in the nation. As Mr. Dooley says: "Old men for the Council, young men for the ward." Our great Presidents have been masters in the technique of the art. Those who failed did so largely because they did not know the technique. And yet in politics, as in any other art, technique is not everything: to succeed greatly, a man must have genius, or shall we say ideals? There never was a greater idealist than Lincoln, and at the same time there never was so good a politician. He knew the technique from the ground up.

ONE reason why reformers do not often succeed is that they know so little about human nature. They try to force the hard and stubborn facts of life into the narrow limits of their theory, and as this cannot be done, something gives way. But it is never the facts of life and human nature. Facts are the only things in the world that will not yield to force. The politician is generally wise enough to adjust his theories to facts, which, I believe, is the scientific way. He must know men and, in these later times, women as well, which is perhaps a more difficult study, though he will master it, give him time. He has to change his technique now and then, as circumstances alter. It took our politicians in Ohio two or three elections to invent a new technique for the nominating primary, that noble reform which was to confuse and discomfit the politicians, and purify and redeem our politics; but after two or three elections, as I said, they learned how, and have had no difficulty with the system since.

And then politicians are interested in the end; reformers merely in the means. For most reforms are undertaken, not to reform or improve anybody, or to make anybody happier, but to gratify a love of interference. Incidentally, they may gratify a love of notoriety also, or provide someone with a job as secretary; but at bottom, I say, they are inspired almost wholly by a love of interference. The Reverend Father Ronald Knox says that these motives account for about ninety per cent of all the philanthropic movements in the world; he thinks that only about ten per cent of the whole may be attributed to a purely altruistic motive. This seems to be a rather generous allowance, but one hopes that he is right.

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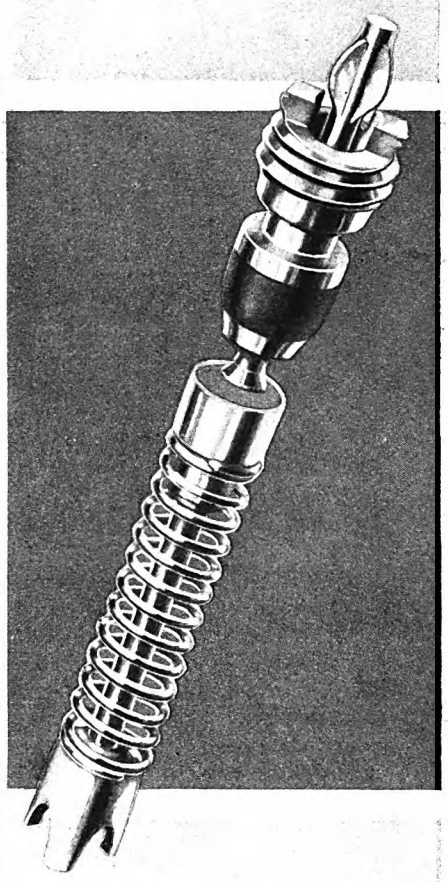

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The politician is, of course, pretty bad, and yet think of the dreadful existence he leads. Since democracy will not tolerate privacy, he must live in a glass house in the midst of a people whose chief amusement is throwing stones. He must be careful of what he does, what he says, what he wears, even what he thinks; he must take care not to offend the prejudices of those about him. He must cringe and shudder like any savage in the jungles of Africa in fear of ten thousand taboos. There is something pathetic in that strained, appealing smile he wears in the illustrated supplement, and in the motion picture; that touching anxiety to please and find favor; it affects the whole family; the poor wife must smile that way too, and roll up her sleeves and be photographed in the act of sweeping the front porch or frying potatoes for supper, just to show that she is no better than any other woman. Such is the inverted snobbery of democracy.

The motion picture is a powerful instrument of suggestion among people who believe in short cuts to perfection, and respond almost automatically to the stimulus of a "drive," so that in one week they will all obediently clean their back yards, or their teeth. We live for the motion picture, accept its standards, and look to it not only to celebrate but to create our heroes. The politician performs stunts for it; if he cannot be a farmer, he can at least be photographed in overalls with a hoe in his hand, or be represented as milking a cow. If he is not a musician, he can be pictured in the coils of the tuba of the Silver Cornet Band of his home-town.

And now that the radio is available one shudders to think of the awful possibilities. Instead of talking to those few hundreds who can be beguiled into the ward meeting, the speaker can sit at home in his pajamas and send rolling into the ears of millions his solemn and pompous platitudes.

AND yet, I wonder if we are not sometimes too hard on the politician. After all, his is not the only demagogy. There is a demagogy of art, of literature, of business. Who, in these days, is not trying to tickle the fancy and touch the pocketbook of the multitude? There is a current phrase that covers a multitude of sins, and that is: "We give the people what they want." Theatre managers, editors, and authors who pander to low tastes, all say that they are giving the people what they want. And that is what the politician is trying to do. In the end, public opinion governs in all countries, and politicians everywhere, often with secret misgivings, no doubt, are trying to satisfy that. Democracy has done away with courts and courtiers, but it has not done away with courting the favor of the crowd, in politics or business or art.

And as for cant, who is without it in a land where cant is the national vice? Do not we cant about our moral virtues, about our idealism, and boast of our superiority to all other nations in these respects? In business do we not cant about "service," and in our civic affairs about the "community spirit"? Are we, any of us, such shining examples of frankness and sincerity?

This necessity of courting the crowd no doubt keeps a great many men out of politics who might otherwise be attracted to them, and make better governors and mayors than those we have. But they would not make such good candidates, for the main question is not whether a man would make a good governor or mayor, but whether he would make a good *candidate* for the office.

And, once elected, the politician must, if he has a policy that he really wishes to carry out, begin to think of getting himself reëlected, for as his term is short at best, and all his energies are absorbed by irrelevant business, he never has the time to accomplish anything during his first term. He is a candidate all the time, and, one way or another, must "keep up the down-row."

A MAYOR'S day—having been a mayor I can speak of it with authority—begins with a lot of letters asking favors, offering advice, making criticisms or complaints, each one requiring a decision that ought generally to be in the negative. "I couldn't say 'No'," is the epitaph of many a genial politician; and that of many a surly one, "He didn't know how to say 'No'." In the daily run of letters to a political executive, there will be one or two that are anonymous, bespattering him with their abuse before he is aware. He should rise above such things, of course; and yet, hatred being so potent a force, they rankle all morning, and somehow blot out the memory of kindly letters that now and then strangely insinuate themselves into his correspondence. For so cynical has he grown that he suspects that those too are but entering wedges for some favor to be demanded.

Then, after the mail, a long line of callers, every one of them with an axe to grind. He wishes to satisfy them, of course; but that is impossible, for they are all actuated by self-interest, and all of these interests conflict with and antagonize one another. And yet each visitor cannot, for the life of him, conceive why his request should not be granted; it is to him, at that moment, the most important thing in the world, and he feels that the mayor should realize this, and bend every thing to this end. Each caller has just one problem to consider; but the mayor has a hundred; he has to think of them all.

Then come the various officials with their problems, submitted to them by their visitors and critics, an endless number of them, each one imperative, demanding an instant solution, for the longer they wait the worse they become. Some problems settle themselves if left alone, just as some letters answer themselves if neglected, but not in the City Hall.

At noon, the reporters come: it is question hour, the time for the daily interpellation, and the office-holder must be careful of what he says; for his replies, even when reported with the best will in the world and with every intention of representing his thought accurately, must appear, after all, as paraphrases, and to one who is at all fastidious about words they will have lost something of their quality. Not, perhaps, that this matters to anybody else, since, all men being equal, one man's English is as good as another's.

Though I hasten to record—the old

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habit being still strong upon me—that the reporters were always very civil to me, and when they paraphrased my utterances very often improved them.

Then there will be a luncheon, and perhaps a speech after it, or an address of welcome to be delivered to some convention or other. As the delegates to the convention come from other towns, and have no local interests, they look upon the mayor kindly and sympathetically, and applaud his poor, well-worn speech—he hasn't had time to think out another for weeks—and afterward they come forward and congratulate him, and tell him confidentially what a rotten mayor they have in their town, and how much they wish they could have a mayor like him. And so, refreshed and encouraged, he comes away persuaded that he is not doing so badly after all; it really looks as though he might be reëlected.

BUT when he gets back to City Hall to see what new troubles and complications have arisen during his absence, what strikes have been declared, what crimes have been committed, and picks up the evening papers, he is reminded by what it says of him that he is, after all, but a poor and miserable creature, the worst mayor that ever imposed himself on the people, and that the city is going to the dogs on account of him. And he feels deflated and normal again, and looks forward to the row he is going to have at the meeting of the City Council that evening.

If he has to appoint someone to a vacant office—and he must be quick about it, before the candidates can multiply and torment the life out of him—aptness to the proposed task is the last qualification he can take into account; if the man he appoints has the ability to do that particular job, why then, of course, so much the better, but it comes only as a happy accident. Even if he is called upon to perform a function so simple as the naming of an honorary committee, he must look for sectional and racial qualifications; he must choose one member from the North Side, one from the South Side, another from the East End and another from the West End—and then find someone clever enough to manage these four without their suspecting it. He should too, at the same time, see that different nationalities are represented—except the Americans.

"What is your nationality?" asked a naturalized citizen of a friend of mine on board an Atlantic liner.

"I'm an American," my friend replied.

"Yes, I know," said his interlocutor, "But I mean what country were you born in?"

One of our councilmen who represented a ward in which there were a large number of Polish citizens came in one day on a matter of political life and death for him.

"All this talk about those Revolutionary patriots, Pulaski and Kosciusko, is all right," said he; "but what I want is some good, fat offices for some Polish patriots who are alive to-day and in my ward."

And there was another friend who ruled like a petty prince in the Hungarian settlement down on the other side of the river. He came to ask the appointment of one of his fellows to a post that required a highly technical knowledge. The man must know chemistry, among other mysterious things, and the incumbent was an expert chemist whose politics I new knew, though probably they were oppos to mine. I took great pains to explain highly technical nature of the work in th position, and how difficult it was to find man not only properly equipped but on who, for the small salary the city pai would accept it. My friend sat the stolidly listening to my careful and, as I trusted, convincing exposition of the difficulties in the way, and when I had done, he blandly asked:

"An' what we goin' to do an' he die?"

One might almost say that, in the management of public affairs, the people themselves have a standard entirely different to that applied in private affairs and act on another principle, succinctly stated to me once by a charwoman who came to see me.

"My husband," she said, "is too old and feeble to work, and I want to get him a job with the Government."

Of course any man's job seems simple and easy to outsiders, especially if he knows how to do it, and that of an executive seems simplest of all. Men on the rear platforms of street cars, any evening, are ready to solve his problems for him in a trice, and he is generously advised from all quarters; but his job has its own difficulties, and the nearer the job is to the people, the more difficult and exacting it becomes.

It is often said that running a political unit—city, county, state, or nation—is like running a business, but this is true only to a limited extent; the two things resemble each other in some ways, but they differ in this: that one is carried on for pecuniary profit, and the other is not. One serves a single interest; the other is expected to satisfy a thousand. So long as the one is efficient—that is, makes money—it succeeds, but there is no such easy test for the success of a political administration.

If mere efficiency is all that counts, and the smoothness with which the thing is run is the only test, then the best governed city in the world is Monte Carlo. Besides, there are a vast number of imponderables in the problem of government that never arise in private commercial enterprises: the man who keeps his eye fixed on one thing only cannot succeed in a political position. The political executive must have as many eyes as a fly, and have half of them in the back of his head.

AND then his moral problem is more difficult and confused. To whom are his fealty and loyalty due? To the people, of course, that amorphous and anonymous entity. What does it really mean, the people? A particular class—the working class, or the capitalist class, or the "good" people, or some other of those artificial and arbitrary divisions created by the unimaginative minds of pedants, doctrinaires and fanatics? But there are, in a hard and fast sense, no such classes, especially in a new country where society is in a fluid and undulating state. Is it a majority? But there is no such thing as a majority—that is, it is never majorities that initiate and bring things to pass; majorities may only approve of them, or acquiesce in them after they have been accomplished.

We used to have, long years ago, mass county conventions; the delegate con-

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for Hallowe'en

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vention is a comparatively modern device. The mass convention was considered a highly democratic institution, and yet any four or five politicians who were agreed beforehand upon what they wanted could organize and run it without the convention ever knowing what was going on until it was all over. The only difficulty arose when there were two sets of four or five men each, whose interests conflicted.

Is anyone naïve enough to believe that in that famous miniature of the ideal democratic state, the New England town meeting, the political leaders of the locality did not know precisely what they wanted and how to get it? The task was more simple merely because the society was less complex, that is all. The world is ruled by minorities, even where democracy thinks it has got itself going full blast, as in Russia, where there is more tyranny and absolutism than in any despotism the world has known.

CANDIDATES are chosen by a few men, no matter what system of nomination prevails; and if the successful candidate is at all human—and he would not have been chosen if he had not been—he is apt to feel that he owes gratitude and fealty to those who "came out" for him first, and so put him where he is. And thereafter his whole career is one long, torturing effort to reconcile these two loyalties. If it happens that it is not precisely a political machine that nominated him, it is always some group, some faction or bloc; that is, some minority. So that he is confronted by a problem in ethics. If he fails to do that which his creators wish him to do, he is accused, not only by them and by all his friends, but by his own conscience, of having proved false to his friends; and the ideal of loyalty to one's friends is an old one in man, and a noble one.

In common talk we can find no better compliment to pay a man than to say that he "sticks to his friends and plays the game." And yet, on the other hand, sticking to his friends, he sometimes betrays a public trust. The latter is doubtless the higher and takes precedence; but the fact is that it is not so generally considered, except in the case of a betrayal that involves moral delinquency.

A man rises to public office by the efforts of his friends, and sometimes one of them asks, as a reward, a certain position. If the friend happens to be unsuited to the position, and the official appoints him, then he commits a public wrong; if he refuses, he commits a private and personal wrong.

It is not a pleasant position for a man who has a heart, and possesses ideals not much, if any, higher than those that are current in his own town and time. And in a land where fitness for the position is seldom the standard for selection, and where the executive thinks that his man is as likely as not to turn out no worse than the one his critics and ill-wishers urge him to appoint, it is not surprising that he should sometimes fail in this higher duty.

In fact, when one considers the general attitude of mind toward Government, the wonder is, not that our administrations are no better, but that they are as good as they are.

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An English friend of mine, a member of e House of Commons, told me not long o that in America people seemed to him be so very careful of what they said, pecially on public questions. They emed to him to distrust their own inions, to be afraid that their views ight not accord with those that preiled about them.

I do not know whether this is characteric of us or not; I had never thought of before. But if it is true, it merely shows at everybody is affected by fear of the owd, just as the politician is. Perhaps is the result of the process of standdization that is going on. Since all en are equal, we must dress alike, act ike, look alike, speak alike, and, finally, rrendering the last fortress, think ike.

If this is democracy, then another trick as been played on humanity; once more e thing achieved has turned out to be mething else than what was intended; nce again, humanity, in trying to cure ne ill, has merely substituted another for . Unless democracy can provide a soil which the individual can grow and evelop, be original and different to others he pleases, if personality is to have no xpression, if there is to be no depth and nteresting variety in life, then good-by to rt, beauty, and the soul of man.

If men must be run in one mold, turned ut all alike, numbered and ticketed, with ll individuality rubbed off, if everything, rom rubber tires to novels, must conform o some fixed and immutable standard, as cales are tested by the city sealer of veights and measures, then the world night as well be turned over to the white ants, which have already organized and perfected a tyrannical system of efficient and dreary uniformity, and, according to Maeterlinck, are ready to eat us all up anyhow.

I FEAR that all this sounds rather pessimistic, but it takes a robust and indomitable optimism to survive years in public office. Pessimism is idealism turned sour by disillusion. Most of the pessimists whom I know, and they are not a bad sort, are men whose poetic imaginations led them to see too many possibilities in human nature and to expect too much of it; and when they were disenchanted they were too apt to take out their disappointment on the human race. Courts will always have their courtiers, and democracies their demagogues; but, even so, democracy *is* better than monarchy.

When I look back at those crowds, assembled at the noon hour about the shops and factories, or at evening under the tent, or in the dingy, smoky hall; when I recall the light that shone in their eyes, straining, perhaps, to see more than one star, I forget the selfishness that seemed to find its focus and center at the City Hall, and feel sure that there is no need for despair. At any rate, there is no harm in hoping.

What is it that is written in "*The Logia*"?

"Let not him that seeks cease from his search until he find; and when he finds he shall wonder; wondering he shall reach the kingdom, and when he reaches the kingdom he shall have rest."

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

Young hair can stay yours!

Is your hair keeping young with you?

Back view, front view, do they tell two different tales of your age?

Youthful, thick, strong hair *belongs* with the clean-cut face of today. With only a few minutes' daily care every man can have it and keep it!

This simple treatment once a day will check falling hair within a short time:

EVERY MORNING wet your hair and scalp thoroughly with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with your fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic into every inch of the scalp. Move the scalp, not the fingers! Brush the hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

At once you'll feel your scalp tingle with life—tiny hair roots are being nourished by blood vessels stirred to activity by the tonic ingredients of Pinaud's Eau de Quinine.

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Buy a bottle at any drug or department store. Begin to use it tomorrow morning. You will no longer worry about your hair!

In buying Pinaud's Eau de Quinine, look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on the bottle so that you are sure to get only the *genuine* Eau de Quinine. Pinaud, Paris, New York.

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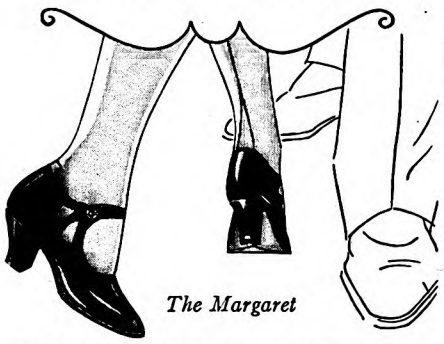
YOUNG FEET MAKE HAPPY WOMEN



The Margaret

FEET that dance through daily duties, then are eager to take you adventuring. Feet as active at 7 p. m. as at breakfast. Feet that would rather fox-trot than nestle demurely under the dinner table. What wouldn't you give for feet like these?

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THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

— the Paris styled shoe that flatters the foot while its marvelous inner construction stops foot abuse.

The Arch Preserver Shoe prevents strain on your foot arches by a concealed built-in arch bridge that supports the long arch of the foot, and a specially modeled sole that supports the metatarsal arch. The flat inner sole, crosswise, prevents pinching. You enjoy the relief of permanent, proper support where support is needed, yet the shoe bends freely with the foot at the ball, the only place the foot bends.

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Send postpaid free booklet No.A-35, "A New World of Foot Youth" and name of dealer.

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Lathrop Studied Art Behind the Plow

(*Continued from page 34*)

New York; the National Gallery at Washington; Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh; the Philadelphia Art Alliance; the Albright Gallery at Buffalo, and numerous others. In the hands of private owners his paintings had gone to all parts of the world. He had founded the famous colony of artists at New Hope, Pennsylvania, which includes a dozen figures nationally known in art.

For fifty years this former Ohio farm boy had been creating canvases, each of which in its sphere had added an intangible something to the brighter side of life.

It seemed to me then, even before I had heard William Lathrop's own version of his story, that, though there are more famous living artists, no one of them could more typify the *soul* of art—whether it be music, literature, or painting—than did this quiet, unassuming painter of New Hope. He was of his work, and his work was of him. Both belonged to all of us, as freely ours as the sunshine and the air!

And as I journeyed homeward, at the close of my talk with him, I found myself seeing beauty in the rain, which earlier had appeared only dreary and discomforting. I discerned in the muddy roadway color that I had never seen there before. The drab, leafless, countryside of that morning had become a delicious phantasmagoria of subtle color effects. The whole world had become new.

To see beauty in an ash heap, in a rusty tin can, and even in a puddle in the road—Lathrop had taught me that! He had taught me to see, as he had seen since earliest boyhood, a measure of the beauty in common things.

He was an unusual boy, of unusual parents. His Irish-born mother was of a family of students and lovers of the arts. His farmer father, Byron Lathrop, in another day and time, would have been a scientist, or a poet. A son of pioneers, circumstance and not his choice had made Byron Lathrop a farmer, and given him seventy stubborn acres near Painesville, Ohio. There, on the farm, William was bred. The only other children were two sisters.

It was a bookish family, in a bookish community. Painesville had been settled by New Englanders who had carried westward with them a traditional New England love of culture.

IN SUCH an atmosphere it was not strange that a boy of William Lathrop's talent was able to read and write before he was five years old. As he grew older, nobody regarded the boy as "odd" because he sat for hours studying a tree, or a cloud, or the windings of a country road. Nobody laughed at the grotesque and colossal heads which he carved with an old case knife in the tough blue clay of the bluffs, or at the crude sketches with which he decorated his slate or the sides of the barn.

Lathrop told me of one Christmas day. In this trifling anecdote of his boyhood you may see the very character of that little family, and between the lines read of the grim struggle with the soil, of the farmer who should have been a poet. The boy and his elder sister, this Christmas day, each received three presents: an orange, a bag of candy, and a lead pencil.

But lead pencils, even then, cost ten cents apiece. Two lead pencils would have been twenty cents. So a single pencil was bought and carefully cut in two—a half for William, the other for his sister, that each might be served alike.

That half-pencil contained more joy than a barrelful of carts and horses and tin soldiers. With it the boy could put his beloved trees and gray barns on every bit of paper that came into his hands. He could preserve forever that wisp of cloud, about to vanish!

WHEN William was twelve years old, his father told him that if he picked up the fallen apples in the orchard and sold them he could have half of the proceeds. The transaction netted him seventy-five cents. Direct to the drug store he went with this first money he had earned, and purchased a tube of Indian red paint.

He squeezed tiny worms of red paint onto the fence rails, the stones, and the earth itself. Then stood and marveled at the contrast of color he had achieved—bright red against gray, brown, green, and the purple of a field flower. The contrasting red accentuated the natural colors that were there; and he pondered their subtle shades, their variety, imprinting these on his memory.

This young farm boy went to his work in a riot of color, and color touched the spring of his emotions. Returning home one afternoon from school in Painesville, he stopped dead in the road, startled by a sudden impression of exquisite blue and yellow. He had caught the glow of these colors out the corner of his eye.

He looked about, puzzled as to the whereabouts of the colors. On the right was a river, beyond the river an ugly mud bank. Never before had he looked at mud for any sensation of beauty such as he had felt in the previous moment. Yet the sensation undoubtedly had come to him from over the river. Now, for the first time, he looked at the mud of the river bank, and *tried* to see beauty there.

All at once he saw: The bank was of clay—of yellow clay shot with streaks of blue clay. It was almost as gorgeous as a sunset. The water mirror of the river was tinted with reflections of this blue and yellow.

"But it is only mud," pondered the lad, who was now nearly fifteen. "How can mud be beautiful?"

And that day, Mr. Lathrop told me, he made a marvelous discovery. It was a discovery which was to transform him from a boy who loved to draw into an artist. He had not seen the beauty in the muddy bank, because he never had *looked* for beauty there. He had not looked because he—and every child for a thousand years—had been taught that mud was unbeautiful!

The world which he had always studied and loved, he began to study with fresh eyes! No longer did he limit his search for

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"LADIES PREFER BRUNETTES" is the title of the first story in Witwer's new series. If you can imagine Witwer describing the adventures of a hard boiled, but handsome, prize fighter among the "beautiful and the filmed" of Hollywood, you will have some inkling of what is in store for you in this story—the first of his latest and funniest series . . . In it you will learn what happens when "Gentleman Jack King," *Boxing's Gift to the Screen,* gets knocked out by two blue eyes and a strip of celluloid—there's a laugh in every line and a surprise at the end.

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"Pick-up" Drink

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Refreshes your mind and body almost instantly . . . gives you new energy that outlasts the day . . . Write for a 3-day test

This will tell you of a delightful new way to banish afternoon "let-downs." To keep you at your best all day. Alert. Energetic. Purposeful.

Now modern science offers you a *natural* means to keep you "hitting on all six"—every minute of the day. A way that picks you up almost instantly. Both mentally and physically.

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Nine times out of ten, mental and physical "let-downs" are due to overstrained nerves or digestive unrest—or both.

Delicious Ovaltine instantly overcomes this trouble. This is why:

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You will like the flavor of Ovaltine. Unlike any drink you have ever tasted. It contains no drugs. It is the special food properties of Ovaltine—*and absolutely nothing else*—that bring its wonderful results and popularity. In use in Switzerland for over 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only as a quick "pick-up" beverage, but because of its special dietetic properties, they also recommend it for sleeplessness, nerve-strain, malnutrition, backward children and the aged.

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beauty to the conventionally beautiful things—the beauty of these was evident to everybody. Instead, he extended his search to all life, and especially to the commonplace which is closest to life.

This led to the question, What made beauty? What was it about one thing that made it impressively pleasurable over another? Long since, the youth had discovered that, with his farm work and his school work, he did not have much time to draw and paint. While he dreamed, and saw, and felt, he had furrows to plow, wheat to cradle, manure to spread. Farming left little time for painting. So, while he worked, in the mow and in the field, he sought the answer to his question. Unable to paint his impressions, he learned to memorize them. To memorize, he learned to analyze. In analyses, he learned the secret of what made beauty!

For instance: About his farm home was a grove of great maples; not ordinary maples, such as you see along the streets of your town, but maple trees that took on the characteristics of the oak. Their contours were irregular, their limbs twisted and gnarled, their bark rugged and seamed with the lines of time.

"Majestic maples," you would say. "Beautiful, magnificent old trees!"

But, why majestic? Why magnificent?

THE youth, who hadn't time to paint on canvas as he would, painted the maples on his mind. At night, in bed, he analyzed the mental picture.

And here, in time, was what he decided: Those maples faced Lake Erie. A century and a half, perhaps longer, they had stood there, facing the unbroken sweep of the inland sea. The winds and storms from out the north, hurtling across the lake's expanse, had assailed them. The trunks of the maples had swayed and bent; their limbs had been rent asunder; lightning had pierced and torn the armor of more than one. But still the old trees stood—victors, with victory written on their scarred breasts!

It was their strength, and courage, which made the maples of the grove majestic! It was their lordly defiance which made them magnificent! It was victory, the character begot of a fight won, that made them beautiful!

Then, character was beautiful. Struggle was beautiful. Courage was beautiful. But, *why?* asked the youth still again. These traits appealed to the senses; but through the *eye!* What attracted the eye?

He looked, more intently, and the answer was "color!" Color, linked with line and contour! It seemed that Nature, the master artist, had a way of taking all of her creations in hand, sorting them out, and rewarding them according to merit.

The sapling was beautiful as a baby is beautiful; but the oak had the beauty of a man who had met the trials of life victoriously. The one kind of beauty was passive, the other vigorous, and a noble story for all to read. Personality, in a word, in things as in humans, heightened and even in itself made beauty!

"But if this is so," reasoned Lathrop, "an ugly face may be beautiful, provided it has personality. Anything that has *lived* may be beautiful."

Was it so? If it was, beauty was everywhere!

"You," he said to me, "may see beauty

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newly painted, finely appointed ship. e old freighter in the nearby dock you y say is ugly. The view you take is the sequence of your training. You have n taught that the thing which suggests nfort, ease, and luxury is beautiful, and t which suggests discomfort and toil is beautiful.

I learned that comfort and ease—and t—has nothing to do with real beauty. e costliest house is often an atrocity; humble cottage may be a jewel of uty. To me, the old freighter, rust-eaked and battered by the storms, is re beautiful than the newly painted . Its scars are the wound chevrons of service. The seas, and not men, have nted its colors; and the seas are master ists."

Beauty *was* everywhere, Lathrop found. e fault of people in general was that y did not look for it with open minds; y were guided by preconceived preju-es, the outcome of false training. A wed field to them was a plowed field, a nmonplace; they never paused to see infinite variety of color. He wondered olks really saw *all* of the beauty of eptedly beautiful things. How many w, for example, that the shadows cast snow at sunset were blue, that the it on a stovepipe was whiter than the dow on a white shirt?

o, in the boy of fifteen, the artist was n. He was constantly feeling and see-what others did not see. And, oh, how wanted to make them see!

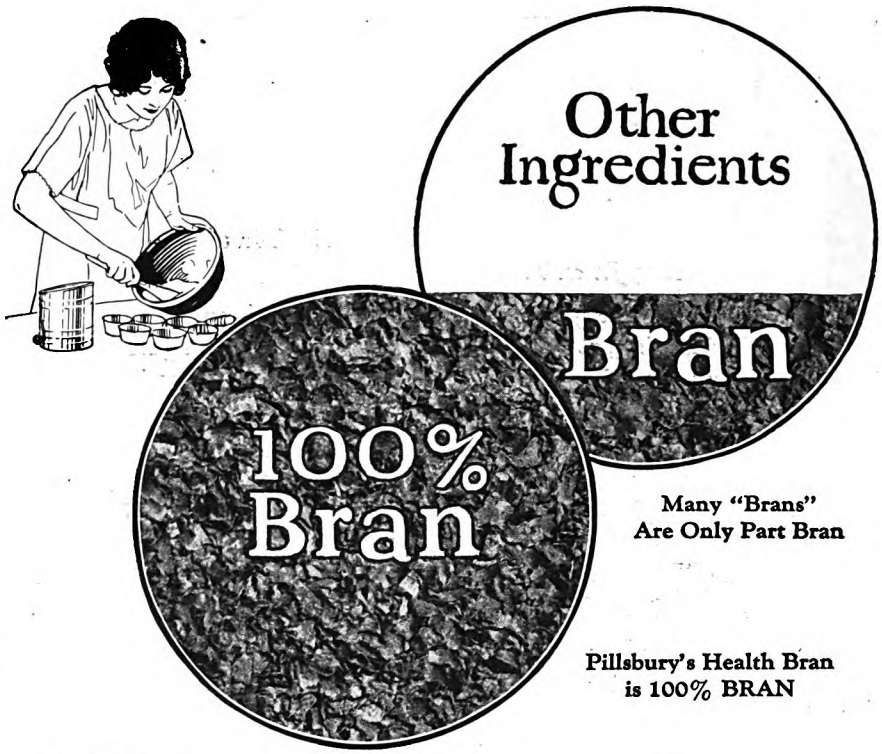
have told you of his habit of analysis. this, he had taught himself to ferret the essential elements in a scene which pired a definite emotion, and to discard others. For instance, a sheltered cove ng the lake shore inspired a feeling of tfulness mixed with loneliness. Per-s a summer cottage intruded. He re-ed to see it. He painted *only* the lonely l "restful" elements. He even bor-ved similar elements from related scenes, exed in his memory, and added them. ery detail of his picture conveyed a gle sensation.

such was his painting, and his purpose. s plan was to make people feel as well as , and by his pictures to revive with id definiteness what they had already but vaguely, or indefinitely. He was ng real canvas by now and real colors. He finished school in Painesville. His ther had hope that he might be a nister. The father favored a scholarly eer, as a scientist or a teacher. He was ling to "pinch" that the boy could go to college to this end.

AM going to paint," said Lathrop, quietly but finally. He said nothing a mission, nor a call to what was duty. him, it seemed the question had been tled since the beginning of time.

However, he was a long way from being painter as yet, in his own estimation. e work he had done was nothing more n the material expression of a longing. had done it for the pure love and joy of Surely this was not work. To learn to rk, to learn art, he felt he would have go to school.

Most of us are like Lathrop was in those ly days. He had ideas; he had a plan; had a philosophy that was his own. t because these were his own, he doubted ir value. No school, no "authority"



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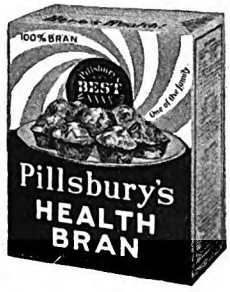

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Follow with the application of Absorbine, Jr. (full strength) to the outside of the throat. It relaxes the tension of the muscles and breaks up the congestion. Rub in thoroughly —*Absorbine, Jr. will not burn.*

Use Absorbine, Jr. regularly as a mouthwash and gargle. It is cleansing, refreshing, soothing and healing. It guards against sore throat and the more dangerous infections which often follow.

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Treat sore throat *-both* inside *and* out

Absorbine Jr
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

had stamped his ideas with approval. F
all he knew, he was blundering alo
contrary to every accepted practice of a
His way might not be the school's way.

How many people get original ide
which, because they have no basis of co
parison, they discard as worthless? "O
idea seems good," we say; "but it pro
ably is worthless, or some greater m
would have thought of it long ago." Th
we do nothing with the idea. It is fo
gotten and lost. We have no confidence
our own originality.

"The biggest battle I had to fight," M
Lathrop confessed, "was this battle w
myself. I kept discounting my own ide
for no other reason than that they were
ideas. The same ideas expressed by
other would have been gospel to me;
pressed by myself they became objects
suspicion. I was continually wishing th
I could ask someone, 'Have I done t
right? Is this the accepted way?' Tha
heaven, I had nobody to ask! I had to
original!"

That winter he taught school. The f
lowing summer he worked on the fa
Time was passing, and still he made
move toward realizing his goal. He co
not convince himself that his pictu
amounted to anything. He feared to p
them to a test, certain they would
laughed to scorn.

SUDDENLY, one night, like a swimm
plunging headlong into the icy wat
he bundled up a few of his sketches a
mailed them to a well-known magazin
He had to fight himself into doing it.

Presently the bundle came back,
heavy as it had gone out. Lathrop's hea
sank. His hands shook as he unfasten
the wrappings. Yes, there were t
sketches. Not one had sold. But
heart leaped into his throat. A letter w
enclosed! It commended the sketche
The art editor had written that the wo
was good!

Excited, scarcely believing his ey
Lathrop regarded the letter. He read
over and over again. And he made
momentous decision. Rewrapping t
sketches he addressed them to anoth
magazine, and enclosed a letter:

"Have you a place on your magazin
staff for a young man who can draw pi
tures such as these, and who is in need
money to attend art school?"

Two more anxious weeks; and this tim
when the reply came the sketches were
returned. The envelope contained a b
few lines, signed by the art editor:

"If you care to take the chance
coming to New York at your own expen
we will give you a trial of one month."

You can imagine the furor that lett
created.

"Go, if you must," said the father. B
he was doubtful of the outcome. "If y
don't make out, we'll still be here on th
farm. Come back."

"I'm going!" said Lathrop; and his ey
burned.

There was no photo-engraving proce
at the time. Magazine illustrations we
drawn by artists and reproduced by mea
of wood block cuts. The work in the Ne
York magazine office was all new to Lath
rop. It was the first time he had bee
away from home.

Six weeks went by, and he was stil
on the pay roll. He was learning to mak

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his sketches directly on the wood blocks.

Then the art editor summoned him for a talk, an amazing talk. Several of Lathrop's landscapes were before him, on his desk.

"I like these," said the editor, "but they don't belong in the magazine. We want detail in our pictures. You are giving us simplicity. We can only keep you by insisting upon detail, and I don't want you to do that. I'm afraid it would ruin you."

Lathrop went hot, and then cold. Had he failed?

"You are planning to study art in a school," the editor went on. "Don't do it! You no more belong in an art school of the conventional kind than you belong here. The schools, too, will insist on detail. They will upset the whole method of your work."

"Then where do I belong?" asked Lathrop. The talk was beyond his understanding. He had always thought no one could paint well without schooling.

"That is true," said the editor. "We all must go to school; but there are schools other than those contained within brick walls—and you've found one of them. It is the only school suited to you, because it has already formed your thought and shaped your work. Go back to that school, go back to the farm! Paint as you have been painting. Study as you've always studied. Do that, and some day the world will hear from you."

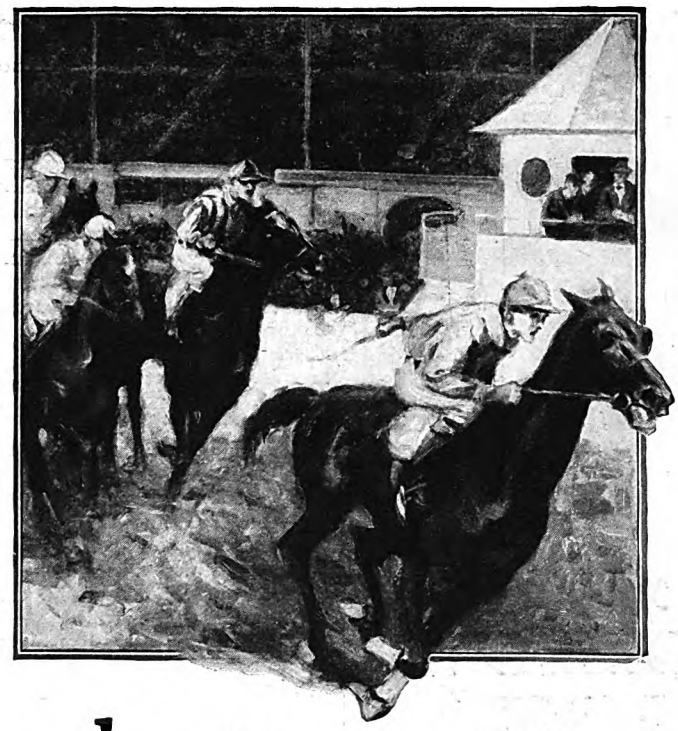
It wasn't advice easy to take, but Lathrop took it. Back on the farm, he hung away his city clothes, donned his old overalls, and looked out over the vista of lake and fields. So this was his art school! The trees, the crooked fences, the pastures were to be his instructors, the clouds his textbooks! And he loved it!

Surely no artist ever attended an odder school, or pursued a stranger course of instruction, than did Lathrop during the next two years. In winter he taught school in Painesville. In summer he plowed, harrowed, cradled, and did the thousand other tasks a farmhand must do. He analyzed what, years later, were to be the subjects of his brush, with his hands on the bars of a cultivator. He memorized scenes while sweating in a mow of wheat. Not overly strong in physique, the work sent him to bed with aching limbs and frayed nerves. He was no play farmhand, but a man needed and used.

Only in spare hours could he paint, and spare hours were not many. But he had the advantage of being equipped with proper materials brought home with him from New York. By using beeswax and blue vitriol, and later nitric acid, he had learned to etch pictures in steel and copper. He amused himself with these etchings, first on the saws in the workshop; later on copper procured from the local tinker.

AT THE end of two years, growing restless, he returned to New York, taking his homemade etching outfit with him. As soon as a fellow artist saw the outfit he grew enthusiastic and urged Lathrop to etch instead of paint. Etchings were having a run of popularity.

Lathrop listened, and hesitated. He still was handicapped by lack of confidence in the worth of his own work. He still would not believe people would buy it. But so insistent was the friend—even to the point of renting Lathrop a little studio



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City ---------- *State* ----------

and guaranteeing his expenses—that at length he was driven to submit three little etchings to a Fifth Avenue art dealer. He was the most surprised man in New York when the dealer paid him twenty-five dollars each for them, and asked for more.

He did something on a larger scale; but this was rejected by the dealer. Taking the etching farther down the avenue to another dealer, Lathrop sold it immediately for seventy-five dollars. Furthermore, the dealer accompanied him back to the studio to view all of his work and to talk with him. Before this dealer had left Lathrop had an order for all the etchings he could make, at his own price!

Now, watch the man. Money meant nothing to him, except as means to a living. He couldn't attune himself to buying and selling. In consequence, an odd business relationship grew up between him and the dealer. When Lathrop needed funds, he went to the dealer and got them. When the dealer wanted etchings, he came to Lathrop. There was no contract between them, no price.

Seven years this arrangement continued. Not once was there an accounting. Money was never discussed, excepting possibly as it is mentioned between a father and a dependent son. Whether the dealer owed him, or he owed the dealer, Lathrop did not know. I doubt if the dealer himself knew.

Then Lathrop went to England, on funds furnished by the dealer. He wandered over the English countryside, walked miles along the coast, dreamed for hours at a time before a tiny chapel, and got married. He filled his memory with bits of English landscape, with fresh emotions—all raw material for future work.

BACK in New York after an absence of a year, ready to resume his etchings as before, he was thunderstruck to find a complete change in conditions. The whole demand for etchings was of a new character. Commercialism had taken possession of the market, and only cheap work was wanted, to be sold in gross lots. Some men were turning out etchings by the dozens a week. They were "dashing off" things over which Lathrop would have worked months.

"I can't do such work," said Lathrop. "I'll go back to the farm before I'll commit myself to doing less than my best!"

During the entire half-century he has made pictures I do not believe that Lathrop has ever departed from this rule. His poorest work has been the best he could do at the time. No picture of his ever has been painted to meet a price, or a market demand.

He went back to the farm! The place he had won, friends he had made, he gave up rather than compromise his ideals. Unable to sell good etchings, and unwilling to make cheap ones, he returned to a drudgery for which he was utterly unfitted physically, and which he had come to detest.

His grandfather had died and left an adjoining farm to Lathrop's father. Lathrop moved onto this farm and tried to "make it go." He now had a dependent wife and three children, and no money beyond what the farm earned. He was thirty, and no further than he had been ten years ago.

Bitter? No. Heartbroken is a better word for his state; also, he was discouraged. The farm work left him so exhausted that he had no strength left for his art. His crops failed, as he himself seemed to have failed. He still faced his old bugaboo of no confidence in himself, began to feel his big mistake had been in not going to a regular school.

Months of this, and then courage revived. He would try New York again, a final try. "This time," he told his father, "if I fail I'm going to come home for good. I'll know that I'm a farmer, and not an artist."

So low were his finances that he had to borrow fifty-five dollars to augment the few dollars he had, which were only sufficient for railroad fare. That fifty-five dollars represented his future. If he could win before that was gone all would be well. If not, he was beaten. His wife and children had to be left on the farm.

In New York, he rented a little room which was both studio and home. For three months he managed to live on that fifty-five dollars, and in that time he had completed five small water-colors and had almost finished a sixth.

HE LOOKED at his work. It almost sickened him. In it he saw nothing of what he had hoped to put there. The little water-colors seemed to be the most futile things he had done. The unfinished sixth was especially bad, he thought. He debated, should he put the lot in the fire and be done with art, for good?

A friend came in, an old friend of etching days. During the long weeks he had stood by, watching those little water-colors grow. "Bill," he said sternly, "I'm entering those little water-colors in the annual New York Water-Color Show. I'll take the five you have finished with me to-day, and be back for the sixth the day after to-morrow."

"I had no intention of finishing it," Mr. Lathrop told me. "The thing actually seemed hideous. But my friend came back and made me finish it. It was his confidence, not mine, that led to the exhibition of the pictures."

Thirty judges passed on the exhibits—eminent artists and eminent critics. Only one prize was to be awarded, the much sought after W. T. Evans prize. The best landscape artists of America had entered their work in the show. Lathrop had not the courage to attend.

He was alone in his makeshift studio, dully waiting, when his friend burst in. "Guess who won!" his friend demanded, and grabbed Lathrop by the shoulders.

"You?" asked Lathrop, eagerly.

"No—you!" cried the friend. "Your sixth picture won the Evans prize! It's swept the show!"

Lathrop fell back in his chair, stunned, physically and mentally. He was literally paralyzed some moments by the news.

Later, his friend dragged him to the exhibit. There, in the position of honor on the preferred wall, hung his despised sixth water-color. It was not more than twelve by fourteen inches in size. All about it were larger, far more imposing pictures—to Lathrop, pictures that seemed far more worthy of the award than his own.

Five of his six water-colors sold that first day at double the prices Lathrop asked for them. In a few hours' time he had become a figure in art, sought after, surrounded by admirers. He was famous!

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Jobless, he was now tendered a score of jobs. Art schools besought him to teach for them, this farmer who had studied his art behind the plow and who had never seen the inside of an art school. Dealers demanded his work. Private collectors bid for it.

WELL, that's his story. He took a teaching position with a summer art school in the Poconos, in Pennsylvania, near Echo Lake. Later, through a friend, he went to New Hope, Pennsylvania, fell in love with an old farmhouse on the Delaware, bought it and settled there to devote his life to his painting. He was the only artist at New Hope when he came, twenty-six years ago. Not so long ago a half-hundred were located in the vicinity of New Hope, drawn there by the beauty of the place, and by the man.

I have already outlined to you something of what Lathrop has accomplished during these later years. He himself regards the oil painting, "A Winter Evening," in the gallery of the Philadelphia Art Alliance as one of his finest on public exhibition. Many as fine, or finer, are in private collections.

But I want to give you just one more glimpse of the man himself. In our talk I mentioned casually that I had found Lathrop's name and a sketch of his life in at least three famous reference books of American biography. Lathrop listened to me in unfeigned surprise. He had not dreamed that he was mentioned, nor ever bothered to find out.

"The fact that yesterday I may have painted a good picture means nothing," he said. "I am worth no more than the picture I can paint to-day, and to-morrow."

And he turned to the unfinished painting on the easel, of the country road at the day's end, with home just in sight around the bend.

You've Heard of the Average Man? Well, Here He Is!

(*Continued from page 25*)

on him, but not elated. He wasn't dazzled by the thought of seeing his name in print or of being talked about. But his selection by his fellow townsmen involved, he felt, a certain amount of duty to his town and to his state.

"It seems to me," he said, with a quiet smile, "that you are asking me to sit as the representative of a good many people. I couldn't attempt to do that. I can talk only for myself."

And that is exactly what I finally induced him to do—to give me his thoughts, his views, his reactions, and utterly to ignore those of anybody else. Here was a man who, on every point in the specification table, had been adjudged "average," a medley of a little of all of us. I wanted a panorama of *him*.

Roy Lewis Gray was born on a farm near Farmington, which is about twenty-five miles from Fort Madison, on March 12th, 1884, the eldest in a family of four children. His grandmother on his father's side was a Daughter of the Revolution. Both grandparents on his mother's side likewise were born in America.

"Father came to Iowa from Ohio," he said, "and Mother was from Indiana. We are of Irish-English-Scotch descent, but I don't know much about the family tree. I've never bothered to look it up.

"I attended a one-room country school, and later the Farmington high school. My parents insisted that I attend church and Sunday-school but they were not fanatical or extreme in their religious views. Sunday-school was simply a part of the education of every youngster.

"In the same way," he went on, "I send my own boy and girl to Sunday-school. I believe Sunday-school training is good for any youngster. They should know something of the Bible, and the best time for them to learn that is when they are young."

"Do you go along with them to Sunday-school?" I asked.

"No, I don't," he admitted. "Sunday is the only day I have at home. It's the only day I don't have to get up early. That one day of the week I like to get up late, mull over the Sunday papers, smoke my pipe, and—well, just loaf. Maybe I'll tinker a little with the car and, if it's nice, take a drive in the afternoon. That one day I like just to drift along.

"Occasionally we go to church. My wife says that we don't go enough, and she's probably right. It isn't that there's anything wrong with the church that we stay away. But I just want to spend one day in seven at home."

AFTER leaving high school young Gray went to a business college at Des Moines for four months to learn bookkeeping. At nineteen years of age, facing the world, Mr. Gray frankly admitted that he had not an idea in his head of what he wanted to do, or what he really was fitted to do. His first job was taken "blind." A Farmington factory needed a bookkeeper, and he was a bookkeeper in need of a job. The factory happened to make men's clothing. It might have made shoes, or plows.

I mentioned this fact to Mr. Gray. He thought a moment, gazing out over the ranks of men's clothing in the store.

"Yes," he said at length, "chance put me into this business. As you say, it might have been shoes, or plows. I spent three or four years in that clothing factory. From keeping books I got into the selling end. I was sent out on the road to sell to retail stores. A stranger in a strange city, living at hotels, riding slow trains, I envied the men with whom I did business. It seemed pretty nice to own your own store, to go home for your meals, and to sleep in your own bed nights.

"In the panic of 1907 the Farmington factory failed. I had to get another job, and naturally I went to another clothing factory, this time in Louisville, Kentucky. I traveled south and east through the Blue Ridge territory, to Alabama on the one end, Maryland on the other. All the time I kept saving my money. My dream was for my own little business."

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Our "average man" never dreamed of ing to the presidency of the company of acquiring fame and wealth!

"I've never wanted a lot of money," continued. "I've never envied any mous man. I like to read about them, d I admire them. But I know these g men have something that I haven't t, and never will have. As you say, I'm erage.

"As to money: a lot of money wouldn't ake me any happier. I wouldn't know w to spend or how to manage it. The uff would worry me. I want enough oney to live comfortably right here here I am, to pay my bills when they me due, to send my children to school, d to insure the happiness of my family. want a few luxuries, such as a car and a dio, but I've never hankered to own the iest car, nor the biggest house, nor e most expensive radio. I'm perfectly ppy living as most other folks live."

"And you prefer the small town?"

"I prefer the kind of town in which I re, neither too small nor too big. You iow, we folks here in Fort Madison don't ink of it as a 'small town,' but as a iall city. We are large enough to enjoy ch modern things as electric lights, gas, ell-equipped stores, a street-car line, veral good theatres, paved streets, and modern sewage system. The city could t give us more. We know our neighrs, and they know us. I can walk down r main street, and in five minutes meet dozen or more friends. I know almost erybody in town, and 'most everybody iows me. In a big city I would be a rtual stranger, and maybe not know the an living next door. As it is, when I int to go to the city the railroad will ke me there in a few hours; but the best rt of the trip is coming back.

"My children are free, with good air breathe and real dirt under their feet. ie country begins only a block back of ir house. They attend a fine school, as od as any big city school. It doesn't st us a third as much to live here as it ould in Chicago or New York; and here am somebody, there I'd be nobody."

The Average Man has not stood still. ich year, through industry and planng, he has made himself a little better f than he was in the previous year. He is gone ahead. He has kept abreast of e times.

IT WAS in 1913, at the age of twenty-nine, that he quit the "road" to enter inpartnership with a Farmington friend the retail clothing business. The partner tablished a store in Farmington and r. Gray opened his in Fort Madison. ater, the partner's brother was admitted the firm, and a third store, under his anagement, was opened in a third town. o-day the three partners own four stores. hired manager conducts the extra place. hey buy from a manufacturer who ilors men's clothing to order on a coöperive basis for independent retailers, and ius enjoy in effect and in name the dvantages of being members of a chain fifty or more stores, centrally adversed. Yet they are independent, and own ieir own stores. The Average Man beeves in coöperative effort and modern ethods.

He married in 1914, when he was sure e could afford to marry and have a home. His bride, Etna Barton, was a Farmington girl whom he had known almost all his life. To help pay for their home—a brick "double" house with a porch—they rented a room or two they did not need. Mrs. Gray does her own housework, cares for their two children—Dick, nine, and Sue, age four; and it is she who does most of the buying for the home. She is the home manager undisputed; and he the manager of the store undisputed.

"WHAT," I asked Mr. Gray, "is your chief interest?"

"My home," he replied. "Next to that, my business. In fact, as my home is dependent on my business, the two are practically one interest. Outside of those two, my main interest is in good roads.

"Hard roads," he went on, "concrete roads. I believe the State should build them and maintain them. Good roads help the farmer to market his products. They help the merchant by bringing the farmer into town to buy. They help everybody, for when the roads are good folks get around more, and so get acquainted with other sections and their problems. A man who'll go only one hundred and fifty miles from home over poor roads will drive two hundred and fifty over good roads.

"There is a lot in the newspapers about foreign affairs. Maybe I should be more interested in these things than I am. But they don't touch me so closely as some other problems nearer home. I try to keep informed on these big questions, but I don't get excited over them. I reason that we've sent folks to Washington to attend to these matters for us.

"Of course, I don't always agree with what the folks who run the Government do. Sometimes I think I could do better, though I don't suppose I would. But I always give them credit for trying to do their best.

"It's easy to say we have too many laws, but each law at the time it was passed was thought to be a good thing. If we have too many laws it has been because we've wanted too much. Now that we see our past mistakes, it might be a good thing to condense some of our laws, cut out those that duplicate, and reconsider some others. One trouble with our lawmakers is that they don't like to admit they make mistakes.

"Take prohibition. You hear a lot of talk about that, and read a lot about it. Personally, I'm not a drinking man, so I'm not directly concerned. But from what I hear and read, one side seems to have statistics against, and the other side statistics in favor of it. I don't know which to believe. Right this minute I wouldn't know how to vote intelligently and fairly on prohibition. As a matter of fact, I'm a little suspicious of what either side says, because both are biased.

"On one thing, however, I am certain. Never would I want the old saloon back. It was bad and deserved to go. But probably the bootlegger is worse, so there you are. How can a man make up his mind fairly?

"In national politics," continued Mr. Gray, "I am pretty much a party man. In local politics, I'm independent. Probably the reason for this is that I have no way of knowing national candidates as I know local candidates. I have to depend

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on the newspapers for my national information. And, naturally, they are partisan. Therefore, the best I can do is to stick to the party which most appeals to me and trust it to pick the best man available.

"WHAT do I read? I take our local newspaper and a Chicago newspaper, and at home we always have on hand copies of several current magazines. I read the local paper more thoroughly than I do the Chicago paper, and my wife reads both more thoroughly than I do. If the President or the governor makes a speech I read 'most all of it. That is a rule with me; I try to read these addresses, because I feel that I should.

"Taking the newspaper as a whole, what I read depends a great deal on the headlines. I look them all over, and if one interests me I read some or all of the story. A new invention, a great disaster, some very unusual crime, these will interest me in the main; but I seldom read eight or ten columns of the same thing.

"The evolution trial in Tennessee struck me as being funny and a lot of noise over nothing. If men want to believe in evolution, let them. If they want to believe in something else, that's all right too. Personally, I'm not interested in such questions. The religion I was taught as a boy and young man has always seemed to be a pretty good religion, and I stick to it. I don't question it. Don't ask me about 'modernism and fundamentalism,' for I know nothing about them.

"When I open a magazine I turn first of all to the advertisements. I find a surprising amount of interesting information in them. They give you the latest developments in automobiles, radio, household appliances, building, roads, clothes. When a manufacturer discovers something new, the first thing he does is to advertise it, publish pictures to show what it looks like, and describe its uses.

"After I'm through with the advertising, I'll glance over the stories and articles in the magazine. But I'll read only those that seem interesting, preferably the articles. I'm not much on love stories, and I have no use at all for this sex stuff. I'd rather read facts. I don't believe I've read an article over twice in my life.

"There's only one complaint I have to offer about some of the advertising. It doesn't tell you how much the article costs. Now, that is one of the first things I want to know. When no price is given, you get the impression that the article must be pretty expensive. Maybe it isn't, but you get that impression. And it tends to make you drop it from your mind. On the other hand, when you know the price, even though it seems a little high, you can weigh the figure over and maybe come to the conclusion that it isn't so high after all. I wish advertisements wouldn't keep prices a secret.

"I'm not much on books. I haven't time for them. I open my store at eight o'clock in the morning and close at five-thirty, except on Saturday, when I keep open until nine or nine-thirty. I find there are always a lot of little jobs to be done at home. When I'm through with these, I look over the papers or maybe a magazine, play with the kids a while, talk a little, listen to the radio, and, before I know it, it's time for bed.

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"Occasionally we go to the movies, if ey look good. And we take the children ɔng, though Sue is still too small to ıderstand them. Dick likes the 'West-ns' and plenty of action. He doesn't ink much of these long-drawn-out love enes.

"In general, I have no kick to make on e movies. The majority of the pictures e clean, according to my notion, and a eat many of them are good. If a picture ıs a bad reputation, we simply don't go see it.

"As to radio programs, what I like best high-grade popular music—not classical ıd not jazz. However, I prefer classical jazz, though a lively tune sounds good ɔw and then. But for steady diet, give e popular music that is of a high grade.

"When I first got the radio, I sat up ghts trying to get distant places. But I ɔt over that long ago. Now I tune in on ıe stations that I know have good pro-ams and stick to them. I don't 'fish ɔund.' I listen in on really important ɔeeches, and if the speech isn't good I mply tune it out."

MR. GRAY believes that the country is growing better, and not worse. Men re about the same as ever, he finds, and uman nature hasn't changed, either. ut we are more enlightened, live better, wn better homes, reside in more sanitary ɔmmunities, and take better care of our ealth. The "flapper" is the same girl nder her bobbed hair as her grandmother as, and the "sheik" is no wit worse than is granddaddy. Crime? Look back, ays Mr. Gray. Crime followed in the rake of every war since Time began. He n't worried over the country; it isn't oing to the dogs!

Should women vote?

"Yes," was his answer. "My wife otes, and it has not made her any less a oman, wife, or mother. If anything, she s a better-informed woman. She is more nterested in what is going on in the ountry than I am and reads more than do."

Is he going to send his children to ollege?

"That depends on the children them-elves," said Mr. Gray. "If they show a lesire for college and some ability that eads me to believe they will be benefited ɔy it, I'll try to send them to college. I vant to do the best I can for them accord-ng to their desires and talents. I'm not oing to attempt to make my children row to suit my notions, but to suit their natural bent, whatever it is."

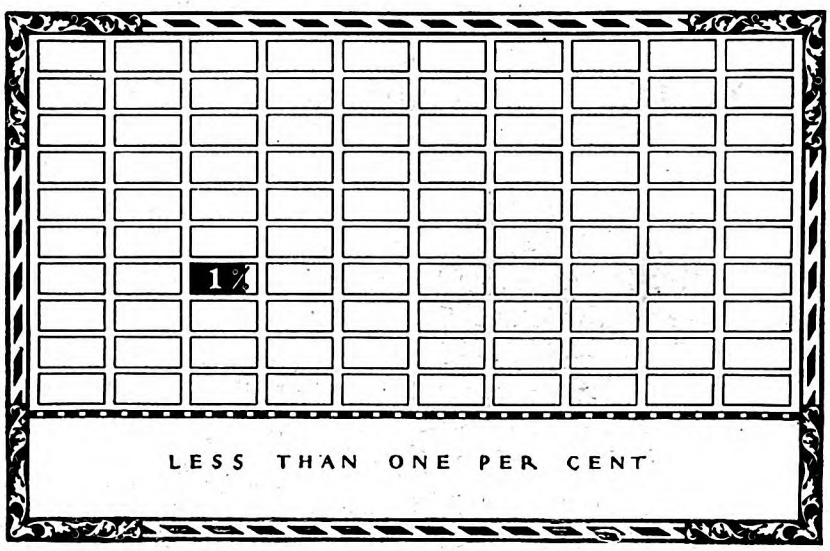
Mr. Gray belongs to his Chamber of Commerce, the Elks, the Odd Fellows, nd the Rotary Club. Once in a while he ttends a lodge meeting, but not regu-arly. He joined these organizations be-cause he felt they were factors for good in is town and therefore deserved his support.

To sum up the Average Man!

He is a home man, and next to his home stands his business. He is modestly am-bitious, and modestly optimistic. To the best of his ability, he tries to do what is right. He is a little of all of us—and much of some of us. A dependable man! A steady, sane, conservative man!

I wonder, how much of *you* do you see in his picture?

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣



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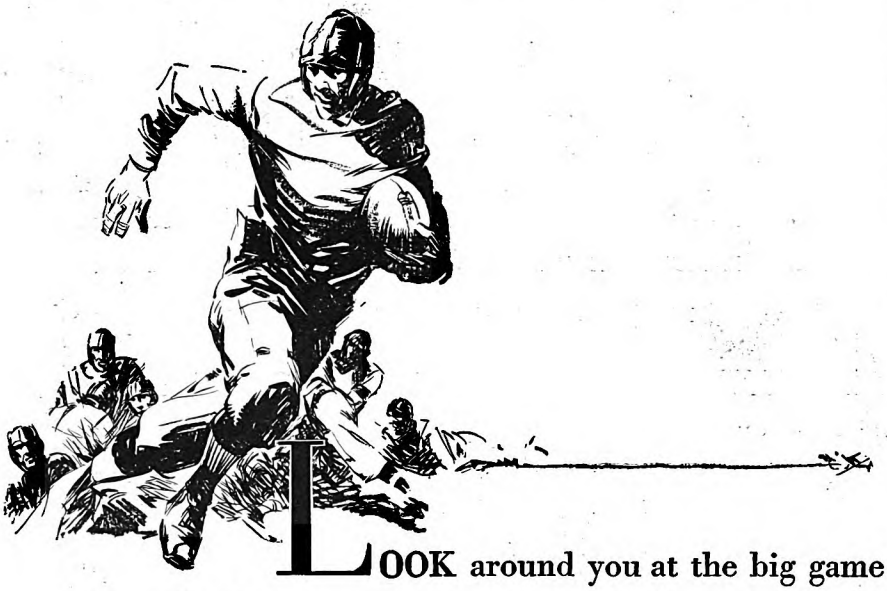

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"The Ninth Life"

(*Continued from page 13*)

zero the city editor of the Brooklyn "Eagle" gave him an assignment, and the promise of fifty cents plus expenses. The assignment concerned the Convention of United Club Women, which Francis, unfamiliar with Brooklyn and lost in that peculiar haze familiar to people who go regularly without breakfast, never even found. And the city editor swore horribly.

It was clearly no time to talk about expenses. Fortunately, he had five cents left for the subway.

Slumped in his corner, Francis realized that it was very doubtful whether he would ever stand up again. He felt sorry for the conductor, who would have a tiresome job getting rid of him. He foresaw that he was going to be a disgusting nuisance. He would have apologized in advance if he could have found anyone definite to apologize to. But everything was extraordinarily vague. He was not really surprised when he found himself standing, hat in hand, on Mrs. Gottlieb's stairs, and talking to the unknown girl on the fourth. Actually talking to her—as he had intended—with a courteous dignity.

He said, "Excuse me. I wonder if I might speak to you for a moment."

And she, looking down at him from an upper step, smiled gently and encouragingly.

"Of course. Why not? We're neighbors. And neighbors ought to be neighborly, oughtn't they?"

"That's just how I felt about it. Otherwise, of course, I wouldn't have had the cheek—"

"There's a soda fountain just across the way," she suggested. "I'd love an ice cream. And we could talk so much better."

FRANCIS knew the soda fountain by sight. And, of course, it was just the sort of thing an American girl would say. But it embarrassed him terribly. For her own sake, he didn't want her to know the truth. He felt that his absurd inability to provide her with ice cream would weaken her confidence in him.

He said firmly:

"I never touch ice—if I can help it. I have a strong—you might say unreasonable—antipathy to the stuff. Owing, no doubt to having been blown up by a German shell."

"Oh my, were you in the war—really?"

"Quite really."

"How wonderful of you!"

She had flushed charmingly with admiration. He made a careless gesture:

"Not at all. Don't mention it."

"But it must have hurt dreadfully—being blown up, I mean."

"I should prefer to say that it disturbs one's point of view. Permanently. And it did hurt—afterward. But nothing like as badly as having your heart broken."

"Did they break your heart too?

"Oh no. Elsie did that."

"Who was Elsie?"

"A girl. We were engaged. But she liked Richard better. It was quite natural. You see, not having been blown up, he was doing quite nicely in the retail soap business. That makes a difference."

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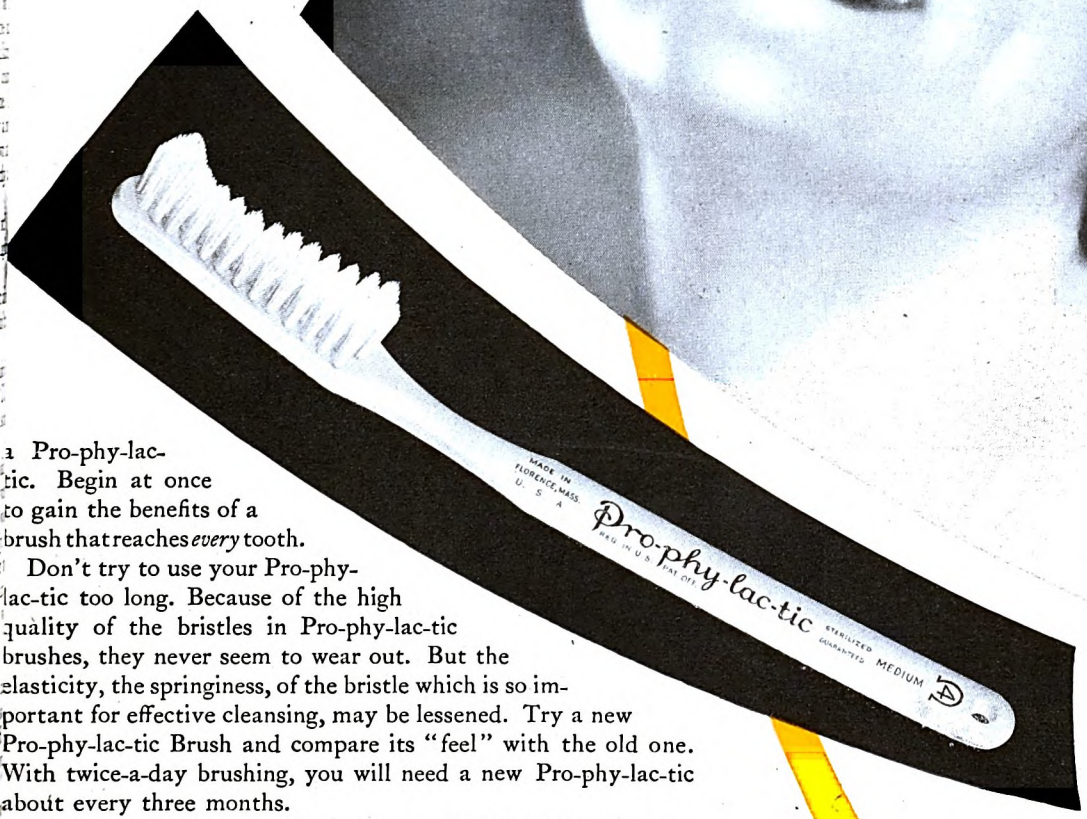

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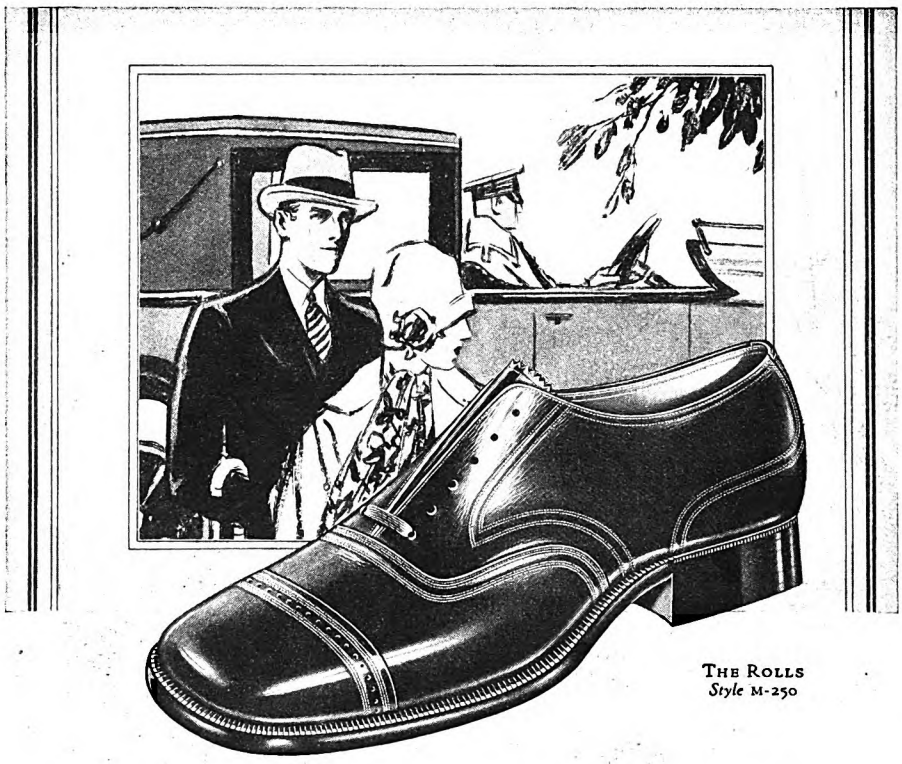

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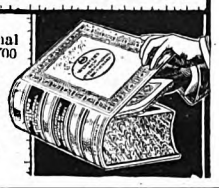

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She said with a sweet severity, "Not to a nice girl."

Francis brushed this subject aside too.

"I didn't mean to talk about that at all. If you hadn't mentioned ice cream it would never have occurred to me. It's you I wanted to talk about."

"Me?"

She was properly but not indignantly embarrassed.

"You see," he explained, "I'm a man. A man of the world. I know things that you couldn't know—mustn't know. It's not that I want to interfere. Please believe that."

"I do indeed."

"And, of course, I don't know the circumstances. I don't want to. But I've got two sisters at home—perfect dears. What I mean is . . . this place isn't the kind of place for you."

"I know it isn't. It isn't really a place for anyone, is it? Not even for poor Mrs. Gottlieb. Only—some of us can't help ourselves!"

IT WAS just what he'd expected her to say. Their eyes met, and his heart grew big with a pity that somehow included everyone—even George and the young good-for-nothing on the third and the peroxide blonde. And he was terribly proud that she trusted him.

"That's true. But you're different. There must be somebody—your people. . . ."

"I ran away from them, months ago," she told him sadly.

"Was it—forgive me, but you're so awfully young to run away."

"I couldn't help it. There wasn't any choice. I didn't approve of them."

He felt himself blush again. He saw that he had blundered brutally upon her secret. He wished Mrs. Gottlieb's house didn't rattle and shake so. He had to hold on to the banisters to prevent himself from falling downstairs.

"How plucky of you!" he said.

"I'm not plucky; I'm really awfully frightened."

"You needn't be, so long as I'm here."

"And you'll always be there, won't you?"

"I'll try. But one can't tell. I got lost in Brooklyn this afternoon. . . . And if I never came back—"

"Oh, please take care of yourself. You see, I need you so!"

Mrs. Gottlieb's house gave a final lurch. A hand laid itself gently on his shoulder. A face looked closely into his.

It was the conductor.

"Times Square. You gotter get out," he grumbled.

"Of course I have," he said. "She needs me."

The conductor dug him playfully in the ribs.

"Say, young feller, where did yer get the stuff?"

Francis stood up. He stood amazingly straight. So it had all been a sort of delirious dream! He walked out with dignity.

He even walked up Mrs. Gottlieb's stairs. And when he passed the unknown girl on the fourth floor—it was odd how she seemed to be always going down just as he was coming up—he said "How d'you do?" quite as though nothing had happened. And though she looked at

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him very earnestly, he suspected that she at any rate didn't know that anything *had* happened. She didn't know that her simple faith in him had saved him from living permanently in Times Square subway.

Some time afterward, he was not sure whether it was months later or just a few minutes, Mrs. Gottlieb picked him up on his own landing. She was a strong woman smelling vigorously of garlic, and once on his feet Francis found it possible not only to back away from her but to stand unaided.

He protested seriously:

"You know you shouldn't always be after me like this. I have paid—right up to next Tuesday. And I shall continue to go on paying. Circumstances beyond my control compel me to make your house my home indefinitely. In fact, for just so long as the young lady is under my protection."

"See here," said Mrs. Gottlieb, "vat goot does it do me ven you pay ze rent and I haf to pay ze funeral? Miss Dawson—she say to me joost now—that young man don't haf enough eats. She say to me, 'You tell him not to be so proud. Tell him to haf a leetle talk with me'!"

Francis drew himself up. But he was glad to know her name.

"I shouldn't dream of worrying Miss Dawson with my private anxieties," he said. "She has enough of her own."

"She? She don't haf no anxieties. Her pa bosses ze biggest packing business in ze country. She says her pa'd gif you a job any time you ask."

Someone had slapped him in the face. The sheer pain of it cleared his vision. He said roughly:

"You don't know what you're talking about. A rich girl doesn't live in a house like this!"

Mrs. Gottlieb snorted.

"You don't know vat ze girls do these days. And she don't lif here, not always. She vork on ze Settlement. She just come here see how folks like me and you live."

"I see," said Francis after a pause. "Specimens." He managed with a frightful effort to stop himself laughing. For he was quite sure that he would never make Mrs. Gottlieb understand how funny the whole thing was. "In that case, Mrs. Gottlieb," he said, "I shall be moving out to-morrow. As a specimen, I'd be a complete failure."

"You're crazy," said Mrs. Gottlieb.

"Quite," said Francis.

He just managed to close the door and turn the key in time.

SHE was a waif of the city streets, and could never have told what led her to him. Perhaps it was that intuition for which her sex is deservedly famous. Perhaps it was merely the fact that his open window lay within easy reach of the roof gutter which represented the last stage of her distracted wanderings. Things had been going so badly with her that she might well have been justified in deliberately missing her aim and making an end to a completely unfortunate career. But there again she was governed by a power greater than hunger. She gathered herself together, sprang, scrambled for one breathless, terrible second, and came to rest in relative safety on the window ledge.

What she saw could not have offered

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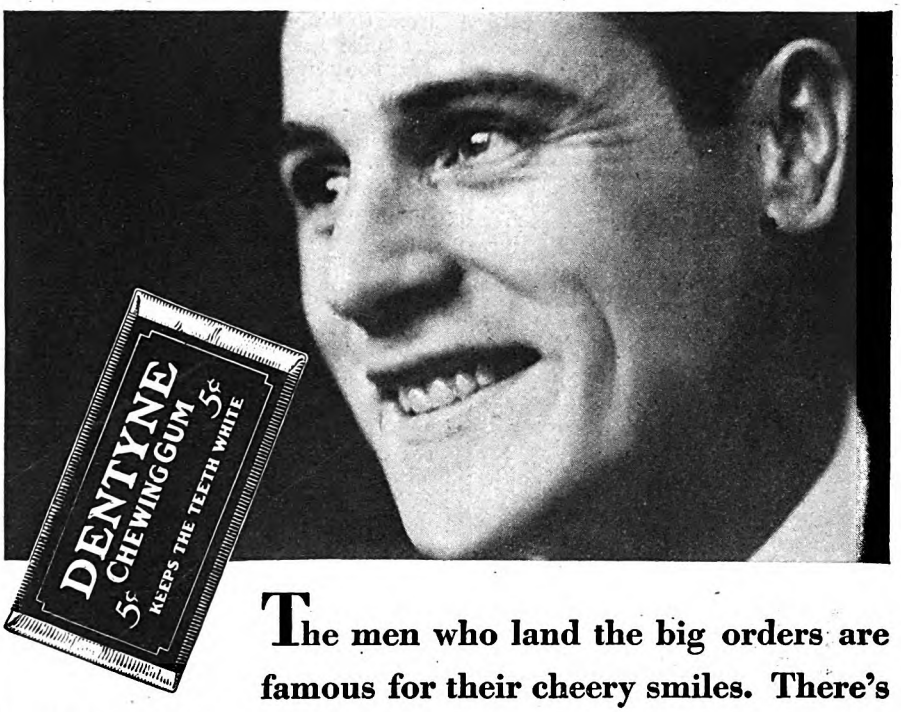

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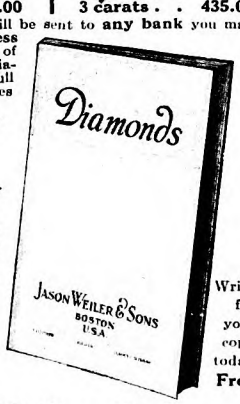

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much consolation. Unless, of course, it is consoling to realize that sorrow is a universal heritage. She saw a mean, narrow room almost completely filled by a mean, narrow bed on which a man lay crumpled—face downward and crying with that racking bitterness which is without tears. She knew the sound. And, oddly enough, she was always disturbed by it. She made a faint moaning sound, and with her last strength dropped to the floor.

Francis heard her. The "plop" of her soft body was so unexpected that he sprang upright—shivering with nerves and weakness.

She had no hope. She knew all about the creatures called men. Probably he would swear and throw something at her. But it was too late. She dragged herself toward him and within a few feet lay down, stretching herself out with the mute dignity of resignation. He could do his worst. She had dodged for the last time.

Francis called to her. His voice was thick and unsteady. The drunken men who lurched along the pavements at night had voices like that. She heard him get up. She waited for the crushing impact of his merciless boot against her aching ribs. Instead, he bent over her. She felt his hand on her head, and opened her eyes wide in sheer astonishment. It was the first time that anyone had touched her with that gentleness. But she couldn't answer him. Even if she had had the strength, she wouldn't have known how. There had never been any reason to say "Thank you." No one had ever taught her.

Still, she had a certain charm about her, something friendly and honest in the eyes, an intelligence in the round forehead and small, well-set ears. Francis, who had discernment, saw it. And he saw something more—a misery that was like a pathetic travesty of his own.

"Why, you poor thing," he murmured. "You're up against it too!"

FOR several minutes he knelt there, gently consoling her. He didn't know what to do. His head seemed to be entirely detached from his body and floating aimlessly on a sea of weakness. As far as he himself was concerned, everything was settled. To-morrow he would clear out. From Brooklyn Bridge probably. He was through with ice and assignments and editors and rich girls who played at poverty for the fun of the thing. But all that was to-morrow. This was now. And now something had to be done. A small signal of distress had gone up on his horizon. He couldn't ignore it. No one could. The minute you saw it, you had to be up and doing, even if you yourself were at your last gasp, and even if it was your private conviction that nothing in life mattered. It was in the blood.

And besides, her coming to him—who was as lonely and battered as she was—touched him. He felt gentle and chivalrous again.

"Do something!" his will insisted.

He searched his pockets. Nothing. He searched for some possible source of help. What he found brought the blood to the roots of his fair hair. He couldn't. He would rather die. But then, his death wasn't in question. . . . He was going to die anyway. To-morrow.

Slowly and painfully he dragged himself up. He lifted her in his arms and laid her gently on the softest part of the unyielding bed.

"You wait!" he whispered to her. "I'll be back soon."

He went out onto the landing. An unusual silence brooded over the melancholy stairs. There was no sound but his own heavy, dragging footsteps and his reluctant knock.

THE door opened immediately. The light from the neat, cheerful room blinded him so that he could not read the expression. He didn't want to. He didn't want to see her at all. He said with glacial courtesy:

"I'm sorry to disturb you."

"Why, Mr. Clairvaulx, I'm delighted. Won't you come in?"

So she knew his name. Of course. Specimens are always labeled. He made her a slight ironic bow.

"Thanks. You're very kind. I only wanted to know whether I could borrow some milk from you?"

"Milk? Why, surely. I have a bottle right here."

"It's not for myself," he explained. "A stray cat has just jumped in at my window. The poor brute is evidently starving."

Her voice darkened a little.

"That's too bad! Wait a minute! There—the bottle isn't even opened. Aren't people cruel!"

"They're always beastly to cats," he said. "Thanks awfully. I'll—I'll bring the bottle—and—and the money to-morrow—"

"That's not very gracious of you, is it? Surely I can do my bit."

"Well—she came to me. I'm responsible. Thanks very much, all the same."

She did not move. Her attitude of waiting made it difficult for him to go.

"Mr. Clairvaulx, please, we're neighbors; we're fellow-creatures too. Isn't there anything else that I could do?"

He answered with an extreme brightness:

"Nothing, nothing at all, thanks. Milk is what she wants. All cats like milk."

"And are all English people so stiff-necked?" she wanted to know.

"Most of us," he admitted. "We don't mean to be. We just are. Nothing to be done about it. But thanks awfully, just the same."

By the time he got back she was almost gone. He had to feed her with his finger-tip, drop by drop. At first it seemed a losing battle. He felt his own strength wane with hers, and drank a little of the thick creamy liquid to keep himself from fainting.

It was a surrender, shameful enough—but justified. This was no time for pride or self-consideration of any sort. This apparently meaningless little life had crawled to him for safety. It was a fight, a challenge. And for some obscure reason he was out to win.

It grew dark. A light springing up at a neighboring window reflected itself on the opposite wall and back into the mean room, filling it with a faint, unearthly brightness. The hours passed. He did not know how many. Flutteringly life stirred and flowed back under his patiently soothing hand. As she lifted her

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head, and lapped feebly from the soap dish that he held ready for her, he was filled with an irrational triumph. His heart melted. He lay down beside her, holding her close to the warmth of his own starving body.

And then—very uncertainly, rumblingly, like a small engine that has been mishandled and is misfiring badly, she began to purr. She nestled into the hollow of his arm. She rubbed her soft cheek against his. And Francis Clairvaulx cried again, but this time like a child, freely, with tears that wetted her poor fur coat.

And presently they fell asleep together.

He dreamed strange and uneasy dreams. He dreamed that something dark and warm and very close to him was going through some nameless, terrific struggle. There was an earthquake. The ground heaved under their feet. Ancient forces were at work, tearing and rending at the very heart of creation. Then out of the tumult, from the far distance, small voices became audible, wailing plaintively, to sink at last into a thick, smothering silence. As though at a signal, the tormented earth grew quiet. It no longer threatened. Under its warm breast life began to beat with a strong and steady rhythm. Dawn broke. The unknown struggle was over. The whole world had resolved its discords into a sweet song of beatitude.

Francis opened his eyes. The result was disappointing. Whatever light ever came through the dirty window revealed no change, no miracle. There was the same stain on the wall, the same broken blind, the same chipped water jug, the same Francis. If he could only go to sleep again, and never wake up.

Then he saw her. . . .

SHE had made a nest for herself between the pillow and the blanket, and she was looking at him. Her green eyes blinked. He had never seen eyes so full of lofty wisdom and serenity. And he could have sworn she smiled at him, graciously, and rather pityingly because there were things in life that he could never know.

Then, as though to reveal the marvel that had come into both their lives, she crooned once and turned over comfortably and invitingly on her side.

And he saw that she was not alone.

Obviously, Brooklyn Bridge had to be indefinitely postponed.

At least it was obvious to Francis.

It might not have been so obvious to Mrs. Gottlieb. Mrs. Gottlieb, if put in possession of the whole case, might have argued that a young man who was determined to drown himself, but persisted in preserving the lives of a stray tabby and two unpromising offspring wasn't right in the head. And she would never have lent him the fifty cents which, incredibly, she did lend him. As she explained to herself afterward, there was something about him that morning which fairly knocked her off her feet—something resolute and ruthless.

Francis turned the key of his door and went to eat a hearty breakfast prior to interviewing the manager of the Manhattan Ice Company, who was not in the least glad to see him.

"Aren't you," he inquired coldly, "the guy I fired three weeks ago?"

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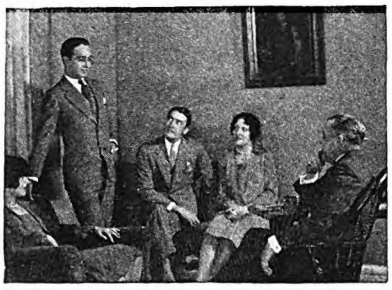

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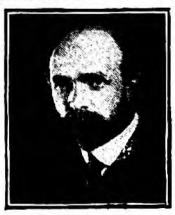

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"I am," Francis admitted.

"Say—you've got nerve coming 'round here worrying me—"

"I've got more than nerve," Francis interrupted. "I've got a mother and two newborn children dependent on me. If I don't get work, they'll starve. That's why you're going to give me another chance."

The manager scratched his head.

"Well"—he said—"what a guy like you is doing with a wife and kids, and twins at that, beats me. But maybe they'll make a better man of you. Go to it—and if you break up another ice chest, heaven help you!"

Francis went to it. Perhaps it was the square breakfast. More probably it was the thought of those three waiting for him and trusting him. The ice wasn't so heavy. His wound didn't ache so much. And he broke nothing but a record quick-delivery.

"It sure is a wonderful thing," the manager commented to his wife that night, "what a family will do for a man!"

Francis bought sausage and two pint bottles of milk at the nearest delicatessen. For the first time since his heart had broken, he was hungry. But he had the self-control to deposit one bottle of milk and a note, "With thanks and compliments," outside Miss Dawson's door.

After which gesture his pride felt better.

BUT there are other elements besides pride in a man's composition. And he had been sorely tempted. It would have been so natural to have knocked at the door and thanked her personally. He could have told her about the grave responsibility that had been thrust upon him, and asked her advice. He had to remind himself that she was a rich man's daughter to whom he was only an interesting social phenomenon, to persuade himself to go down-stairs.

He wondered whether his room would be empty—whether she too had found him unworthy, and left him. But she had not. She rose up from the old woolen sweater which he had given her, and came to greet him. Thin and feeble as she still was—gaunt-featured with motherhood and ill-usage—there was grace in her mincing step, and something processional in the stately sway of the emaciated tail. She curved in and out between his legs.

Then she showed them to him. She let him hold them, blinking up at him with a proud confidence. Certainly she had worked hard, and they were better than they had been. After supper, with a soap dish of milk he performed a solemn ceremony of baptism, and Jenny, so called for no reason at all, and Bimbo and Kiki—nice absurd names with no embarrassing emphasis on sex—were ushered as full-fledged members into respectable Christian Society.

And Jenny, who had never had a name or been respectable, circled 'round the three of them and sang a purr-song that had become incredibly thick and unctuous.

Nursing mothers are proverbially hungry. And Bimbo and Kiki, with nine lives apiece, made corresponding demands. So that Francis carried ice by day, and at night under the gas jet went back to his old job of writing stories.

On the ninth day, when Bimbo and Kiki opened vague blue eyes upon their universe, Francis finished a little thumb-nail sketch of their birth. And the next day—after ice hours—he obtained an interview with an editor by means of the entirely false statement that he had one, and sold him the story out of hand. The editor tried to be indignant, but Francis was firm, friendly, and unconsciously rather likable.

"And I can do better than that," he said. "When I'm at my best, it takes a lot to beat me. And of course I want you to understand that this isn't going to be my regular price. I'm just starting."

That night they all had Scotch kippers—cooked over canned heat—and ice cream from the drug store. Jenny was an American, but Scotch kipper soars above nationality. It has what editors call universal human appeal. And Jenny did not leave even a tail.

From thence onward Francis remembered what he had known before his heart broke; namely, that he was to be a great writer. Brooklyn Bridge faded into the distance. He began to think of Elsie with a cold detachment, and thought that one day, when he went back to Kilty-in-the-Dale, she would be very sorry for what she had done. Much sorrier than he had ever been.

He wished the girl on the fourth would be sorry too. (Her name, he discovered casually, was Sylvia and suited her.) But he was sure she wasn't. Her nod, when they passed each other on the stairs, was glacial. Not, he thought, with an odd sense of satisfaction, indifferent. Just glacial.

Probably she had considered him churlish and ungracious about the milk, and once he had been tempted to explain—first, that it isn't easy to be English and expansive, and much less easy to be hungry, and polite to rich ladies who are making a study of your symptoms. And that, oddly enough, the situation is made worse, if the rich lady happens to be young and beautiful.

But he didn't. . . .

IT WAS summer now. Through the open window came an unpleasing mixture of moist heat, garlic, and the molten roar of the Elevated. Francis and Jenny would sit together on the window-ledge, looking at the blank wall and dreaming dreams. Francis dreamed of trees and meadows, and what Jenny dreamed of no one knew. Perhaps it was just as well. She had become sleek and almost beautiful, and the expression of her green eyes was distinctly enigmatic. And it was quite obvious that Bimbo and Kiki needed wider fields for their activity.

"We might just as well clear out, Jenny," Francis said. "There's no reason why we shouldn't. We sold another story yesterday. We're almost fabulously rich. Why don't we?"

Jenny's silence proclaimed that she knew more than she cared to say.

Miss Dawson didn't go, either. Francis couldn't help noticing that she was growing pale and heavy-eyed. He began to worry again. He even had faint twinges of remorse. Perhaps she really did care for people, and was sorry and wanted to help. It wasn't her fault that her father had made money. Really, she had behaved rather well, much better than he had. He felt he ought to tell her to go home, that it didn't do anybody any good

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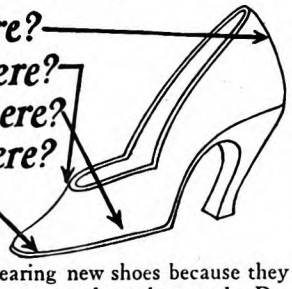

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if she got ill, that it would only worry people.

But it was she who spoke.

She said, turning back casually at the corner of the stairs:

"Oh, Mr. Clairvaulx, I think I'd better warn you. Mrs. Gottlieb's going to make trouble. She's found out—about them."

"Them?"

He caught the shadow of a smile.

"I'm afraid I don't know their names."

"If you mean Bimbo and Kiki—"

"I guess I do."

He came down a step.

"How did she find out? I didn't know she ever went near my room."

"She doesn't, ordinarily. But she heard. She said she thought it was rats. And—and then she began to notice things—one does, you know, even in this house."

Francis looked rueful.

"I know. They're so young. They do their best. But you can't expect them to understand all at once. This isn't really the right place for them."

"Or for anyone," she murmured. "Wouldn't it be better to give them to someone who could take care of them?"

"No," he answered shortly and rather rudely, "it wouldn't."

"Well; I've told you. You see, I'm going away to-morrow—home, to my people."

"How nice!" said Francis, with elaborate pleasantness. "Then we shall be all moving together. Hard luck on Mrs. Gottlieb."

She shook her head.

"She wouldn't mind. They're plenty more like us."

"Like me, you mean."

"Mr. Clairvaulx, listen, won't you?"

"I was moving anyway," he explained hastily. "I'm a writer, you know. I've only been here to get atmosphere—for a book. I'm going to Long Island. I hear it's charming."

"I—I didn't know you were a writer," she said, rather forlornly.

He laughed.

"Lots of people don't."

"Well; I'll look out for the book."

"It won't be worth looking for."

"I'm sure it will."

There was a silence.

"Good-by then, Mr. Clairvaulx—and good luck."

"Good-by. And thank you."

So that was that.

FRANCIS walked the streets aimlessly with a moist parcel of fish clasped tightly under one arm. He noticed the results as little as man who had fallen through a hole in the world would notice such trifles. He felt just like that, like a man who would never reach bottom, and it was a horrible sensation. And, in addition, he was so miserably ashamed that every time he thought of himself he jumped and went red to the ears.

"It serves you right," he said, "everything serves you right! Of course she knew you were lying. She knew you were a half-starved, feckless, futile mess. And if she didn't laugh in your face it was because she was too decent. You poor, cheap, bragging little upstart with your tuppenny halfpenny pride!"

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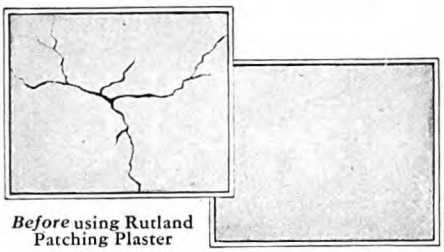

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bell and breaking every traffic law conceived by the mind of man, missed him by an inch. Francis picked the fish out of the gutter and went on. He didn't care. He didn't care about anything.

A fire engine thundered and screeched past him. Someone said, "It's on Ninth." And suddenly Francis dropped the fish and began to run. It might have been anywhere on Ninth. But, as it happened, Francis knew—absolutely and at once.

He ran well. People with due regard for safety instinctively made way for him. He came in neck and neck with the second fire engine. But also he came too late. For the first and last time in its dubious career Mrs. Gottlieb's house was looking positively beautiful. Out of the surrounding darkness, the drab windows shone like the eyes of a Medusa whose smoky hair curled sinuously backward and forward in the faint northern breeze.

Helmeted firemen held strategic positions, and with their streaming hose reduced the whole spectacle to a combined display of fountains and fireworks. From the neighboring tenements, on whose roofs the sparks fell in a soft menacing shower, exuded furniture, children, animals, and peculiar merchandise. But on the whole, everyone was enjoying the affair calmly, with the positive exception of Mrs. Gottlieb, who, amidst a pile of soaked and dubious-looking possessions wailed passionately in two languages.

Francis shook her by the arm.

"Miss Dawson!" he shouted, "Miss Dawson!"

A FIREMAN, good-natured but peremptory, trod heavily on Francis's toes and pushed him in the chest.

"Now then, brother, don't you start her off again. We've got trouble enough. You mind your own business!"

Francis pushed back.

"It *is* my business. I live here!"

"Well, you won't live there no more."

"But there are people in that house!"

"There ain't. Not a living soul. Just a lotter junk. Everybody accounted for. You keep out of the way, brother!"

Francis fell back before a resolute jab in the chest. But after that first rush of relief his heart had gone ice-cold. Everybody accounted for. Not a living soul. That meant not only Sylvia and Mrs. Gottlieb but the noisy young man on the third and the peroxide blonde and all the other indefinite flotsam that made up Mrs. Gottlieb's household. It didn't mean Jenny and Bimbo and Kiki. They didn't count. No more than the panic-hunted rats. Not worth a human life. What did people know what anything was worth?

He pushed forward. He was conscious of some vital change in himself. Something was happening to him. He felt bigger. His fists were hard clenched. He remembered a man—younger than himself—who had shouted, "Look here, you fellows, what the hell does it matter if we do get killed so long as we stick it?" (That was just before the German shell got him.)

"Look here," he said, "there *is* someone in that house—three people. I know!"

"And I tell you there ain't—"

"Three cats, my cats!"

"Cats! You're nutty. Cats is all right, anyway. Cats has nine lives."

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"Jenny hasn't, she's lost too many."

"Aw, cut it out. We got enough to worry about."

Francis glanced up at the shining windows. His heart was hot now, hot and swollen and heavy. He wasn't going to reason about it. You couldn't. It was above reason. These three were the saddest things in the whole world. They would never know, never understand. That was the terrible pathos of all animals. You couldn't explain to them, neither your brutalities nor your mercies. You took their world from them. And, in spite of everything, they had an odd, blind confidence in you. But they would never understand.

Jenny and Bimbo and Kiki wouldn't. If it had been Sylvia trapped in that house, at least she would have known that it was an accident, and that people were risking their lives to save her. But Jenny and Bimbo and Kiki would never know. They would cower in their forgotten corner, dying slowly and terribly, bewildered, knowing nothing except that their strange god had deserted them—left them to this red, burning terror.

And they had trusted him. They were all he had. They were each other's refuge against loneliness. They were friends. You didn't desert your friends. . . .

Very neatly Francis tripped up the fireman who blocked his path. In three bounds he was over the wet pavements and up the steps and into the dim, luridly glowing hallway. He heard a shout go up. But he was happy and exultant. He was himself again. He didn't mind dying. Just so long as it was decently, and that these three knew he wasn't a dirty traitor. They wouldn't know what it was all about. But they would know that he had been faithful.

The narrow stairs were dreadful with heat and smoke. Ominous crackings sounded under his racing feet. He was choking and half blinded. The door of his room was jammed. He burst it open with one savage thrust of the shoulder.

AND there, outlined against the brilliantly illuminated background of blank wall, he saw Jenny's shadow. She was crouched tigerlike on the window sill—an elemental, primitive figure of ferocity and terror and great courage. For she had an overgrown child in her mouth, and was poised for the hopeless, sacrificial leap.

Herself alone she might have saved. But she too was under the law.

He called to her. At the last moment she turned her head and saw him. He caught the gleam of her green eyes. He heard her familiar croon of welcome as she jumped down heavily to meet him.

He thrust Bimbo and Kiki each into a pocket. Jenny he buttoned under his coat. Her claws dug deep into his chest. There was something piteous in that cruel, instinctive clinging to him.

He stumbled out. The smoke had thickened. For a moment he lost his way, feeling blindly for the stairs. He heard voices in the red depths, coming nearer, shouting to him.

His foot struck something soft—living, moving.

He bent down. He knew now where he was—at the foot of her stairs—and that she was lying there.

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He lifted her. He was glad he had been an ice man. If you could handle ice you could handle anything. He held his strange burden close to him. She stirred faintly, and he caught her whisper:

"I came back. I tried to get them for you."

And at that, Francis knew it was all right. There wasn't a fire on earth that could stop him now. The last hampering chain of disillusionment and self-distrust had broken. He had become in one splendid moment a superman.

IT MADE a wonderful headline, for which the newspapers, becalmed in the summer doldrums, were extremely thankful. Several sob-sisters wrote articles on the amazing intuition of love. For how otherwise could the romantic Francis Clairvaulx have known—in spite of all assertions to the contrary—that his beloved was in that burning, empty house?

Jenny, Bimbo and Kiki never figured in their calculations. And Francis himself is discreetly silent. There are some truths that are so misleading that they are better buried.

But sometimes he suspects Sylvia of a suspicion. As when, for instance, people make unflattering comments on the presence of the children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren of the indefatigable Jenny in an otherwise respectable and charming household.

"You see," Sylvia says slyly, "my husband loves them better than anyone in the world. I believe, if it came to a pinch he'd save them before he'd even remember me."

And Francis, who is really a great writer and not easily embarrassed, looks shamefaced but defiant.

"Of course," he retorts. "I owe them everything!"

And they both laugh.

The truth is, they can afford to laugh.

"Be Yourself, George; Be Yourself!"

(*Continued from page 39*)

was a complete vaudeville program, the entire cast traveling together from one theatre to another.

"It was a new idea, and seemed to be a good one. But somehow it failed to work, so the Shuberts abandoned it. However, *my* unit had done well! Consequently, with this success to my credit, they offered me a ten-weeks engagement at the Winter Garden. That time—my second try in a Shubert revue—I wasn't a rocket. Instead of ten weeks, I stayed there a year.

"But even with that record to stand on, I couldn't seem to get a firm footing. Again I had to resort to vaudeville; this time in a sketch called 'Go Back Home.' It did well in the big cities; but in the smaller ones the audiences seemed to wish I'd take my own advice and go back home.

"Then came one fluke after another. Finally, a manager offered to put on a play, with me as the star, if I would buy an interest in the production. I jumped at the chance. But the day before we were to start rehearsals, he tried to bor-

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ow fifty dollars from me—and I dis-
overed that he didn't have even the
aditional shoe string with which to
nance the play. So I got out of that.

"Then I went to California in vaude-
ille. While I was there I had a telegram
om Sam Harris offering me an en-
agement in musical comedy. I hustled
ack to New York, only to find that the
roduction had been given up.

"Then I took the only job I could find
-singing in one of the night clubs, where
eople eat and drink and dance! I had
een getting some pretty hard bumps; but
ith that one it seemed as if I must have
truck bottom.

AS IT turned out, that was just what I *had* done. While I was working in
he night club and doing a vaudeville turn
ccasionally, Alfred Lewis came to me
ith a play based on Raphael Samuelson's
tory, 'The Day of Atonement.' I had
een the script and thought I didn't want
. But I was desperate, so I took it home
ith me and began to study it.

"I don't want to hang crape on myself;
ut it's the honest truth that I'd been
aving just about three hundred and
xty-five unhappy days a year, for several
ears. Perhaps they were what I had
eeded. Anyway, they taught me a lot
bout a good many things, including
eartstrings! And as I studied that play,
could see how it might be made to car-
y a sincere appeal to human hearts.

"I'm going to be perfectly honest again.
confess that I was looking for a box-
ffice success. But it just happens that I
elieve a sincere human-interest play
ill be a box-office success, if it is well
ritten and well acted.

"I wrote my own part in this play,
hich a million people now know as 'The
azz Singer.' I wrote a good many of the
her lines. A cast was engaged and we
arted rehearsals.

"This was in May, 1925, when I was
ill earning my more-or-less-daily bread
y working at the night club. I never
all forget that experience. The play was
nstantly in my mind. I was always
inking about the lines, trying to imagine
st the right inflections to give them their
eaning. And while I was doing this,
l around me there was the clink of glasses,
e wrangle of jazz music—everything
at was artificial and false.

"In June we went to Stamford for a
uple of nights of tryout. We hadn't had
dress rehearsal. The scenery didn't
rive until a few hours before the per-
rmance was to begin; and when it did
me it was all out of proportion.

"'We might as well postpone the
pening,' Lewis declared.

"'Wait till I see the advance sale,'
said, and hurried to the box office.

"I found that the advance sale
mounted to about three dollars! It looked
s if we were going to play to an empty
ouse. It would be practically a dress
hearsal—which we certainly needed—so
decided to go on with it.

"When I went down to dinner that
ight, at the hotel in Stamford, I thought
ere must be a theatrical convention in
wn! A good many actors have country
mes in that section and they were there
force. So were the managers and pro-
ucers.

"'What are you doing here?' I asked.

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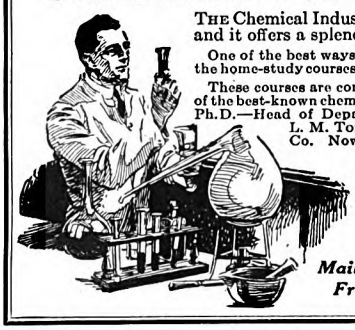

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"COME—look at this check, Jim"—cried Anne rapturously from where she had been opening her mail.

Her eyes sparkled with excitement, and a warm glow crept into her cheeks that made her look lovelier than ever.

"It isn't really a check at all—you know," she explained rather breathlessly. "It's the guest room—all done over with new paper and pictures on the wall, and new curtains. Can you see it? All out of this little check of mine!"

Half-amused, half-convinced—he whistled softly. He hadn't wanted Anne to be earning money at first. But this seemed to be different—and she got such a lot of fun out of it.

Anne is like hundreds—yes, thousands of other young wives. She loves her little home—finds that all of her world is wrapped up in her handsome husband, and little five-year-old Peggy.

Never—never did she think she could do it. Earn money? When she had so many other things to do? She'd never have the time!

And yet, now, on an afternoon, or in the evening, she is turning her spare moments into these extra dollars. And it does not interfere at all with her other duties!

She's looking forward to Christmas joyously—hopefully. Are you?

Or are you just a little bit afraid, deep down in your heart, that it may not be such a "good Christmas," this year?

Christmas at home is the most beautiful of all things.

If you're wanting to earn money for your gift-giving, why not look into our Pin Money Club? The girls of today are too eager, too clever and capable to waste time in "wishing." This is the time to begin doing something.

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Margaret Clarke

Secretary, Pin Money Club
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"To my amazement, they said they had come to see me in my new play. And then I realized that, while I had been doing my sketches and vaudeville turns, all the time thinking that I was just lost in the crowd, the managers had been keeping tab on me, watching to see whether I had the ability to become a real actor.

"That night the theatre was filled; but with an audience of professionals, which is the kindliest and most responsive audience in the world. To judge from their reception of the play, we had a regular knock-out.

"But I had learned something about audiences by this time; and I said, 'Wait till to-morrow night!'

"The next night we had the townspeople, and instead of being 'knocked cold' by the play, they were only lukewarm.

"All right! We went to work again, rewriting it, getting more into it and getting more out of it. Then we tried it again at Long Branch. It went better; but we had another siege of rewriting and polishing before we took it into New York.

"We opened there in the heat of summer, a bad season for any play. However, we were willing to risk it, because we thought we had a regular smash.

"But it *wasn't* a smash! The critics were fairly kind—in a patronizing sort of way. All they could see in the play was 'another piece about Jewish life.'

"But that wasn't my only worry. Inside of a week, I found myself in a curious dilemma. Our audiences were ninety per cent Jewish! Now, I am loyal to my own people. But I wanted to reach *everybody*! What I was trying to convey was not a racial idea, but a universal, human one. Something had to be done—and done quickly.

"SO I started a regular campaign of propaganda. For weeks I offered my services at benefits. I played one hundred and forty-four benefits. I spoke at dinners and luncheons and suppers for every kind of organization—Protestant, Catholic, Hebrew, Masonic. Everything, I guess, except the Ku-Klux Klan; and I'd have included that, if I'd had the chance.

"In New York, I gave a special performance of the play, to which I invited more than a thousand clergymen, representing every religious denomination I'd ever heard of, and a good many I hadn't known were in existence.

"Gradually all this work began to bring results. Our audiences were still largely Jewish; but they were from a different class; and they held a growing percentage of Gentiles. The play became one of the most successful ones in town.

"But when it came to taking it out of New York, which has an enormous Jewish population, and giving it in other cities and towns, people said it couldn't succeed. Everybody advised me not to attempt it, but I insisted on taking the chance. Again I wanted to find out whether I was an actor, or merely a Jewish actor.

"'Which city will be the hardest one to tackle?' I asked; and they told me it was Boston.

"'All right,' I said; 'we'll go to Boston.'

"'You can't last there more than a week!' they declared.

"'We'll see!' I said. 'Pick out the most conservative and dignified theatre in

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Boston, and engage it for four weeks!'

"They selected the Hollis Theatre, where the most distinguished actors have appeared and before the most cultured audiences. The finest people in Boston came to see us; and for four weeks they kept on coming! The newspaper criticisms were serious and discriminating. The play, and the star, had met the test.

"We took the production to New London, a conservative old New England town; and there, too, the audiences were enthusiastic.

"To me, all this meant much more than a reputation which might be merely a passing one. It meant that I really was able to reach all creeds and classes. And it meant that the years during which I had stuck doggedly to my own ideas and methods had not been wasted.

"As I said before, if I deserve any credit at all, it was because I had the faith and the persistence to use my own talents, such as they were, and not yield to the temptation of borrowing other people's methods. In everything I have done, I have been George Jessel! I have not been an imitator.

"OUR play, as you know, is about a young Jew whose father is the cantor in a synagogue; somewhat the same thing as a choirmaster in a Christian church, except that his work has a more profoundly religious aspect.

"The boy can sing; and it is the dream of his parents that he, too, shall become a cantor. Instead, he goes on the stage. At the time of the play, he is to appear in a jazz musical comedy. He loves his father and his mother, but he loves his work also; and he believes that he has the right to follow his own desires and ambitions. It is the familiar struggle, you see, between the older and the younger generation.

"Then comes the time of the Jewish Day of Atonement. It is also the first night of the musical comedy. The father has become ill and there is no one to take his place in singing the old Hebrew hymns. He knows that his boy, whom he trained from childhood, can do this. He is bitter against his son, whom he considers a renegade to his race and his religion. The mother is torn between loyalty to her religious faith and love of her son.

"The boy faces a hard alternative. How *can* he fail in his obligation at the theatre? But how *can* he refuse to help his own father? How *can* he be false to his love of his parents, his duty toward them?

"It is only in the surface details that the situation is a Jewish one. The fundamental thing is the love that exists between parents and their children; the duty of the younger generation to the older, and of the older to the younger. It is the conflict between two obligations; and *everybody* comes face to face with this conflict, sooner or later.

"In this case, the boy accepts the obligation to his parents! He puts on the robes of their religion; goes into the synagogue, which is off stage; and, through the open windows of his father's and mother's little flat, the audience hears the choir singing the old Hebrew hymns, knowing that the boy's voice is leading them.

"Now, all this might be mere hokum, if it were not played with respect and sin-

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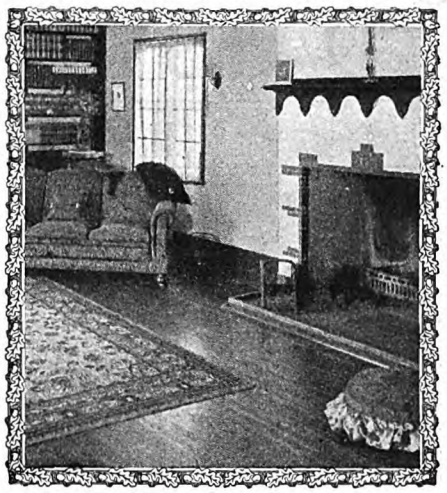

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A clean hit! Your boy thrills when he "finds the mark"—but he also glows secretly under your praise. Every boy yearns for the approval of his own father. And think of your own part in this adventure in comradeship—the thrill of growing young again!

BOYS! Get Your FREE Copy of the Daisy Manual from nearest hardware or sporting goods dealer. It tells how to be a crack shot!

Let target practice with the Daisy Air Rifle guide the training in marksmanship which your boy wants! For target practice will give him a deeper appreciation of the spirit of fair play and clean rivalry—will instill the principles of manliness and character.

And above all, marksmanship will build up his self-reliance. Start boy-training with the Daisy Air Rifle—the boys' standard rifle for 40 years. Many leading athletes say this target practice helps to train athletic alertness—it develops speed—it makes mind and muscle click together! It's the one boys' sport which sets an index to the benefits of all other sports. Let him begin with the Daisy.

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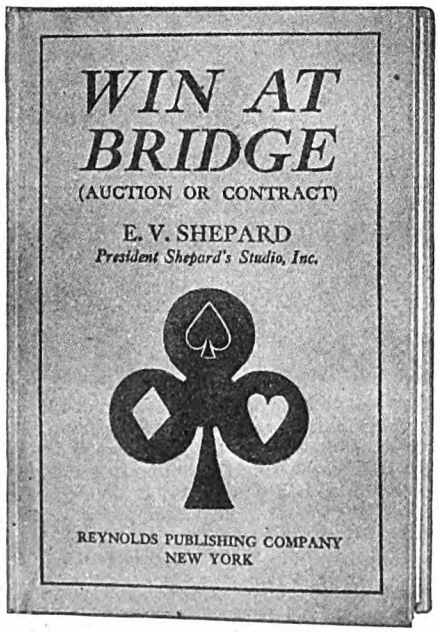

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cerity. But the things which so many people call 'hokum' on the stage—mother love, loyalty to the country and to the flag, sentiment of all kinds—is based on the finest and most beautiful human instincts. They become hokum only when they are presented in the *spirit* of hokum.

"Well, I am not guilty on that score. 'The Jazz Singer' is played with sincerity. For example, when we sing the Hebrew hymns—although we are behind the scenes, where the audience cannot see us—we wear the appropriate religious robes and stand before a real altar.

"People don't know this. They probably think that the singers are simply a bunch of extras, dressed just as they have come in from the street, without the remotest suggestion of anything sacred in their surroundings. But if that were the case, I don't believe those hymns would carry sincerity and conviction. They would be a mere theatrical trick.

"You may think I am inconsistent, that a desire for sincerity and a desire for a box-office success don't go together. But you can't have a box-office success without satisfying people's hearts and minds! And you can't do *that* without a sincere understanding of human emotions and reactions. The box-office receipts are a barometer which measures the degree of this understanding.

"DO YOU know what I do? I often go into the box office, during the day, and sell tickets! . . . Why? . . . Because I *like* people. I want to see the folks who are coming to see me. In this way I get a real close-up of them.

"And here is another thing: I confess that I am a long way from being an orthodox Jew; and perhaps, for that reason, you think I can't play this rôle with sincerity. But there, again, you have to realize the difference between a special appeal and a universal one. To at least half the audience, a Jewish family crisis is of no interest. But family love, duty, struggle, unhappiness—*these* mean something to everybody on earth.

"Well, I've known unhappiness! I've lived with it, day in and day out. I've had my own struggles. And when I play this rôle on the stage, all this experience is back of it and shows through it. What counts is the *reality* of suffering; not the *realism* of the circumstances which *cause* the suffering.

"Naturally, I want to keep on being a star; so you can be pretty sure that I've tried to analyze my career in 'The Jazz Singer.'

"I believe it is due chiefly to two things: One is sincerity; the other is the fact that the play appeals to a fundamental and universal human emotion—the love that exists between parents and their children."

A LEADER IN BUSINESS, with an income close to a million dollars a year, said, "If brains counted in business, I'd still be driving a truck." Next month in "Do You Need Brains to Get Ahead in Business?" Ernest T. Trigg, president and general manager of the John Lucas Company, of Philadelphia, thoroughly airs this interesting and provocative subject, and tells what type of brains gets the rich monetary rewards.

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"The World Needs Fun and I Aim To Make Some"

(*Continued from page 37*)

or, despite the duck story, Hensel be-eves in talk, only it must be talk to an id.

That night I sat in the orderly hard-are store while the fiddlers played and e cloggers danced. It was Saturday ight at Hensel's, when there is always usic on the fiddle, for, as George Hensel ys, "there is something about a fid-le—" In and out of the store drifted en, young and old, farmers, merchants, e postmaster. They came and fiddled d laughed and danced and fiddled gain. There were few sales, but the store pects little trade on Saturday night. eorge Hensel at his desk received a few eposits for the bank, to be held over ntil Monday; but in the main it was a ght of friendship.

And such a gathering! There was Tom, e handy man, employed at odd jobs, ho never got far at school. From Tom ross to Galen John Peoples Raub, an lucated, cultivated gentleman, tailored of Fifth Avenue, with a red tie on, and geranium in his buttonhole, alike expert ith his tongue, his fiddle, and his feet, d the youngest seventy-five I have ever en. From Raub to Joseph Hooker imer, of old Pennsylvania Dutch ex-action, Joe of a beaming, ruddy counte-ance and infectious smile, fiddling on his ecious 1792 violin, Joe, who never kept e name of a tune in mind but never rgot the melody, a man of property, ith sawmills and farms as his possessions, ther of thirteen children, and numerous andchildren.

Out of such gatherings has George ensel's usefulness grown. Probably no an in Lancaster County's hundred and ghty thousand touches more human ves with as beneficent results.

ON THE seventeenth of April, 1837, George W. Hensel, Sr., a lad of four-en, walked into Lancaster County from arlington, Maryland, and took a job at e country store. Right from the begin-ng, he saved money from his forty and und a year. When he married, he bor-wed the only buggy in the county, walking ght miles to borrow it and eight more to turn it, so that he might drive his bride me. His wife bore him ten children, all whom lived to maturity. In the mean-me he had prospered. He started the ensel hardware store, and in 1867 estab-shed a national bank at Strasburg, and r twenty-five years drove there weekly. e was also instrumental in bringing the rst railroad to Quarryville, and he drove e last spike. In 1883 he established the ank at Quarryville. When he died, his roperty was divided among his ten chil-ren, and the bank presidency passed from e family until George W. Hensel, Jr., as elected to the office in 1910. Will, eorge's elder brother, showed great bility. Educated as a lawyer, he became ttorney general of the state, and the resident of Franklin and Marshall Col-

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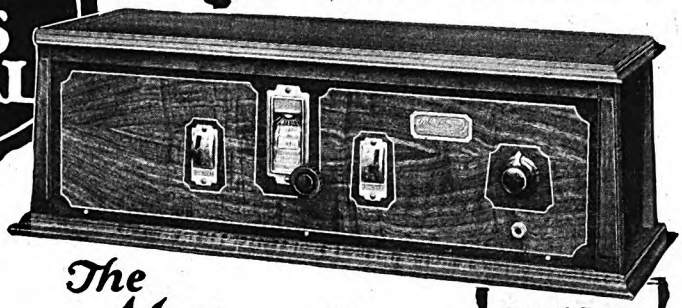

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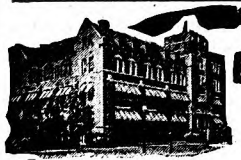

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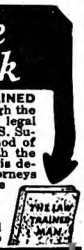

lege. George, Jr., timid and retiring, wanted to be a lawyer too; but his father decided he should be a hardware merchant, and he went into the store at sixteen and stayed there.

"I always looked with admiration at my brother Will," he told me. "Will was a great man. If he had lived, almost anything would have been possible to him.

"But, after a long time, when I had thought I never would amount to much, I came to a decision: It is possible for but few of us to do great things in this world, but there are thousands of little things to be done to make life happier and more pleasant. So I set out to do a few of them.

"But by the time I was forty I discovered that you couldn't take any water out of an empty barrel, and that if I wanted more out of life than I was getting I would have to put more into it. I got to writing up things that had happened in our neighborhood, and the local paper or the Lancaster papers printed some of them. Out of the reading of these I was asked to write a column for the Philadelphia 'North American.' That made me observe life more closely, and I have continued to observe life closely for the past twenty-five years. As far as I could see, the greatest need in my quarter of the earth was more happiness, more fun."

OUT of George Hensel's desire for fun has grown the most unique order on record. "The Ground Hog Fraternity," established in that first year of fun-seeking, very much alive to-day with fifty-five men of substance as its members. On the second of February every year, when the wise marmot who decides whether or not winter is going to continue to chill our bones comes from his hole and walks about, he has fifty-five citizens of Lancaster County to watch him.

It is safe to say that the ground hog was never afforded less privacy than in this region. Every home of his is spotted all through the year, and on February 2d the watchers, in the full regalia of the fraternity, are ready to take his verdict upon the season and celebrate it at a great banquet. It is a secret fraternity, so that I cannot tell you of its other observances, but I have met the Defender of the Faith, and the Chief Eye Rubber, although I missed the Assistant Eye Rubber, the First and Second Sleepers, the Patriarch de Luxe, the Lord High Executioner and his Moral Supporter. I did, however, manage to shake hands with the Bondless Treasurer, the first I had ever known of that brand.

This unique fraternity, a satire on all existing secret orders, has met with the most astonishing publicity. Four newspapers, including the New York "Times," are its official organs, and from coast to coast on February 3d, citizens read of the doings of the Slumbering Ground Hog Lodge of Quarryville, Pennsylvania. Many of them write in and ask the rules, stating that they are thinking of starting lodges of their own.

"And we tell them," chuckled George Hensel, "that we cannot transmit the spirit of the Lodge, and without that spirit how can they start? And," with a huge laugh, "they take it seriously and remonstrate with me, and we remain, so far as I know, the one and only Ground Hog Lodge on earth!"

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Planters Salted Peanuts knock hunger for a goal. Big, husky, crisp peanuts salted just right. In glassine bags with MR. PEANUT on them. 5c everywhere. "The Nickel Lunch."

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Jim Thayer The Crowell Publishing Co. Dept. AA-96, Springfield, Ohio

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There is one thing certain about members of this lodge, they have learned how to laugh. Maybe a part of that laughter can be transmitted to you by the pledge of faith here quoted, which is always recited in concert at annual meetings:

We believe in the wisdom of the ground hog.

We declare his intelligence to be of a higher order than that of any other animal from the tick of the blackberry to the elephant of the jungle.

We rejoice that he can, and does, foretell with absolute accuracy the weather conditions for the six weeks following each second day of February.

We rejoice further that he is magnanimous, and permits other hogs, prophets, and almanacs to employ their talents on the remaining 46 weeks of each year.

We assert that if he was more of a man and less of a hog he would form a trust, and do all the prognosticating, thereby sending Baers, Hicks, Goose Bone and other Hot Air Artists to the woods.

To defend him, his family and his reputation, we pledge ourselves.

To guard him as he slumbers, his habitations, and his haunts, we pledge ourselves.

We welcome him in our clover fields; to bid him dig and delve; to invite him to sit on the top rail of our fences; to stay the hand of desperate men who would slay him; to kill the dog who would excite and ruffle his temper; to defend him with all our might and at all hazard, we pledge ourselves, our man servants, our maid servants, our oxen, our asses, and our assets as a whole.

THE Ground Hog Lodge has attracted more attention to Quarryville and to George W. Hensel, Jr., than his bank, his hardware store, and all his good deeds. One of George's friends says that he attends his bank like a real banker, and, considering the bank's flourishing condition, this is undoubtedly true. With a capital of sixty thousand, a surplus of two hundred thousand, stock selling at four times par, and the last dividend sixteen per cent, the bank is a flourishing institution.

It is a most unusual bank. A large part of the deposits are made out of banking hours, to George Hensel in his store. It turns away no honest depositor, no matter how small his account. Some of its notes run as small as two, three, and four dollars. One of George Hensel's particular friends who fishes a little, hunts a little, and does little else, comes in every once in a while for a small loan. As he is George's particular friend, George endorses his note. But one day George was away. The fisherman entered the bank and spoke to the cashier.

"I'd like to borrow ten dollars," he said. "Can I get it?"

Elfred Sellers Harkness, patriarch of the Ground Hog Lodge and cashier for forty-three years, said gently:

"Well, I guess so. Have you any security?"

The fisherman pulled out a ten-dollar gold piece and flung it on the counter.

"That good?" he inquired.

"Good as gold," replied Harkness. "But tell me why do you want to borrow when you have ten dollars?"

The fisherman stiffened.

"I'm goin' to show the people of my community," he said, "that my credit's good at this bank, whether the president's here or not."

"There are two things that have surprised me as a banker," says Hensel.

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"One is the people who have money and the other is the people who haven't." It is as a banker that Hensel became guardian to a good many of the children he and Josephine Hensel have fostered.

"That's Jo's field," George Hensel insisted, to which the active, practical, charming woman who has shared his life replied:

"Well, we never could have cared for some of them if you hadn't found the means. I think George is wonderful about finances. Why, he took one boy who was left him with just seven thousand dollars; and he sent that boy through college and presented him with ten thousand when he got out."

"How did you do it?" I demanded of George. "Did you give him the money?"

"No," he denied instantly. "A good deal can be done with seven thousand, and the boy helped. He was a good boy."

Nine children have lived with the Hensels for greater or less periods. But Hensel always has on hand four or five wards whose money he has charge of, and whom he sees through school and gets to work. He is the friend of children at large. When the circus comes, he takes them in ever-increasing numbers. On his fifty-fifth birthday he had a big party for them at his home, and told them all bird stories and fixed up a number of bird boxes. The whole county is filled with bird boxes Hensel has induced people to place.

"Very few people," he said to me, "realize how intelligent a bird is. You can believe this or not. It's true. There was an old engineer on a little line near here, who was, like me, a bird lover. Well, he would stop his train and feed them all winter. He ran a freight train, and as it was on a small road, nobody cared for a few minutes. The birds evidently told each other, for they got to coming in bigger and bigger numbers. They even got to know his train and his whistle. And in winter, when food was scarce, they would wait his coming; and when the whistle of his train blew, the whole pack of them would fly down to it. Fact."

FOLKS live long in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and as Hensel has made most of the wills of the countryside he has slipped into the position of legal adviser to a number of old people. I heard tale after tale of these "clients." There is Aunt Lizzie, who, when widowed, was left to George's care. She has an income of thirty-six dollars a year. Hensel managed to find her boarders from the Children's Aid Society. For thirty-two years he has helped her to help herself.

Then, there was Mike McDonaough, whose only claim upon George Hensel was that he, like George, loved every inch of the fertile soil of Lancaster County. Mike had been a world rover. Born in Ireland, he had served in the British Army with distinction for twelve years. He had traveled in Africa, India, and the Orient. One day he wrote Hensel about an item he had read concerning him in the local paper. Thereafter George and Mike were friends. Although Hensel declares he has little time for people who won't work, Mike certainly did as little as he possibly could—sleeping in the woods in the summers, doing odd jobs in the winters, and disappearing for long periods at a time.

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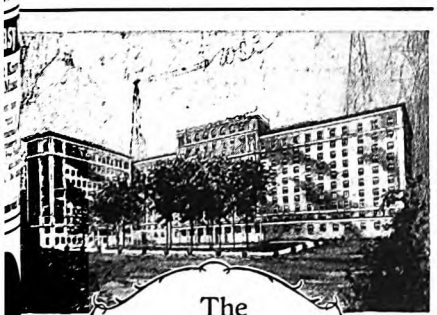
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For thirty years, Hensel found him such work as he would do, and clothed him in his discarded clothing. When, for the twenty-eighth year, Mike, grown gray and wrinkled, slipped comfortably into a coat of George's, he viewed himself in the mirror with a sigh of great content.

"Oh, wasn't God good to me," he said, "to make me exactly the same size as you, George."

"My wife and I," said George Hensel, "just naturally love old people." A part of their love expresses itself in visiting.

"We try to visit twice a year, at least," said George. "There is Aunt Mary. She lives all alone, at eighty-four, bless her brave heart, in a little place up in the woods. When she was eighty-one she broke her wrist, and the doctor came to set it. We visited her shortly after. She showed us the wrist, nicely set, and said:

"'It's terrible expensive, George, getting a wrist set. It cost me five dollars.'

"A year after, when we saw her, she waved her other hand to us.

"'Come in,' she said gayly. 'I broke my other wrist sence you been here. See it!' She waved it at us, and we saw it was set rather badly, with a lump. 'Set it myself,' she said in triumph. 'Watched the doctor, I did.' Can you beat that for grit, that old lady setting a broken wrist at eighty-two?"

NOTHING'S too much bother for the Hensels to undertake in behalf of the old. Josephine Hensel has a list of twenty-five old ladies who receive some little remembrance from her every year at Christmas, Easter, and Thanksgiving.

George Hensel loves to do unusual things. Once he took an old farmer who had never seen a show to see "The Old Homestead." The farmer protested that he had no suitable clothes, so he was outfitted in George's, and wore the first derby hat he had ever had on his head. They stayed at a hotel in Lancaster for the night.

At eight in the morning, Hensel sought his companion in vain. Finally he found him coming from the dining-room.

"Why, Uncle Hen, where have you been?" he asked.

"Well," said the old fellow, "I got up 'bout six, as I wanted to see them Lancaster markets. As I was startin' out, along came that old chap in the play (Denman Thompson), and he says he wanted to see 'em too. So we went and—say that's a fine man that Thompson, he took me to breakfast with him!"

"For a first trip to a play and the first one in years to the city," says Hensel, "I'll say Uncle Hen got along all right. I got him to introduce me to Thompson."

Almost thirty old folks, men and women, receive numerous post cards and letters on their birthdays, because George Hensel writes letters to people asking them to send them. One old man of ninety who had been quite a prominent figure in state politics, but who had suffered financial reverses and been forgotten, remembered his ninetieth birthday as a bright spot in a drab world. Hensel wrote one hundred and forty people about him, and everyone, from the governor of the state down, responded by sending a birthday letter.

With the old folks Hensel has formed two organizations. The first is called "The Continental Congress," and con-

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sists of thirteen old fellows who get together on Independence Day for a day's outing.

"We begin by formally approving the Declaration of Independence," said Hensel. "Then we just visit and have fun. Once we tried to put through a resolution approving the Constitution of the United States. The debate was long and bitter, but the resolution finally lost out.

"'I won't approve that Constitution,' said one old fellow, 'that eighteenth amendment has spiled the whole of it.'

The second gathering is that of the Old Fiddlers' Association, begun four years ago just because Hensel says, "There is something about a fiddle—"

The first meeting found a dozen old fiddlers playing to an audience of two thousand. The second and third years both the fiddlers and the audience increased in numbers, and in 1926, seventy-six old fiddlers, from four states, played to a gathering estimated at between fifteen and twenty thousand people. This was a remarkable number, but it is still more remarkable when the character of the entertainment is considered. There were no fixed programs, there were no contests, no charges. Nothing was sold except such food and drink as was needed. Almost all of the folks came with baskets and picnicked in the beautiful woods at Parkesburg. Hensel used a twelve-pound sledge hammer as a gavel, but he did not need it when the fiddles began. People stood mute and listened. There was some dancing, most of it spontaneous. One young old lady of seventy-two challenged anyone to match her steps. Finally, in the late afternoon almost everybody danced, and folks who had never danced and who knew not one step from another entered into the spirit with zest.

If this sounds tame to anyone who is accustomed to elaborate programs and varied entertainment, I recommend that he attend the next meeting. The folks about are satisfied. I read a letter from one attendant to George Hensel:

"Don't let it be changed," he begged. "Let it always be just a simple day of good fellowship."

"But it costs," I protested to Hensel.

"About a hundred dollars," he admitted. "Some of the fiddlers need car fare, and there are announcements and notices. But everywhere there are always some fellows who can't get up things but who like to give, so we let them give!"

I HAVE told of George Hensel's humbler friends because they, more than all others, establish his title to getting one hundred per cent out of living. So many of us are poverty-stricken in life by knowing only one kind of people at all well. But Hensel also knows and is known to every man of substance in that quarter of Pennsylvania; he has known all of its governors for the past forty years; he counted William J. Bryan, Adlai Stevenson, and Frank Woolworth—who started his first store in Lancaster—among his friends. To his activities as banker, he adds those of an active merchant who is a shrewd buyer.

In addition, he holds the office of road viewer, and he is almost as proud of one other post as of his position as Hibernating Governor of the Ground Hog Lodge. This is his presidency of the Martinsville Horse Detective Association

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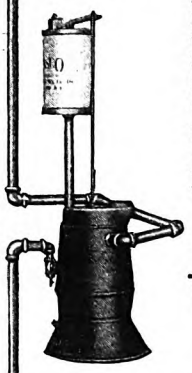

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and of the Association of Consolidated Horse Detective Associations, which includes associations from Lancaster, Cecil, Harford, and Chester County. For the hills surrounding the beautiful and fruitful countryside have long harbored gangs of ne'er-do-wells, who not only do no work but who prey on the farms below. On the outside of his store George Hensel has placed a bulletin board. For years before radio, news came to him for board posting. Even in this day, the board continues its office, and news continues to flow to Hensel.

"It is like the underground railway," he assured me; "and in this way I've been able to work with the State Police, and jail some of these thieves that come down upon our farms. Why, the harm they do is terrible. Imagine a poor woman farmer losing a hundred and twenty-five chickens in a single night! I helped to get in jail the Cummings gang, that had terrorized a neighborhood for years, and I hope to jail more of those gangs until there is none left."

IT IS hard to conceive of George Hensel as a prosecutor of the guilty; but as a protector of the old and of children he is a stern opponent of the thief who would despoil them.

It is easier to understand his devotion to one other creed, the gospel of the unexpected. One Saturday evening, when Hensel was stopping for a minute at the local hotel, he overheard a conversation between the hotelkeeper and two strangers who had just driven in.

"No," said the host, "you can't get Sunday breakfast at seven here. I don't get up that early."

"Well, we can go without breakfast," agreed one of the strangers. "How about gas?" The hotel keeper shook his head.

"There's Hensel over there," he said, "He sells gas. Dunno if he would on Sunday."

The strangers came to Hensel. It was necessary for them to get on to New York. Could he let them have some gas at seven the next morning. He said he could. When they arrived at his store the next morning, he sold the gas, then stood and looked at them and rubbed his head.

"You know it's the custom here," he said, "for the first gas customers on Sunday to stop for breakfast."

"What?" exclaimed both strangers. Hensel looked, as he can look, vacant.

"I said it was the custom in these parts," he repeated, drawling, "for the first gas customers to stop for breakfast."

He waited while the two strangers consulted.

"We'd have to pay for it, of course," said one.

"Oh yes," agreed George cheerfully. "Of course, I'd expect you to pay for it."

"Well, we have to have breakfast somewhere," said one man in a low tone, "we might chance it."

They followed George Hensel into the large dining-room, where platters of hot cakes, sausage, and steaming cups of coffee awaited them, served by a smiling girl who was in the joke. At eleven-thirty the table still stood with the three men around it, the coffee cups still there, the yarns still going.

"Who on earth are you?" they asked at last. "We are—" It seemed that one

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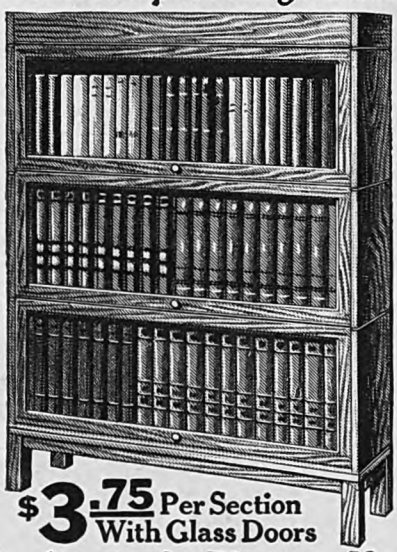

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There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

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You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

man was an extremely successful N York business man, who had taken second, as his architect, to Washington see a beautiful house he wished duplic on his estate in Long Island. Since day the three have been friends, and only reason Hensel has not been en tained in the completed Long Island h is that he has not found time for a v

How he ever does find time for many activities is a mystery. For he d not hurry. To be friendly require certain deliberation. Hensel takes time. He has been at this deliber doing of "little things that make pleasant" for twenty years. He was fo when he established that policy, and the third of last May, eighty of his m intimate friends gave him his sixty- birthday party. In those twenty- years he has become wise and tender very happy, his philosophy has ripe and is now an established part of him. has brought him recognition as one of best known and best loved men in L caster County. But Hensel is no se mentalist. His main gospel is fun. believes that a good joke has powe draw men together and to make t forget distinctions, to bring them t common understanding. But he ne preaches. He just tells yarns. I do anyone has come nearer to realizing hundred per cent out of living than Ge Hensel. And I doubt if any one of t has given more of himself to life than

The Person I Know Who Gets the Mo Fun Out of Life

Prize Contest Announcement

WE ALL know someone who, George W. Hensel, Jr., is getti a whole lot of fun out of l You, yourself, may be the happy pers to whom life is "one sweet song." But you are not, a relative, a friend, or acquaintance can surely lay claim to distinction. We are constantly hear the remark, "So-and-so certainly d manage to get a lot of fun out of lif And there are as many ways of extract fun from life as there are human bein So take a look around your neighborho and when you've settled on the pers who, you think, is the fitting subject f you, be sure to tell us specifically *how* a *why* he or she is getting the most fun o of living.

For the best letters of not more th four hundred words we offer the follow prizes: $30, first prize; $20, second pri $10, third prize. Competition clos November 20th. Winning letters w appear in the February, 1928, issue.

Address Fun Contest Editor, T AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Aven New York.

Contributions to this contest, and a enclosures, cannot be returned, so y must make a copy of your contest let and of any enclosures, if you want preserve them. Manuscripts and inquir not connected with the contest must sent under separate cover to the Edito THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

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An Ounce of Prevention is Worth Fifty Firemen

(*Continued from page 51*)

o find out! It will cost you something; t it won't cost you nearly as much as a will.

I can tell you of one experience which ows the danger in these faults of house nstruction. Incidentally, it shows some ilts in human nature construction!

It was one of the worst nights I ever w. For weeks there had been one snow-orm on top of another. Then had come thaw followed by zero temperature, hich turned all that slush into masses of .

When, just about bedtime, the old eam whistle sounded the alarm, I beat it the engine house. The streets were so that I had to go a bit carefully. A oken leg wouldn't help me in fighting a e! This was true of the other members the company too. We had a hard time aching the engine-house and a worse ne getting the apparatus to the fire. hen we did reach there, the woman of e house gave us a good scolding for ing so slow!

It was a cellar fire, the meanest kind to ht. The boys suffered severely from oke as well as from the intense cold. wo of them had to be treated with lmotors.

The fire had been caused by the over-ating of a big flue, which, only a short stance from the hot-air furnace, passed rough such a small hole in a wooden rtition that the metal was almost in rect contact with the wood.

To have perpetrated so careless a piece construction in the first place was most criminal. But, even if the family en living in the house had moved in ter it was built, they could have seen is dangerous condition by merely using eir eyes.

Imagine, then, how we felt when, after e had put out the fire, the mistress of the use began to berate us for having got r cellar full of water! That woman rtainly had her share of those "faults in man nature construction" I spoke of.

N MY official capacity, I had to go around the next day and inspect the use. I found that the flue arrangement, hich had been responsible for the fire, as not the only dangerous condition. here was another defect, which is only o common.

Now, please read this carefully: The aces between the studs—which are the pright timbers in the framework of a ouse—had been *left open* all the way from e cellar to the attic. When flames get to these open spaces, they shoot up-ard, carrying the fire clear to the roof, nd spreading to the floor timbers at the ifferent stories.

In having a new house built, specify hat the spaces between the studs shall be losed, at *every* floor, by cross pieces upporting some fireproof material, such s cinders or sand. And see that these pecifications are carried out.

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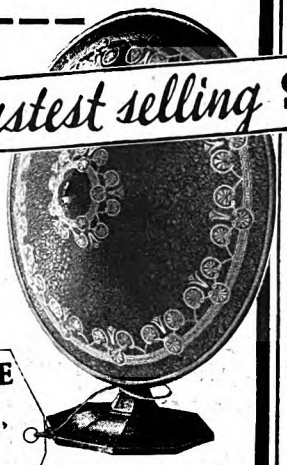

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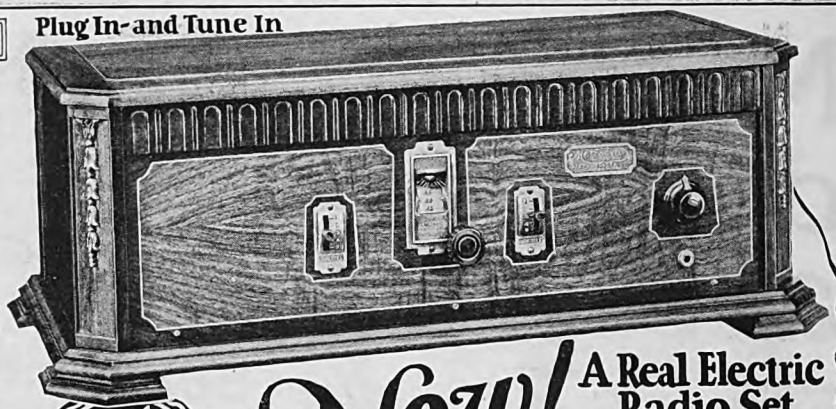

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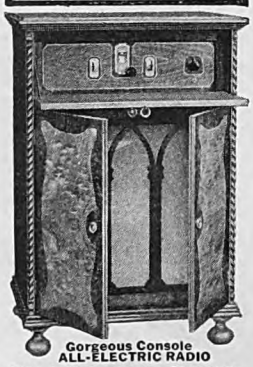

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If you are living in a house where this has *not* been done, you can at least close those spaces where they lead from the cellar. And you can close them where they open into the attic.

If you have any doubts about the construction of the house you live in, I suggest that you consult the parties who, next to yourself, are most interested in preventing your having a fire—the insurance people and the fire department.

But don't imagine that all fires can be traced to a fault in the way your house is built. I suppose that thousands of people have an experience similar to one which the fire whistle brought to my notice a little while ago. A man and his wife had just sat down for a quiet evening at home when some slight noise behind her made the woman look up from her reading. She turned—to see the lace curtains at the window a mass of flame. We got there in time to prevent serious loss, although that particular room was pretty badly messed up.

What had happened was this: The man had lighted a match, and then, thinking it was out, he tossed it into the waste basket. You know the rest.

This match-and-waste-basket habit is the cause of many fires. Another quite common cause is not so easily controlled. In the autumn, when the trees are shedding their foliage, the leaves accumulate in the rain gutters on the roofs of houses. At the same time, the weather being cool, fires are built in stoves, grates, or furnaces.

Often these fires are of wood and the sparks carry up the chimney. Some of these sparks fall among the dry leaves in the roof gutters, setting fire to them. Then the blaze spreads to the wooden shingles.

My advice is to keep your roof gutters cleared of leaves. Your neighbors may furnish the sparks, even though you haven't built a fire in your own house.

We had one fire in our town which started in a less common fashion: A lot of leaves were being burned on a vacant lot next to a house. Some of the burning leaves blew in through an open window and set fire to the curtains. Bonfires are rather dangerous, anyway. If there is one near your house, watch it carefully.

NOW that I have told you some of the ways in which you can avoid having a fire, let me add some advice as to how you should act in case you do have one.

The bright office boy's direction to "put it out" sounds sensible. You may think that it should be Rule Number One. Well, there may be times when it would work; but I'm afraid there are more times when it wouldn't.

If it is a small blaze, and if you know what to do, you might try it first. If you have, as you should have, a good chemical fire extinguisher at hand, use it; provided, as I said before, that the blaze is a small one. If you have no fire extinguisher, but think you can immediately put it out with water, you might try that. I hope you realize, however, that water has no effect whatever on burning oil, or gasolene, or grease. In fact, it only spreads the flaming liquid over a wider area.

I must say that, even though the fire may seem to have but little headway, I think your safest course would be to call the fire department *first;* then do whatever you can to extinguish the flames.

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Right here I want to ask you one question: Do you know *how* to call the fire department?

One autumn night when, as it happened, we were having a sort of party at our engine-house, the door burst open and in rushed a man, clad only in a pair of pajamas. His feet were bare and actually bleeding. He had run about a quarter of a mile to tell us that his house was on fire. We put an overcoat around him and took him back with us on the truck. And later I asked him why he hadn't telephoned the alarm.

"I didn't know I could," he answered. And he was no dub either. He was a successful professional man.

Look on the cover of your telephone book, and you will find explicit directions about how to report a fire. It won't take you fifteen seconds to follow those directions if the time comes when you need to use them. My advice is to devote those fifteen seconds to calling the fire department; *then* follow the office boy's advice and put out the fire—if you can.

IF I thought it would do much good, I would tell you that another rule to follow is, "Keep cool." But I will tell you this: Your best chance of being able to keep cool is to know, in advance, the sensible things to do.

I can explain to you what some of these sensible things are by describing one fire we had in our town; for I think that was the finest example of what *not* to do in such cases. Everybody in the house when this fire occurred did exactly the wrong thing, with the result that the building was wrecked and two lives were lost.

Before I describe what happened, I want to remind you that fire cannot burn without air; or, more specifically, without the oxygen that is in the air. Everybody that tends a stove, or a furnace, acts upon this simple principle. When you want the fire to burn briskly, you open the dampers and give it plenty of air. When you want to check it, you shut off the air.

That same principle applies if your house takes fire inside. The fierceness with which it burns, and the extent to which it spreads, depend on the amount of air it has to feed it.

Now then, this fire I am going to tell you about was in a three-story brick residence. The front door led into a foyer hall, from which a staircase wound upward to the second and third floors. Back of this hall was the dining-room.

It was the maid's duty, in the morning, to prepare coffee and to take it up-stairs to the bedroom occupied by her employer and his wife. This bedroom was on the second floor at the rear. The coffee was prepared in a percolator which burned alcohol, and which stood on the dining-room table.

On the morning I speak of, the maid started the percolator, then went out to the kitchen. She evidently had put too much alcohol into the burner; and when, a little later, she came back to the dining-room, the blazing liquid had overflowed onto the table.

Usually, it is a dangerous thing for a woman to attempt to fight a fire, for her dress is likely to catch fire itself. If a chemical extinguisher had been handy, she might well have used that. Or she

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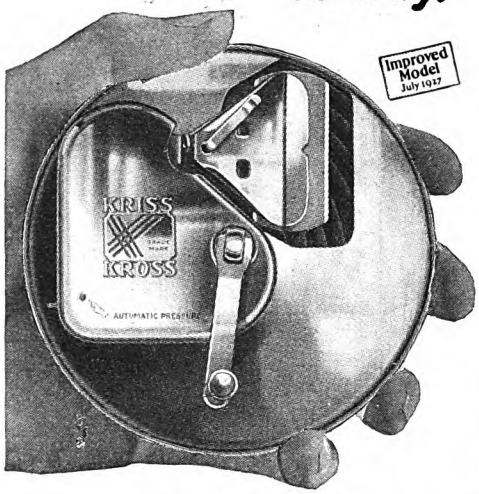

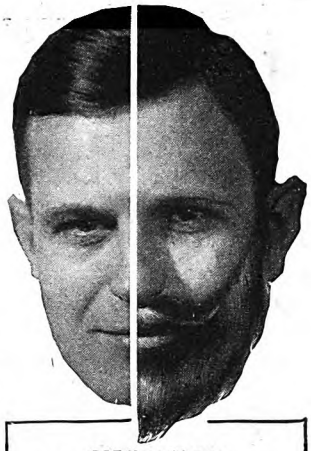

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might have thrown a rug, or a blanket, over the blaze, and then beat it down.

Instead, she threw open the dining-room window, picked up the blazing percolator, carried it to the window, and threw it out.

Possibly that was plucky, but it was also foolish. The marvel is that her dress was not set on fire. Moreover, the blazing alcohol dripped all the way from the table to the window, and before she knew what had happened, the rug and the curtains were in flames.

WHEN she saw this, the maid dashed from the room, *leaving the window open*, ran out of the front door, *leaving the door also open*, and stood on the porch screaming for help.

It was a blustery March morning; and the opened door and window made a fine draft! The consequence was that when the maid tried to go back into the house, intending to rouse the people sleeping on the upper floors, the flames had come roaring out into the foyer hall and she was driven back.

When the master and the mistress of the house awoke to their danger, the up-stairs hall was in flames. They ran through a passage which connected their room with a library at the front of that floor. There they opened a door into the hall to see if they could escape that way. This also was impossible. So, *leaving that door open*, they rushed to a front window in the library, *opened it*, and leaned out, calling for help.

Meanwhile, the wife's mother, whose bedroom was on the third floor, above the library, opened her door into the hall on that floor. She found herself cut off by the flames. So she too, leaving her door open, ran to the window and opened that!

Thus, every one of these people did the very thing which fed the fire and helped it to spread rapidly.

The stairway ended at the third floor. Consequently, the flames shot through the open door into the mother's bedroom, drawn in by the draft created by the open window. Terrified by this burst of fire, she climbed to the window sill and jumped. Her daughter, at the window below, saw her mother fall; and she also jumped. Both women were killed. A few minutes later, the fire apparatus arrived, and the husband was easily rescued.

That house was wrecked, and those two lives were lost, because of a fire which never should have got outside the room where it started.

Even though the first fatal mistakes were made, the people up-stairs would have been saved, and the damage to the house would have been far less, if the same mistakes had not been repeated on the upper floors.

Let me tell you of another case which shows the reverse side of the picture:

The time was midnight. The scene was an old-fashioned mansion which had been turned into a boarding-house. Starting in the cellar—oh, you cellars!—the fire shot up through the central hallway to the top floor. There, as so often happens, it "mushroomed" out in all directions.

The men of one company put ladders up to the windows and began the work of rescuing the people on the upper floors, while the rest of us attacked the fire itself.

After we had got the fire out, I took my lantern and went up to the third floor, which had been badly burned. I had gone down a corridor leading from the central hall, when I heard a noise behind me. I turned quickly and, in the dim light from my lantern, I saw a charred door being pushed open.

The next moment, a lovely old lady with silvery hair appeared. I give you my word I thought it was a ghost, until she very calmly inquired, "Is everything all right?"

When I found my own voice, I exclaimed, "Good lord! Have you been here all the time?"

As a matter of fact, she had! Her room was at the far end of a wing, and in the excitement none of the other boarders had realized that she was not among the rescued. She told me that when she opened the door into the corridor, she found it so full of smoke that she was almost overcome by it.

"I prayed for help," she said very simply, "and God told me to crawl along the floor, go into the trunk-room which opens off the corridor, and close the door."

It was from this trunk-room that she had appeared when I came along. She had stayed there all the time, quietly praying.

"Wasn't it hot?" I asked.

"A little," she said, smiling.

Now, whether or not you believe that God advised her to take refuge in the trunk-room, it is a fact that it was about the best thing she could have done under the circumstances. The room had no windows. The fire could not get in except by burning its way in. The open doors and windows in the other rooms created drafts which drew the flames into those rooms. And fortunately the fire was controlled and put out before it had burned through into her place of refuge.

To show you how fire follows these drafts of air, let me tell you what happened on the ground floor of this same house. At the left of the central hall was a small reception-room. On the right was a large living-room. The reception-room door was open; the door of the living-room was closed.

The fire burned from the cellar up into the central hall and then shot up the open stairways to the other floors. It also went in through the open door of the reception-room and burned it out very badly. But no fire got into the living-room! The closed door kept it out, although the door itself became so completely charred that parts of it crumbled at my touch.

PEOPLE do some very queer things at fires. They seem to lose their wits entirely.

One cold winter night we had to fight a roof fire at the home of a college professor. In hurrying around to the rear of the house, I stumbled over an object which proved to be a large square cake of ice. I didn't stop to speculate as to how it came there, but the mystery was explained later:

A neighbor had seen the blaze on their roof and had immediately informed the professor by telephone. In great excitement he told his wife. She had what seems

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to be the common impulse in such an emergency—the impulse to save some of their belongings. Incredible as it sounds, she made a frenzied dash to the ice box and threw the ice out of the window!

Fortunately, we put out the fire before it did much damage. And later, when the professor's wife was serving us some hot coffee, her husband begin kidding her about the ice episode.

"You needn't make fun of me!" she retorted. "What did *you* do?"

Whereupon, the professor admitted that the first thing he did was to chuck out of the window his old-fashioned student's lamp—lighted!

This impulse to save something is, as I said before, a very common one; and in many cases it results in just as foolish acts as the professor and his wife were guilty of.

I SHOULD like to give you two bits of advice in this connection: First, make up your mind *in advance* what you most want to save, if you ever have to meet that crisis. Have this firmly fixed in your mind. And whatever your special treasure is, keep it where you can quickly lay your hands on it.

But my second piece of advice is this: When an incipient fire is discovered, the first thing to do is to summon the fire department; the next thing is to try to put out the fire. Don't start to save your belongings, unless you can do *nothing else*. If the fire reaches the point where you are forced to escape, take your most prized possession with you, if you have time. But don't risk your life, as people sometimes do, trying to save your belongings.

Let me sum up what I have been telling you:

See that your house is not a fire trap because of faults in construction.

Don't invite a conflagration by accumulating a lot of inflammable trash.

Don't throw matches into waste baskets.

Have fireproof roofs, if possible.

Keep your roof gutters clear of dry leaves.

Watch any bonfires near your house.

Have a good chemical extinguisher on hand.

In case of fire, telephone the alarm.

Keep doors and windows closed.

See that everyone in the house is informed of the danger.

Before you attempt to rescue your belongings, try to put out the fire.

No matter how hot the fire is, keep cool yourself.

WAR canoes full of Dyak headhunters, the steady beat of Voodoo drums in dense tropical forests, the star-lit deserts of Persia—these were the day-dreams of a young man sorely afflicted with a bad case of wanderlust. Then, when Eugene Wright could resist the call of adventure no longer, he broke with convention and civilization, shipped as a common sailor to India and—but read the personal narrative of his wonderful journeyings and adventures next month, "For One Whole Year the World Was Mine." Youth went boldly where its elders feared to tread, and was served a thrilling dish.

Just

"making the motions"

a victim of cachexia (run down condition)

How often you have noticed people with that weary, run down appearance? How often you yourself have gone about your work feeling all in, "just making the motions"—a victim of cachexia (run down condition)?

Whether this deadening feeling is due to chronic indigestion, constipation, deficiency of vital food factors or blood disorders (as evidenced by boils and pimples) it almost invariably responds at once to the use of pure yeast.

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Do You Know Your Own Dog?

HIS heart is in your keeping—*his health and life too!* For his sake read Dr. H. Clay Glover's famous book, "Your Dog." Tells how to feed. Explains all common diseases, giving symptoms and proper home treatments. Mailed free if you write to: H. Clay Glover Co., Inc., Dept. A, 119 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

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THE greatest enemy to dog's health is worms. Most dogs of all ages and breeds suffer from them. They spoil the dog's disposition, injure his appearance, sap his energy and frequently endanger his life. Ask any real dog expert. He will confirm this.

This parasitic disease infests blue ribbon dogs and mongrels alike. It breeds bad temper and leads to distemper, fits and other fatal diseases. Yet the symptoms are plain to see and the remedy easy to get and to give.

For prevention and remedy of worms leading dog fanciers, breeders and kennel owners use and prescribe Glover's Worm Capsules or the liquid, Glover's Vermifuge. All puppies need this medical treatment monthly and older dogs *regularly* four times a year. Entirely safe for all breeds.

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If you want to keep your dog healthy and happy be sure of the quality of the medicines you give him. Insist on Glover's. Their tested formulas insure utmost safety and efficacy. The few listed below are most frequently needed.

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Dogs and their owners alike will welcome this perfect flea soap. It not only does away with fleas, but keeps the dog's coat and skin in the finest condition of health. 25 cents a cake.

GLOVER'S KENNEL & FLEA SOAP

The Kind of Story I Like Best

FIRST PRIZE

Love Stories Keep Romance Alive in My Heart

I AM an average American wife. I rise early and toil late, for I have five children. Every day it is the same old story—clocks to wind, dishes to wash, socks to darn, floors to sweep, beds to make.

My husband is an average American husband. He rises at seven and toils till six, for he has five husky children to feed. He breakfasts in haste, runs for his car, works all day, and returns at night too tired for anything but a big arm chair, his slippers, and his pipe. He is too tired to talk.

Ours is an American problem. Though tired in body, *my* mind is alert, and my imagination keen. Words of love and cheer from my husband after the day's tasks are done would be nectar to my soul. But my lord and master snores in his stocking feet.

So I turn to my magazine—I have no time for novels. I turn to a romantic title under which is stated simply, "A Love Story." Children and husband and aching limbs fade away, and I am instantly transported into the land of make-believe. I am the heroine of the story.

Romance is more necessary to a woman's soul than bread to her body. A poor tired husband seldom realizes this, but every wife will know what I mean. Romance never dies in a feminine heart.

So, of all stories, I like love stories best. They feed my imagination as food does my body. Under the spell of them, my cares slip away and I am young again. I can lie down at night with a lighter heart and a brighter outlook on life, for it is indeed "love that makes the world go 'round."

W. E. B.

SECOND PRIZE

I Want Adventure Stories—I'm Sick of Reality

I LIKE stories of freedom, written by the few who are free for the many who are not—stories of the mythical beings who inhabit those spaces commonly referred to as wide open—where there are no desks, no jangling telephones, no trial balances; where time is a casual thing not symbolized by a "9" and a "5," but by a large, round "o."

The men who stride through the stories I like best were never seen on land or sea: the women—delightful, breezy creatures, always being plucked out of snow drifts or stumbled upon on desert islands—are equally improbable. That's all right. I've lived with reality all the years of my life. It's dull. It's deadly. I'm sick of it.

Reason tells me that no one man ever possessed the combined qualities of Don Juan, Sir Galahad, Little Lord Fauntleroy, and Hans of Iceland, together with straight legs and a whimsical smile; but if he swears under his breath when the coffee boils over; if he whistles the "Star-Spangled Banner" out of tune as he performs his morning ablutions; if he makes any sort of contact at all with commonplaceness, I accept him and his amazing adventures without question.

Through him I can taste the joys and sorrows and thrills that might have been mine if I'd pulled the other string when I had my chance at the grab-bag of life. I can be weary, whose shoulders have never sagged beneath the weight of pack or fresh-killed meat, whose arms have never swung a machete through tangled, steaming underbrush, or balanced a canoe overhead on long portages; whose legs have never carried me mile after gleaming mile behind a sled drawn by savage, swift-footed huskies.

Once I climbed a mountain while the glory of the morning surged and crashed all about me; once I rode a spotted pony through a night of black darkness, wind, and beating rain; once, as I stood on the prow of a lurching boat, I felt the sting of spray on my face, tasted salt on my lips. All of us have had our high moments. Most of us have had to come down from them sooner or later. The story I like best must stop, mercifully, just short of Monday morning.

C. McR.

THIRD PRIZE

"Love Mixed with Murder" for Mine

IT MAY be that I am suffering from one of the various complexes which are so popular, or it may be that in some previous period of existence I was a female Sherlock Holmes. Be all this as it may, the fact remains that I have a hobby amounting almost to a mania for detective stories. I am referring to that kind which used to be classified as "love mixed with murder."

I want action right from the start. The butler finds his master stabbed to death in the library—or the heart, depending on the writer's point of view. Some two or three dozen persons are very plausible suspects, each having an excellent motive for wanting the old gentleman out of the way. By the process of elimination, the brilliant detective fastens the crime on the sweetheart of the murdered man's beautiful niece, and that young man in turn, by a clever bit of amateur sleuthing, brings the guilty man before the bar of justice. Of course this is the barest outline, and can be made more thrilling by the insertion of three or four more murders in the process of locating the criminal. When I am reading a good detective story—one that exactly suits my taste—I begin to feel guilty myself, and glance over my shoulder to make sure no uniformed individual is bearing down upon me.

I think it may be sheer admiration for the manner in which the plots of my favorite detective stories have been handled which causes them to hold such strong attraction for me. At any rate, I'll toss aside anything in the line of literature to read one any time.

M. B. M.

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Old Hawk Eye

(*Continued from page 23*)

other appraisingly, and Mr. Harrison suppressed a smile, because now he knew why the children and others who had directed him toward this house referred to its owner as "Old Hawk Eye."

"We will get to business," said his host: "I have purchased the hotel here. You, of course, have seen it. It is a beautiful building, and was once quite important, almost famous; this is a very old town, Mr. Harrison. Now, with automobiles, and a big city near by, a hotel with fifty rooms can't live. I bought it very cheap, so we can make improvements. I have definite ideas about what I want to do with it. If you agree, you manage it; otherwise, not. You noticed that a large garden has already been planted. Near there is a model dairy in which I am a partner, and back of that a chicken farm in which I am interested. The hotel can be supplied to the king's taste. I purpose to advertise it as a beautiful, sleepy old place in which to rest; heavy accent on no music, no golf, practically nothing going on in the town, a mossy old place on the river bank, where people can doze, and get anything in the world they want to eat. What do you think of the idea?"

"It might succeed, Mr. Baker, with a very efficient staff. I hope you don't want to employ a lot of local people."

"At first none at all except in the most menial places; work them in gradually, Harrison, very gradually. Make them learn first. I want to make money out of this. No foolishness. But there is an opportunity, with such a small investment, to show a good profit. If the idea succeeds we can expand, or you can buy me out and expand later. Anyway, go ahead, Harrison. That's all. Good day."

And so Harrison went ahead, wondering, as he expended energy lavishly, if anything would come of it.

TWO weeks passed. One afternoon Old Hawk Eye sat on his wide veranda enjoying the breeze that came fitfully through the vines, and looking down on Riverdale, where trouble was brewing. Presently the tall form of Professor Holman, principal of the local high school, appeared on the steps.

"See you're making a baseball diamond," he announced. "Came to get permission for the boys to use it."

"How much would you pay?"

"How's that?" asked the principal.

"How much would you pay?"

"Well, we haven't any funds, Mr. Baker."

"Then I can't do anything for you."

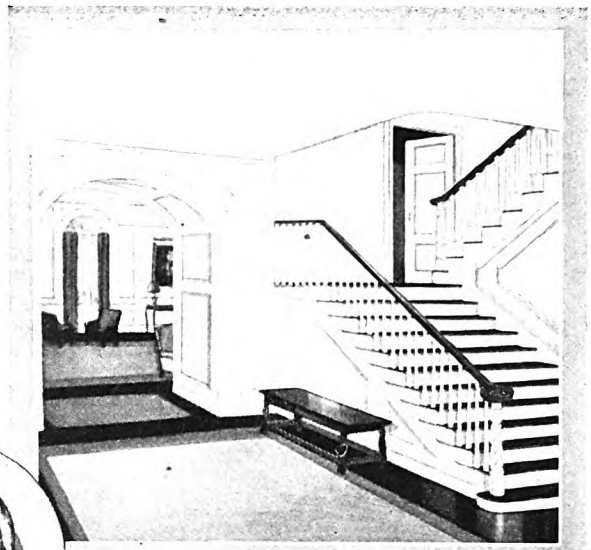
"But I thought you were interested in the school."

"No. I am not interested."

"Why, Mr. Baker, you astonish me! I was told that you put up nearly two hundred dollars for the printing of our high-school annual."

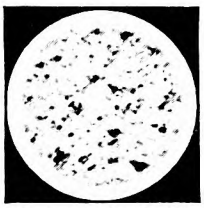
"I did. That was a business matter. I wanted to see what West could do. I am not interested in the school."

"But you ought to be interested. The school does great things for our town—"

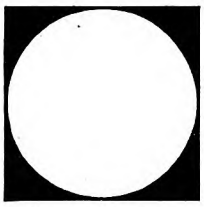


So lustrous—so smooth!

A damp cloth keeps it spotless



Ordinary Flat Finish White Paint



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The microscope shows the difference!

These photographs of paint surfaces were made through a powerful microscope. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keepclean. Smooth, unbroken and non-porous, it resists dirt and washes like tile.

WHAT happens to ordinary interior paint? It gets hopelessly dirty. Hard scrubbing may remove the dirt, but it also wears away the paint. Repainting is soon necessary.

The wide popularity of Barreled Sunlight has been won by its satin-smooth surface that washes easily like tile, and is so durable that washing cannot injure it!

A finish so handsome, moreover, that it replaces the finest enamel—at a lower cost and with fewer coats.

Guaranteed to remain white longest.

Any tint can be obtained by mixing oil colors with Barreled Sunlight. Ask your dealer about the new, easy-mixing Barreled Sunlight Tinting Colors in handy tubes.

Quantity for quantity, Barreled Sunlight covers a larger area. And the extreme ease of applying it by brush or spray saves many labor-hours.

In Gloss, Semi-Gloss, and Flat finishes. Cans and drums. Where more than one coat is required, apply Barreled Sunlight Undercoat first.

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Do your children bring their friends home?

IS yours the home where the young folks like to have their parties? Are *you* as proud of it as you should be? If you could look at your home through the eyes of youth, would you see beauty, charm, distinction? There may have been a time when distance from large centers justified out-of-date or shabby home furnishings. But, to-day,

Peck & Hills *and your* Neighborhood Dealer

bring the world's fine furniture and floor coverings to you. To make your selection, visit our nearest wholesale display, with a Card of Introduction signed by your local furniture dealer. If you cannot visit these beautiful displays, choose from our catalog at your dealer's store. Either way, the Peck & Hills Plan guarantees quality and enables your dealer to offer you real money-saving opportunities.

If dealer cannot supply Card, or show Catalog, write for names of nearest dealers who can. Address house nearest you—*Peck & Hills Furniture Company, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Oakland, Portland, Tacoma, Spokane, Seattle.*

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The Peck & Hills oval sign on your dealer's window is added assurance of service and satisfaction.

COAST TO COAST SERVICE

"Does it?"

"Twenty-four boys and girls from our high school are now in universities," Professor Holman announced proudly.

"About three of them will come back," was the sudden response.

Then Old Hawk Eye said calmly: "Something is the matter. I don't know what it is. You don't know what it is. We can't change it. But something is the matter. We work to send our best people away. We don't mean to, but we do it. And then we ask each other why they go. How can they help it? They are forced out.

"There was my boy, Tom. You were proud of him, you said. At the state university it was the same. Now he is in New York City. And we need him here. Cities are built by such men as Tom. But he goes, and the Third Ward stays. If the whole Third Ward went it would be no loss. But they don't go anywhere. The school is all right. It is a good school. We must have it. I pay my taxes. But I am not interested."

Professor Holman thought it better to return to his original mission.

"What are you going to do with the baseball diamond?" he asked.

"It is leased to the Third Ward Athletic and Literary Society."

FIFTEEN minutes later Professor Holman was walking along Main Street, when he met the Reverend Mr. Biddle. Half an hour later Old Hawk Eye received another caller.

"Honestly," the clergyman said, with a good-natured smile, "I don't know what to make of you, Mr. Baker." Old Hawk Eye turned his head to one side and looked at his guest with the expressionless face of a bird.

"I wonder," he continued, "if you knew that we were just about to sue for injunctions against the Third Ward Athletic and Literary Society, and that other one, four or five blocks away."

"On what grounds?"

"We went to a great deal of trouble," the clergyman explained, "to get an ordinance passed prohibiting pool halls, because they are loafing places that breed evil. No sooner was it passed than these two establishments became clubs to evade the law. They are neither literary nor athletic, so we got evidence to prove that fact, and now you lease one of them a baseball park. Don't you see what that will do to our case?"

"They want to play baseball," Old Hawk Eye said. "They must want to. They are paying for the privilege."

"I venture to say that they will not play, though, Mr. Baker."

"They've got to. It's in the contract. They've got to charge admission. Not less than ten cents. I get a flat sum and percentage. I expect to make money out of this. They'll play baseball."

"Why did you charge them for the use of the grounds? Couldn't you afford to give it to them?"

"I never give anybody anything."

"Honestly, I don't know what to make of you, Mr. Baker. Does it really give you pleasure to fight our efforts?"

"I don't fight you."

"Well, most assuredly you don't join us. May I ask why?"

"I don't like you."

"Don't you think that we accomplish any good?"

"Some. I think you do some good."

"Even if you grant us just that, shouldn't you join us?"

"No. I don't like you. I see things differently. The way you do good I don't like, even when it is good."

"Just what, in your opinion, is the nature of our error, Mr. Baker? I ask respectfully and sincerely."

"You think too much about helping weak people. I don't like them, and I don't care what happens to them."

"But we are commanded to help the weak," said the clergyman.

"I know it," Old Hawk Eye agreed. "It's all right. Go ahead. I see things differently. I am always afraid a *strong* one will sink before I can get to him."

"I think I am becoming better acquainted with you, Mr. Baker. You have opinions on the subject of how to do good. Evidently then, you try to carry some of them into effect."

Old Hawk Eye turned his head a little more to one side, and searched the countenance of his guest. No one had ever brought the charge against him of trying to do good. He was thinking rapidly; perhaps on the verge of a confidence. Then he reached a conclusion, and snapped out curtly, "No. I do not try to do good. I am in business for money!"

"I'm sorry to hear that. It means that we must for a time be enemies. I'm going to fight you and pray for you. Somehow, I can't quite rid myself of the idea that we ought to be friends. If you would only take advice, we might work together."

"I wouldn't take advice."

"Well then, Mr. Baker, assuming that you have your own plan in mind with reference to the Third Ward, could I help you?"

"No."

"Do you want a little time for your plan before I begin fighting you?"

"No. Your fight will not make any difference one way or the other."

The Reverend Mr. Biddle flushed angrily for a second, then recovered his composure and smiled confidently.

"You think not?" he asked.

"I'm sure of it," Old Hawk Eye replied, and the interview was at a close.

THE Reverend Mr. Biddle rose slowly and hesitantly, dissatisfied with himself and the results of his visit. His host also rose, and for a moment the clergyman thought they were to shake hands, but Old Hawk Eye was merely using his hand as a sun shade.

"Your right eye is somewhat inflamed," the minister remarked.

"Yes. There is a cancer back there. It is getting worse."

"My dear man, you speak of it as though it were a mosquito bite!"

"It is like one; there is nothing I can do about it. Good day."

All the way down the graveled walks the Reverend Mr. Biddle felt that he wanted to return and begin the interview all over again.

In the library Old Hawk Eye was telephoning to his attorney.

"Don't fight any ordinances they propose to the council," he said. "Let them go ahead. And then get injunctions.

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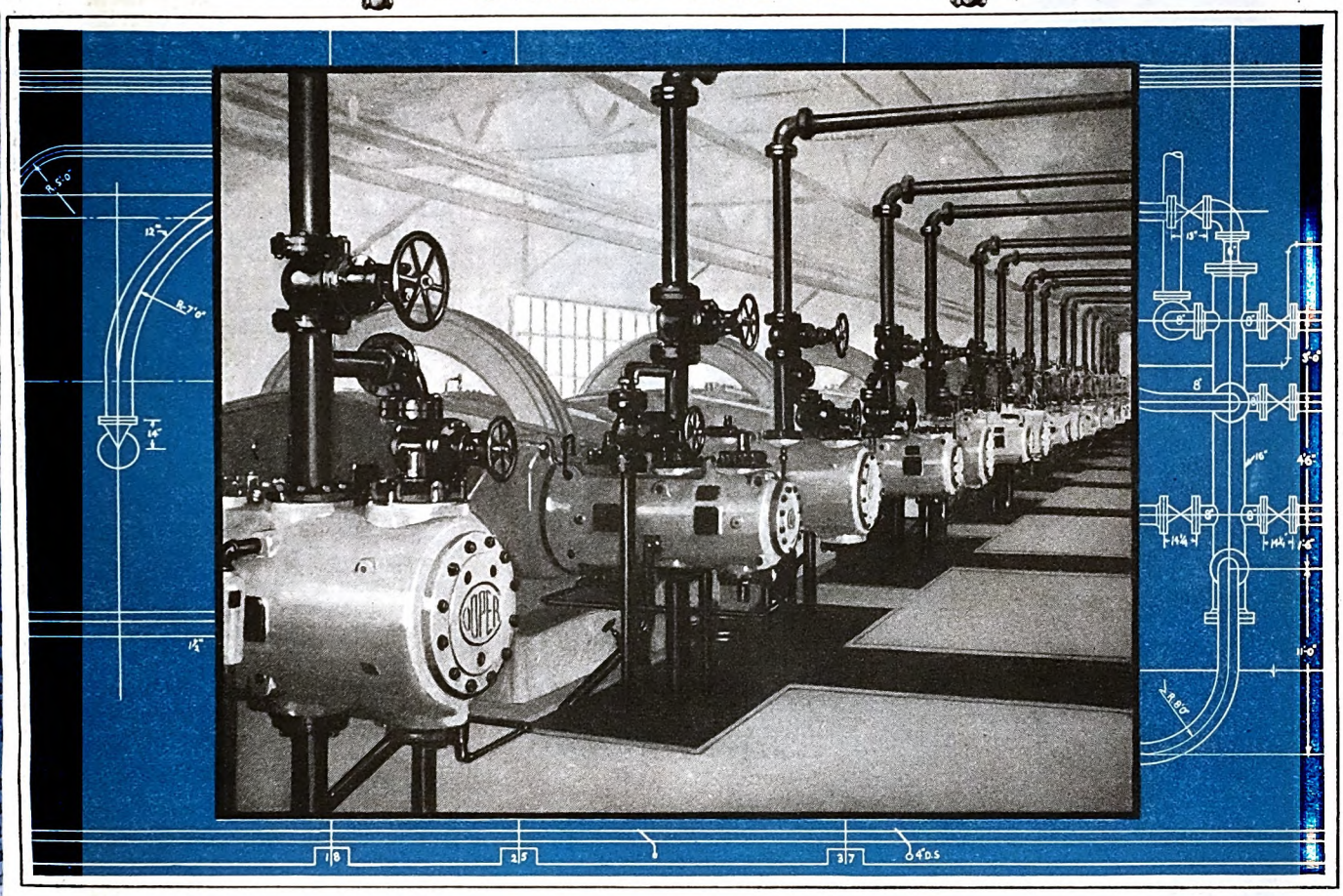

Gas booster pumping station of the SINCLAIR OIL & GAS CO., *Garber, Okla.* CRANE *valves and fittings used throughout; chosen for their standard of quality, characteristic of all* CRANE *products down to the humble sink faucet.*

The battle of Benninghoff Run

Through the sucking mud of Oil Creek valley, primitive tank wagons by the thousand slithered, sank hub deep, creaked on unendingly. It was 1865, and oil was on the move from the wells to the refineries.

Looking at the straining horses, mules, and oxen, in that Pennsylvania quagmire, a dreamer visioned a more practical, economical way to transport oil. Why not, he reasoned, send it through pipes like water?

The completion of his first pipe-line, from Benninghoff Run to Shaffer, marked an uprising of thousands of teamsters whose livelihood it threatened. They overpowered the lines' defenders, burned down the storage tanks, tore up the pipes.

But they could not destroy the power of that "new-fangled idea." It was rooted too deeply in economic necessity. Today, these arteries of the oil industry are over 85,000 miles long. Through forest and swamp, hanging from canyon walls, over hills and under rivers, they carry 2,000,000 barrels of crude oil daily. And another 161,800 miles of pipe-lines, aided by booster stations, convey many billion cubic feet of natural and manufactured gas.

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"AND HE LEFT HER WITHOUT INSURANCE, TOO"

OF course, he didn't *leave* her. He *went*—before the day arrived on which he had planned to take insurance. He thought the calendar might wait—he never really *intended* to leave her without insurance. He simply was so full of living that he couldn't believe he might *stop* living—before he could sign a life insurance application blank on the dotted line.

SUGGESTION TO WIVES
Why not place this advertisement where your husband will be sure to see it?

And so, over the teacups, friends, neighbors and acquaintances think of him, discuss him. And, always, there's the same ending: "And he left her without insurance, too."

Don't put off until tomorrow the life insurance you should buy today. Send for your free copy of booklet, "Seven Keys to Contentment," that makes it extremely easy for you to check your insurance needs. It will help you in planning your insurance program.

"Provide through Provident"

Provident Mutual

Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia, Penna.

Founded 1865

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We may lose some of the cases here; but we can make bond and appeal. Keep them busy, Charlie; keep them busy. They're all right. Pretty nice fellow, that Biddle." At the other end of the wire Charlie laughed merrily, and said, "All right. Nothing much will come of it except that you'll be more unpopular."

"That," said Old Hawk Eye, "would be interesting." A few minutes later he was talking to Leonard West, also over the telephone.

"Give them coöperation, West," he was saying. "They're about the best people in town, and you can't afford not to. We've got money tied up in that plant, so act wisely and look out for our interests. How's business?"

"Fine," replied West.

So the fight was launched for the uplift of the Third Ward, and right merrily it proceeded, week after week, for two months. Then came the ordinances making numerous requirements of landlords in connection with rented houses; also, ordinances were introduced fixing new proportions of the cost of public improvements that a property owner would have to pay, in the event of his owning a certain high percentage of the property on the streets in question—a percentage that let everyone except William Baker through the net. Some of the ordinances failed of adoption, and injunctions came close on the heels of the others.

MEANWHILE, the Third Ward Athletic and Literary Society flourished as never before. Every Saturday afternoon its baseball nine contested with the champions of the Black Cat Literary and Athletic Society for glory and dimes before an audience of about three hundred persons. Both teams were becoming famous. In his little shop, Leonard West was experiencing the thrill of triumph, for business was coming to him from the tallest office buildings of a city of two hundred thousand population.

Over on the other side of the town, Riverdale Manor was slowly but surely being filled with paying guests, and George Harrison took counsel with himself to the general effect that fifty rooms constituted a very small hotel. There was plenty of space for an addition.

But probably the happiest of all the men interested in Old Hawk Eye's assortment of ventures was Leonard West, for in his own craft he was an artist, and now, for the first time in many years, he had tools with which to work. It was his privilege one day to conduct a little round baldheaded man up the stone steps leading to the wide veranda on which Old Hawk Eye so frequently spent his afternoons.

"Mr. Baker," he said proudly, "I want to present Mr. Robert Court. He is the biggest printer in this state. Now I will leave you two to talk business. I've got to hurry back."

"I've been looking at that old factory building," Mr. Court announced. "You were right. It is just about what I want. I'm ready now to expand my plant, and I'm going to put one part of it here. I've kept in touch with West, and you're right on those figures. He accomplishes rather remarkable economies. I think the idea is sound. He tells me that you have quite a number of available houses near that

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factory. I'll bring about seventy men here at the start. I don't like the looks of thehouses at all; but that can be remedied. However, there ought to be ten or twelve really nice ones just as soon as they can be built, if you and I can close a deal."

"We'll close it," said old Hawk Eye; and before sunset the papers were signed.

"There are a lot of bright boys living in that neighborhood," Old Hawk Eye remarked, as he put up his fountain pen. "West informed you correctly on that point. And I think those boys would like to work for you. They're old native stock, you know; not as adventurous as immigrants." Old Hawk Eye glanced sourly in the direction of the celery bed, while Mr. Court smiled.

"Well, there's at least something in what you say," he commented. "Yes, I'll use quite a number of those boys."

"It will not be at all difficult," Old Hawk Eye continued, "to make an entirely different-looking neighborhood over there. Bright paint is the thing you missed, and there's plenty of it for sale. Keep in touch with me. I want this move of yours to be a big success. I own other land over that way. I expect to make money out of it. Good day, sir."

"Good day, Mr. Baker."

Old Hawk Eye went inside and telephoned to Leonard West.

"You can print the story now," he said. "We signed up."

"That's fine," the editor commented. "How's business?"

"Booming. Mr. Court's plant won't hurt us. In fact, it may help."

"That's what I thought, West. Good night."

WHEN the Reverend Mr. Biddle called at the mansion on the hillside on the following afternoon he carried a copy of the Riverdale "Reporter" containing Leonard West's account of the new enterprise.

"It looks," he said, with a smile, "as though you and I had been fighting windmills."

"Yes?" queried Old Hawk Eye.

"A great many problems are settled by the sudden intrusion of new and unforeseen circumstances, I suppose," the clergyman continued. Old Hawk Eye stared at him. Finally, he asked, "Do you think this one is settled?"

"Don't you?" Mr. Biddle countered.

"I do," was the prompt reply; "but I didn't think you would."

"Why not, Mr. Baker?"

"Well, rents will eventually go up, and the newcomers will crowd out most of the present tenants. They will still be just about the same kind of people, and many of them will still be living in sorry-looking houses."

"That's true, Mr. Baker. What should we do about it?"

"I do all I can."

"But I thought, Mr. Baker, that it was your avowed policy to do nothing."

"It is!" Old Hawk Eye snapped, trying to recover his ground after an admission that now astounded him.

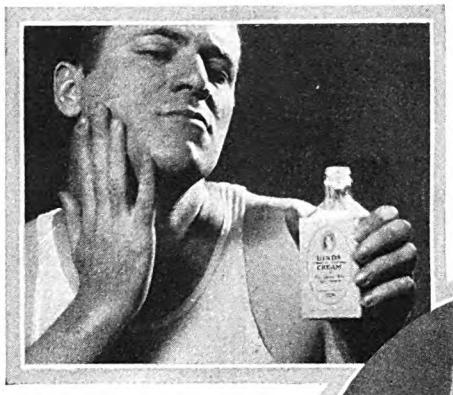
"I wish we could be friends," the clergyman mused aloud. "I can't understand why we are not friends."

"What you don't understand," said Old Hawk Eye, "is that we *are* friends."

"Then why don't we work together?"

Before you lather up
—TRY THIS—

TO EVERY MAN with a stiff beard, the morning shave is a major operation! The secret of a quick, smooth shave lies in softening that stubble first. *Here's a sure and easy way to do it.*



1 Apply Hinds Cream generously to the beard before you lather up or wet the face. Rub it in vigorously for two or three seconds.

2 Make your lather from your regular soap right over the Hinds Cream while it is still wet. Do not rub it in; it's not necessary. You save that time.

3 After shaving, rub in a little more Hinds Cream when the skin is dried. You'll find your skin wonderfully soft, relaxed and well groomed for the day.

YOU will never know the meaning of a comfortable shave until you have tried this simple method. Men who have tried it are insisting on having their *personal* bottles of Hinds Cream beside soap and razor each morning.

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HINDS
Honey & Almond
CREAM
BEFORE AND AFTER SHAVING

LEHN & FINK, INC., *Sole Distributors*
Dept. 767, Bloomfield, N. J.

I WANT to enjoy a smooth shave for once! Send me that sample bottle of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

This coupon not good after November, 1928.

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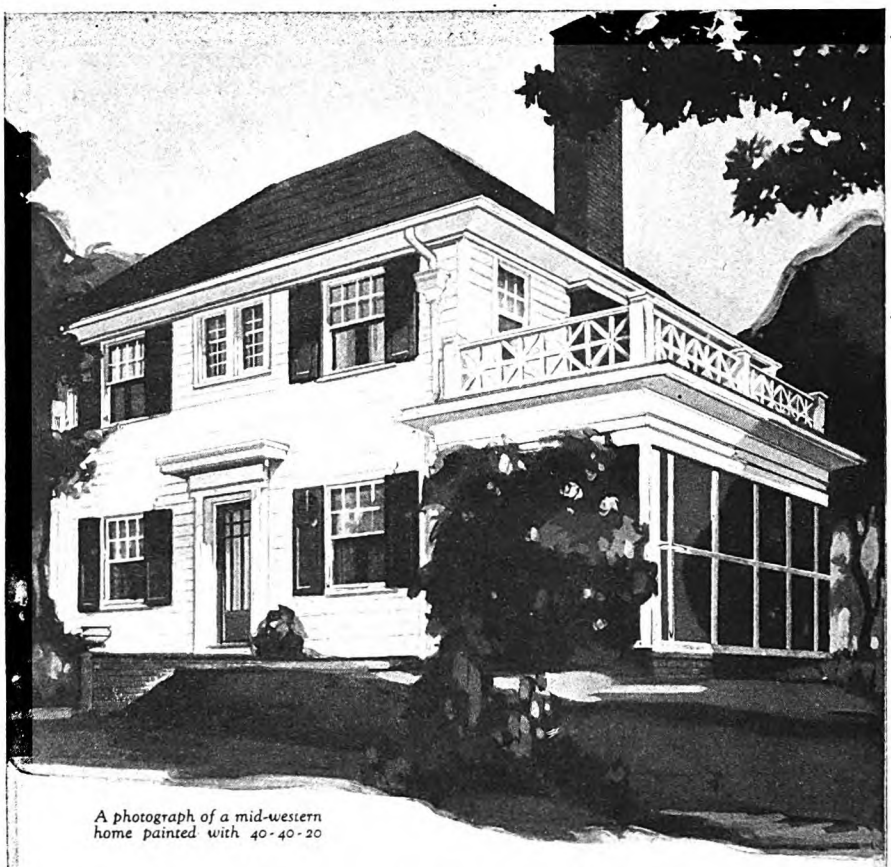

A photograph of a mid-western home painted with 40-40-20

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THE most noticeable thing about a house is its color. Do you know that both the original color of the tint and its stability depend upon the natural and permanent whiteness of the pigments from which the paint is made? This is true of gray, cream, yellow, or other tints used for exterior painting.

A tint made on a base not truly white lacks clearness and brightness in the beginning—it looks "muddy." And as time passes, any such deviation from whiteness in the base pigments changes the shade of the tint.

The pigments used in **40-40-20 paint** are all truly and permanently white. The **40-40-20** base is insurance that tints will be pure, clear and unchanging. If you wish to paint white, **40-40-20** gives a permanently white finish.

40-40-20 has been called the greatest advance in the science of exterior paint making in the last 100 years. Yet it costs no more than other quality paints.

Send for our free booklet and read the interesting story of 40-40-20 paint.

New Jersey Zinc

Genuine 40-40-20 is made from The New Jersey Zinc Company's specified products according to its specially developed formula, and the manufacturers are authorized to use its registered trade-mark on their labels for paint so made.

THE NEW JERSEY ZINC COMPANY
160 Front Street *New York City*

40-40-20
The Permanently White
OUTSIDE PAINT

"Because you do such silly things."

The Reverend Mr. Biddle laughed. "And you," he said, "do nothing."

"I have a job on which we can coöperate," Old Hawk Eye announced. "Listen to me, because this is your kind of job, not mine. I do all my work with other people's ability. I have confidence in you for this job; but you must understand it." The clergyman drew his chair nearer.

"YOU have broken through my guard, and you know it," Old Hawk Eye continued. "I fight you off, but you have an understanding heart. I am not long for this world, and no great harm will come now of speaking frankly. I love this little town beyond all words to express it. Here I spent my boyhood, courted my sweetheart and was married. Here my boy was born. His mother sleeps here. I want this town to be always beautiful and prosperous. Some years ago it began to crumble. Too many of our best people went away. So I began to patch it up. I sat up on this hill like the old hawk they say I am, and watched for men worth grabbing and keeping here.

"That's how it happens that I own a half-interest in everything, from chicken farms to a mattress factory. That's why I buy everything that fails, and give it another start. No man can hope to succeed in such a task if he doesn't make money. I made every cent I've got right here. If I give anything away, then I cripple myself for the main object in life. I'm not interested in mere population. I'm trying to win back or replace the people we lost. Only fine, strong men and women make beautiful, happy towns, Mr. Biddle. I have come to hate weak people and paupers. It's wrong, I suppose, but I can't help it. I saw them letting my town die.

"No good will come of begging people not to go to the cities. We must make the towns more desirable. If we can't, then we ought to die. Nature works that way. My interests are now spread like a net, touching almost every enterprise we have. I want my son to come back and work with me for a while so that he can carry on—later. We need him. I wrote him a letter, but I couldn't mail it. You see, I've always been 'Old Hawk Eye,' and it's hard to drop the pose. Old Hawk Eye can't say things like this, even to his own boy. A man like me, Biddle, doesn't mind being Old Hawk Eye; it comes easy. We recognize envy as flattery. And we don't explain. But now I've got to explain.

"I never have fought you. I knew those young rascals didn't intend to play baseball; but I made them do it and took a chance that they'd like it. Boys usually do. Mr. Court isn't an unforeseen circumstance. I've been planning that deal for a year. I've got to make this little town beautiful, because some day my boy might happen to drop in just for a visit, and if he liked it he might stay!"

The Reverend Mr. Biddle rose, his eyes blinded with tears. "I'll bring him," he said, "if I have to kidnap him!"

Old Hawk Eye stared at the tears as though puzzled. Then he said, "Yes; I have confidence in you. This is a matter of sentiment, and you understand such things. I do not."

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

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The Biggest Battle Americans Ever Fought

(*Continued from page 50*)

more in reserve against our 150,000, and many of theirs were second- or third-rate troops, or worn by hard fighting elsewhere. In the first two days of battle the Germans could send to the Meuse-Argonne 72,000 more men, and on the third day 100,000. The German first line was strong, and had they made a fight there it would have been serious for us. Instead, they used the "elastic" defense, and made only fight enough to delay our approach to the Montfaucon Line.

At eleven-thirty the night of September 25th, our artillery preparation joined that of Gouraud's French along one hundred miles of front from Rheims to the Moselle, over 5,000 guns firing. Three hours later began our more intensive preparation for the infantry jump-off.

Only half these guns belonged to the American Army, and they were of French manufacture. The rest were loaned by the French, who thus, as General Pershing had suggested to Marshal Foch, made good our lack of artillery. We had 189 small tanks, of which Americans manned 142, French 47. We had no large tanks, although we needed them badly. We had 821 airplanes of all sorts, of which 641 belonged to the American, 180 to the French air service, though most of the planes were of French manufacture, and only 584 American-manned were available.

That morning of September 26th it seemed from the observation post on the Mort Homme hill that our new army, with all its improvisations, might duplicate its feat at St. Mihiel. Our artillery preparation seemed to have been devastating. The German artillery was almost silenced. Spread upon the hillsides were the olive drab dots and lines that we knew were patrols and platoons, companies and battalions. Eagerly we correspondents awaited the first American official *communique* on the battle.

THROUGHOUT the battle, the communiques set the pitch for the correspondents' dispatches. We could not tell of an attack, or the capture of a town—much less of a reverse—until after the communique had announced it, and often we must follow the communique's tone. Thus was morale kept up.

The American communiques were usually truthful, though sometimes they told only our side of the truth—if you get the idea. It was the truth, but not the whole truth. But the first Meuse-Argonne communique said that we had attacked the Germans on a twenty-mile front, penetrated to an average depth of seven miles and taken Montfaucon. About the only true statement, in fact, was that we had attacked on a twenty-mile front. We had penetrated the German lines to a *maximum* depth of barely seven miles at one place, an *average* depth of four, and had not captured Montfaucon. According to the communique, our almost unattainable

Old Briar

TOBACCO

"THE BEST PIPE SMOKE EVER MADE!"

"Old Briar Has Re-Converted Me to Pipe Smoking"...*

All of the old enjoyment, solace and solid comfort of pipe smoking.... that's what Old Briar Tobacco is bringing back to pipe smokers! Letters come from men everywhere, every day, telling of the pleasure and satisfaction that each pipeful of Old Briar gives them.

Light up your pipe filled with Old Briar Tobacco. Draw in the ripe fragrance and aroma of its superior leaf. Taste its full natural flavor. Smoke it awhile. Notice how cool and slow burning it is—and how smooth. Now you know why so many thousands of pipe smokers say Old Briar is "the best pipe smoke ever made."

It has taken years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending and generations of tobacco culture to produce Old Briar Tobacco. Step by step Old Briar has been developed—step by step perfected. It all shows up in the smoke.

**The above tribute to Old Briar is all the more convincing because it was entirely unsolicited.*

25c

Of all the pleasures man enjoys, pipe smoking costs about the least.

50c

TO DEALERS: *Old Briar is sold in sealed Pocket packages at 25c and sealed boxes at 50c, $1.00 and $2.00. If your jobber has not supplied you, write us and we will send you a supply by prepaid Parcel Post at regular Dealer's prices. Every box and package of Old Briar has our unlimited guarantee.*

IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT HAVE OLD BRIAR A. 11-27

Tear out this coupon and mail to:
United States Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va., U. S. A

SPECIAL OFFER: On receipt of this coupon with your name and address, we will mail you the regular 50c size of Old Briar Tobacco. In addition we will send you a 25c package of Old Briar—extra—if you send us your dealer's name. Send no money, but pay the postman only 50c when he delivers the tobacco.

Print Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

Dealer's Name.....

Address.....

If you prefer—send stamps, money order or check with coupon. Tear out now, while it's handy.

UNITED STATES TOBACCO CO., RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, U. S. A.

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Tiny Shaving Nicks

cause skin blemishes!

Your skin is safe from tiny dust and germ particles—*until you shave!*

Then, with even the cleanest of shaves, come invisible nicks of the razor that open the way to infections. Embarrassing skin blemishes result. Soap and water can't prevent them.

That is why particular men use Pinaud's Lilac to finish each shave. Lilac—a real antiseptic—protects even the invisible breaks in the skin. Distressing skin blemishes can't happen!

And nothing feels quite so refreshing, for Lilac first stimulates, then soothes, the skin. An improved process has made Lilac even blander than ever before.

Get Pinaud's Lilac at any drug or department store today. Look for Ed. Pinaud's signature in red on each bottle. Pinaud Incorporated, Paris, New York.

PINAUD'S LILAC

[*Lilas de France*]

main objective for the first day had been splendidly, wonderfully attained. The fact was, we had done well but were still considerably short of it. We would try for Montfaucon the more fiercely next day.

We were playing a game for big stakes, that faint hearts would not win. General Pershing, General Drum and the whole staff were pushing everywhere all that night, pushing foward the artillery, the supply trains, above all the engineers repairing the three roads that were all we had over shell-churned, ruined No Man's Land. That was a night of toil and strain.

The time lost had been precious. Next day the 79th captured Montfaucon; but the Germans had had time to get set to defend the Kriemhilde Line where we hoped to break it. They had manned its outpost positions with their local reserves, and Hindenburg and Ludendorff were responding to a hurry call with divisions from the general reserve. They had greatly increased their artillery.

LUDENDORFF admits a German reverse. Von Schwarte says that by night of the 26th the Germans had in some places nothing to stop us but machine-gun nests.

German local reserves were in action when we jumped off the next morning, and our progress was so much slower that the German communique could say:

"The great American and French attempt to break through, with its extensive objectives, failed on the first day of the battle, as result of the stubborn opposition of our troops. New battles are imminent."

That was good propaganda and, from the viewpoint of what we had attempted, fairly truthful. It was certainly truthful that new battles were imminent! By afternoon of the second day of the battle, after we had taken Montfaucon, our center was almost up with our flanks. In the Aire Valley the 28th and 35th still advanced, and things looked interesting.

But this side Varennes, several miles beyond the old front line, was a great mine crater. Traffic picked a crawling way around its edges, while engineers struggled to bridge the gap. Sweating, swearing men tugged at guns and wagons stuck in the mud. Ahead were the infantry sometimes short of food and ammunition, and of adequate artillery protection.

Still, in less than forty-eight hours, all divisional artillery, except a few heavy guns, had crossed No Man's Land and was firing in support of the infantry; but divisional artillery meant only 800 of the 2,700 guns that had opened the attack.

The Germans had brought up yet more artillery. They had lost only one hundred guns the first day, and the second had more in action than we. They blasted our infantry—attacking with slimmer barrage protection with, in places, ten times as many shells as the day before. We had passed their lightly-held outpost zone, and had run into deadly crossfire from the Argonne bluffs on the west and the Meuse heights on the east, that struck us front and flank. The German checkerboard machine-gun defense covered every square yard of ground.

By evening great bravery and sacrifice had given us some advance everywhere. The III Corps, without full artillery support, advanced a little over a mile with heavy casualties. The 79th and Fourth Divisions had advanced, but not to the Kriemhilde Line. The 28th and 35th divisions had done finely in the Aire Valley, but had not broken through. The Germans were throwing in fresh divisions and more artillery everywhere to stop us.

So, on the morning of the 28th, we made another great effort to pull ourselves together and break through. On the 27th of September the British had struck the first blow of the series that broke the Hindenburg Line. To-day, the 28th, Belgians, French and British were attacking in Flanders. To-morrow, the 29th, the British with the 27th and the 30th American Divisions would electrify the world by penetrating the Hindenburg Line at Cambrai and St. Quentin. The Germans were frantically trying, with divisions reduced by heavy losses and fatigue, to plug all these holes at once. The situation had infinite possibilities.

But our great effort on the 28th was not enough. The troops were tired. They had not had enough to eat, nor enough sleep, if any. Traffic was not entirely straightened out, artillery support not always adequate. It had rained the 27th; it rained harder the 28th. Also, too many Germans were fighting too well in this country "ideal for defensive fighting." They had 125,000 men in the front line now, supported by many more.

We had the Germans scared in the Aire Valley. On the 29th of the month, the 35th Division reached Exermont ravine, eight miles from the original jump-off. But then occurred one of the saddest incidents of the battle. Depleted, exhausted, they were hit by the fresh 52d German Division with a terrible fire that hurled them back.

For a time there was dangerous confusion, in some places almost panic, as the haggard infantry staggered to cover behind a new front line, some two miles to the rear, formed by the 110th Engineers, only 1,000 strong. One of the battle's finest achievements was their repulse with little but rifles, of a German counter-attack. The veteran First Division made a forced march across the rear of the whole army and relieved the worn-out 35th. There could be no more progress in the Aire Valley without more artillery, more trucks, and more animals, of which the corps had started short 7,000.

ON SEPTEMBER 30th General Pershing and the First Army Staff faced the fact that, for the time, we had struck a snag. Our first great attack had not been a failure by any means, but it had been stopped five miles short of its maximum objective, the Kriemhilde Line at Cunel and Romagne, and the Grandpré Gap. All nine attacking divisions had lost heavily, and not only the 35th, but the 37th, 79th and 91st were more or less disorganized and must be relieved. The experienced 32d and Third, Wisconsin and Michigan Guard, and Regulars, were doing this.

Our traffic and supply problem had been tremendously complicated by rain. Roads were softened, troops in the open without the snug trenches and dugouts of stationary warfare were drenched and chilled. Sick with flu, exhaustion, and unavoidable lack of hot food, they were coming to hospitals already heavily taxed.

Gouraud's French had stopped in Cham-

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He's Got a BRAND-NEW Idea Selling Farm Implements

ALFRED ROSENBERG tells other merchants how he built up his big farm business

"FARMERS have been buying farm implements and machinery in tremendously increasing volume during the past ten years," says Alfred Rosenberg, former president of the Connecticut Hardware Association and the New England Implement Dealers' Association. "But they would have invested even more money in this time-saving and money-making equipment if we dealers had foreseen that *farm machinery must be merchandised* — just as any other line of special manufactured products must be sold today."

The hardware store that Mr. Rosenberg runs in Rockville, Connecticut, is the only one of its kind in New England. In fact, he says—and we believe it — that there are few dealers in the United States who sell farm implements as he does. For he has a brand-new idea—and it's one that other dealers can profitably use.

How He Does It—

Farm & Fireside is always interested in getting the selling methods of outstandingly successful dealers who serve a large volume of farm trade. By passing these tried and proven methods on, it renders an important service to other dealers who also depend on farm trade for a large part of their business.

For this reason, Farm & Fireside went to Mr. Rosenberg to get the story of the methods he has used to build up a business which now takes in an average of about $7,500 a month from farm trade alone.

PHOTO BY BACHRACH

DEALERS: *Send for your copy of Mr. Rosenberg's merchandising story*

This interview is now published in folder form, ready for free distribution. And any dealer who wants a copy can get it by sending in the attached coupon.

Information You Need

Every live dealer—no matter what he sells—likes to know what other successful dealers are doing to build sales these days. It pays to compare notes. For instance, you'd like to know Mr. Rosenberg's advertising methods — what he's found that pays the biggest profits.

Also, you're interested in knowing how he *merchandises* farm implements instead of merely offering them for sale — what he's doing to boom his paint business — and the big sales feature he puts on every Spring. These are a few of the things he tells about in his interview.

Farm & Fireside's Service to Small-City Retailers

This is another interview in Farm & Fireside's series — which makes available to retailers the tried and proven methods for building farm trade, as used by outstandingly successful merchants.

And this work is just a part of the service Farm & Fireside renders in meeting the obligations of leadership in the farm field.

As every dealer knows, the advertisements in this magazine are a real force in influencing 1,200,000 farm families to buy. And a glance through any issue immediately shows why this is so—for here is a hundred-per-cent-*personal* magazine — edited straight to the individual — and read with *warmer interest* than any other farm publication.

That's why dealers are finding it so profitable to feature and push products advertised in Farm & Fireside — and why manufacturers' advertising in this magazine shows such steady growth.

MAIL THIS

FARM & FIRESIDE
Retail Merchandising Department
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Send me, without cost, the folder which tells Alfred Rosenberg's successful methods of selling farm implements and hardware.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Farm & Fireside

The National Farm Magazine

READ IN MORE THAN 1,200,000 FARM HOMES

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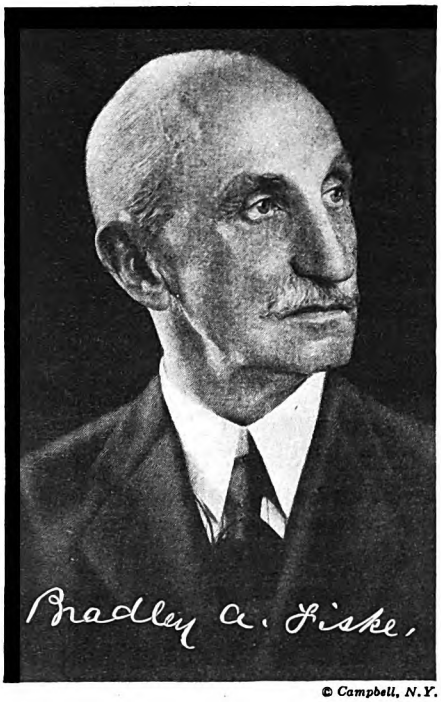

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"A Personal Christmas Card *is a salute from friend to friend"*

says Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, noted Navy man, author and inventor, and for twelve years President of the Naval Institute.

"At home or away from home on foreign shores, the Christmas greeting that comes from a friend is a gallant thing—warming the heart as nothing else can."

Personal Christmas cards—that is, cards on which one's name has been engraved or printed—are recognized among people of good taste everywhere as the appropriate, the individual way to express one's greeting.

In the nearest good shop you will find sample books affording a choice of many styles and treatments—among them, cards that represent you worthily.

Buy your Christmas Cards early —and mail them early

Scatter Sunshine with Greeting Cards

pagne, after a smaller advance than ours. The German artillery was getting stronger, its crossfire more costly. Their machine-gun defense became deadlier, counter-attacks fiercer and more frequent. All the advantage of our surprise had worn off.

A prudent commander and staff must prepare to defend the new-won gains against a possible strong effort to retake them. For safety, engineers and labor troops were set quickly to work building a defensive line behind the new front.

A big difficulty on September 30th was that our equipment was being depleted. Half our artillery had been French to start with, and Marshal Foch needed some for other attacks. Tank losses were heavy and a few days later only 18 of 189 were fit for action. Of the 821 airplanes, we now had 641 available and some of the French were needed elsewhere.

Nine years afterward, it must seem to everyone, as it did then to those who knew the circumstances, that the wonder was, that the American had got as far as they had, had come as near to realizing all the optimistic hopes and plans.

If we had not done the most that had been hoped, we had done a lot; if we had not made the prodigious twelve-mile jump, we had gone eight. In the process we had dealt the Germans a terrible blow, the effect of which was felt along the whole Western Front. We had not broken the Kriemhilde Line, but we had got so close to it that we could shell it heavily, and the Germans feared our next jump would break it. On September 30th they had facing us more than twice as many men as four days before. We had taken 10,000 prisoners, over 100 guns. The Germans had weakened themselves elsewhere to meet the deadly menace of our attack at their most vital point.

The struggle up the slopes to the Kriemhilde Line, two to five miles from our new front line, would be terribly hard going. Could we do it in October and early November? If we could, the German army might still be crushed before winter. If we did not cut the railroad before winter, the Germans would withdraw at their leisure from their peninsula in France and Belgium to a shorter line, more easily held, that would cost a half-million casualties to break.

SPEED was the only way to prevent that—speed all along the line, speed, above all, for the American attack across the German line of retreat. That was the only answer General Pershing could see. The Americans had the place of honor. They could make possible a sweeping Allied victory before winter. They must not flinch at a high price now that would save paying a higher later. Our own initial success, Allied victories to the north, in the Balkans, Palestine, Italy, were bringing down the Teutonic house of cards. Only the day before, Bulgaria had collapsed.

On October 1st orders went from Souilly that on the fourth, the army would attack again on the whole front of the Meuse-Argonne. The same day, October 1st, Hindenburg telegraphed Berlin from Spa, German Headquarters, that Germany must ask armistice of the Allies surely next morning, possibly that night. The Kaiser came to Spa and heard bitter tidings of defeat. He would not believe them. Instead of asking armistice, he tried to spur popular enthusiasm by announcing governmental reforms for Germany and asking the Liberal Prince Max of Baden to form a new ministry.

The Allied attacks continued. That same day, the British, with the 27th and 30th American Divisions in the spearhead and with French support, broke the Hindenburg Line where it was most strongly fortified, though not naturally strongest, from Cambrai to St. Quentin. The Belgian-French-British attack in Flanders still went finely. The moral effect equaled the military.

So Hindenburg sent his telegram and Ludendorff talked to Von Lersner, representing the German Foreign Office at Grand Headquarters, who reported:

> To-day the troops are holding, but a breakthrough may come any moment, and our peace offer would then arrive at the most unfavorable time. Ludendorff feels himself at the mercy of the dice. At any instant and any point, a division may fail to do its duty.

Nevertheless, the German politicians kept their nerve and went on forming the new "democratic" government without asking the armistice.

ON OCTOBER 4th, Prince Max assumed his duties as German Chancellor. The same day, the attacks Hindenburg and Ludendorff dreaded flared up again, and in that vital Meuse-Argonne region. The Americans were coming on once more after four days of rest and reorganization. Next day, Prince Max sent his first request for an armistice to President Wilson.

But on the front there was no armistice! When the American First Army and the French Fourth Army, with the Second American Division as spearhead, attacked astride the Argonne on October 4th, they had to fight all the way. Losses were heavy, and that day commenced the bloodiest period of fighting in American history.

Our hope that we might still break through the Kriemhilde Line and get quickly across the German rear, or throw their leisurely retreat into confusion, came to nothing. The Germans fought too hard. We had put in the veteran First, Third, and Thirty-second Divisions. The Army staff had issued special orders against sacrificial frontal attacks, mixing of units, and lack of coöperation between commanders, trying to correct the weaknesses shown in the first attack of September 26th. Objectives were the same as then—the Kriemhilde Line heights at Cunel and Romagne. We did not take them. But we did get nearer by a mile or two—a mile or two studded with still forms in khaki.

The Germans were ready for us. They counter-attacked on the first day, this time. Where before had been one machine gun, now were two, or three or four. Their rattling and crashing resounded among the wooded hills. Although this time six of our eight attacking divisions were battle-experienced, only the toughest, the most desperate could come near the "Army Objective."

That division was the First, and its accomplishment was one of the finest feats of the whole great battle. The division had come on a hurry call to relieve the worn-out 35th. Its artillery had disregarded traffic rules in getting into position. Some of its infantry were still rather green replacements, who promptly sat down in

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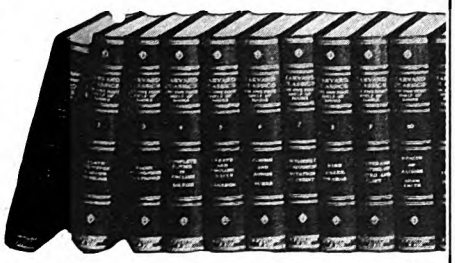

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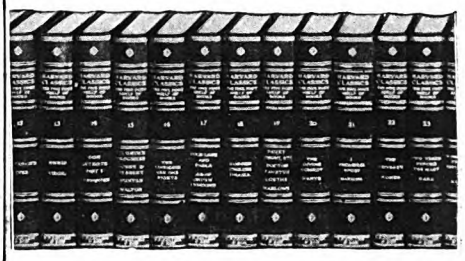

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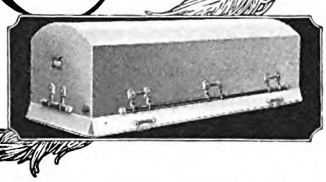

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mustard gas shellholes, painful for them and for the staff. But the majority were of the old First, proud of their "savvy" how to make war. They had the Aire Valley sector. Back of them, a French cavalry division pointed for Grandpré.

The cavalry did not reach Grandpré, nor did the First, but the First opened a road that finally led to Grandpré. In seven days they advanced nearly five miles, with losses of nearly 9,000, the heaviest suffered by any American division in any single action.

It was thanks in some measure, too, to the Second Division in the Champagne that the Germans left the Forest. As the First Division fought up the Aire Valley east of the Forest, the Second fought up the Champagne plain west of it. Each did its job.

WE HAD not pierced the Kriemhilde Line at Cunel and Romagne, where we wanted to pierce it. Still, here was a chance to get the Argonne Forest out of our way, and carry out part of the plan, by reaching the Kriemhilde Line at Grandpré, where there might be a soft spot. While the French and the 36th American Division advanced west of the Argonne to follow up the Second's blow in the Champagne, we would pinch out what remained to the Germans of the Forest by an attack from the jumping-off place the First Division had gained on its eastern edge. That was one of the most daring things we did in the battle; it succeeded well, would have succeeded better had it been done just as planned.

The Pennsylvania Guardsmen of the 28th and the All-American 82d Division stormed the eastern Argonne bluffs overlooking the Aire Valley. They scaled them in the early morning of the 7th of October, and took and finally held Châtel Chehery and Cornay, two villages that clung to the heights. That fight resembled Lookout Mountain or Stony Point, both famous in our history; but more men fought in it, and it was only an incident of the Meuse-Argonne.

Fighting was desperate and hand-to-hand. An entire brigade of the 82d Division, some 8,000 men, had been ordered to attack; but through haste and confusion, fewer than 2,000 waded and swam the Aire on time. Fortunately, the almost exhausted 28th justified its name of "Iron Division," and one of its weakened brigades, commanded temporarily by Major General D. E. Nolan, Chief of Intelligence, who preferred the front to G. H. Q., stormed Hill 244. The rear of the Germans in the Forest was threatened, and Major General Robert Alexander's 77th Division from New York City was attacking them in front.

By noon of the same day, they commenced to give way before him, although they repeatedly counter-attacked fiercely around Cornay for time to get out. We had done on a small scale to the Germans in the Forest what we were trying to do on a large scale to all the Germans in Northern France and Belgium—pinched them out, by converging attacks, and threat to their line of retreat.

So the October 4th attack had not taken the Cunel-Romagne heights, but had removed a tremendous obstacle from the road to Sedan. It had rescued the left flank of our army from the terrible cross-fire of German artillery on the eastern Argonne bluffs that had cost us so many casualties, and delayed us so seriously in the Aire Valley the first ten days of the battle. That was the military result.

Another result was that American newspaper readers were given the two best-known American "hero stories" of the World War, that have found places in our history with Bunker Hill and Valley Forge, the Alamo and Pickett's Charge, and San Juan Hill—the "Lost Battalion" and Sergeant York.

The Argonne Forest became famous, because the 77th Division from New York City fought there, because a third of the correspondents covering the battle represented New York newspapers, and because any fight in that weirdly picturesque Forest was a "good story" anyway.

The Forest, of course, was one of many obstacles, and a big one, on the road to Sedan and Mézières and the all-important railroads. It must be conquered before they could be reached; but of the 1,200,000 Americans in the Meuse-Argonne battle, barely 100,000 fought in the Forest, and it occupied only a fifth of the whole battle front. Of the 100,000, the 77th Division's 27,000 did most of the Forest fighting.

WHILE the Argonne Forest was making heroes, and becoming the best advertised piece of real estate in the world, things more closely connected with these events than appeared on the surface commenced to happen twenty miles away, on the other end of the battlefield. While on the left we pinched the Germans out of the Forest, we started a new attack on the right, east of the Meuse, to clear them from its heights.

There was no worse fighting in the battle than that east of the Meuse, although it was comparatively uncelebrated. The 33d Division did another brilliant job, bridging and crossing the Meuse under heavy fire, to scale the heights from the west, while the 29th New Jersey, Virginia, Maryland, and District of Columbia Guard Division scaled them from the south, supported on its right by the 18th and 26th French Divisions. Those two American divisions and their French comrades made a splendid fight. The 29th, in battle for the first time, drove farthest north under Major General Morton, in a heroic advance that cost nearly six thousand casualties.

General von Gallwitz, commanding the German Army group there, appealed to Hindenburg and Ludendorff for reinforcements, no matter from where, so that he could stop the Americans and French.

But we had our worries: Despite success on the flanks, in the Argonne Forest and east of the Meuse, our main attack in the center had still failed to break the Kriemhilde Line and take the heights at Cunel and Romagne. Perhaps it was the courage of despair, but the Germans surely were fighting with great courage. On the night of October 9th, General Pershing sat down in the old mairie at Souilly with General McAndrew, General Conner, and General Drum, and reviewed the whole situation, and it looked sufficiently serious:

Our second attempt at a break-through had not succeeded. Now the Germans were fully braced for us, all reserves up, nearly 300,000 men in line in the Meuse-Argonne, 75,000 more in the adjoining Woëvre, 100,000 at least in reserve, with

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From the staunch timbers in mine shafts to the buoyant strength of Lindbergh's immortal plane, wood serves mankind in countless and ever-increasing ways.

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Wood is beautiful

Wood possesses a pleasing natural beauty of grain and texture that mellows and deepens with age and defies imitation. Wood can be fashioned and carved and fitted into thousands of charming designs.

And surely it is significant that the American architect prefers lumber for his own home!

Wood is friendly

Of all materials there is none so *friendly*, with such a sense of human companionship as wood. Wood is warm and alive to the touch. The handle of a tool, the steering wheel of your car, the arm of your chair, the bowl of your pipe—you like the feel of them because they are wood.

Wood is economical

Wood is stronger, pound for pound, than any other material. It is easily and cheaply fitted to special forms for special needs. Its moderate cost is due today, in no small measure, to the elimination of waste. There is a grade of lumber for every purpose, a right wood for every need.

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auxiliary troops, more than 600,000 men, with thousands of guns and machine guns, opposing the American First Army alone. Farther north, their retreat was under way, and we were attacking its pivot. For them, it meant desperate defense, for us, relentless attack, for no one knew how long. We must take stock of our resources for a long-drawn-out battle and make arrangements far ahead.

IF WE didn't, we should have soon a serious shortage of material, even of men. The United States never accomplished the great feats of production of war material that were promised, and of which people read predictions in their newspapers with such pride and enthusiasm. We were in the war nineteen months, but that was not time enough to get many things made and to France in quantities enough to matter much. That was due partly to delays and blunderings at home, partly to the emergency of early 1918, when the Germans came so near winning the war that we had to send over men, men, men, to turn the tide and give the Allies victory. So the Allies gave us the war material that we were not making enough of at home, or could not send over if we were.

We needed more artillery to prepare for our attacks by blasting the thousands of German machine guns from their nests before the Kriemhilde Line, and so to save the lives of thousands of our men who attacked them. The French had given us what they could spare, from their own attacking armies. All told, only twenty-nine American-made artillery pieces reached the Meuse-Argonne front through the battle, and some of these were there during only part of it. Five of them were great 14-inch naval guns on railroad mounts, that fired just 436 shots in the battle.

All the remaining artillery was made in French works and bought from the French Government, diminishing by that much the fire power of the French armies. When we entered the war, the French gave us the plans for their famous 75 millimetre field gun, and after spending some time trying to improve it, we finally landed one hundred and nine 75s made in America, at a French port, just before the Armistice. They never reached the front. We could have used two thousand more 75s than we had, in the Meuse-Argonne.

We were not so good on making shells for our guns and getting them over. American-made six-inch shells arrived in France October 30th, too late to reach the front. A few American-made 75 shrapnel shells for American-made guns did actually reach the First Army dumps before the Armistice. But the war ended without an American gun having fired American-made shrapnel at the Germans.

When we entered the war, we decided to develop our own new type of machine-gun, although some of various British and French types were good. We advertised the Browning as "the best in the world," which it probably was. But only one thousand or more Brownings reached the Meuse-Argonne battle, accompanying just three of the twenty-two American divisions that took part actively in the fighting. The rest used about fifteen thousand French Hotchkiss guns, and, for light machine guns, the broadcasting French Chauchat.

No tanks made in the United States ever reached the front. Ludendorff said in his memoirs that Allied tank attacks were a decisive factor in their winning in 1918. That wasn't true of our tank attacks in the Meuse-Argonne. We hadn't enough tanks. What we had were borrowed from French and British, who had scarcely enough for their own needs. We had only sixteen to jump off in our last great attack, November 1st.

About aviation, the censors often asked us: "For God's sake, lay off it!" It was a sore point. Everyone knew about the "sky filled with airplanes" publicity at home that had speeded up German airplane production. Everyone knew, also, that our own production had failed sickeningly. We never had enough airplanes in the Meuse-Argonne, and the longer the battle lasted, the fewer we had.

The Liberty Motor, heralded as a product of wizardry, turned out in the battle test a good serviceable motor, about like some Allied motors, its principal advantage being quantity production—once that materialized. The censor who passed a dispatch that said so remarked, "This may counteract some of the bunk in the States."

The best feature of American aviation was the aviators, a fine lot, who gave their lives without stint to keep, as nearly as possible, air control of the Meuse-Argonne.

On the ground, for an army supposed to cut across a German line of retreat and pursue a fleeing enemy, we resembled tortoise rather than hare. We had only fifty per cent of the normal allowance of motor transportation. Sometimes it got lower than that. But for the French aid, we should have had only twenty-eight per cent.

We had few over half as many horses and mules as we should have had, some of those decrepit nags no other army would use. They died so fast in the Meuse-Argonne that Marshal Foch made the French give us thirteen thousand of their horses.

It was thanks to General Peyton C. March's energy and ability as Chief of Staff in the United States, and to the drive of Major General James G. Harbord, as Commanding General of the Services of Supply in France, that the supply situation was as good as it was. The S O S in France worked night and day, straining every nerve and muscle, throughout the Meuse-Argonne.

ON AND behind the battlefield itself, we were better off in one respect in early October than we had been when we started on September 26th—we had something like special troops enough to get our work done.

Our losses were becoming heavier, would be heavier still in the stubborn, slogging struggle that was ahead. Sick and wounded were going back in an unending stream that seemed always larger, to hospitals that just managed to care for them. This semi-open warfare only could end the war, but flu and pneumonia took heavy toll of front-line troops without the dugouts and shelters of trench warfare, in the open, with only foxholes to protect them from the October raw climate and drizzling rain of France's least sunny province, of which the doughboys said, "Lor-raine—say the 'rain' part loud."

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Noted sports announcer, talking to his son, George Cohan Humphreys, at their home in Fairhaven, New Jersey, recommends Lucky Strikes.

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To fill the holes in the line that must always go forward, General Pershing and his advisers estimated, the night of October 9th, that they must have 90,000 fresh men, "replacements," to feed into the already experienced divisions that had been in the battle and must go back. But only 45,000 were in sight.

The only thing to do was to break up some new divisions and distribute their man-power to the Meuse-Argonne and the Services of Supply, where it was needed.

It was tough for some of the men. They had been sent to France too soon, sometimes only a few weeks after entering training camps, at some of which they learned little except setting-up exercises, squad drill, and community singing. Then they were sent to the front, to the greatest battle their country ever fought, at its fiercest stage, sometimes not even knowing how to handle a rifle.

We correspondents could always recognize them on the roads of the battle area. They were paler, slighter than the men who had had their proper hardening.

"What outfit's this?" we would ask, and the reply would be:

"Well, we were from the 76th Division (or the 86th or any of the other 'lost divisions'), but now they tell us we're the Umptieth Replacement Battalion."

But even such emergency measures were not enough. Before the battle ended, we had to reduce the strength of our experienced divisions by 4,000 men—from 27,000 to 23,000—by cutting infantry companies of 250 to 175 men, and other expedients. At the time, our fighting divisions then in France needed 103,513 infantry and machine-gun replacements, and only 66,490 were available.

Is it any wonder that the little group of generals did not laugh or joke much as they talked, that evening of October 9th, on the second floor of the mairie at Souilly, listening to the boom-oom-oom of the guns rumbling along the heights of the Meuse? A harsh, menacing rumble, the voice of the God of Battles demanding more sacrifice. And we must make it, for so only we might carry out Marshal Foch's plan and beat the Germans here and now, once and for all, before winter intervened and we had to make a far heavier sacrifice in another year of war. We must fill our gaps and go ahead.

There were still two American Divisions, the 27th and 30th, with the British, and five, the 2d, 6th, 36th, 81st, and 88th, with the French. We needed them all in the Meuse-Argonne, and it was decided that General McAndrew and General Conner should go to Bombon and tell Marshal Foch so. Nevertheless, next day, General Pershing predicted that, if things went as they ought, the war would be over before Christmas.

DURING the conference, as if to confirm the prediction, news came to Souilly that the German Government had sent President Wilson its second armistice proposal.

The French were announcing their advance on the whole front from the Champagne to Rheims, freeing many square miles of France held by the Germans since 1914, and the taking of St. Quentin. The British communique of October 9th told with just pride of an advance in a short time of thirty to forty miles, capture of 110,000 prisoners and 1,200 guns and the taking of Cambrai. The Americans had made possible the French advance, and, to some extent, that of the British. It was a coöperative campaign, in which each depended in part upon the others. But the Germans were, in a measure, getting away with their retirement.

There must be no cease in the American attacks. Losses must be made up, and Marshal Foch promised that, as soon as possible, the French would return some of the American divisions with their troops. The French themselves needed replacements for the losses of incessant fighting throughout spring, summer, and fall—and three heavy years before that. The Marshal realized, of course, that the Americans were striking the pivot of the German retirement, and their losses were heavy; but they were just beginning to have losses; comparatively, they were young and fresh. They must keep on striking.

"*Combattez! Combattez! Combattez!*" cried the ardent, aggressive Marshal.

That day and the next, the Americans did "Fight! Fight! Fight!" some of the hardest, bitterest, infantry fighting on the Western Front. In it, with awful losses, we set foot at last in a small part of the Kriemhilde Line, but again those dread heights at Cunel and Romagne defied us.

THERE was a chance that our two successful blows, in the Argonne Forest and east of the Meuse, had drawn German reserves from the center between Forest and the river and distracted General von der Marwitz's attention. General Pershing took that chance, and on October 9th, while the I Corps on the left was mopping up the Forest and advancing to the Aire, facing Grandpré, he threw the V Corps in the center, straight at the slopes leading to the heights, with the III Corps on the right helping.

They were all veterans now in the V Corps, the First, Thirty-second and Third Divisions; they, if anyone, could endure what they had endured already and still advance. Added was the 181st Brigade of the 91st Division. The First and 32d were expected to take Romagne wood and town largely by encircling attack, and the 32d was also to storm the ridge of Côté Dame Marie, the dominating point. The Third, with the 80th, was to drive for Cunel.

The 80th was in the III Corps and on its right was the wonderful Fourth, now in the fourteenth of its unequaled twenty-five days' service in our greatest battle. It was to flank Cunel from the right, and then swing east to the Meuse.

The 32d, forty per cent of German birth or descent, Michigan and Wisconsin lumbermen, some Indians, a great fighting division, was to storm the Côté Dame Marie on the left, and a deep, strong trench line on the right, thus encircling Romagne village. That was really the kernel of the Kriemhilde nut.

Struggling forward through machine-gun fire that wiped out platoons and companies, shell-fire that made earth a hell of flames and smoke, hurtling rock and sod and whistling razor-edged fragments of steel—so ingeniously does man make such things—the Michigan-Wisconsin men reached the Kriemhilde Line and fought hand-to-hand with the Germans who defended it.

At last, after two weeks of struggle, American soldiers set foot in some of those trenches upon the heights that barred us from our goal—Sedan and the railroads. But not many Americans reached the trenches, so many lay before the barbed wire. They got to the Côté Dame Marie and the Deauville trench, fought there with rifle and bomb and bayonet—and stopped. They were less than a mile from Romagne. The Third got even nearer to Cunel, but could not take it. The main Kriemhilde Line was still intact.

That was because the Germans fought until death to defend it. Wherever the myth originated that they had to be chained to their machine guns, it was not there nor then. They fought their guns until they were killed across them.

On October 10th, all three Corps attacked. Souilly set no particular objectives. Each Corps was to fight as hard and get as far as it could. They went forward, but on most of the line they could not stay forward. The Thirty-second, for all its efforts, could not sweep over the Côté Dame Marie, or into Romagne, nor could the Third take Cunel. Only the First advanced, following up the Germans, who were retreating from low ground west of Romagne Wood into the main Kriemhilde Line trenches.

That was only a local retreat, and by the night of October 10th from the Meuse to Grandpré, the Germans were in their main fighting positions, backs to the wall. There, what remained of eight American divisions faced them, worn down by heavy fighting and sickness, weary, cold, wet, sometimes hungry and disorganized. But they were asked to make next day one more great effort!

We attacked all the way from Ornes, east of the Meuse, to Grandpré, with twists and turns, a front of nearly thirty miles—largest on which until then an American army ever attacked. To spur tired men to greater exertions, the Army Staff set the objective farther ahead beyond the Kriemhilde Line—at Buzancy, eight miles from our front line, center of the almost unfortified though surveyed Freya Line, last prepared German line before Sedan.

WE COULDN'T make it. October 11th was a hard day. It was the last jump-off for many. They left their foxholes to be struck down by a fire as withering, devastating, as any American troops ever faced. They were attacking prepared entrenchments crowning heights and protected by woods—there could be nothing worse.

It seemed that men could not live in the open, slashed by machine-gun bullets just skimming the ground, the height of a scythe. If they took a patch of woods, it was drenched with gas. If they approached a Kriemhilde trench, they must first get through a barrage of bursting shells, then fight the German infantry hand-to-hand, and if they conquered a hundred yards of trench, hold it against counter-attack. And of their own artillery there never seemed, to the weary doughboys, enough to smash a way through.

We bought every foot of ground with blood. When night fell upon a crimson day, we had a shaky hold of some of the Cunel-Romagne trenches, although nobody knew who would keep Cunel heights. First we had them, then the

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The Pavement *for* Congested Streets

THINK of the traffic in your town twenty years ago. Not much of a problem then, was it? But today! Times have changed and the streets of yesterday—still the streets of today—are as obsolete as a 1907 motor car. Not only must our street pavements be made wider and still wider to accommodate growing traffic volume. They must be specially designed for durability, safety and uninterrupted use.

The concrete street is modern—developed, like the concrete road, specifically for motor traffic moving on rubber instead of steel. Resilience is built into the modern vehicle. Its roadway must be rigid, maintaining an even surface under impact, wear and temperature. The concrete street meets these requirements perfectly—and it is the safest pavement wet or dry.

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Germans. But, having got so far, we found we must keep on going or be pounded to pieces. But we needed some fresh troops and more guns, and must allow a few days to bring them up.

Other things were needed too. General Pershing had been on the front through the fierce fighting of the 10th and 11th, urging everyone ahead, encouraging, inspiring, driving where drive seemed needed. In some places there had been poor leadership, as generals began to crack under a physical and mental strain more terrific than in any war in history, for which they were ill prepared in our small peace-time army. Now, there was something of a shake-up, and an important change in the Command of the American troops in France.

General Pershing divided the First Army front of ninety-one miles between two armies, the First and Second, assuming general command of both, and relinquishing the First Army to Major General Liggett, whose steady, relentless progress on the western flank of the battlefield had cleared the Argonne and reached Grandpré at last.

The new Second Army front began where the First Army's attack east of the Meuse stopped, at Fresnes-en-Woëvre, and extended to Port-sur-Seille on the Moselle, south of Metz. Its commander, Major General Bullard, received orders to prepare to start the Metz attack as soon as we could give him men, guns, and material enough—meantime, to harass the Germans. He and General Liggett were made Lieutenant Generals.

To take General Liggett's old I Corps, came from the Woëvre one of the most forceful American Major Generals, Joseph T. Dickman, commander of the Third Division in its impregnable defense of the Marne on July 15th and of the IV Corps in its dashing advance at St. Mihiel. A commander no less forceful got General Bullard's III Corps, Major General John T. Hines, who had commanded the mainstay Fourth Division. To command the V Corps came the epitome of a military leader, daring and careful, ruthless and inspiring, whose officers and men worshiped him, Major General Charles P. Summerall, of the First Division. Our new set of Corps Commanders, from Meuse to Argonne, were the right men.

THE propaganda front was as active then as at any time in the war. We had to consider morale, Allied and American, rather than exact truth. We were trying to win a war, and to do it we must keep our people and our Allies confident. So G. H. Q. looked at it, so G. H. Q.'s always will look at it, and, doubtless, they are right. One of the War God's first victims is the maiden Truth.

The Germans themselves gave us the best bit of propaganda we had during the entire war. Just at the right moment Intelligence captured an order that General von der Marwitz had issued to his troops:

> The fate of a large portion of the Western Front, perhaps of our Nation, depends on the firm holding of the Verdun (Meuse) Front.

That was the gist of it. The German General said that the most dangerous to the Germans of all the Allied attacks was the American attack in the Meuse-Argonne.

Meanwhile, the First Army was girding itself for another desperate dash at the Kriemhilde Heights that it hoped would make up for the repulse on October 11th. Our young army was not used to repulses, and this one had cut deep. Faces in all the headquarters, in billets in ruined villages, along the roads of the battle area, were grim. Our old friends of the Rainbow were grim when we met them coming over from the Woëvre for their first trial in the fire of the Meuse-Argonne. Broad, brown, weather-beaten, hard as nails, they got over the roads with the incomparable slouching swing of veterans.

They relieved the First, and the Fifth relieved the 80th. These two fresh divisions were to drive right through the Kriemhilde Line, meet two or three miles beyond and press forward. The objective this time was nearer than Buzancy.

On the right, we would try again for the dominating crest east of the Meuse, the Borne de Cornouiller. On the left, Gouraud's Fourth French Army, which had joined us on the Aisne at Grandpré, was to attack on the same day, hoping to outflank the Germans blocking us there. Gouraud chose the 14th to attack, so we did the same, although we preferred the 15th and it disarranged our plans. Soon after the jump-off, hearts sank, as the first reports began to come in.

"Licked again!" we whispered one to another. "What shall we write now?"

BUT the doughboys had not yet begun to fight. In the next three days they turned the tide of the great battle, and made sure that we should have what we desired and be in Sedan before winter.

Those were three days and nights of hell, nothing else. We had a little more artillery to help than on October 11th, though not all we needed. The famous Meuse-Argonne autumn rains were at their worst, drenching and chilling men who fought all day and lay all night—sometimes lay all day and fought all night—unsheltered, on the treacherous slopes of the Kriemhilde Heights. Behind were the new Corps Commanders, all fighters and drivers, and General Pershing, pushing this final attack before turning over Army Command to General Liggett.

"Fight! Fight! Fight!" they said. "We must go through!"

We did go through. We broke the Kriemhilde Line once and for all, and stepped out upon ground whence we could deal the blow that drove the Germans from Northern France and Belgium and was militarily decisive in ending the war.

The infantry jumped from their foxholes almost at once into hand-to-hand fighting at many places. Down upon them from the heights came storms of bullets, snapping and crackling, thudding into human flesh, while the air sobbed with the rush of shells. Gray mud beneath, gray sky above, gray-clad men with gray steel bayonets, thrusting and stabbing, gray faces gleaming moist with rain, smell of blood and sweat and powder, curses, cries.

By night the 32d Michigan and Wisconsin had made its way around and over the crucial Côté Dame Marie, and to a bright place in our history.

Bullet and shell stopped their attack in front. But to their left, the fresh 42d was driving as planned, wiping out some of the machine guns that had raked the 32d. By nightfall they had the Côté Dame Marie. Also, they had that village of such historic, yet sinister significance in the whole Meuse-Argonne battle—Romagne. It had been taken largely by the flank. Thousands of doughboys had stared at it through bloodshot eyes and muttered, "We'll git you yet," cursing it as "Romain," and still call it that at hundreds of American Legion meetings. Near Romagne is the largest American cemetery in France.

The 42d had helped the 32d crack one hard nut, and also cracked some of its own. Its battle then was the fiercest of the Rainbow's long front service in France. It took all three days and nights, seventy-two hours such as none in the Division had spent before or since, ending with the right of the Division, Alabama and Iowa infantry, through deadly Romagne Wood and from the nearby Côté Chatillon, looking down proudly upon the Germans as the 32d looked down from the Côté Dame Marie.

Those two ridges were pillars of the Kriemhilde Heights between the Argonne and the Meuse, and we had them.

But the two Guard Divisions could go no farther. They had in three days put us through the center of the Kriemhilde Line and ready for the last great blow. They had lost perhaps, 7,000 killed and wounded; but the other division that attacked with them and whose sturdy pressure all along the line helped them, would bring the total near 20,000 for the three days.

The III Corps had taken Cunel, linked with nearby Romagne as symbol of the Kriemhilde Heights.

We began to get unmistakable proofs that the pace was telling seriously on the German army, and that rank and file were losing their confidence, as their leaders had lost theirs for a time. Every day we had watched the prisoners clumping along in groups herded by amused cavalrymen, or standing silent in the barbed-wired prison cages. "Soon we shall have no more Kaiser," a few of them said.

And how about that retreat? Hindenburg wrote this in his memoirs:

> The pressure which the fresh American masses were putting upon our most sensitive point in the region of the Meuse was too strong.

But few, if any, foresaw then that the morale of the whole German army would so soon buckle and collapse. The gray monster seemed like a clever champion, battered, bleeding, rather short of breath, but hardy and wily, striking shrewd blows and using his ring-craft to stall off a knockout while he pulled himself together.

SO CLOSED the first and critical phase of the Meuse-Argonne. At last we had the Germans groggy. All that we needed now was a little time to gather strength for the haymaker.

The fighting spirit of a fresh young army, upon which the General had

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After the game—SORE THROAT

In the **THROAT** *and nose more than* **50 diseases**

have their beginning or development. Some, of mild character, yield to an antiseptic. Others, more serious, do not. At the first sign of an irritated throat, gargle frequently with Listerine, and if no improvement is shown, consult a physician.

watch your throat!

Gargle when you get home

Suppose your team did win—what comfort is that, a week later when sore throat, or worse, has put you in bed?

Here's a good tip if you will take it. After any long exposure (and that includes cold bleachers) rinse the mouth and gargle with Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

Immediately, it attacks the millions of bacteria waiting for the moment when body resistance is low to strike.

Often, this simple and pleasant precaution will be the means of sparing you pain and sickness. Listerine nips many a sore throat and cold.

Incidentally, after a football game it relieves that hoarseness which is so troublesome.

The wisest thing to do, of course, during cold weather months is to make a daily night-and-morning habit of using Listerine. Millions do—and are healthier for it. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

SOUNDS LOGICAL The great success of Listerine Tooth Paste has proved that the idea of a scientific dentifrice at 25c (for the large tube) is a popular one.

LISTERINE

—the safe antiseptic

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counted, had prevailed over the experience of a cunning enemy. War is a young man's game, and our young men were about to win it.

Our last and successful efforts to break the Kriemhilde Line had pretty nearly tired us out. The terrific pace had told upon us as well as upon the Germans. The First Army's casualties of all sorts were by now well over 100,000. It bore a heavy share of 40,000 flu cases in the A. E. F.

Battle strain was telling in another way: Some of our troops were straggling. The number has been estimated as high as 100,000 by General Liggett, the First Army's commander, and as low as 25,000 by General Drum, its chief of staff.

But the fighters were getting more supplies, at any rate. The vast SOS was hitting its stride across France, connecting the Meuse-Argonne with sixteen ports where ships from home discharged cargoes to maintain the A. E. F.'s 1,900,000 men. Its construction projects and depots were never all completed, it was still somewhat undermanned; but had by now almost 668,312 men and women, including 23,772 civilian employees. Generals Harbord and Dawes and Atterbury and Hagood put over the Meuse-Argonne, too.

BY NOVEMBER we were really beginning to look and feel somewhat as censorship and propaganda had always pictured us—a perfectly equipped and supplied army always advancing gloriously from victory unto victor—a picture as unfair to the doughboys and their leaders as it is untruthful.

At last, we had got almost enough artillery and mainly manned by Americans. Our dumps were piled with shells, and we could give the infantry a barrage such as we had always wanted to give them. We had almost enough American special troops. We had experience, doughboys, staff, and commanders knew their parts, and for the first time in the war, an American army worked like an American machine.

The attack of November 1st, for which it was now preparing, was our "big push" in the war, practically all-American, including the entire plan of attack.

Of the seven divisions that jumped off the morning of November 1st on the twenty-mile front from the Meuse to the Aire at Grandpré, five were National Army divisions, and probably half the two regular divisions were replacements, so easily four fifths of the attacking force were drafted men.

The Second was the only one of the "Old Guard" Divisions, and it had an appropriate part. Experienced, resourceful, with keen rivalry between its Marine and regular Infantry Brigades, the Second was chosen spearhead of Summerall's driving Fifth Corps, the spearhead of the Army.

The Corps was to make a big break through the center and take the Barricourt Ridge. It had only two front-line divisions, the Second and the 89th, a Western National Army Division that first Major General Leonard Wood, then Major General W. M. Wright had made one of the finest in the A. E. F. Behind were the trusty 42d and First, ready to take over once the Second and 89th were exhausted.

All the Allied armies were again to attack a German peninsula, but diminished in size by the waves that had beaten upon it since September 26th. The Allies were going to attack the front from northern Belgium to the Meuse, some 250 miles long, and on or behind those 250 miles were 2,000,000 Germans, thousands of guns, and much material. Facing the Meuse-Argonne was the 125-mile gap from Holland to the front, through which they were still trying to withdraw men and material to the Antwerp-Meuse Line protecting the German frontier, over the two great railroad systems through Liège on the north, and Sedan on the south. All the Allied armies were attacking together to prevent that.

The British were now only twenty miles from Maubeuge and Mons, and once there would seriously hamper the German retreat in Belgium, and might rout the whole German right wing. They were assisted by General Degoutte's Belgian-French-British army in Flanders, reinforced by the 37th and 91st American Divisions. The American First Army would drive again for Sedan now only twenty miles away, and if it got there quickly, it would break the back of the whole German retreat. Here was another chance to make completely successful the plan that Marshal Foch and General Pershing had first discussed in Ligny on remote August 30th.

In the all-important American center, the V Corps was splendidly irresistible. It shot forward six miles through German infantry and artillery like a meteor, through the Freya Line, onto the Barricourt Ridge. With three artillery brigades backing it, the Second flanked Barricourt Wood, which the 89th Division took. On its right the 90th, fine National Army Division from Texas and Oklahoma, took Andevanne and the Fifth advanced, putting the III Corps beyond its objective.

OUR terrific blow had so stunned the Germans that they could make no real counter-attack. They might retreat fighting, but retreat they must across the Meuse, and through Sedan and Mézières. On the left the I Corps leaped forward at dawn November 2d and found only a few machine gunners, with whom doughboys dealt, then jumped back to motorcycles and trucks and hurried after the retreating main body. The 77th got beyond Harricourt, their objective, and with the 80th closed a breathless day in the still smoking streets of Buzancy, fired by the Germans.

Getting the news of the far-flung battle as it rushed to its close was such a task that we missed the full story of one of its most striking features—more, one of its most important strokes, that greatly affected the outcome. That was the night march of the Second Division through the German Army and to a position four miles behind the German front line. Probably it was the most audacious feat of American arms in France, one of the most audacious in our history. But nobody outside the Second Division has heard much about it, although this march made the Germans retreat almost pell-mell from their positions.

On November 4th our front line jumped forward, and we began moving our heavy batteries to fire on the vital German railroad at Montmedy, Conflans, and Longuyon.

They boomed the beginning of the end for the Germans in Northern France. They kept the Metz-Sedan railroads out of business most of each day and night.

On the day that the 75s shells commenced falling on the tracks near Sedan, the Germans asked President Wilson on what terms they could have an immediate armistice. Just after midnight that night, Marshal Foch received from Field Marshal von Hindenburg a radio naming the German plenipotentiaries to negotiate an armistice, and asking how they could get through the French Lines. The German Government, the radio said, asked "a suspension of arms in the interest of humanity."

TO CRUSH the last bit of fight out of the retreating German armies, and to make their retreat a rout that might have been the greatest in all history, Marshal Foch was preparing a new blow. While to the north, the British sent in two cavalry divisions—hoping that their time had come—to the south, the Marshal was actually about to start the great encircling attack on Metz that Americans had planned a year before and the Germans had feared for two months.

The German armies were about to suffer the most crushing and complete military disaster in history. And for Marshal Foch it would have been the greatest victory a leader ever won—greater than anything the Marshal's military model, Napoleon, had to his glory—but it would have cost many thousands more Allied lives. The Marshal turned his back upon it, and took the armistice.

So, amid the golden glow of the sun shining through breaking mists and casting upon the uncleared battlefield a light like a halo the soldiers of the American Army found on November 11, 1918, the true glory of war—Peace. At eleven o'clock in the morning they fired their last shot, and the world's greatest war ended in the world's greatest victory.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: In the running story of the battle of the Meuse-Argonne, it was not possible for me to give a complete account of the part played by each American division. The divisions actually engaged, many of which I have mentioned, were the First, Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth of the Regular Army; the 26th, 28th, 29th, 33d, 35th, 37th, and 42d of the National Guard; the 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82d, 89th, 90th, and 91st of the National Army. On the field coming into battle at the end of the war were the Sixth Regular and the 88th National Army divisions. Engaged elsewhere in the great campaign were the Seventh Regular, the 27th, 30th and 36th National Guard, and the 92d and 93d National Army divisions. The 27th and 30th took part in the famous British smash through the Hindenburg Line near Cambrai. After fighting in the Meuse-Argonne, the 37th and the 91st Divisions reëntered the campaign in Flanders. There were approximately 2,000,000 American soldiers in France at the time of the battle, of whom 1,200,000, in round numbers, took fighting parts. At the start of the great campaign, the American active battle front was twenty miles; at the time of the Armistice we were fighting on a seventy-mile front.—T. M. J.

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How dentists strive to repair the damage done by cooks

The profession blames soft food for the prevalence of "pink tooth brush" and points out a simple way to combat it.

FACED with a grave increase in disorders of the gum structure, dentists have worked, long and arduously, to uncover the cause of these stubborn troubles as well as to effect their cure.

Almost unanimously they blame the foods we eat for our gum troubles—these soft and delicious foods, stripped, as they are, of the core and the roughage which should stimulate and "rub" the gums.

Why soft foods cause gum disorders

For the gums need activity and exercise as urgently as any other living tissue. They need stimulation, to speed an energizing flow of blood within their walls, and unless this fresh blood nourishes and sustains them, the gums grow flabby, tender and unhealthy.

Then "pink tooth brush" comes—a warning and a sign that more troubles, more dangers, perhaps, are ahead.

How Ipana helps to restore the gums to health

Above all the American dentist is practical. He doesn't seek to change the culinary habits of the nation, but he does recommend that we restore to our gums the stimulation which they need to keep them in health.

The majority of dentists recommend massage—a simple means of supplying stimulation through a few minutes' brushing of the gums every time you brush your teeth.

But, as your own dentist will probably tell you, not all tooth pastes are suitable for such a purpose. Thousands of dentists recommend Ipana, for Ipana is specifically compounded to be beneficial to the gums as well as to clean the teeth.

Ipana contains ziratol, a soothing and healing hemostatic and antiseptic that dentists have used for many years to stop bleeding after extraction and to strengthen weakened tissues. Indeed, it was through dental recommendations that Ipana first became known to the public, and today it is doubtful if there is another tooth paste so highly regarded by the profession at large.

Make a full-tube trial of Ipana

The coupon on this page will bring you the ten day tube—enough to prove Ipana's delicious taste and its remarkable power to clean and whiten your teeth.

But it's both simpler and quicker to ask for a regular tube at the next drug store you pass. You will then have enough Ipana for more than a hundred brushings—a much fairer test of its good effects on your gums. So make the full-tube trial of Ipana—very likely it will bring you a new conception of oral health and cleanliness.

Read what the dentists say! Though their language is technical their meaning is clear

From a text book on preventive dentistry:
"Unfortunately the use of natural foods has been replaced by highly processed substitutes from which the coarseness is removed."

From an address by a noted authority:
"The majority of us (the dental profession) would attribute the cause of dental disease primarily to modern diet."

From a radio talk by a well-known dentist:
"If you find that your gums bleed on touch, for instance, when you use a tooth brush—this is the time to take action. It is a signal sent you by nature that something undesirable is taking place in your mouth."

From a standard text:
"There are two ways of aiding low disease resistance in the mouth. One is to use the teeth in a vigorous manner in the chewing of coarse, fibrous food. The other is by massage of the gums."

Statement by an authority on gum disorders:
"One cannot help being enthusiastic when viewing the rapid improvement in the health of the dental tissues under artificial stimulation."

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THE FAMILY'S PROBLEMS

When I Sent Our Baby to Mother My Husband Saw the Light

DURING the excitement and glamour of our engagement, I didn't see how our married life could be anything but gloriously successful. But our vows were barely spoken when I discovered the obstacle in the way of our happiness. It was pride and self-pity on the part of my husband.

We had been married about a week when he came home and told me he had thrown up his job. It seemed his boss didn't appreciate him—made him do all the dirty work. I suggested that the boss might have been trying him out for a higher position. But the only effect my words had was to bring on a fit of remorse. He assured me that he adored me, wasn't worthy of me, and only wanted to get a better job so that he could do more for me.

Time went by, and he had not found any job to suit him. Our funds were rapidly sinking. I was almost ready to look for work myself when he found something, not as good a job as he had before, but one with a living wage. He took it "temporarily." Until he could find something more in his line.

In a month he quit again. The salary, he said, wasn't a third of what he was worth to the company. He wasn't recognized as anything but a machine. No use for a man of his education wasting time on a job with no future to it.

This sort of thing went on for some time. Job after job he gave up because it wasn't worthy of a man of his intelligence, or because the boss picked on him, or because he was earning more than they paid him. On our fourth wedding anniversary, when Baby Patricia was ten months old, he was out of work again. And by this time my nerves were in such a state that I thought I could hear the wolf scratching at the door. He was always sweet and devoted to Baby Patricia and me, an ideal husband and father, except that he couldn't manage to provide food enough to satisfy our hunger or coal enough to keep us warm.

THE night of that miserable anniversary I was wakened by the intense cold of our heatless house. As I lay huddled in my bed, too cold to go back to sleep, I tried to face my problem and think things out reasonably and clearly.

I realized that my husband's self-pity was just a habit of mind he had got into. He knew his ability, and he couldn't settle down to any job because he kept seeing a better job ahead of him. And if I ever expected him to take the place in the world I knew he could fill, I would have to choke this self-pity before it strangled whatever ambition he had left.

I saw him in my mind's eye an embittered old man, going from job to job and still insisting that he wasn't appreciated or understood. I had seen old men like that. Then and there, I determined to prove to my husband that working, and working hard, is the only way to get ahead, and that menial jobs are not beneath his, or anyone else's, dignity. That night I formulated a plan.

The next morning I was out of bed early. I dressed Baby in her best and took her over to Mother's house, to leave her, I explained, until we could afford her again. Mother is a wise and tactful person. She didn't sympathize with me, or raise her hands in horror. She accepted her grandchild's visit without comment.

Then I started out to look for a job. Before my marriage, I had worked in a chemical laboratory. I now got a position as chemist's assistant.

THAT night, when I got home, I found my husband peering anxiously out of the window.

"Where's Baby?" he asked. "Where have you been? You know how worried I am when you two aren't here."

"Oh," I said, as airily as I could for the lump in my throat, "Baby is staying with Mother. As we can't keep her comfortably here, I was afraid her health would suffer. And, anyway, I had to get a job. I asked for an advance in salary to buy our dinner," and I deposited my armful of packages on the table.

Then came the storm of protests I had expected. His wife work? His baby be dependent on someone else? I was to resign. Baby would, of course, come back immediately.

But I stood pat. Until we had a bank account, until he had a steady income, we would leave Baby Patricia where she was, and not even visit her.

His reproachful gaze followed me mournfully as I went about my household tasks. I felt like a brute, but the thought of our bleak and foodless household steeled me. I determined not to weaken.

For three days nothing happened. I came home from work each night with provisions for the evening meal, to find my husband glumly awaiting me. I prepared dinner in silence, and we ate it silently. The sight of that empty highchair in the corner would have put a damper on any attempts at light conversation.

On the fourth night, he came in an hour later than I, his clothing dirty, his face dripping with sweat. He told me proudly that he had a job with a street-laboring gang. And I knew then that pride and self-pity had got their death blow.

From that night my husband's rise was steady. Before long he was made foreman of the gang. Soon we were able to save a little. When we had our first balance in the bank, I gave up my job, and on that day we went to Mother's to get Baby.

A little over a year has passed since the day we recovered the baby. My husband has an excellent position now, still with the same company. We have a respectable bank account, and are living within our income, saving something every month. Best of all, I have not once heard my husband mention anything about being overworked or underpaid! F. E.

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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
December, 1927
More Than 2,200,000 Circulation

Beginning

Big Matt

By Brand Whitlock

ILLUSTRATED BY T. D. SKIDMORE

IT WAS not until long after midnight on that day of his inauguration that Governor Blake could get away from his prodigious popularity and be alone to think it all over.

When they returned to the Executive Mansion from the reception at the State House, he had thought that the day was done; but his wife had invited a few friends to supper—the Bannisters and old Amery, and that fellow Laurence Price; they were all down-stairs at that moment, so excited that they couldn't stop talking and go home.

He didn't like Price, with his youthful enthusiasm for civic reform; but Price was a state senator now, one of the accidents of the landslide, and he had to be decent to a state senator; he might want his vote some day. When he could stand it no longer he had slipped out and come up to the bedroom that was henceforth to be his.

He looked about the bedroom, as yet, to him, so strange; it had a kind of bland, non-partisan impersonality, like a bedroom in an hotel. He sat down on the edge of the wide, old-fashioned, walnut bed, in which so many governors had slept—or lain awake. He was pervaded by a vast and annihilating weariness; too tired even to undress.

What a day it had been! His ears were roaring still with its triumphant and tumultuous noises—the cheering that had greeted him along High Street as he drove to the State House at noon; the shouts that had reverberated under the dome as they passed through the crowds to the hall of the house; the applause that had combed over him in billows as he read his inaugural address.

And then that magnificent reception! There had never been anything like it; it thrilled him even to think of it now.

On election night, two months before, when, after figuring for a while in the small hours of the morning, big Matt Holt had tossed his pencil down definitively, and said, "Well, John, you're elected governor by the greatest majority ever given to any man in this state," Blake had thought that that was the great moment of his life.

But this day had brought the supreme hour of realization—governor at last! He couldn't help glancing back over his career (rather slippery some envious people had hinted), and yet what could be better than his biography in "Who's Who"?

Blake, John Wesley, son of Lemuel and Euphemia (Calvert) Blake. B. April 7, 1868; ed. public schools; taught school; studied law; admitted to the bar; married Grace, dau. Edw. B. Hawes; 2 children, Joyce and Edward Hawes Blake; elected County Attorney; member of the State Legislature two terms; State Senate two terms; Congressman, two terms; Trustee Carthage College; LL.D. Carthage College.

It showed what a poor boy in America could do, if he knew the ropes. At every step in that career Matt Holt had been by his side, serving him and his ambition with a steadfast and unscrupulous devotion. It was Matt's clever manipulation that had brought about his nomination after a long and stubborn deadlock in a perplexed and weary convention. And Matt, of course, had to be taken care of. But he wouldn't think of that just now.

He began to unfasten his collar, and was surprised to find that his hand was sore. He looked at it, sympathetically; it was swollen and beginning to ache. How many thousands of times that day had he shaken hands! And how the boys did wring it, though he hadn't noticed it at the time! The reception at the State House that evening had put the finishing touch on (he had refused to let them have an inaugural ball; he had put his foot down there. It wasn't democratic, and the church people wouldn't like it).

It had been no easy job to stand in line for two hours, smiling, trying to remember names, with Grace beside him, stunning in her new gray and silver gown, and the Lieutenant Governor and the other newly elected state officials and their wives—really, Grace ought to treat the wives a little more kindly, if only for the sake of, well—after all, they were in politics, and it meant as much for her as for him! . . .

MATT HOLT was in the line that streamed forever by. It had been rather tactful in Matt not to make himself conspicuous; Blake couldn't remember to have seen him at all during the day, though he must have been somewhere in the crowd.

As chairman of the State Central Committee, and as his campaign manager and, more than all, as his closest friend, Matt certainly had the right to take as prominent a place as he chose on this great day of the triumph that he had done so much to bring to pass.

But Matt had preferred to join the

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anonymous crowd, to take his place in the line with the rest.

Blake could see him now, solemn in his black coat, his hair carefully combed, his large, red, smooth-shaven face, grave and serious; he was walking with Judge Wilkinson, of Allen County; Matt had paused, taken his hand, squeezed it, and looked up into his eyes.

"John," he had begun, in his heavy voice.

And then something had happened. Matt had suddenly choked up: his eyes had almost filled with tears; Matt had swallowed hard, and then, giving his hand a mighty squeeze, "Governor!" he had said, as though by way of correcting a slip, and added "Congratulations."

And then Matt and Judge Wilkinson had been swept on in the crowd. He hoped that he had been cordial enough in his treatment of Matt. What man had ever had such a faithful friend?

He got his collar off at last, in spite of stiff fingers, and laid it down, observing himself in the mirror of the walnut bureau: rather good-looking, he must own, in evening clothes, with his slightly gray, abundant hair, his smooth-shaven, somewhat pale face, broad, mobile mouth and brown eyes, glowing now with the fires of his suddenly awakened eloquence. Yes, rather good-looking; what you might call distinguished. In fact, like a Governor; maybe like a President. You never could tell; stranger things had happened.

He looked in the glass again. "Governor! You! Little Johnny Blake, that used to paddle around in the mud of Centreville in your bare feet! Governor! My God!" . . .

AND then he heard a rustle behind him, and turned, hastily (he mustn't be caught talking to himself, and looking in the glass!), and there was Joyce, running toward him, in her graceful young way; she stretched out her bare arms and placed her hands on his shoulders.

"I had to see you once more before you went to bed, and say good night," she said. And then she asked, "Happy?"

He looked down into her gray eyes, fixed on him in that affection which was the greatest thing in his life—greater even than the governorship—and he pinched her small round chin.

"Are *you* happy?" he asked.

"Yes, and so proud!" She stopped and dashed her hand across her eyes, and shook her head again, with a kind of imperious rebuke of herself. "I don't know what's the matter with me! I'm too silly! But, you know, I've felt like crying all day—" She put her head down on his shoulder, but only for an impulsive second, then she looked up and smiled, and said:

"It's only because I'm so happy! I must run back now and join them. You are tired. You must go right to bed."

"Eddie isn't in yet, is he?" he asked, in that inveterate concern for his son, for, no matter how smoothly things were going, there was always Eddie to worry about.

"No," Joyce replied; "but don't you worry about Eddie. This is a special day, you know."

She kissed his cheek, and turned to go, and then turned back again, paused, and whispered:

"Tell me—Mr. Price, who is down there—he's a member of the Legislature, isn't he?"

"Yes—in the Senate."

"Well, that's all, I guess."

He looked at her a moment fondly, studying her fresh, pretty, grave face. Their eyes met in the curiously complete understanding that had always existed between them. He loved her more than anything on earth. She had never given him a second's anxiety, as Eddie had.

He kissed her cheek, and watched her through the doorway, as the tall, lithe form in the pale blue dress—the bare arms and shoulders, then the head with the soft, brown hair—disappeared, by swift degrees, as she ran down the steps in the hall to the drawing-rooms below. Blake went to the window, thrust aside the curtains, and let them fold together behind him, shutting out the light of the room.

In the darkness of the world outside, the capital city lay under the sharp frostiness of the still January night. The cheers, the applause, the blare of bands, all the noise that had filled it a few hours before had died into immeasurable silence; in the cold and austere detachment of the lofty night he had a curious sense of loneliness, as though the world, which had so rapturously acclaimed him, had suddenly withdrawn.

But there, above the masses of bare elm trees, clear and distinct in a strange, unreal glow, he saw the dome of the State House. Palpable rays of light streamed like a comet's tail from somewhere out of that cold blackness, and, playing upon the dome, seemed to lift it up and isolate it in a white apotheosis.

Its cold, classic outlines suggested the early ideals of the Republic, and from the staff on the dome the flag, whipped by the sharp north wind, stood out stiffly, its red and white stripes flowing in that dazzling transfiguration.

Big Matt tossed his pencil down definitely. "Well, John," he said, "you're elected governor by the greatest majority ever given to any man in this state"

He remembered then that this illumination was one more manifestation in his honor, the Chamber of Commerce having placed a searchlight on the top of the First National Bank building to play upon the State House dome.

What a beautiful thought! What a typical triumph of American ingenuity! That artificial moonlight, bathing the dome of the State House and the defiant flag, was better than real moonlight—brighter, more intense. What a great State! And he, John Wesley Blake, Governor of it!

As he looked at the flag, a lump came into his throat; his lips trembled, then set in a new determination. A strong emotion swelled within him; he felt himself suddenly capable of great things; high resolves, vague but noble, formed in his soul.

He gazed on the flag, standing out so clear, so red, so white, so blue, in that vivid light, and his heart swelled with

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atriotism, a sentimental blur gathered before his eyes. And e thought of his duty to the people and to their flag, flying ıus so strangely above them, in the night, while they slept; e would show them that an old machine politician had as ıuch idealism and could serve the people as well as anybody!

The colored butler brought the newspapers to the breakfast able the next morning. Blake's inaugural address covered n entire page. It had produced an excellent effect; all of the ditorials quoted that passage from the peroration:

> I do not know, my fellow citizens, how it may appear to you, but I n persuaded that that nation is happiest in which the government xists for the people, rather than the people for the government.

The newspapers, indeed, of that norning, exhaled, with the odor of rinter's ink and the fresh dampness f the press, that warm, comforting tmosphere of approval that had nveloped him ever since his election n November; and he felt that, vithout a doubt, on that morning, s he was about to take up his uties, he was the most popular man n his state.

BUT he mustn't show it; he mustn't let anyone see that he was mpressed. It was not for nothing hat he had been in politics all those years; it was just as Matt Holt had so often said, you couldn't tell which way the dear people would jump, or what they would do next. Better lie low.

Thus, he was rather sober at breakfast, and said little; indeed, they were all rather exhausted by the emotions of the day before and, besides, somewhat in awe of the colored butler. He had served in the Executive Mansion for years, and seen many a governor come and go; he dwelt under the protection of a civil service law of his own enactment, the only man in the service of the State who could survive the successive shocks of changes in administration.

As he moved softly about the table now, the Blakes looked at one another a little self-consciously, their minds, for once, united; they were thinking that it was rather impressive to be sitting at table in the dignified dining-room of the Executive Mansion, with a colored butler standing behind the Governor's chair. The Blakes had never had a man-servant.

Mrs. Blake's grateful appreciation of expert service was perhaps a little too frankly revealed in the smile she had for the colored butler. Eddie, who had come down late, his eyes slightly swollen, his hair very sleek and shiny, and plastered down as though to soothe the aching of his head, noticed her too conciliatory manner; and when the butler went out of the room for a moment, Eddie rebuked her for it, in that vicarious social concern which children feel for their parents.

"You don't want to look at him that way," said Eddie.

"Young man," began Blake, looking up from his sausages and buckwheat cakes, and addressing his son in his monitory tone. But Eddie interrupted him before he could get under way.

"Oh, you needn't talk, Dad!" Eddie said. "You treat him like a Pullman porter. You'll be calling him 'George' next."

"What *is* his name?" asked Joyce.

"His name," said the Governor, "is Johnson, Abraham Lincoln Johnson."

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"The proper way to address him," said Mrs. Blake, "is Johnson. That's the way to speak to a butler." And having settled the question, especially as Johnson just then reëntered the room, Mrs. Blake, who hadn't ventured thus far to address the butler at all, allowed the subject to drop.

WHEN Blake arrived at the State House that morning his antechamber was already thronged with people, all of them with axes to grind—politicians of the old male and the new female variety, members of the Legislature to secure an early promise of places for constituents; office-seekers, smiling ingratiatingly, with an eager and esurient air, hopeful now at the beginning of that long siege which would not be raised until all the patronage had been distributed.

At sight of the Governor, they leapt alertly to their feet, under the stimulating illusion that he might begin to scatter showers of political largess even then; but he strode briskly across the room and disappeared in his private chambers.

Squire, the private secretary—first of the new appointees, already on the pay roll and installed in his job—though somewhat confused by the multiple details of new and unfamiliar duties, had been standing about, gossiping with the reporters, seeking, as not the least important of his functions, to make friends with them. But now he left them, and serviceably followed his chief into the private room.

Though two tall windows with inside shutters gave on the grounds about the State House, the room was rather somber with its dark walnut paneling, and solemn with its air of official dignity. Large leather chairs stood about in regular order; at the Governor's broad desk a leather-padded swivel chair spread its arms hospitably; beside the desk stood a not-too-comfortable arm chair for visitors.

It was a trifle lower than the Governor's chair and faced the light, thereby placing its occupant in a disadvantageous position, a device, so the tradition had it, of old Elijah Gates, whose portrait was somehow conspicuous among the stiff, official paintings of former governors that hung about the dark walls.

Blake, as new to his duties as Squire was to his, but not so new to the world of politics—Squire had recently been admitted to the bar, and his father, an attorney representing railways, had secured this place for him that he might gain experience—told Squire that he wouldn't receive any callers for a while.

Squire rearranged the piles of yellow telegrams and letters on the desk, and went out.

And Blake put on his glasses and began to read the telegrams. "Congratulations." "Hearty congratulations." "Warm congratulations and best wishes." "Felicitations." "You have the assurance of our loyal support, and best wishes for a successful administration." The letters were of the same tenor. These messages came from all parts of the state; some of them from other states; some from Washington.

IT WAS overwhelming; he could hardly realize that such boundless admiration and good will should be poured out upon him. He read them over and over; no, sir, there had never been anything like it; why, everybody was for him! At last he laid the telegrams down, let his glasses fall from his nose, and swung 'round in his chair.

He glanced up at the portraits of his predecessors, studying those solemn faces set in high collars and black stocks; some of the later ones, those in modern dress, of course, he had known; he tried to make out the names of the others. Two of them had become President; the reflection gave Blake a little thrill; he caught his breath. After all, why not?

He swung 'round in his chair in the other direction and looked out of the window, across the wide lawn, where stood a statue of Lincoln; he looked down toward High Street. A few flakes of snow were falling, drifting lazily down on the soft, moist air. A yellow tram-car was moving by. People hurried along the sidewalk, flitting across the tall iron palisades of the fence about the State House grounds like figures in a cinema.

All of them, doubtless, in walking by the State House had a thought for him—the new governor sitting up there. They were all for him, now, to-day. Blake thought . . . dreamed.

He was roused from his reverie, and turned, to see Squire standing hesitantly in the doorway, a rather uncertain smile on his smooth, young, ruddy face.

"Senator Morris is out there," said Squire, as though not quite sure whether the announcement would please or displease the Governor.

"Senator Morris!" exclaimed Blake. "Show him right in."

Senator Morris was already standing in the doorway.

"Hullo, Senator!" called out Blake in his heartiest, roundest tones, getting up from his chair and taking a step across the floor. "Come right in! Glad to see you!"

Senator Morris entered the room. He entered the room slowly, with a full consciousness of the importance of that act, as though his slightest movement were of historic significance. He wore a black morning coat, much too large, except where it tightened over the round belly. The morning coat yawned at the collar.

Above the morning coat was set a broad, smooth-shaven face, with flabby cheeks, and a wide, loose mouth; the lock of hair, on which cartoonists depended for resemblance, still fell over the scowling brow; but, as Blake noted, it was grown thin and white. Blake wondered if that solemn visage ever, in a long career, had been visited by a ray of humor.

Senator Morris bowed, the vast tails of his morning coat billowing about his thin legs; then, at a wave of Blake's hand,

Blake looked up at the dome, gray and blurred in the dark wintry sky. It was like a vast mind, in brooding meditation. What a lot of things that dome had seen—and covered!

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She dashed her hand across her eyes: "I don't know what's the matter with me! I'm too silly! But, you know, I've felt like crying all day—"

he sat down in the chair, grandly leant back, and, his face in the morning light, looked at Blake.

"I thought you had gone back to Washington last night, Senator," said Blake.

"It had been my announced intention to return at once to the National Capital," said the senator, in a voice that rumbled in his throat, carefully articulating each syllable with exaggerated movements of his lips as though every word he spoke were the essence of wisdom.

"There are, as you are already doubtless apprised, matters of importance that are awaiting my consideration and that of the Senate. But, owing to the multiplicity of your official occupations yesterday, I was not afforded an opportunity of having a conference with you, and decided to postpone my departure until to-day.

"And, in addition, I desired to express to you once more, and to reiterate, my congratulations on your assumption of the important duties and grave responsibilities of the gubernatorial office. I apprehend that our party and our state are to be greatly felicitated on having you to direct their destinies. It is a matter of especial gratification to me personally, sir."

The Senator paused, worked his broad upper lip a moment, and then allowed his mouth to settle into that expression of consequential severity which it wore in repose. What, Blake wondered, was the old humbug driving (*Continued on page 174*)

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"Thou Shalt Not Kill—"

By James Oliver Curwood

IF I did not believe a tree had a soul I could not believe in a God. If someone convinced me that the life in a flower or the heart in a bird were not as important in the final analysis as these same things in my own body I would no longer have faith in a hereafter.

As I write, a bird is singing in a butternut tree outside my studio window. A high-holder is hammering at a stub across the river which embraces my workshop in a gleamy curve. Each time I leave my door I pass under a grape arbor, and in this an exquisite mourning-dove is nesting. Within my vision is an island, a smothering, verdant jungle of green, with a forest of overtopping willows extending their slender arms down to caress the water, so that behind them are hidden pools of coolness and shadow in which wild things love to play.

This is not in the wilderness. It is in the heart of a small city of fifteen thousand people, where I was born, where I have lived, and where I hope to die. When I am ready to enter this most glorious of adventures, the mystery and privilege of death, I shall need no greater comfort in the first abysmal moments of its presence than these things—the grass, the flowers, the beautiful dove on her nest, the voice of birds, the rippling song of water, the inspiration and courage of the trees.

I am not writing an article on religion; but for me, Nature is closeness to God and I must go on thinking of it as such, and express myself according to my convictions. For me a tree stands not only for a tree but as a symbol of immortality. It is more than symbolic. It is proof. I believe that God is mightier than humanity has ever conceived Him to be, yet I think He is "a common sort of fellow," and I write these words with all the reverence of which the soul is capable.

I do not mean to imply that I think this Great Force is in my form, or in any particular form that I can imagine. But it is Life. It controls universes and billions of worlds. And the intention of this Force, this Master, this Mystery which we, on our fly-speck of an earth, call God, is that every living thing worthy of life be a part of Him, no one more important than the other, all equally necessary in a vast scheme which our puny minds cannot begin to encompass, all serving their purpose, all certain of their rewards if the kindergartens of experience, possibly embracing æons of centuries, have been employed to advantage.

I am almost Indian in this faith, and should be, because my great-grandmother was a Mohawk.

I have ceased to be a destroyer, as I once destroyed, and my ruling passion is to help wild things to live, from flowers and trees and birds and beasts to man himself, rather than to indulge further in the dominant sport of my species—extermination.

Because of this, as chairman of the Game, Fish and Wild Life Committee of the Conservation Department of the State of Michigan, I am not held in high repute by a certain predatory animal commonly known as the game hog. My desire to keep wild life from the point of extinction has made a multitude of killers call me a fanatic. Because I say we should spend as much money in the development and preservation of our forests as we do in the building and care of our roads, I am regarded by some state legislators as a person not quite properly balanced. Because I say that where there is one individual whose instincts lead him into the woods and fields to torture and destroy, there are fifty men, women, and children who want to go into those same woods and fields to look and listen and *feel*, I am accounted by some as a retrogressive factor in conservation.

Because I believe that life is life, no matter what form its habitation may be, and that the most inexcusable of sins is the taking of life beyond the point Nature has prescribed as necessary, I have found myself facing a mountain of opposition.

I HAVE often wished that some power might rise to show us how little and insignificant we are. Only then, I think, could the thorns and brambles be taken from the paths to that peace and contentment which we would find if we were not blinded by our own importance.

We are the supreme egoists and monopolists of creation. Our conceit and self-importance are at times blasphemous. We are human peacocks, puffed up, inflated, flushed in the conviction *that everything in the universe is made for us.* We look down in supercilious lordship on all other life in creation. We go out and murder millions of our kind with scientific inventions, yet we call a tiger bad and a pest because it occasionally kills the two-legged barbarian who hunts it. We seek to destroy a species, like the crow, because it eats a few kernels of our corn, then we ravage without mercy the homes and property of wild things, and call the action just.

If we kill a man illegally it is called murder, and we are hanged and go to hell. But if our Government tells us it is proper to kill a thousand men, we kill them and are called heroes—and a chosen place is kept for us in heaven. Our conceit blinds us to fact.

I believe that Christ was the greatest lover of nature that history has known. He was the greatest of conservationists. In his work he pointed out God—not through printed words but through the nature that was about him. The Book of God, as he taught it, was clearly intelligible to every race. It was made of the mountains, the plains, the vastness and glories of the heavens; of trees and blooming bush, of flowers underfoot, of birds

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JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD is dead. One of the most popular fiction writers of his generation, one of the most ardent and courageous lovers of outdoor life, he leaves millions of devoted admirers to mourn him.

Only a month before his death, Mr. Curwood sent me this telegram:

"*Am working on an article for you which I have wanted to write for five years, and think is the best thing I have ever done. Shall have copy ready to mail you within week. Good wishes.*"

But it was nearly a fortnight before the article reached us, for the author was already in the primary stage of his fatal malady.

Almost at the opening of this, his last article, Mr. Curwood wrote:

> When I am ready to enter this most glorious of adventures, the mystery and privilege of death, I shall need no greater comfort in the first abysmal moments of its presence than these things—the grass, the flowers, the beautiful dove on her nest, the voice of birds, the rippling song of water, the inspiration and courage of the trees.

Before that message could be put into type the hand that had written it lay in eternal rest.

These pages hold Mr. Curwood's final plea for the conservation of our wild life, a movement in which he was a veritable crusader. He hated "game hogs" with an undying hatred, because he loved Nature with an undying love. Here you will find, simply and sincerely expressed, his creed of the wild.

THE EDITOR.

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swelling their throats in song, of rivers whispering in the sunshine; it was written in the flash of lightning, in the rumble of thunder, in the crash of landslide, in the destruction of earthquake; its beauty and its majesty and its tragedy intermingled; it revealed death with life, happiness with sorrow, growing things with dying ones. Nature was Christ's God, and Christ's God was Nature. The two were one and inseparable, just as the two are one and inseparable now.

NATURE speaks to every heart in the same language. It is not Catholic nor is it Protestant. It does not belong to the High, Low, Broad, or Free Church. It does not lean to Romanism or Protestantism any more than it does to Mohammedanism, Calvinism, or the doctrines of the Latter-Day Saints.

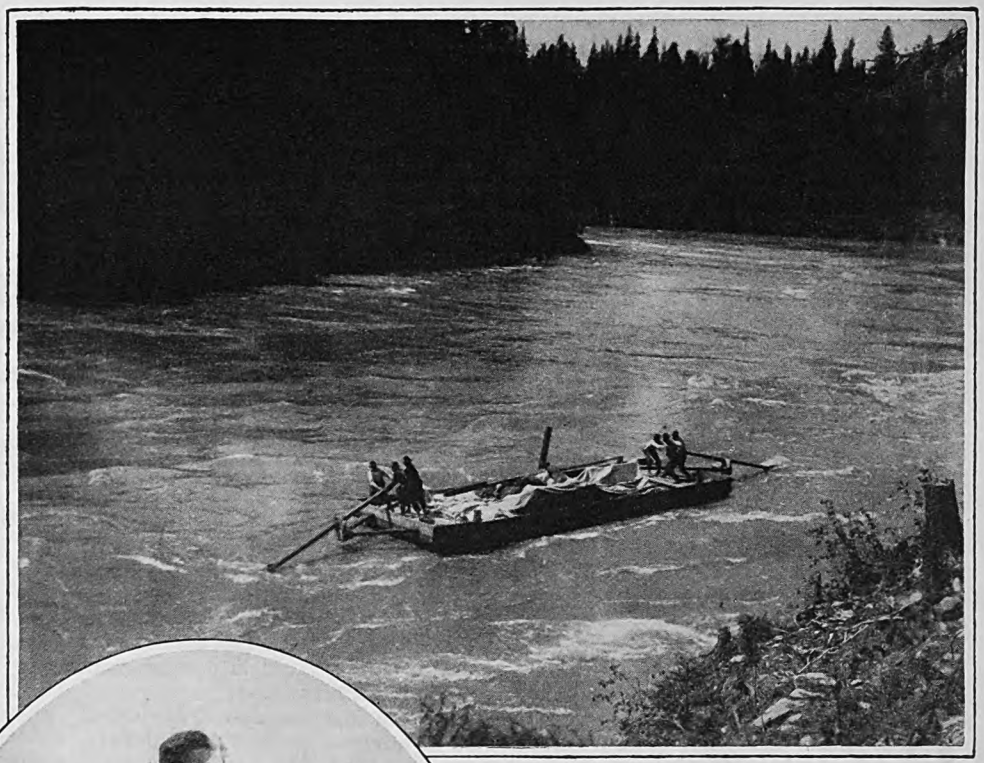
God made the earth.

He made it for man. Everything is for man. Nothing else counts.

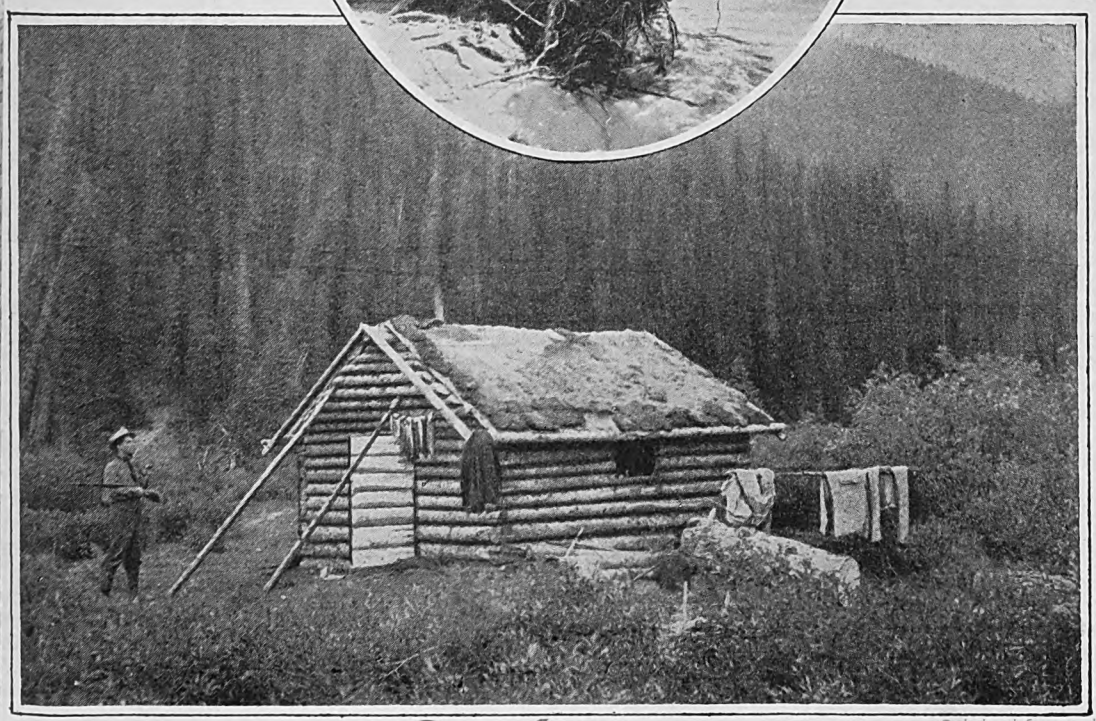
I cannot believe that Christ would say that, because each thought in His mind was toward conservation.

Nor do I believe He would say, "Thou shalt not kill." Instead, I think He would say, "Thou shalt not kill—except as it is necessary that thou shalt kill."

This brings us to one of the most important problems about which men and women can think. This problem involves a question which the human race, and especially the Caucasian part of it, has grown too self-important to ask itself, much less to answer. Just where does necessity end and wanton cruelty begin, in the instinct to kill? For ourselves we have invented the word "conservation;" but when we speak it or hear it we have only a rather hazy idea of the out-of-doors, the woods, the streams, wild life—and over this rides the predominant idea of slaughter, the elemental passion which has always inspired the animal called man to rend and tear the flesh of other living creatures, *and call it healthful fun.*



(Above) The Curwood outfit going down the Fraser River. (In oval) A recent picture of Mr. Curwood. (At bottom of page) Curwood before the cabin which he built in the British Columbia Mountains, and in which he wrote "God's Country" and "The Trail to Happiness"



BEHIND this terrific thought, which, given its fullest freedom, develops into a degenerative mania, there is the vitally important kernel of reason, of cause, and of the necessity to kill. It is by the exaggerated use of this fundamental law of nature, the law which tells us that to fight and to kill are requisites to progress, that we have given to death its unwholesome and frightening aspect.

Death, instead of rousing our horror when it comes to ourselves, should be regarded as the most beautiful of all things. There are just two events over

(*Continued on page 157*)

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Smashing other people's idols was one of the things I did best

How To Make People Hate You!

I know that these recipes for unpopularity work because I have tried them all

By Marcus Eli Ravage

DRAWINGS BY C. H. SYKES

FOR a long time I had an uneasy feeling that my relations with people were not what they should be. You cannot go on forever losing friends without realizing sooner or later that something is wrong. At first I let it go at that. I did not deny that I was not as popular as I deserved to be. But the trouble, I whispered to myself, was that the world did not know enough to appreciate me.

Slowly, the full truth dawned upon me. I was forced to admit that something was wrong with *me*. It was a hard pellet to swallow, but it was an efficacious one. With confession came relief. As soon as I was ready to put the blame where it belonged, the tension began to ease up. Thank goodness, in the past year or two people have taken to talking about my irritating ways in the past tense.

I have gone back in memory of late in an effort to put my finger on the specific offenses of which I was guilty. The list is formidable enough to fill a book. In this article, I can describe only the ten outstanding ones that have been the most fruitful for mischief.

First in order comes my weakness for argument. It has probably got me into more trouble and lost me more friends than any other of my unfortunate habits. I just could not let a remark, however innocent and uncontroversial, pass unchallenged. That the other man was merely talking to pass the time and be agreeable was nothing to me.

"Wait a minute now," I would say. "I don't see that at all. I disagree with you entirely in this matter."

I recall an instance that is typical of scores of others. In the spring of 1924, my family and I were living in a small town near New York. Along about the first of May another family came out from the city to occupy the house next to us. My wife and the other woman soon became rather friendly. Our children and hers played together. But her husband, who was an engineer, was on the road a great deal and we did not see anything of him for more than a month. I was out in my back yard one Sunday morning when I saw him strolling over toward the hedge that separated our lots. The Democratic National Convention happened to be in session at the time, and as he got within speaking distance he remarked:

"Well, it looks as if Smith is going to get the nomination all right."

Now, I had been looking forward to meeting the man, and here he was taking the initiative and giving me the chance. I knew perfectly well, moreover, that he was not interested in Smith just then. He was merely breaking the ice with a timely topic. He might just as well have said something about the weather. But the argumentative demon in me swept my common sense aside, and, instead of agreeing with him and letting the conversation drift on, I replied:

"What? Smith? Not a ghost of a chance. You're all wrong."

I WENT on to give him facts and figures. My neighbor, a little taken aback by the political discussion he had so innocently provoked, listened politely, made one or two attempts to wrench the talk away to less serious topics, and, after a few minutes, gave up. Presently he found an excuse for getting away.

And from that day on he avoided me. Our wives remained friends. Our children continued to play together. But we two never

Dissatisfaction Guaranteed!

"THERE are many ways," says Mr. Ravage, "to make people leave you alone, but the following ten are the most effective I've practiced or heard about. Try them sometimes, if you want to lose your friends. But don't try them if you want to be happy!

1. "I don't agree with you at all." Insist upon starting a discussion, when the other fellow was only saying something to make conversation.
2. "I don't like your friend." Offer unsolicited critical comment about a man's friends or some member of his family. His wife or child will do.
3. "Anybody could do that." Minimize other people's accomplishments, especially those they are proud of.
4. "I know better." Offer authoritative information on every topic that comes up in a bunch of folks trying to have a good time. The nearer right you are, the surer you are to be disliked.
5. "I'll tell you exactly where you failed." Analyze your friends' mistakes and reverses when they are trying to forget them.
6. "As I was saying." Insist on dragging in your favorite topic among people interested in something else. If you can give it an air of being a subject that the group are too stupid or too ignorant to follow, so much the better.
7. "I thought you were going to—" Remind people of promises they made impulsively, or out of good-fellowship, but which you know they cannot keep.
8. "Let me show you how." Insist on holding the center of the stage.
9. "I used to think so a while back." Throw a wet blanket on other people's enthusiasms. If you can make it appear that their taste is antiquated, you will emerge superior to them, and they will love you all the more.
10. "That is nothing but prejudice." The surest way to succeed with this line is to pick on people's religious or patriotic sentiments.

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talked again. If I ran into him on the street, he would greet me affably enough. However, if he spied me in the garden from his veranda, he either stayed where he was, or, if he did come down, he took the cement walk in the opposite direction. I was somewhat puzzled. I had not meant to offend him. But he had made up his mind, it seemed, to keep out of controversy.

ANOTHER time, this unfortunate faculty of mine proved even costlier. I had gone to great trouble and expense to get close to a man I wanted to do business with. I rented a house on Cape Cod where he had his summer place. I joined the same country club. I wasted hours 'round the links and on the tennis courts. At last we became acquainted. We were thrown together in one or two tournaments, and I was glad to find that we were getting on together very nicely. Then came the opportunity I had waited for: my wife and I were invited to his home.

In the course of the afternoon, I managed to get half an hour alone with my host. I carefully broached the matter I was interested in. He appeared well disposed. The situation looked bright. My goal was in sight. And then, at the last minute, came the crash. Among the half-dozen guests was a young army officer who seemed to be generally admired for his wit. At the table, he kept everybody laughing with his ironical, good-humored sallies. I joined in the merriment with the others. But presently he made what I took as a vicious thrust at a public man whom I regarded with the highest respect.

"Rot!" I suddenly heard myself say. "Where do you get that libelous stuff?"

A deadly hush followed my outburst. I had spoiled the party.

I could not let a remark pass unchallenged

Needless to say, my hoped-for deal never came off. My host, whom I had spent so much effort to win, cooled toward the proposition. He had set me down as a scrapper—as a man with whom it would be difficult to work.

My proneness to argument was not the most offensive of my trouble-breeding ways. It only was the oftenest in evidence. A good deal more irritating, as I look back at it now, must have been another unhappy trick I had. It may be summed up in my oft-repeated comment, "Anybody can do that."

During the war, a cousin of mine was invalided home, with the Croix de Guerre. I was fond of the chap and I thought highly of his courage and patriotism. He had been one of the famous Lost Battalion. But when he showed me his decoration with boyish pride, I began to philosophize about the accidental nature of valor in war-time, about the abnormal stimulation that the soldier is subjected to, and about the small regard that men show for the heroism of peace. And I ended up by mentioning two other boys I knew, one of whom had got the Legion of Honor, and the other the Victoria Cross. No wonder my cousin dropped in upon us less and less often, and finally ceased to come altogether.

When the son of a neighbor of mine was graduated from Columbia University with honors, I recalled that I had gone through college in three years, and had got a much-coveted gold medal besides. And yet for months I couldn't understand the coolness that sprang up between my neighbor and me.

SOME years ago an author friend of mine was elected to a certain well-known society of arts and letters. I ran into him shortly afterward, and took the occasion to congratulate him. It was a real distinction, and I was sincerely glad for him. But as we walked along together, my perverse streak came to the surface. I mentioned two or three writers I knew abroad who were members of a similar body in their own country. Then I spoke of the great traditions of that other organization, and of the long list of historic figures that had graced its membership. Incidentally, I pointed to several people of no particular distinction who had previously been elected to the American society.

In conclusion, I recalled—and, I am afraid, magnified somewhat—several small honors that had come my own way, and some of which I declined. These things did not look so big to a man as he grew older, I added reflectively. My friend was piqued, and he showed it.

I should probably be keeping up this foolish and hateful practice to this day if I had not in good time met my match. The trouble with me for a long while was that my friends were too good-natured to hit back

Dave O'Ramey—to give him a name—must have grown pretty tired of it; but not tired enough, it would seem, to drop me. So he took the only other course left him: he broke me of the habit by an object lesson that could not be lost on me.

Dave has for a number of years been writing a daily editorial feature for a syndicate. It (*Continued on page 152*)

I must not overlook my habit of minimizing other people's honors

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Dick Byrd—Gentleman

By Fitzhugh Green

"NAVY—0 VISITORS—0"
Last quarter just starting.

THE setting sun casts a reddish glow against structures behind the field of battle when the first score comes: A spiraling punt, then a grimy crouching figure into which it disappears. Like a shot, the player is off. Gracefully he eludes the first attacker, half stumbles at the second, is protected by his own backfield against the third—fourth—fifth. . . .

A booming roar arises from the stands. Aged men and dignified old ladies struggle to their feet with all the others.

The runner is free!

Across the enemy goal line, squarely between the posts, speeds the slender figure and drops, a huddled patch of dirty blue and gold, against the brown turf underneath.

"*Four N yell, one Navy, three Dick Byrds!*" scream the cheer leaders.

"NAVY—6
VISITORS—0"

now reads the scoreboard.

A final kick-off. A few minutes of frantic effort by the desperate enemy against an impenetrable Navy defense, and the game is done. A snake dance over the field. A glorious day of days, a day that admirals remember and talk about when they command whole fleets of mighty battleships.

The team fights its way at a run through the crowd that is milling over the field in the dusk of early autumn. In the dressing-room coaches and players corner the hero, quarterback of the Navy football team.

"Great stuff, Dickie!"

"You showed 'em, fellow!"

But when the din shrinks a bit, and the grimy, happy lad can make himself heard, he spiritedly retorts, "*Yes, but I had ten good men to keep 'em off, didn't I?*"

Fifteen years pass. . . .

Muffled in oilskins to keep out the driving snow, stands the same slender navy quarterback braced against his steamer's bridge rail and peering out across the jagged floes that choke the little Spitzbergen harbor.

"Shall we anchor, Commander?" from the forecastle.

A second figure steps to the leader's side and swings an arm toward the only dock, where sulkily lies a small freighter, refusing to give way to the American expedition, for the very good reason that her own Norwegian countryman is hurtling north in his dirigible in hope of winning first honor in the great polar air race of 1926.

"We can't make her move, sir."

The words spell failure to the expedition, or what is paramount to failure; for first honors count nearly all in this curious human striving to do big things.

"Very well, Mulroy; anchor."

"But the plane, sir?"

The leader's sensitive lips go a shade tauter. Better than any he knows the big risk he is taking.

"We'll run her in over the ice."

"Impossible!"

Mulroy's mouth frames the word. But when he catches the look on his commander's face he does not utter it. Instead, he seizes a megaphone and hurls strident, rapid orders into the gale.

Hatches spout men, who struggle with frozen gear across the slippery decks. The ship anchors. The giant plane is hoisted out.

DAYS slip by, each twenty-four hours long. By ice raft and man power the ponderous monoplane is hauled ashore and up its snowy incline. The sleepless leader never seems to tire. His rival, Roald Amundsen, drops down out of the sky in a hulking airship. So close is the race that its very suspense is a burden upon the Americans.

"Looks good," says the leader simply, when the great moment comes to decide upon the weather. In ten minutes he is up and away: the first man to fly across the North Pole!

He succeeds. He returns home. New York greets him with that gay frenzy which only New York can attain. The same night, in Washington, before three thousand guests chosen from the most prominent citizens, the President of the United States pins upon the hero's breast the highest medal that can be given for such a feat.

Deafening applause. Then, silence, as the audience strains forward to hear Dick Byrd's first words. These words have changed but very little since football days:

". . . *Yes, but it was my men who assembled the plane and took it ashore, as well as Bennett, who dared to go with me, that made it possible.*"

Modesty. Generosity. Two words: the man.

Richard Evelyn Byrd was born in Virginia thirty-eight years ago of a family that had for three centuries been makers of American history. His lineage goes back to the Norman, Le Brid, who once based on Ver-sur-Mer in northern France, the very spot where Dick long afterward landed in his monoplane, in which he and three companions had flown across the Atlantic.

HIS father was a successful lawyer; his mother a famous Southern beauty. One brother now is governor of Virginia; the other is a grower of fine apples and pedigreed cattle.

At twelve Dick was a normal, bright-eyed youngster with just one unique trait: he wasn't content with the day dreams of the other lads his age; *he* wanted them to come true. When he proposed a trip around the world alone to his horrified mother, he wouldn't take "No" for an answer. He went. There was no fuss about it. He wasn't the kind who makes a fuss about such things. He had an itinerary laid out in advance, a credit or so on the way, and a burning desire to see if his geography had told the truth. This journey was the first record he made; and so was prophetic of his future.

In 1908 he entered Annapolis. I had just finished a third year there. Some weeks later the following colloquy took place between us two in a corridor of Bancroft Hall:

"Hey, who are you?"

"Midshipman Byrd, suh."

"Where from?"

"Vuh-ginia, suh."

"Think you're good-looking, don't you?"

"No, suh."

"All right"—savagely—"forward, march!"

"Aye, aye, suh."

But there was (*Continued on page 75*)

What's the Sense in All These Reckless Flights?

IN 1926 Commander Byrd flew over the North Pole. In 1927 he flew across the Atlantic Ocean, from New York to France. He is now preparing to fly over the South Pole. With a friend he was discussing his plans.

"But, Dick, what's the sense of all this? What good does it do?"

The intrepid young aviator smiled that fascinating smile of his.

"If you stop to reason it out," he replied, "you will see that these stunts add to human knowledge and spread control of the earth by mankind." And then, leaning a little closer to his friend as if he were confiding a secret, he continued, "But I have a hunch that the real value of it lies in sort of keeping things moving—egging other fellows on to do something bigger. Like the old game of banter. Don't you remember it?"

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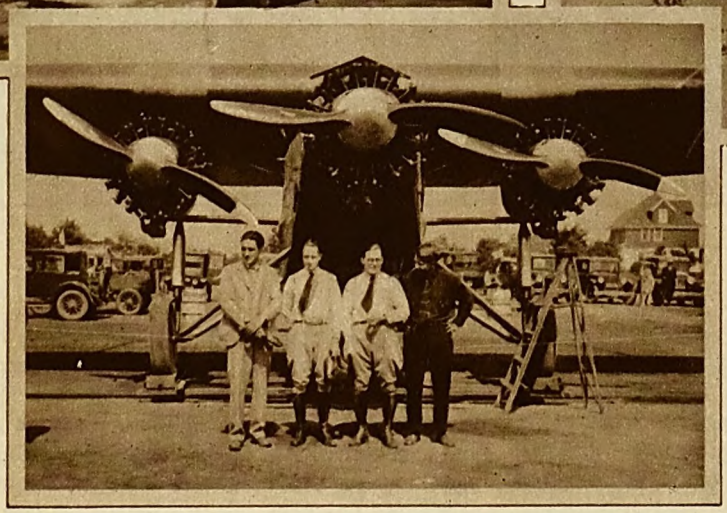
COMMANDER RICHARD BYRD, U. S. N., has won the admiration of the world not less for his achievements in aviation than for his modesty, generosity, and sportsmanship. Byrd entered the U. S. Naval Academy, at Annapolis, in 1912, and was graduated four years later with every promise of a brilliant naval career. Retired, because of an injury to his foot, before he passed the rank of lieutenant, he prevailed on the Navy to use him as an aviator. Since that time, eleven years ago, he has never been off active duty; and flights across the Atlantic, across the North Pole, twenty-one citations, three promotions to higher rank, decorations from our own and from foreign governments, indicate that he has been busy. He is married and has four children. (Below) Unloading Byrd's plane, the "Josephine Ford," in Arctic waters.

Photographs by Wide World



BYRD, Noville, and Bennett (above) testing out their life raft for the Atlantic flight. (Left) Bert Acosta, Commander Byrd, Lieutenant George Noville, and Bernt Balchen, photographed in front of the giant Fokker monoplane "America," before the now historic New York-to-France flight.

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Photograph by B. F. Armiger

Ernest T. Trigg

MR. TRIGG has had extraordinary opportunity during his long career to study the college man and the so-called "uneducated" man in business, and in the accompanying article he gives you some of his very pointed conclusions. He is now president and general manager of John Lucas and Company, of Philadelphia, and is a director in numerous other large enterprises. In addition to this, he is active in civic matters, and has rendered valuable service in many capacities outside of his business affiliations. Mr. Trigg was born in Aurora, Illinois, in 1877. He came to John Lucas and Company nearly twenty years ago, first as general manager. This picture shows him on his farm near Philadelphia.

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Do You Need Brains To Get Ahead In Business?

By Ernest T. Trigg

WHY is it," a perplexed friend recently asked me, "that so many uneducated, stolid sort of men rise in business, while hers of education and brilliant minds l?"

My friend was of that type which places st emphasis in rating another on purely ental equipment. Carefully schooled and a bookish turn himself, independent ough in fortune to be free of the necesy of worrying about his livelihood, he as nevertheless quite agited over what he chose to gard as Fate's "most unuitable distribution of reards in business life."

"Business," he kept insting, "has no room for ains!" He was almost tter in his denunciation. ne of his close friends, it d happened, a man of unestioned mental caliber, t long before had gone on the rocks of executive ilure; and, as if to rub salt to the wound, the position hich he had held at the ad of a company founded his father was now filled an ex-mechanic, who, hile thoroughly capable in business sense, had no ore intellectual culture an a good-natured bear. hat was more, the former echanic, who made no etense at brilliance, was pidly reëstablishing the mpany which his brainy redecessor had almost recked.

"I could understand it," ntinued my friend, "if Tom had not ied; but he did try. He gave his best to e business, worried about it, sat up ghts. All that any man could do, he did."

Just to make the record complete, he ight have added that his friend had made important changes in the company's ecutive personnel and policies. He had ade no startling improvements; but ither had he made any glaring mistakes. here was no one act of his on which a agnostician could place a finger, and say: Here was your fault; you failed because that."

THEN why had he failed? He had education, ability, health. He had worked relessly. He had not been hampered by ck of money, and he had been open to lvice. He was not unpopular with his ssociates. To requote my friend, Why *do* many men of this sort make a fizzle in business, and why *are* so many of our great concerns headed by former office boys, janitors, mechanics, and blacksmiths? Are brains a help or a handicap in business?

It is an interesting question. I have known business men who positively would not hire a college-trained man. There are hundreds who shy from the palpably brilliant man. And I could name at least one leader of business with an income close to a million dollars a year, who asserts bluntly and loudly that brains cut very little figure in profit-making. "If brains were essential to business success," says this man, "I would still be driving a delivery wagon. I have clerks in my employ who are smarter and better educated than I am. I have men who can write three scholarly degrees after their names, but who'll never earn more than five or six thousand dollars a year."

The latter statement could be made by the head of virtually every large business. Specialized departments of big corporations are filled with brainy men whose salaries, when compared with those of chief executives, are insignificant.

Let us concede at the outset that there is a reason for this condition, and that the reason is based on sound practice. Boards of directors, which are elected by stockholders, have their eyes fixed on a single goal—profits. Their votes are cast for the man who, they believe, can produce profits, regardless of the color of his eyes or what school he attended. The question is not, "Does he know Latin and Greek?" but, "Does he know business?" and, specifically, "Does he know this particular business and can he *make it pay?*"

Profit, in a word, is the gauge of business success. Wipe out profits, and you wipe out business and the motive for its being. Your gas company supplies you with gas, which is a service; but it exacts more for the service than it costs; the railroad conveys you to your destination and meets a public need; but its stockholders expect a dividend on the investment they have placed at your disposal.

Keeping this fact of profit in mind, at once it becomes evident that when the chemist remains a chemist while the sales manager becomes president, it is because the chemist is not regarded as a profit producer, whereas the sales manager is; that when the college man fails to rise to business leadership, it is because he has not passed the *test* for that leadership. The fault certainly cannot be with business, for business cannot help itself in the matter of profits if it is to exist. Then the fault, if you care to call it that, must be with the man himself, or with his training.

Keep in mind, however, that we are not discussing life, but only a single phase of it—the business phase. I do not attempt to go beyond the facts as they are true in business alone.

To be explicit, suppose we summarize it thus: When what we call "brains" are productive of profits, they are wanted in business by all means, even sought by it; but when "brains" are not concerned with profits, business, of necessity, has no use for them. The mere fact that a man is brilliant and educated is not a business qualification. The fact that he is a profit producer, on the contrary, conceivably may qualify him, though he lacks everything else.

There are men of wonderful intellect and education who are profit producers. Numerous of our big corporations are headed by these men, as proof aplenty that business does not bar brains. The question of brains in business, then, does not involve a class, as my friend seemed to think; it is solely a question of adaptation of individuals.

Moreover, these (*Continued on page 100*)

Money—Money—Who Gets the Money?

"WHEN brains are productive of profits, they are wanted in business," says Mr. Trigg; "but when brains do not help to make profits, business is not willing to pay for them. Specialized departments of big corporations are filled with 'brainy' men whose salaries, when compared with those of chief executives, are insignificant. A brilliant chemist, if his employer is liberal, may receive from a great corporation a bonus of a few thousand dollars for a discovery that makes possible a new product; but the sales manager who creates a market for that product may draw the amount of the bonus in his monthly pay envelope. The purely technical man rarely achieves the direction of big business, even when the business itself is technical in nature. At first blush this may seem unfair; but it's all a part of the game of profit and loss."

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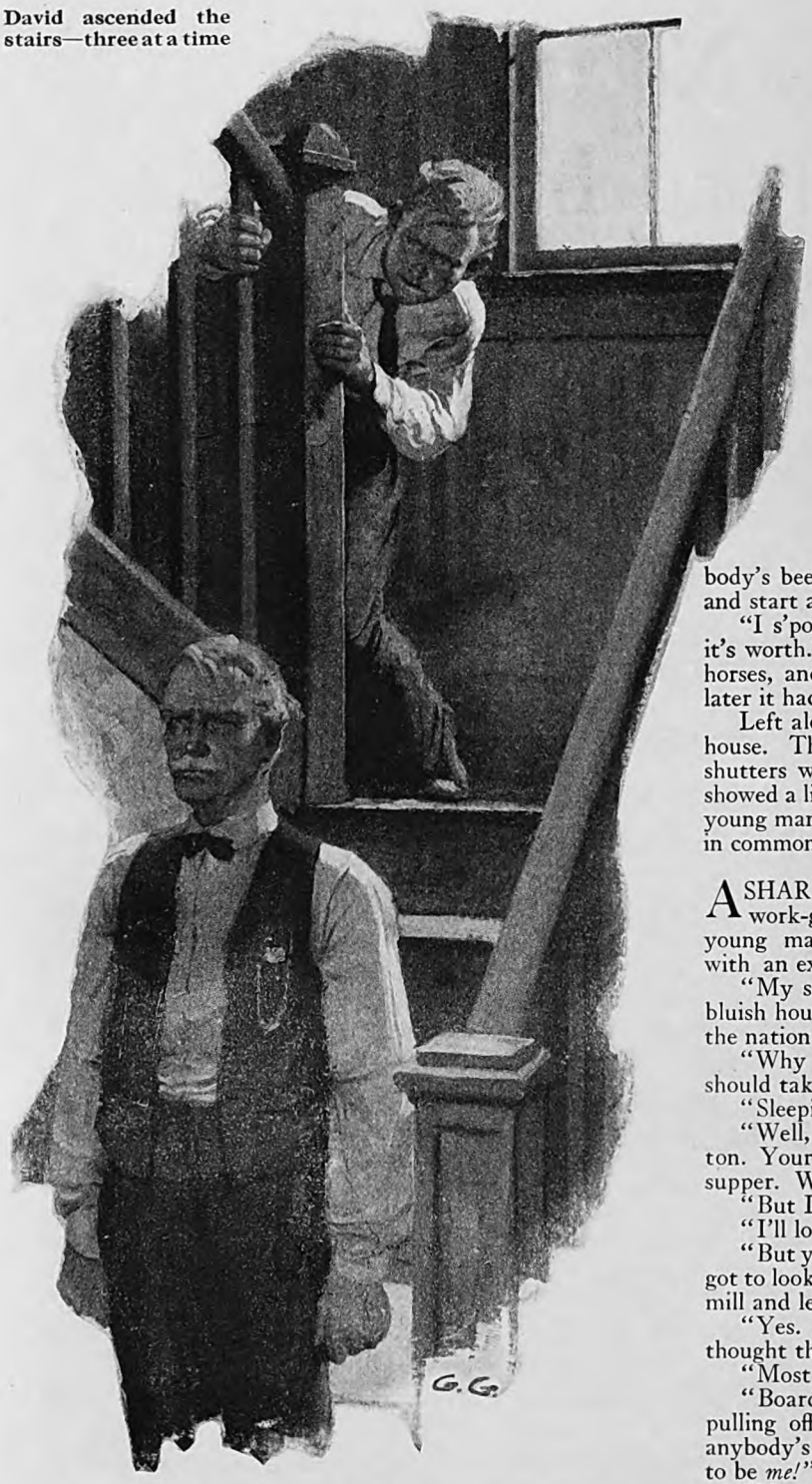
David ascended the stairs—three at a time



Ask Any Father

A story

By William Dudley Pelley

Illustrated by George Giguère

A HEAVY rubber-tired hack, drawn by black horses, turned into a Vermont town side street in early autumn dusk.

Along under naked maples it rumbled, jounced ponderously on cross-walks, broke through brittle surface ice on tops of puddles, to halt before a nondescript two-story house where the street ran out in pasture.

A door of this vehicle opened. A young man descended.

He did not step down as though expecting anyone in the house to receive him. He alighted and closed the hack door dully, impersonally. The bewhiskered old driver looked down in compassion.

"Anything special I can do for you, Calvin? I know how hard to-night'll be. Been through a coupla such nights m'self."

"No, no, Mr. Fodder. I'll be all right. Just send your bill when you get around to it—"

"Pshaw, you don't pay me nothin'. It's all included in Blake Whipple's bill. Sure there ain't nothin' I can do for you, Calvin?"

"No, no. You've been mighty kind, Mr. Fodder. Everybody's been kind. It's just up to me to pull myself together and start all over."

"I s'pose so, Calvin. Well, you got my sympathy, such as it's worth." And the driver tightened his reins, spoke to his horses, and swung the hack in a graceful circle. A moment later it had gone down the street.

Left alone in autumnal quiet, the young man stared at the house. The down-stairs tenement appeared unoccupied; its shutters were closed. An upper kitchen window at the rear showed a light, but the structure had a forsaken aspect, and the young man shivered—as though he and the domicile had much in common.

A SHARP-FEATURED woman with rusty gray hair and work-gnarled hands turned with nervous solicitation at the young man's entrance. He came into that upper kitchen with an expression on his face not of weariness but of *age*.

"My stars," she cried, "is it over so quick?" She wore a bluish house dress and red worsted shawl. Any community of the nation would quickly identify her as "a neighbor."

"Why not, Mrs. Thurston? What was there about it that should take any time? Where's the boy?"

"Sleepin' in the sitting-room."

"Well, I don't want to trouble you any more, Mrs. Thurston. Your own husband will be coming home and wanting his supper. We'll get along all right."

"But I ain't got your baby's food—"

"I'll look after it, Mrs. Thurston."

"But you're goin' to get a woman in, ain't you? Somebody's got to look after this place. You can't keep to your work in the mill and leave a little baby."

"Yes. . . . I suppose so. To tell you the truth, I hadn't thought that far ahead. I don't know yet just what I will do."

"Most men in your fix would board the baby out."

"Board him *out!*" The young man turned in the act of pulling off his overcoat. His mouth tightened harder. "If anybody's going to take care of Davy from now on, it's going to be *me!*"

"You mean you're goin' to keep up this home an' everything?"

"But there's nothing else I can do. . . . There's nothing else I want to do. I'll find someone who'll come in and stay through the days. As for the nights—I'm glad I've got him. . . . Davy, I mean. I don't know what I'd do without him. Never mind how he turns out, Mrs. Thurston, he'll always stand for one year of absolute happiness in my life. Never mind what other years ahead may bring, the one year that's passed will always be . . . sacred."

Tears filled the man's eyes then as he turned to hang up his coat. They got into his voice, so he said no more. But as he started for the sitting-room door, Mrs. Thurston—who had reached for her hat—cast it from her impulsively.

"John Thurston can get his own supper. I'm stayin' right here until you feel better. I guess I know my duty when I see it. I'll get you some vittles and you're goin' to eat 'em." Saying which, to hide her own emotion the good woman began pushing and shoving stew-pans and kettles vigorously about on the stove top.

The man went into the sitting-room. A shadeless oil lamp, its wick turned low, burned on a shelf between two windows.

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ts dim light revealed the location of a baby's crib between the enter table and a sewing machine—now forever quiet.

He reached for the lamp and set it down on the table. He ulled a chair alongside the crib. He sank in this chair, bent ver with elbows on his knees. Mutely he studied his child.

It lay on its side, face toward its father. Faintly, regularly, ame the breath from its tiny lungs. Toylike hands with small ink fingers curled—were clasped before its face—tender, agile hands, absurdly weak to grapple with ruthless adversaries in the years which stretched ahead. Out from under the annel blanket had been thrust one chubby foot.

The wobbly pinkish head, the contour of eyebrows and eatures, the tiny damp eyelids, the rosebud lips, the small oist chin, these the man saw as through a mist. And the nterrogation written large upon those baby features, even in umber, he tried in dumb anguish to answer from his own hard nowledge of the world and Life.

Calvin Peck spoke scarcely a word, not even a whisper, in e sitting-room with his son that night, while the Thurston oman prepared his supper. But the thoughts that he thought ere long, long thoughts. . . .

A comradeship existed now etween this sleeping infant and imself which had not existed itherto. There was no bitterness in the man's heart for what ad happened; only a deep, unpeakable, overwhelming gratitude that in the aftermath of the agedy there was one who hared it, even though years and ears must pass before the child ame to realize the burden it ad borne.

SPRINGS, summers, autumns, winters—season upon season, ear upon year—these stretched head for the sleeping boy. Days of happiness and nights of eartbreak; weeks of delirious nticipation; months of cruel isillusion; interludes of hope; eriods of triumph; hours in ethsemane—God has decreed at Everyman shall know them.

So Everyman sees in his boy e mirror of himself: his own rials, his own testings, his own spirations, his ambitions, his innings, and, alas, many times, is Calvaries. And Calvin Peck, the greatest Calvary of his fe, projected much of his own life ahead r his son, and was mellow with thankfulness that he was privileged to be the one walk beside the lad and point Life out him . . . "as rivers that water the oodland, darkened by shadows of earth, et reflecting an image of heaven."

His boy must be something finer and etter than *he* had been, or would ever be. n the son all the unvoiced urges and asirations of the father's heart must ower. As the lad attained manhood, he ust stand forth for what the father light Have Been—and for that attainent the father stood ready to pay all the osts.

It was a Saturday afternoon in June, he year that little David Peck reached urteen, however, before the first real ntimation of what might lie in store for both of them ame to the man who on that empty November night ad made his sleeping son a Promise.

The firm of Prentiss and Sibley had lately merged ith the Thorne Knitting Mills, and Calvin's prospects ere looking up. Hard work had raised him to be plant uperintendent.

Yet it was *only* plant superintendent. Fifteen years f his early maturity had gone, and he filled no greater iche in the universal scheme of things than overseeing the manufacture of twenty gross of union suits each day up in a mountain-locked little New England town.

The man was tired. Spring hillsides were calling. Something higher and finer and better in earthly existence was calling, something that would feed his soul, lift him from an environment of crass machinery and flashing needles up onto a social stratum ". . . where calm-eyed people walked the summits of life, and the east was ever a sunrise."

David came into the room.

HE HAD grown into a sandy-haired, blue-eyed, sturdily-built youngster, with omnipresent grin and two ready fists. Calvin was increasingly proud of him. He was *all man.* And yet there had been times when the father wondered if he had not erred in giving him no foster-mother, who might have supplied a feminine touch to the lad's character and impregnated his subconscious with a sense of the delicate and beautiful.

"Boy," proposed the father, "let's take the afternoon off and go for a stroll in the hills. I want to talk to you—"

"Aw, hake, I don't wanna go walkin' over hills! I gotta date to go down the river. A lot of us kids are makin' a dandy

The yards where Calvin found his boy were a pandemonium of profanity, shriekings, rivetings, whistlings, scrappage, and bewildering clutter. When the father recognized his son, his sight wavered

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water-wheel over on the East Fork."

"A water-wheel!"

"Yeah. An' it works swell. . . . You oughta come an' see it!"

"I'll be glad to come and look it over, son," the man agreed.

After all, his suggestion of the walk in the country had really been to get acquainted with his son—or to stay acquainted with him—despite the time his work demanded. Perhaps he could maintain that camaraderie in inspecting water-wheels as well as in watching butterflies or reading extracts from the classics.

Calvin went and looked at the water-wheel, and came away later thinking moodily. He had every reason to be proud of his son's mechanical turn of mind, and yet in another way it seemed so sordid. It seemed sordid to him because it must lead only to an existence in maturity circumscribed even as the father's had been circumscribed.

Calvin felt that he had sold his life to cogs and wheels and spinning bobbins—which epitomized manufactured products necessary to earthly life perhaps, but which assayed down at last to not much more than the making of money. Water-wheels belonged with these. They were things rendered unto Cæsar; whereas, deep in his intimate heart, the father had a blind, throbbing ache to have the lad for whom he was slaving render unto God—

Still, Calvin was too wise a parent not to be grateful that his son was showing any proclivities at all. He would not consent to David's leaving school when other boys took jobs at fourteen to help support families or to earn their own spending money. If he were mechanically minded, the father was cheerfully willing that the lad should go through technical college and perchance become an engineer.

But to become something outside and above the Great Middle Class was the thing!

Then, in the youngster's nineteenth year, like a bolt from the blue, came an episode which the town, as a town, has not ceased to talk about on occasion, even down to the present.

CALVIN had worked late at the mill one night, supervising the installation of new machinery. David's hysterical 'phone call implored his presence at home. As he opened the front door the son stole fearfully down the stairs to meet him.

"Dad, you come through town, didn't you? Did you . . . *hear anything?*"

Calvin hooked his cheap straw hat mechanically on the hall tree. A presentiment came to him that he was about to pass through one of life's great crucibles.

"What was there to hear, my son?" he asked.

The son averted his glance. His face was deathly pale. He began walking the lower hall with hands thrust deep in his trousers pockets. His hair was awry. Dried blood smeared his lip.

"Dad, I gotta have some money—quick! I gotta get out of this place. If you won't gimme some dough, I gotta hop the Boston freight."

"In God's name, son, what's happened?"

Tears swelled into the lad's eyes then, and with a great heart wrench the father saw him as still the motherless young tad who had not yet learned to sidestep earth's pitfalls, who . . . perhaps, had already plunged down one of them.

"I gotta get out o' this place—to-night!"

"What have you done? Out with it! *Everything!*"

"It wasn't my fault, Dad. I swear it wasn't my fault. B-b-but—I got into a fight—on Cross Street—with Mickey Blodgett."

"You got in a fight over what?"

"It—it—was over a skirt, Dad. A girl. I laid Mickey out c-c-cold."

Calvin reached for his boy and gripped him. "You laid him out cold!"

"He never . . . moved, Dad . . . after I biffed him."

"Great heavens, you haven't done *murder?*"

"I don't know, Dad. I just gotta get out of this place, that's all. I gotta—"

"Over a girl, you say? What girl?"

"Lizzie Taro."

Calvin reeled. Poor little Lizzie Taro, slovenly daughter of the town's worst drunkard—his boy had fought a man for *her*. But his face grew strong:

"See here, son. If you're a lad of mine there'll be no running away. You'll stay right here, and face the music—if there's going to be music."

"I can't, Dad, I can't! I picked the fight. I struck him first—"

"NEVER mind. Stay, and face it. If you're responsible, all I own will go toward making your punishment light. If you're not, they can't punish you at all. But as for running, like a craven coward—"

"I'm not a coward. But I'm in dutch with the bunch at the Process Works—Mickey's friends. They'll swear I—"

Voices were heard outside in the street. They came nearer—into the yard. Heavy footsteps on the hollow veranda followed. The voices of many persons—abrupt, ear-splitting knocks like thumps on a coffin—these Calvin heard as in a daze. He moved toward the door, recognizing the demands of Chief Hogan.

In that instant David ascended the stairs—three at a time.

"Mickey's not dead, Mr. Peck," the officer subsequently announced when the door had been opened upon a group of ugly-faced men. "But I'll have to take the boy for assault and battery."

"David!" cried the father, calling up the stairs.

No David answered. The boy had sped through the upper hall and into his bedroom. Locking the door, he had fled by a window, down over the roof of the porch.

They never caught David Peck.

When house and neighborhood were finally quieted, Calvin went to his room.

It was a peaceful August night. The valley was flooded with moonshine. The father walked to the south window and stood looking out upon the sleeping countryside, where the tree toads were trilling and the stars were very high. . . .

"God in heaven," he begged brokenly, "where have I erred? I dreamed so much—and it's come to *this!*"

Soft breezes of evening wafted the curtains. A switching engine coughed faintly on the other side of town. The world was dreamy and old—and sadly beautiful.

To the man in those moments came memories of another night, back across the years, when he had studied a sleeping boy-child lying on his side in a homemade crib—toylike hands and exquisite fingers clasped together before his face, absurdly weak then to grapple with ruthless adversaries in the world ahead.

Now, somewhere out across those moonlit miles, that same son might be clinging with death grip to the truss rods of a hurtling, rocking, thundering freight, in horrible peril of mangling beneath the shrieking wheels. Calvin gripped the lowered window sash in the agony of his despair.

THAT night was his real Gethsemane, the final Gethsemane of every parent. No matter how watchful the care, how great the solicitude, how overwhelming the advantages and opportunities and enticements and awards that have followed a lad through boyhood, inexorably come those years when the passions of a man are unleashed, while his body is still controlled by the judgment of a little child. Those are the anxious years, in which the parent may do nothing—except to suffer and pray, and dare to hope that God is in His heaven.

"Into Your hands I deliver him," Calvin whispered huskily, eyes closed. "Keep him and watch over him. I've done my best. You too have been a father. You can understand."

Calvin's hair whitened almost in a night. *That* night!

In the week which followed, he went to old Jim Thorne. "I'm quitting the business, Jim," said he. "I've had enough."

"You're quittin' the business! What you aimin' to do, start on a hunt for your kid?"

"The world's too wide, Jim. I wouldn't know where to look. Besides, what could I do that I haven't done already? The boy's different from me. It seems almost as though our paths were meant to separate from the first. And perhaps it's on the Books that such an experience is exactly what Dave needs to show him what a father really means in his life."

"What you goin' to do with yourself? You can't hang 'round and mope."

"I don't intend to mope, at least more than I can help. I've got quite a little money saved that was going to pay for Dave's college education. Seeing he's never given a rap for a college education, I guess it's all right for me to buy a few things I've always hungered for for myself—without exactly knowing how much I hungered for them."

"What, for instance?"

"Books. A few pictures. The right kind of a house to keep them in, where I can properly enjoy them. There's a lot of reading I've wanted all my life to do, and never had the time: geology, biology, law, travel. I'm not exactly what you'd call artistic. But there are lots of things that trim life and make it worth living that I've never had time to do. Now my anvils and millstones have sort of dropped away. I figure I can do it with a clear conscience."

"Ain't gonna leave town, be you, Calvin?"

"No, no, I love these Green Mountains too much. Think I'll buy the Winship house out on the Bryant's Corners road, and for a sort of work go into another thing I've always wished I could follow up—dogs."

"Dogs! Whatta you mean?"

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"Raise 'em. etters. I had one nce, years ago. le lost his life aving the life of a ttle child. I've ever gotten over ıy love for the reed. Maybe you ɔuld call it a sort f monument to ıat dog's memory I went in for a ennel."

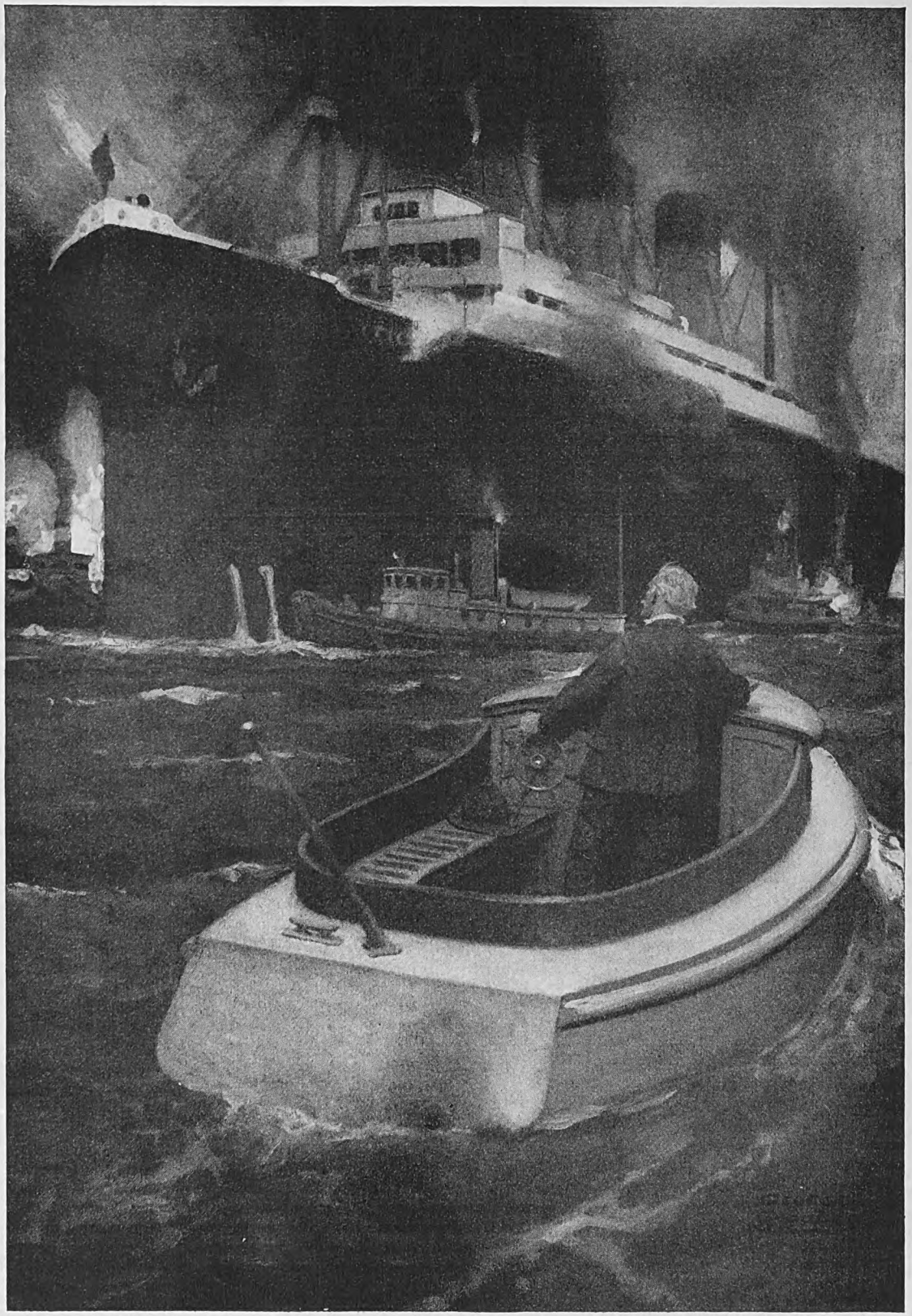
Jim Thorne sat ı thought a long me after Calvin ad left him. Poor Cal," the ıill man sighed. Wife and boy ɔth gone, and he ıst wants some-ıin' to love . . . ıat'll love him ıck. So he turns ɔ dogs. Well, ell. Lots o' orse things a man ɔuld love than a ɔg!"

THE ex-superintendent of the cal knitting mills ıd buy the Win-ıip place; he got housekeeper to ɔ out there with im, erected some ıutbuildings, ought two fine ıordons, settled own to live as est he could in is new incarna-on. And tried to ɔrget.

But where is ıe man who can ıccessfully forget son if that boy e still living?

The boyhood reams that he as watched on ıe face of his rowing young-ɛer, wonderings at he phenomenon f the universe as unfolds before im, the tragedies f childhood and ıe heartburns of dolescence as they ame with the ears, memories of nall tightly set ps when pain of ody or soul was borne stoically, because ɛoicism is the first attribute of a man, ays when the father had tried in mute nguish to get close to the soul of his ıd, and made the discovery that they ɛre two different persons—how many ours the man lived these over while is eyes were mechanically fixed on his andiwork of the moment!

Nights came also when he thought of his ɔn battling the world alone, and awoke to ıncy he had heard wild, pitiful cries: "Father! Father!" coming as from a little boy lost in the tortuous immensities of a desert. And the father could not respond, because he could not tell whence the boy was calling. What man could forget?



"Merciful God! . . . That's my boy's ship! . . . My little son Davy. *He made it!*"

FOR David stayed away. He might have lost his clutch on the truss rods of that Boston freight and been mangled beneath its wheels that August night, for all the father knew. Having little in common with Calvin temperamentally, and fleeing Vermont under the onus of what he assumed to have been a tragedy—communication with the father meaning apprehension—David's silence was not unnatural. For over ten years Calvin Peck had no son.

In an austere little white house with red blinds out on the Crossing road, he lived—a well-kept little house up on a walled banking behind some maples. Out behind an equally trim white barn were some puppy runs; (*Continued on page 97*)

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The Time To Teach A Child And The Time To Leave It Alone

By Angelo Patri

THE growth of a child is a rhythmic process, each step in due season, each stride forward in the ripeness of time. Successful teaching means the understanding of this rhythm, the seizing of this instant of highest power, the setting of the child in the attitude for getting the best out of his moment of high opportunity.

Browning sighs at the nicety of life's adjustments:

> Never the time and the place
> And the loved one all together!

Something of the same difficulty underlies the teacher's sigh, "I can't teach that child! He won't pay attention. He isn't interested in his lessons."

We know to a day when to set potatoes. We know to a day the length of the growing season we may count on for them. We follow the market curves, and decide whether to sell or to store. We know the tides, and we sail our ships to their rhythm. Our traffickings are done to the rhythm of established laws, well understood and cautiously obeyed. But teaching? Education?

We know now that there are distinct seasons of growth in the lives of children, one spiraling about another and another as long as growth lasts. We know that at the height of each growing season we can teach the facts and principles and processes of that period under the best possible conditions and with the best results. We know, too, that if, through neglect or ignorance or any other cause, we let that season slip by without putting in our best teaching there will result a loss of power that can scarcely be made good.

In the period of infancy, the first two years or so, a child learns to sit up, to stretch his back, to creep, to walk. He makes a great effort, takes punishment each time he falls, undergoes fatigue, overcomes resistance, always impelled by his great desire to walk—at this time. If for any reason his walking time goes by without his learning to walk, it requires great effort to induce him to make the struggle and he is usually handicapped for years to come.

Close to the walking period lies the talking period. They overlap each other, and are equally imperative hungers of the emerging child. Speech is a tremendously important power, expressing as it does the content, the quality, the very essence of the intelligence of the child. From two to seven, roughly estimating something that varies with the individual, is the high season of language power. It is then that the child is hungry to learn words and words and more words. He experiments with language, makes great efforts to tell his story, to train his speech organs, to collect and arrange a vocabulary. We ought to encourage him in every way possible. But do we?

During these experimental days the child's tongue wags incessantly. His memory for sounds is keen, and he imitates all he hears and adds a little of his own. He will chant nonsense rhymes by the hour, for his love of rhythm and repetition are strong now, urging him on to acquire speech form. He delights in such gems as:

> Mousey tousey dousey wousey
> Lived by himself in a little housey,
> Ate his cheese from a little pouchey,
> Hey—aa—ya, little mousey.

The last line shouted with terrific force, bringing down both feet in a resounding thump.

THE first time one hears this lovely ditty it brings a smile of sympathy and understanding. The fourth and fifth repetitions bring a look of suffering patience, but the hundredth one brings wrath and a shout, "Stop that everlasting ding-dong. You hear? Think I can stand your everlasting ding-donging in my ears from morning to night? Go on away from here."

Two-years sidles around the corner of the porch, and warily sings, "Ding-dong, ping-pong, morning, evening, ding-dong."

Better give him a vacant lot or the back yard or the garage room and let him have it out. He is educating his tongue, and the better he does it now the stronger his language power will be later on. Instead of hurling wrathful words at his head we should begin pouring the treasures of our language before him. It is now we tell him the legends and fairy tales, feed him nonsense rhymes—every child should know Mother Goose and Edward Lear by heart by the time he is six. We should be listening to him and answering intelligently, like the appreciative audience we are supposed to be. Listen and talk back now, so that in the later years the way of communication between parent and child can never be quite closed.

IT IS during this period that little children pick up "bad words." Take the case of Fritzie. He was a very intelligent little fellow who delighted in the garage a few doors from his home. He went there at every opportunity, and he made them if none offered. He imitated whatever he saw or heard, and the men thought it funny to teach him dramatic words. It delighted them to see the child struggle to screw a nut on a bolt, all the while addressing it in terms that would put a black pirate to shame.

One evening shortly after his fifth birthday he startled the family at dinner by letting loose a charge of terrific words at a bit of steak he could not cut. His brothers and sisters gasped in consternation, but Father and Mother seemed not to have heard. Soon he spilled his tumbler of water, and again he swore mightily. Nobody noticed him as he jumped up and shook the water off and gazed at his flooded plate. The silence troubled him, and he took his place again, wiggling uneasily, wondering what was wrong.

After dinner the family held a council, and Mother said, "I have decided that the best thing to do with him is to be silent when he uses that language. We cannot keep him from hearing such words. We cannot keep him a prisoner. He will have to learn to pick his language, and if we here at home use only the best in his hear-

The Hardest Thing Parents Have to Do

"THERE comes a time in the life of a child when parents and teachers must retreat to the background," says Mr. Patri, "and allow the new man or woman to strike out for himself. This is very difficult for parents to accept, especially for mothers. Most mothers want to hold fast to a child long after nature has matured him and shoved him out. He must go. He must loosen the bonds that tie him to home, and he must put the lessons and the experiences of infancy and childhood to the test. He must find himself, and his elders must take their hands off and bid him Godspeed."

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ng he will come to know better in time."

The next day she went to the garage, and asked the men to be more careful about the language they taught the little boy who liked them well enough to visit them daily and copy their words and their manners. Couldn't they help a bit? That was enough. Fritzie soon dropped it all, and talked as well as any other little five-year-old, and better. He had varied language experiences, and had learned to select some words and reject some others. I do not recommend the experience but it is not tragic; just a part of the language phase.

Children learn speech that is dramatic very quickly. If we did our foreign-language teaching when children are young we would get far better results. We should get the fundamental words of the new language to the ears of the little folks at this high tide of language growth, instead of waiting until it has ebbed, and then trying to launch it by way of the grammar and the rules. What we accomplish then in pain and effort we could better do in joy and with ease in the lower elementary grades.

IN EACH growth period there are character phases to be emphasized and made part of the child's personality. In this infancy period we teach the most important character phase, the ground timbers, Yes and No. Think what it means to have a child understand those two big words! Not in his first years, of course, will their full power and meaning come to him; but the fundamental elements of them must be registered early, or they will have to be registered later in tears and bitterness.

When you feel compelled to say "No" to a baby be very sure that it is No that you mean, and do not allow it to become "Well, maybe. Possibly. We'll see. Perhaps, if you cry long enough or fuss enough." Think well and then hold fast, for "No" must be No if this child is to know where he is going, and, later on, why.

If the Yes and the No are used wisely after due thought, it does not take long for the child to recognize that fact, and with the recognition comes a deep trust and confidence in the love and rightness of Father and Mother. Instead of being an irritating barrier without rhyme or reason, save the whim of a stronger will, it becomes the barrier of safety and protection erected by the patient love and understanding care of Father and Mother.

The dignity and the sincerity of the Yes and No are strong factors in the effect it has on the character of the child. He in his turn will make his "Yea," yea, and his "Nay," nay, and there will be a reflected wisdom in them, a mellowed tolerance, a sturdy uprightness that form a will and a purpose of steel in the day of trial. Think long and well about the Yes and the No. They go far, far down the years.

Each stage of growth has its own difficulties as well as its high spots. The period of childhood which follows infancy, somewhere along between the seventh and the twelfth years, is a trying time for mothers and children. This is a period of experimenting, a time for testing life and its experiences as the child meets them. Part baby, part savage, part civilized being; now demanding recognition of powers he does not possess, now weeping for the shelter of his mother's arms, now proudly proclaiming his independence, the child struggles toward the new personality so vaguely sensed.

Vague is the term for the child mind of this season. Nothing is clean-cut; nothing is sure. The things he firmly believed yesterday are the silly stories of to day. Santa Claus goes bundling into the rag bag; fairies are denied admittance; the sandman is pooh-poohed. Mother's helping hand is rudely pushed away and then loudly demanded. Grown-ups are lions in the path, and the only comfort found in a changing world is play and the settled, fixed things like rules and tables and lists of dates and capes and gym formations—things that are the same each time you go back to them. Repetitive rhythm lends pleasure to classroom routine, and boisterous, unorganized play fills long, happy hours.

IN THIS time of confusion the child loves facts. He can hold fast to facts. He believes in them. "Look, Allen," says a father. "See these little heaps of earth? The earthworm makes them and, you see, in that way the soil is—"

"Yea. Dad, how many blades of grass are there in this plot, d'ye think?"

"A billion trillion three hundred million eighteen thousand seven hundred and six," says Father, in bitter irony.

"Whoo-ee. That's a lot, isn't it, Dad? How many grass blades d'ye think it takes to cover the whole world? The whole round world all over, I mean?"

Now don't be sarcastic and don't be ironical. He does not understand that sort of spirit. He takes you as a fact. He takes what you tell him as a fact. He wants to number and label and classify, and put his house in order. This is the time for gathering tools—facts. With them childhood is content. It is time to teach rules, and tables, and formulas, and grammar, and lists, and exceptions, and spelling. It is no time for explanations and reasonings. Childhood cuts them short.

"Oh, never mind that stuff," says a boy to his parent who is helping with his lessons. "She never asks us that. You just turn this one upside down, and then you cross out the even ones and then you multiply and you get the right answer. That's all there is to it. If you tell me all that other stuff you get me all mixed up." (*Continued on page 140*)

If You Ask Me:

Discussion exercises the mind; argument exercises only the tongue

THE difference between discussion and argument is the difference between a man who is trying to go somewhere and a man who is trying to stay just where he is.

The man who enters into a discussion is full of a passion for truth and eager to hear it. The man who argues is full of vanity and desires only to hear himself talk.

When two intelligent men begin a discussion, there is a tacit understanding that each will place his cards on the table, reveal what he believes to be the truth, and leave his mind open to conviction.

His desire is to learn the truth, even though he must sacrifice convictions that now are dear to him, and his hope is that the sparks generated by the clash of wits will give light.

Men who argue expect to end where they began. The avowed purpose of each is to defend, with logic or insult, as the contest may require, the convictions he now holds. He will deny truth, and deride it, if it threatens his position.

The fact that he delights in argument proves that his mind is closed against new ideas; the fact that his mind is closed proves that he lacks intelligence; the fact that he lacks intelligence proves that you have nothing to gain through him.

Let him alone. He is a menace. If he is plausible, his sophistry may make impressions that you never will be able to erase. And all experience combines to prove that truth is not to be expected in a mind closed to new ideas.

The lover of argument may be right; but if so, his rightness is accidental. You can't trust the business of developing your mind to one who had rather be wrong than admit being wrong.

Robt Quillen

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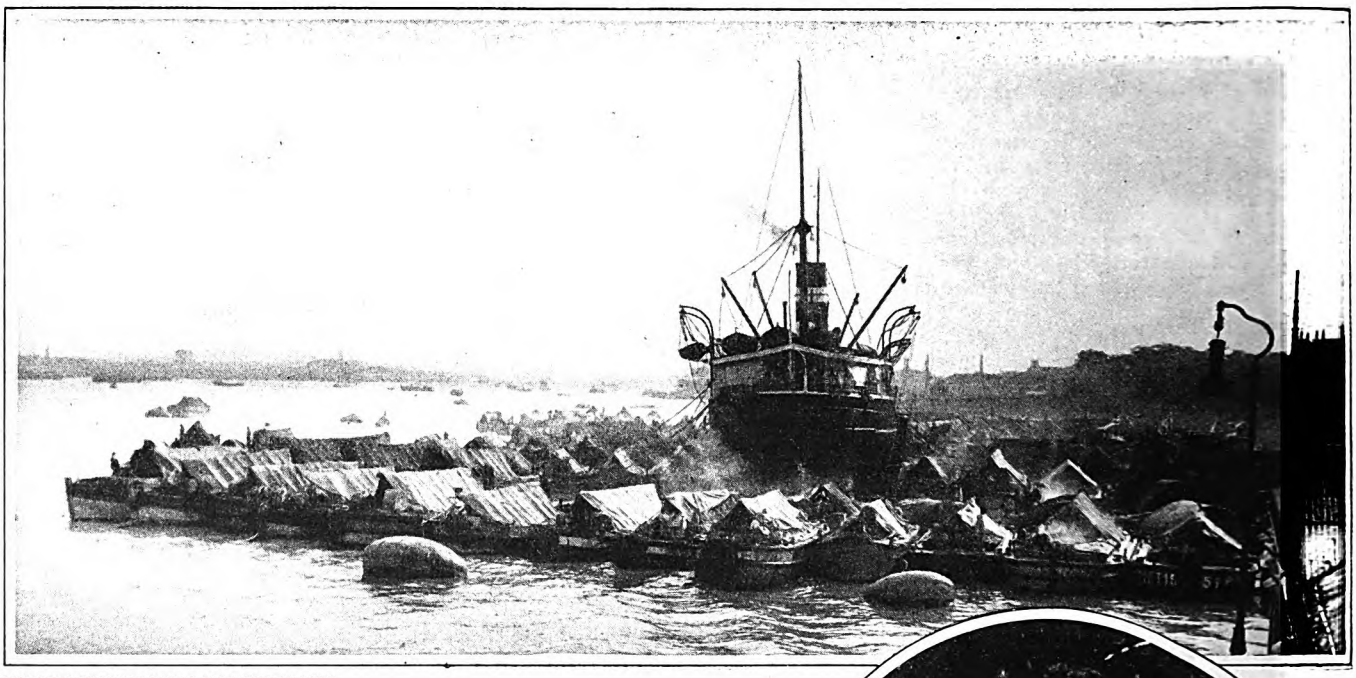
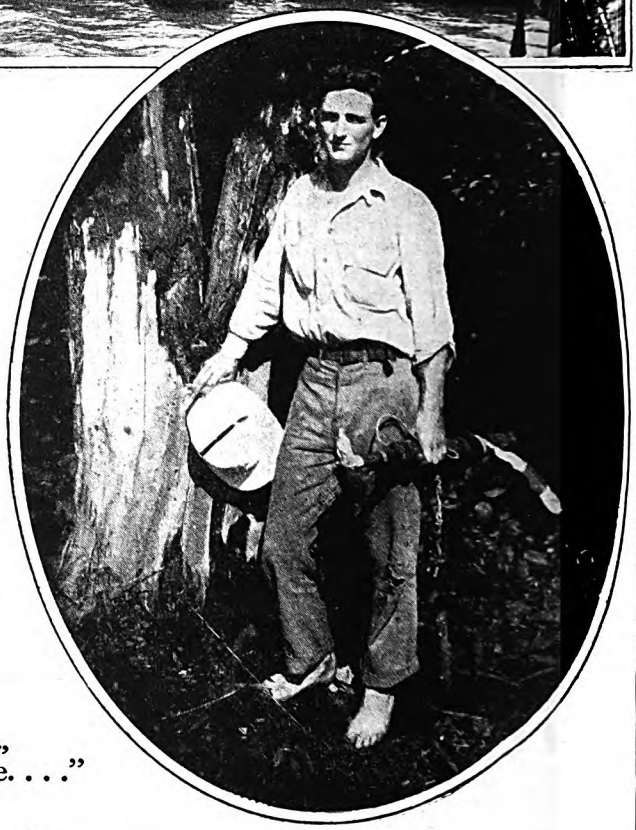


PHOTOGRAPH BY BURTON HOLMES, FROM EWING GALLOWAY

For One Whole Year The World Was Mine!



By Eugene P. F. Wright

"Beyond the East the sunrise, beyond the West the sea,
And East and West the wanderlust that will not let me be. . . ."

I COULDN'T stay home any more, so I left New York for the unknown corners of the world. I wanted to sail the Indian Ocean in a typhoon and feel the kick of the wheel in my hands. I wanted to drift among the islands of tropical Asia; I longed to smell the steaming jungles of Borneo, and see a war canoe of head-hunters; I wanted to cross the starlit deserts of Persia. And in a year's time I did them all, and more besides!

By leaving, I acted contrary to the advice of a dozen friends who had been urging me to "stay at home and make your mark—then travel!" . . . "Wait till you get older," said one. "Make some money, and then travel like a gentleman." . . . "You'll get sick and be sent home by the consul," warned another. Advice of this sort came from every corner. It disgusted me. Get narrow-chested and flabby preparing for a soft, comfortable look at Europe? Not I! Grow a big stomach and point my walking stick at the Acropolis? Not on your life! I was going now, and I was heading for the jungle!

Life in Rutherford, New Jersey, where I lived (and still live), had never been of a particularly adventurous nature. The wildest place in town was the public library. The greatest thrill was to catch the morning train to New York. Once there was a burglar in town, but he left before I could shake his hand. Under such conditions, and a previous life of absolute freedom and wandering in the West, what could I do but take a ship and go to India?

It was not a decision of the moment. When I signed articles and stripped for Calcutta and "other ports and places in the world as the Master may direct," I knew exactly what I was going to do, and where I wanted to go. I had planned the adventure for twelve years, and had been holding myself in check to finish college and prepare myself—for what, I did not know, since I wanted only to travel. At last I closed my ears to advice, and quietly shipped off to India.

(At top of page) A steamship surrounded by sampans in the harbor, Rangoon. (In oval) Eugene Wright, who tells in this article of his experiences in the jungles of Borneo, where he lived with the Dyak head-hunters, and of his wanderings through the forests and deserts of Asia in search of adventure

THIS inevitable departure from civilization was preceded by a peculiar state of mind which comes often to me. I was ill at ease with my fellow men; to me, too many of them seemed placid, too pleased, too cow-like. In every crowd I saw the smug and the contented, those who didn't know what life was—they didn't know luxury, because they had never tasted

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tter despair and want. They were spending their youth in a dreary routine, when they should be living and feeling the joy of life.

"The pirates have gone from the seas, yes," I thought; "but new lands are being explored, new jungles being penetrated. Cities are for the toilers; but the barbaric jungle lands and still deserts are for the living, for those who are always young!"

I trudged the streets in rebellion with the ball and chain of convention tied to my leg. I avoided people, and they thought me snobbish; I spoke little, and they thought me dull. And all the while I was wondering what lay beyond the setting sun, and planning what I would do when I got there.

IT WAS in such a mood that I crossed over the Hudson River to New York one morning. I hoped that someone would fall overboard; no one fell. I hoped the ferryboat would ram that tug ahead; it didn't. A tramp steamer was going down the river, a British flag at her stern. Other steamers were pulling out, whistles were blowing, flags were snapping in the breeze, and the winds were charged with sea fever. I couldn't stay home any longer. I had to go at once.

Ashore in New York City, I forgot all about my engagement. I walked swiftly along my old rendezvous by the docks to the Sea Service Bureau on Carlisle Street. Crowds of men were standing about in the lobby—Finns, Swedes, Australians, bronzed from their last voyage. On a billboard it was announced that two seamen were wanted for a tramp steamer. "Where's she going?" I asked a fellow. "India," he replied. My heart thumped against my ribs. Suddenly I pushed open the door marked "Private" and walked into the office. I could almost feel the roll and sway of the ship, the kick of the wheel in my hands.

An hour later I was in Brooklyn, and walked up the gangplank of the tramp. She smelled of copra, castor beans, jute, and other aromatic cargoes that come from India. And I belonged to her, a member of her crew—as rotten a crew of seafaring driftwood as ever manned a ship.

The sweepings of the sea made up that crew, the pickings of the water-front riff-raff—two Swedes, a Liverpool "Limey," a Finn, a Canadian, a hobo from Missouri, and a young Irishman from Philadelphia. They had fought and drunk in every port of the world, and spoke of Rio de Janeiro and Shanghai as casually as I would mention Trenton. For the two days and nights we were in port I listened to yarns as weird and savage as ever passed a gunman's lips. The fo'castle reeked of battle and blood. On two occasions, when men came aboard after a night's carousal ashore, there was, as Limey said, "blood fer brekfus!"

I had had little experience at sea, but by working hard, keeping my eyes open and my mouth shut, I picked up a good deal of seafaring knowledge before we left port. Assuming a lazy nonchalance, and being a split second behind the others in taking hold of a new job, I learned the names and manner of doing things without revealing my ignorance. Jerry Joyce, an Australian, and one of the finest men I've met, coached me on ship's bells and the phrases of the wheelhouse, tapping out the bells with a nail until I knew them. He pointed out ropes and deck gear, and told me the ethics of the fo'castle. And at nights I listened to the crew, and started arguments among them so that I could learn more.

THE bo'sun came aboard a half-hour before sailing. The tugs were alongside, and the blue peter was at the masthead. The hatches were battened down, ready for sea. But there was no excitement. The crew lolled half-asleep on the after bitts, smoking and repenting past sins; three longshoremen leaned against the dock sheds, waiting to cast off the lines.

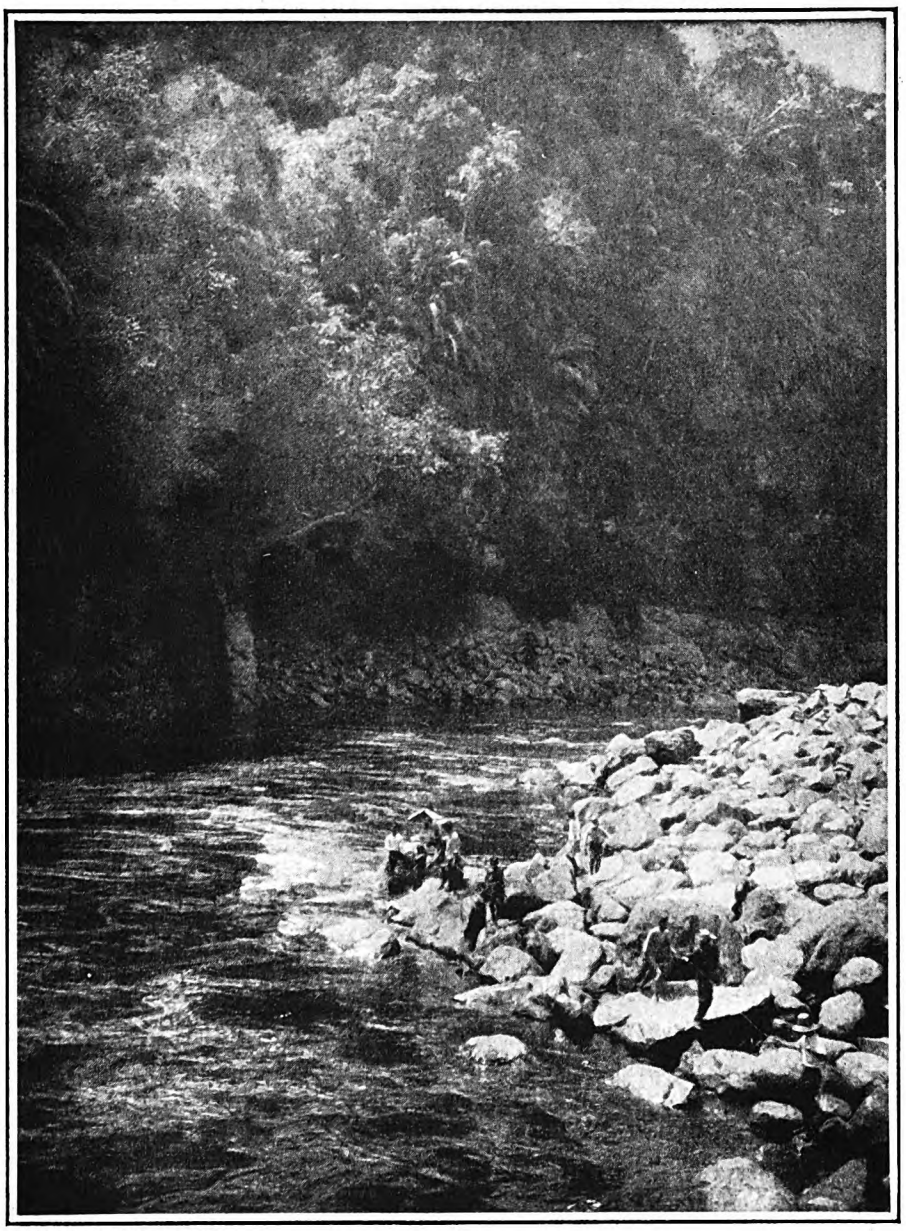
I stood against the railing, tense with excitement. We were going to India! Why didn't those sleepy animals get up and shout! The whistle blew, and the pilot strolled leisurely up the gangplank. The bo'sun and some day men were taking up the gangplank with a "heave-ho!" Was the crew dead? I walked swiftly up amidships to work off steam; I wanted to whoop, to smash my fist against the steel bulkheads from sheer excitement. And at that moment the bo'sun called, "Wright! You and Freddie on the twelve-to-four watch. Make it lively now!"

My watch-mate, a young Swede, with sloping shoulders and a fat face wrinkled like an old peasant woman's, came slouching toward me. "You want first wheel?" he grunted.

"Sure, I'll take it," I replied, and climbed up to the wheelhouse. I was to take the tramp out of New York harbor on her voyage to India!

The pilot pulled the whistle. "Bring back a monkey!" shouted someone on the dock. The Captain laughed. "It'll only die," he replied, and waved his hand. The moorings were cast off, and I gripped the spokes of the wheel tightly.

My first few minutes in the wheelhouse I shall never forget. I hung carelessly against the wheel, as I thought a seaman would do,



PHOTOGRAPH BY EUGENE P. F. WRIGHT

Wright's party pulling up the River Boesang, in Borneo, on the way to the unexplored country of the Punjaboeng Dyaks, seven hundred miles inland from the Java Sea

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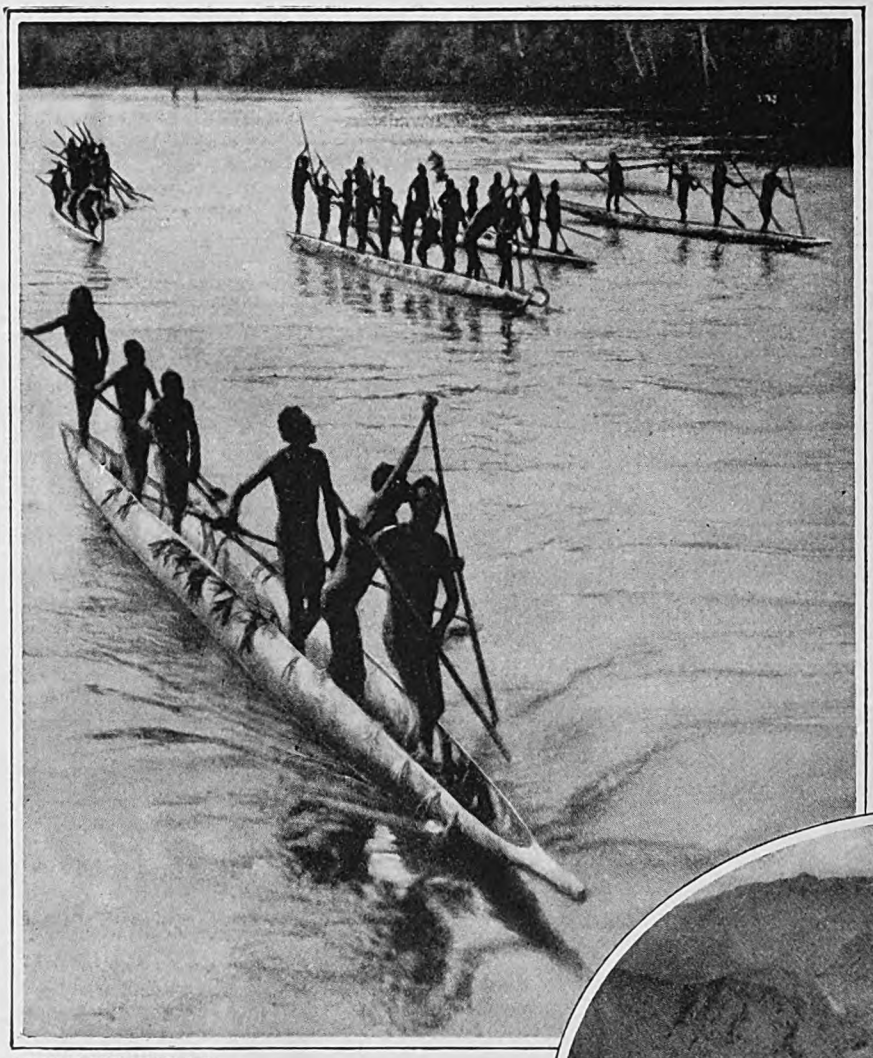

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Native Papuans of New Guinea, one of the islands of the Dutch East Indies near Borneo. (In oval) The ruined caravanserai in the oasis of Birkeh, where Wright rested on his tramp across the Persian Desert. Here he found the first people he had seen for fifteen days

and obeyed commands more by luck than reason.

"Steady!" called the pilot. I kept the wheel still. The ship vibrated, whistled again, and with the water singing in foaming eddies about her sides, drew away from the dock, and backed into the East River.

"A turn to starboard!" called the pilot from the bridge.

"Turn to starboard!" I repeated softly, and we swung back to the pulsations of the engine. The wide panorama of the world's shipping spread before me, the flags of all nations were in sight, and here was I, guiding a ship—a part torn from the earth it seemed—across the horizon.

I hesitated on the next command; I made the reverse of the next. The Captain, standing by my side, said, "Say, did you ever steer before? Mr. England, send up another man." The relief came up, and I left the wheelhouse humbled and humiliated. As I went down the ladder, I heard the mate say, "Probably was in the Navy. They do everything backward there."

But it made no difference with the crew. When my relief came down at two o'clock, he said, "Wonder you didn't slam that rotten pilot. He ain't no pilot at all!" They thought I had been sent down for talking back.

That night at twelve I came to the wheel again for two hours. We were far out at sea, and the course was set at 180. There was no pilot to give orders I did not understand, and I held the course, rarely being more than three degrees off.

FOR six days I was seasick. I ate practically nothing. One night I almost dropped unconscious at the wheel. In my weakened condition the lighted dial of the compass affected my eyesight and numbed my brain. I awoke from a daze to find that I was twenty-five degrees off my course. The second mate, fortunately, did not look in and notice it.

Another night, in the fo'castle there were arguments on everything from tinned beef to religion. The seamen sat on the edge of their bunks, and the firemen and oilers, smeared with grease, sat on empty boxes on the fo'castle floor. One of the mess boys, with three gold teeth and an officer's cap on the back of his head, shot craps for cigarettes with the Brooklyn Kid.

Suddenly, Carlos scratched his cropped head and demanded to know who all the streets in New York were named after. He wondered if he wrote a letter to the President would he name a street after him. A lanky Bostonian who had gone to sea to run away from his wife explained religious doctrines to a New Zealander. Raising their voices above all others, the Canadian, the Cuban and a Liverpool cockney said what each would do if the ship suddenly sank, and wondered if they would turn into angels or be tormented souls roasting in hell.

Everybody talked at once, and waved their arms in the heavy tobacco-smoke atmosphere. As they argued more violently they came nose to nose, and pounded the fo'castle floor with their fists. The Swedes and the Finn, who could not follow the arguments, remained silent for some time. Then they bawled out coarse jokes, roared with laughter at some sally, and swaggered out to drain the coffee from the urn in the mess-room.

At Port Said, notwithstanding the terrific heat of the Red Sea, the crew drank smuggled whisky and fought like wildcats. Leach, a scar-mouthed Irishman with black brows and a quick temper, knocked the neck off his bottle and poured a splash of whisky on the floor. Olesen tossed in a match, and the fo'castle lighted up in flames. "Good likker!" cried Leach, and took a long, gargling drink. The bottles were passed around; the rough play commenced.

The drink loosened the tongues and tempers of the Northlanders, and, half-naked and sweating, they reeled to the sway of the ship, waiting for a word to ignite their Berserker rages. Alabama and Limey, the two day men, wrestled in one of the bunks, and then scrambled for the companionway. They took down the fire axes, and after a drunken, laughing challenge to the officers forward, began to wreck the fo'castle. A bottle was hurled through the smoke-filled room,

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and struck the wall behind me. I heaved it back. Olesen, half in play, slung a sea boot at my face; I dodged it, knocked him down, and went on deck.

The next day, of course, all was forgotten. My watch-mate, the Swede, went delirious from the heat. It was 98° Fahrenheit in the shade, and few of the men could carry on with their work.

When we struck the Indian Ocean, a cool breeze sprang up and everyone felt better toward evening. Limey was strumming a popular song on an ancient banjo; Ole Olesen was lying in his bunk, softly singing an old Swedish folk-song. A harmonica and a jew's-harp started up. Other voices joined in, and soon the brutality of two days before was being contrasted with a strangely beautiful evening of sacred sentiments. Old notebooks were gotten out, in which were written the words of cherished songs that had taken the sailors' fancy. All together, and in various tones and melodies they sang of Mother, of the little gray home in the West, and of the dying soldier on the battlefield who kisses a lock of his sweetheart's hair.

They sang with their heads slightly bent, and with a deep reverence. The jew's-harp twanged dully, and often the banjo missed the notes, yet more than once I found myself singing with a choke in my voice. A sophisticated audience would have laughed these songs into a burlesque; but these sailors sang them from their hearts, for they recalled their only tender memories, the fine moments of their childhood.

IT WAS only the rugged, inhospitable coast line of Africa, the spouting whales, and the profound mystery of the sea at night that kept the spark of adventure burning within me. The food aboard was bad. We ate fish that had been kept for twenty-eight days, and when the thermometer ran up to 100° we were fed pork and fried liver. There was continual talk of mutiny, and bad feeling ran high between the various sections of the ship. At Karáchi, our first port in India, there was a brawl ashore, and the two cooks went to the hospital with broken noses and teeth. We sailed along the Malabar Coast for Bombay with Goanese cooks, and very good cooks they were.

We were a week in Bombay. When I was not chipping rust and painting over the ship's side, I was wandering through the Thieves' Bazar or watching the Rain Processions of Hindus on Calchapur Road. We touched at Ceylon of the tall coconut palms and luscious fruits, and there I evaded quarantine by slipping over the side and swimming ashore to see the town. At Madras we laid up for three days, and six days later, when we had swung up the Hooghly River in mighty, full-shouldered curves, and dropped our anchor at Calcutta, I knew my voyage on the "Tramp" was ended: I had been injured by a hawser at Port Said, and went immediately to the hospital.

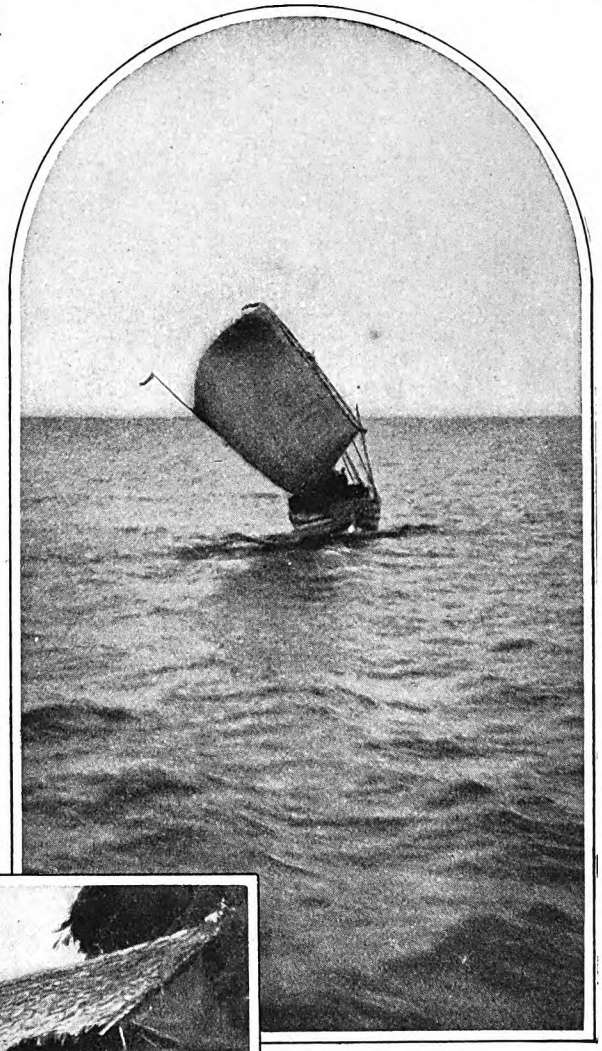
Nineteen days later, when I came out of the hospital, the ship was gone and I was a free man. I took up my quarters in the Seamen's Mission and began to absorb the dust, the heat, and the rich color of India.

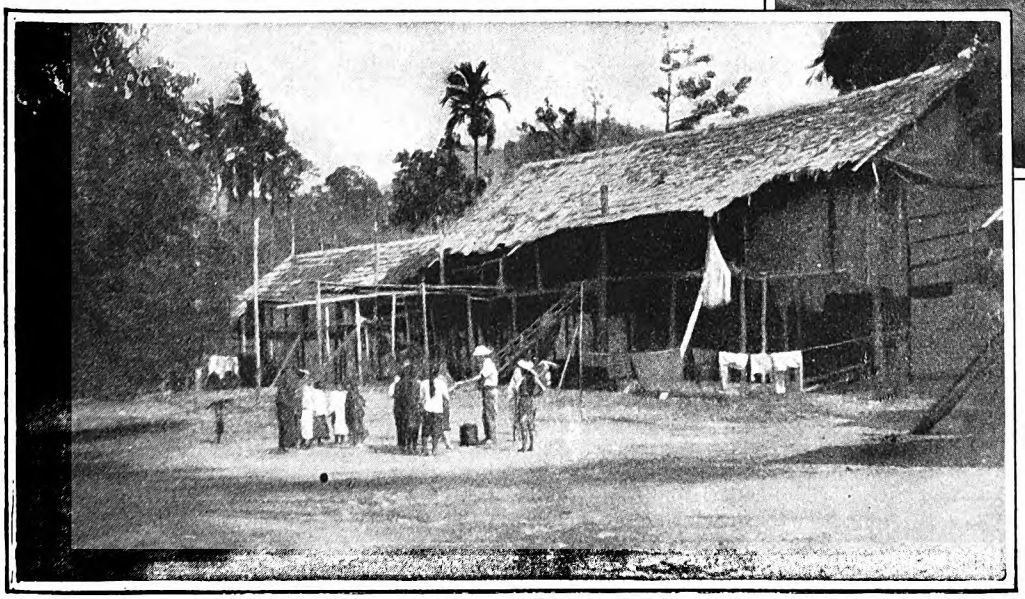
INDIA! I stayed in the Province of Bengal for a month and a half. I learned to jabber away in mongrel Hindustani, and spent weeks roaming through the bazars and the outskirts of the city. With a Moslem fisherman I explored the inlets and lagoons of the Ganges, and sailed among the Sunderbunds Islands, eating the native fish curry and rice, and drinking coconut milk.

The monsoon rains had not yet arrived, and the heat was terrific. One afternoon I felt dizzy and returned to my room. Two hours more, and I was burning with fever, and the next afternoon I was taken to the Howrah Hospital. I came out twelve days later, weakened and thin, and with a great pity for the helpless natives and the horribly deformed and crippled who begged alms in the bazars.

But I had remained in one place too long. I had walked the same streets twice, and seen the same faces. I decided to move on to Burma and the Malay Peninsula, to Borneo and the East Indian Islands. I sold my oilskins, dungarees, and sea boots to a sailor, collected the remainder of my sea wages from the consul, and after some difficulties with the Bengali passport authorities took a deck passage to Singapore.

We stopped at Rangoon for three days, and touched at Penang. We passed hundreds of silver-edged islands, and finally eased into Singapore. I loafed about the Chinese quarter for two weeks, eating golden pork and rice curry with red chopsticks. Every day I strolled about the quays, picking up the Malay language and looking for a native sampan, chatting (*Continued on page 66*)





(Above) One of the many sampans, or small sailing vessels that ply the Java Sea. (Left) Wright bartering with the natives in the village of Tamalooi on the Boesang River, in Borneo. Empty tin cans were more highly prized by the natives than anything else that the white man could offer. Besides being used as receptacles they were cut into strips and bound around arms and legs, the warriors believing that the strips of metal conferred great strength upon the wearers

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Illustrated by *Joseph Simont*

The Young Magi

By Faith Ellen Smith

A story of two children who set out to follow the Star in the East

THE two children were in their beds: Buster, whose real name was Irving, in his white iron bed in the room that had a border of blue bunnies around its walls, and Budge, whose real name was Hester, in her white iron bed in the room that had a border of Mother Goose characters done in pink and gray. They were supposed to be asleep, but they were not. The door was open between them, and they were sitting up in their little beds, talking.

It would have been impossible for them to sit up and talk long after six o'clock bedtime if Nannie had not been sent away; although, of course, if Nannie had not done that for which she had been sent away they might have had nothing to talk about.

But Nannie had gone, with her trunk and her little brown satchel and her big green-black umbrella that could shelter her and the children, all three. And Nora, who had come in her place, not knowing their wiles, had thought, when they lay very still, that they were asleep, and had tiptoed down-stairs to the kitchen.

Mother, of course, was at a party; she had come in to kiss them good night, all done up in her big black coat with the gold dragons worked on the back of it; and Father never came home any more. So they were quite alone and could talk right out loud as much as they wanted to.

Buster, who remembered very well what Nannie had said, did most of the talking.

"He's just a weenty, teenty baby," said Buster.

"Weenty-teentier than me?" asked Budge.

She sat scrooched against her pink wall so that she could see Buster sitting

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crooched against his blue wall. It was quite dark in her room, though a ray from one of the street lamps shone on Buster, and Budge, although she tried to be brave, was somewhat frightened.

"Oh, *lots!*" said Buster in a lordly way. "You're a great big girl, you're 'most six. And He's—He's only a wee little Baby. 'Bout so big!" Buster measured with his hands.

"And He hasn't got any bed."

Buster took up the story.

"He hasn't got any bed. His mama had to put Him in a manger."

"What's a manger?" asked Budge.

"You know. I've told you 'most a hundred times. It's a thing the horses eat their dinners out of. It's full of hay—like we saw the zebra eat in the Zoo."

"I know, now," said Budge. "And—what else hasn't He got, Buster?"

"He hasn't got any nice warm room, or any train of cars, or any rocking horse—"

"Or any wabbits?"

"*Rabbits*, you baby! No. . . . He hasn't got *any*thing. Poor dear little Baby, He hasn't got anything!"

Suddenly Budge began to cry. "I want to give the little Baby my woolly bear, Buster. I want to give Him my ring-with-a-pearl-in-it."

"You can't, silly."

"Why can't I?"

"I—I don't 'zactly know."

"Doesn't He live in New York, like us?"

"I don't—think . . ." Buster was silent so long that Budge spoke sharply:

"I do so, Buster. Why can't I?"

"Well," said Buster thoughtfully, "first, Nannie said He lived long, long ago—and then she said He lived now. And I asked her if He didn't grow up, and she said He did; but He came again every Christmas time, and we could ask Him to let our father come home, and maybe He would, because He could do anything at all He wanted to. It's very strange, Budge. Prob'ly that's why she oughtn't to've told us about Him."

Budge was the more energetic of the pair. Also, she was persistent.

"But if the little Baby is here in New York, we could find Him, Buster. They found Him before, didn't they?"

"There was a Star," said Buster. He scrooched up his eyes, trying to remember. "They followed it, and it was right spang over where He was."

SUDDENLY there was a rustling in the next room and a pad-padding of bare feet across the floor. Budge came to the door, with the woolly bear hugged tight against the breast of her little nightgown.

"Buster, we could go and look for Him, and when we found Him, we could ask Him to let our father come home again!"

"Oh—we *couldn't!*"

Budge began again to cry. "We could, too," she sobbed. And then, changing her tactics, she began to dance up and down excitedly. "We could so, Buster! You could button my clothes and I could button yours. We could sneak out, just as *quiet!* Oh, Buster, let's!"

"Mother wouldn't like it," said Buster.

"You daren't," said Budge, dancing and pointing her finger at him. "Fraidy cat! You daren't!"

"I do too dare!"

"Then *let's!*" said Budge beguilingly. "C'mon, Buster. Let's!"

There was no one in the front hall when the children went down-stairs. They could hear the servants talking in the kitchen—which was fortunate, for the servants were making so much noise that they could not hear the children, creeping as quietly as mice down the wide oak staircase.

The children, pausing in the hall to struggle with the big front door, even heard themselves discussed. "Wud you believe it," they heard Kathleen, the cook, exclaim. "All the poor sowl did was tell 'em the story of our Blessed Lord in the manger; an' the Missis took on like she'd fed 'em poison. 'No child of mine,' she says—I heard 'er with me own ears—'is goin' to be brought up on superstishus tales of any kind—least of all, kitchen versions of 'em!' Oh, she's a mean tongue in 'er head, that one, since her trouble, God forgive 'er!"

Buster winked at Budge as the door swung open. As it closed behind the two, Budge gave a little shiver, part excitement, part happiness, part fear. "There's the Star," she whispered. And there, sure enough, was a very large, very bright star, right, it seemed, over the end of their very own street!

HAND in hand, the children went down the front steps, past the two little stone lions that Budge secretly feared, because they had their mouths open and looked so fierce, and turned to the left. There was no one but themselves abroad in the block, for many of the fine old houses were dark behind their closed shutters, their owners being away for the winter, and in the others people were at dinner. Quite unnoticed, the children walked to the corner.

At the corner was Fifth Avenue, and just as they had passed unquestioned before because there was no one about, so they passed unquestioned now because there were so many people in the street.

"Sweet children!" thought a lady with her arms full of bulging packages. "I wonder if they belong to the actory-looking person in spats or the old woman with the cane." She smiled at Budge, who carried the woolly bear pressed tightly against the bosom of her little blue, fur-trimmed coat, and at Buster, who was clinging so tightly to his sister's arm with one hand, while the other grasped a small toy engine.

The children were standing behind the actory-looking person with spats and the old woman with the cane, waiting to cross the Avenue. The lady passed on, with the tender smile still quirking up the corners of her lips. She thought that whichever of the two people the children belonged to should have paid more attention to them, not let them lag along behind like that, in danger of getting lost in the crowd. But, she reflected rather bitterly, people who had children seemed to take them as a matter of course, whereas people like herself, who had none, would have given almost everything they possessed for the right to look after them. . . .

While the lady was thinking these things, the signal lights all along the Avenue changed from green to red, and the four who were waiting to cross, did so.

On the opposite curb, the old woman with the cane turned left and the actory person right, never so much as glancing behind them.

It was a pleasant night, clear and comfortably cold. The trees in the Park, which was directly before the children, stood up sharply black against a greenish-blue sky. The Star, they saw now, was a little to their left. So they walked along in the shadow of the Park wall, until they came to Fifty-ninth Street, where a policeman was holding up the east and west traffic, and, crossing behind the old woman with the cane, they paused to look up at the sky.

Their Star seemed to be a little to their right now, so they turned west on Fifty-ninth Street. When they came to Sixth Avenue, they stopped to look to right and left, as Nannie always did, before they crossed the street. A girl with a queer-looking hat and very red lips stepped up to them and said:

"Are you lost, little boy?" a shade too sweetly.

"Oh, no," said Buster confidently—for, after all, was not the Star leading them?

The girl thought: "Looks queer to me—two kids dolled up like that, pokin' around alone. Might be a reward in this; but, lord! It'd be my luck to be pinched with 'em before I could turn 'em over to a cop!" And while she was thinking these things, with her very red lips twisted to one side in a smile that was not particularly pleasant, Buster saw that for a second the street was clear of traffic, and tugged at Budge's arm, and the children went across.

Seventh Avenue was terrible, and Columbus Circle even worse!

"I'm—I'm afraid," said Budge, with her lips trembling and her blue eyes brimming with tears.

Buster, too, was afraid; but he wouldn't own it. "Fraidy cat!" he teased her. "You just hang onto *me*, Budge. I'll take care of you." And, all mixed up with the crowds of people who were going home with their arms full of packages or going down-town to the theatre, or going heaven knew where, with a wild desire to get there as quickly as possible, the children crossed.

The streets were darker now. Even the people were darker. Many of them, in fact, were quite black. They looked at the two well-dressed white children strangely. A motherly, fat negress, with a little pickaninny about Budge's size clinging to her skirts, said, "Whar you gwine, honeys?" But Budge and Buster went past as fast as they could—for how could they explain where they were going when they didn't rightly know themselves? And the negress, who had a sensitive soul for all her great size, muttered, "Stuck-up white trash!" and let them go.

And while she was saying this, the children crossed Ninth Avenue, under the ugly, dark elevated tracks, and went on.

THE sidewalk here was rough and broken, and the dirty little shops along the street were not at all interesting, and the Star seemed as far away as ever. Budge began to whimper. "I'm tired, Buster, I fink I'd better go home."

Buster too was tired. He stopped beside Budge in front of a shop that had scraggly branches of holly in its windows, and looked around. But a queer thing had happened. The Star was where it had been when they set out; but everything else seemed changed. He didn't know where home was! For a minute he was terribly frightened; but he wouldn't let Budge know it.

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"Don't you want to see the little Baby?" he asked her, and Budge, snuggling the woolly bear more firmly in her weary little arm, said she did.

A group of other children were coming toward them from the doorway of one of the tall buildings. They were rough children. Their faces were dirty and their clothes were strange. They danced around Budge and Buster, shrieking. One rude little boy took hold of one of the woolly bear's paws. Budge got as near as she could to Buster, and Buster said, "You leave my sister be!" very crossly. But the other children only shrieked the louder.

THEN the door of the little shop opened, and a big policeman came out. "Hey, you kids!" he shouted, and the strange children disappeared like magic, and only Budge and Buster and the policeman were left.

The policeman scowled at Budge and Buster.

"Youse kids better get along home," he said, "or somebody'll take them toys off you."

He thought that he was glad his own children were safe in his flat in the Bronx, not playing about in the street as these tenement children did, and wondered a little why anyone who could afford to dress children as these were dressed should be living here in the slums.

But his feet ached, for he had been on traffic duty since morning, and his mind was so filled with thoughts of the Christmas toys he was carrying in a package to that same home in the Bronx, that he didn't look very closely at the two small persons before him; and by the time he had decided that it would be well to ask them where they lived, Budge and Buster were not there to be asked.

The policeman watched them as far as Tenth Avenue, then he started off in the opposite direction, toward the subway. And the two children went on.

The street was almost deserted here, for the buildings along it were hospitals and warehouses.

"I am tired," said Budge pitifully. And she added, "Aren't we almost there, Buster?" in a trembly little voice, quite forgetting that Buster knew no more where *there* was than she did.

Buster swallowed hard and gave her arm a reassuring squeeze. And then Budge made a terrible discovery. "Buster!" she cried. "The Star's—gone!"

The Star *had* gone! So had other stars. The sky, which had been so clear, was clouding over, and the air was growing warmer. There might be snow for Christmas Day, after all!

"It's gone!" wailed Budge. "Oh, Buster—what'll we do—now?"

Buster rose to the occasion manfully.

"Then He must be here, Budge. He must be here, somewhere!" So the children turned the corner and began to look for Him.

It was a queer section for the Baby to be in, for the shops were even smaller and dingier than those they had seen on Fifty-ninth Street, and a railroad track ran right down the middle of the road. Although the children did not know it, they had gone almost as far west as they could go in New York City, for the river was just across the street, behind some ugly, dark buildings.

Boats were going to and fro upon its black surface, and all along this street were strange characters—longshoremen, sailors, men who were there because, in ways legitimate or otherwise, they made a living along the docks and wharfs. These men and their women, celebrating Christmas Eve according to their various pleasures, saw the children, and in many a mind strange thoughts stirred.

Suddenly, as Budge and Buster stumbled along that drab street, two shadows moved out of the darker shadows of a doorway and followed them. A little later, when they had come to part of the walk before an unlighted store, the two shadows came abreast of them, one beside Buster and the other beside Budge.

"Hello, buddy," said Buster's shadow thickly.

Buster looked up, and saw, in the dim light, a yellowish face with a cigarette pendent from thin, cruel lips, and shrank away from the hand laid familiarly on his shoulder. For children have an instinctive knowledge in these matters, and Buster knew that his shadow was not to be trusted.

Then Budge's shadow spoke. "Well, sister," it said, "where you goin' with that big bear?"

THE children were too frightened to cry out. They stood stock-still for a moment, and the two shadows nodded to each other above their heads.

"Say," said Buster's shadow, "youse kids come wid us, an' we'll give you a bear twice as big as that an' some candy an' ice cream."

Now Budge looked up. She saw, too, a thin, yellowish face, with a pendent cigarette between its lips. But the lips of Budge's shadow were not so cruel as they were weak, and the face of Budge's shadow was not so filled with evil as with the possibility of evil. And either because Budge, being younger than Buster, had less intuitive wisdom, or because, being a girl, she had more, she did not shrink away from her shadow.

Instead, shifting the woolly bear to the arm Buster was holding, she reached up for her shadow's hand. And when the shadow said, "Yeah, youse kids come home wid us," she asked, in her sweet, wavery little voice, "Is He there?"

"He?" said the shadow quickly. "Who?"

And Budge explained, "Our Blessed Lord in the manger."

Buster's shadow spoke two words under his breath, but Buster heard them. "Yes," he said. "That's what Nannie called Him." And because they felt reassured by the discovery that the shadows knew the Baby's name, the children, talking both at once and very rapidly, explained that they were looking for Him.

When they had finished, Buster's shadow said: "Sure; youse come along wid us an' you'll find Him all right." But Budge's shadow didn't say anything for a minute, and when it did its voice was so

They had parted with bitter words; but neither had time for bitter words to-night

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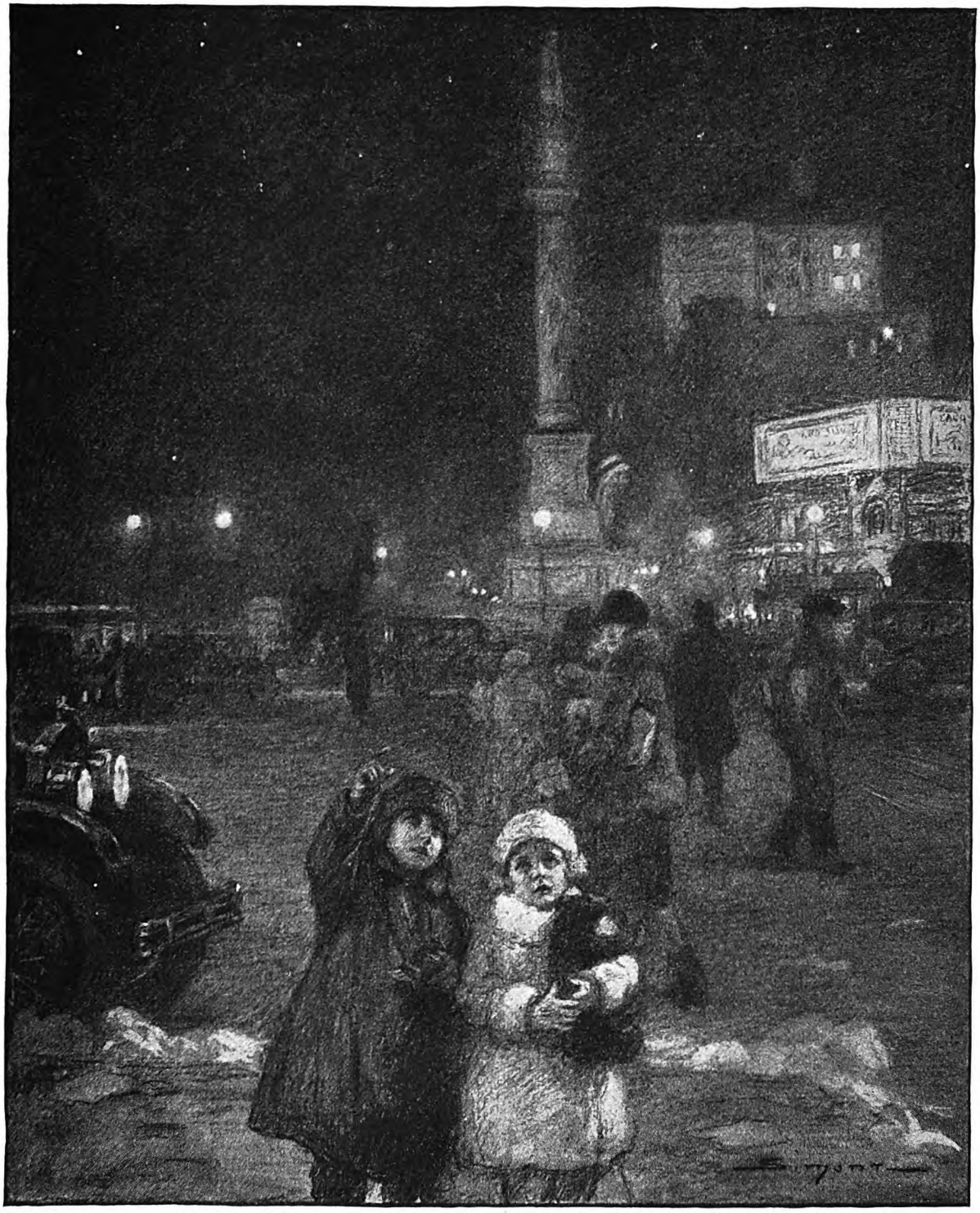

Buster saw that for a second the street was clear of traffic, and tugged at Budge's arm, and the children went across. Their star was a little to the right now

queer that Budge and Buster were frightened all over again.

"That's all off, Red, see?" said Budge's shadow.

"Jees," said Buster's shadow. "What you mean off? Lost yer noive?"

"What I said," responded Budge's shadow; and the hand that had been holding Budge's hand shot suddenly into a pocket. "It's too risky, anyhow."

"Aw, Kid!" the other shadow whined. "We wouldn't need to hoit 'em—an' think of the jack!"

But Budge's shadow said, "Nuttin' doin', Red. You got me!" And its hand remained in its pocket.

So the shadow called Red moved away, mumbling things under its breath, and the shadow called Kid also moved away before the children could question it further. But the shadow called Kid followed the two children at a distance, with its hand in its pocket, and now and then, when it saw other shadows approaching them, it slipped out and showed itself, and the other shadows slunk away. And while these things were happening, the children, both frankly crying now, wandered down the street until they came to a brighter block, where the shadow called Kid did not think it wise to follow them.

So Kid ceased to play a part in their adventures; but perhaps, since the part he had already played had been considerable, it may not be amiss to state that, still a shadow among shadows, he stood for some time watching them, weighing his anxiety about them against his anxiety about himself, in case (*Continued on page 112*)

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Who Is Your Hero?

Whoever he is, says Brooks Fletcher, he has had a whole lot to do with the shaping of your life—The story of how Fletcher's own heroes changed him from a would-be jockey to a powerful orator who is said to have addressed more people from the platform than any other living American

By Albert Edward Wiggam

I HAVE been reading a little book that is inspiring vast numbers of young men and young women. "Public Speaking To-day" is its title, and it is used in hundreds of schools and colleges. In the development of their theme, the authors—Dr. Francis C. Lockwood, and C. D. Thorpe—make a sweeping survey of all the famous modern public speakers in America and Europe, and select the five greatest orators of this generation. In that list appears the name of Brooks Fletcher.

And there seems to be plenty of evidence to justify the inclusion of Brooks Fletcher's name in it. For Fletcher is not only one of the most highly paid public speakers in the world, but he is supposed to have addressed more people from the platform than any other living American.

Although a congressman from Ohio, Fletcher is not best known as a political figure. A newspaper editor and publisher of note, he will not be remembered longest for his contributions to journalism. . . . It is by his talks to thousands of audiences on problems of self-expression—on making their lives count to the utmost—that he has made his most indelible impression on American life. And to-day, in addition to all the other demands on his time, he carries on a most amazing correspondence, particularly with young men, to whom he gives helpful counsel on the choice of careers or the meeting of other difficult problems.

Fletcher has a passion for "selling people to themselves," as he likes to call it.

He *ought* to be an authority on self-expression, for he had a terrible time in achieving it in his own case. Back of his present honors lies a most amazing story.

A child weakling given up to die, he later became a prize wrestler, a crack rifle shot, and holder of the hundred-yard-dash record for his state. Once a farm boy, a waiter in a restaurant, a truck driver, a boiler maker, a "bucker-up" for steel riveters, and a roustabout in a hardware store, he was later destined to move hundreds of thousands of working men by his eloquence, and personally to help many of them into richer lives. At one time an underpaid solicitor for newspaper subscriptions, he afterward became an editor and publisher.

Moreover, Fletcher's first efforts at public speaking were classics of failure. In the first speaking contest he ever entered there were eleven contestants—and he got *eleventh* place.

But always my mind drifts back to Fletcher's fruitful contacts with human lives. I have before me an old faded letter from a boy named Frank, out in western Nebraska. I remember putting it, years ago, into a little box in this old second-hand desk, where I have sat and written and pondered for a generation, and where nearly all those years Elizabeth, my wife, has sat and patiently read to me aloud, because a few headlines in the newspaper and a few pages of manuscript is all I can ever see to read in one day. I have found another letter to Frank's, of later date, from his sister, telling me that Frank was killed in the Argonne.

But Frank's letter is full of boyish enthusiasm, telling me that he had followed Brooks Fletcher all over western Nebraska to hear him speak, and that he had learned typewriting and shorthand, as Fletcher had advised him, and that he was reading day and night a course of books Fletcher had outlined, and that he was some day going to be a speaker, and scholar, and writer, as Fletcher had assured him he could be. Frank had one of Fletcher's letters in his pocket when he "went west" to the Argonne. And many another boy had one of them too. They helped them to keep steady when the zero hour came.

FLETCHER doesn't hold a chair in any university; but he is his own university. I doubt if any educator we have is exercising a more direct powerful influence on America's youth than he is.

While he is one of the highest paid speakers in the world, he will never get rich, for he not infrequently gives his services, where returns in money are not possible.

"I was born a mile from the poor farm," he said to me once, "and since I have become an editor and gone into politics, I am a good deal closer to the poor farm now than I was then." But he has made thousands of others rich with fresh resolutions, new hope, more enduring fortitude. This is proved by another story that I like to tell:

Fletcher was speaking at a big banquet of Chicago business men. As he sat down, another speaker rose, attired in elegant evening dress, and delivered a telling speech, keen, logical, witty, polished, and forceful in delivery, and concluded by saying: "Gentlemen, a few years ago I was a blacksmith. But one night I heard Brooks Fletcher deliver an address on "Who is Your (*Continued on page 127*)

Inspiration Isn't Much Good Unless You Do Something About It

"THE greatest salvation for any young man is for him to find the right hero, the hero that inspires him along the lines of character and talent which he believes he possesses in the highest degree," Brooks Fletcher told Mr. Wiggam. "Every man who is not an imbecile has plenty of powers of mind for all practical purposes. A man can do well in any one of many occupations, if he will just get the right hero, the right ideals in his mind, and never leave them nor let them leave him.

"The biggest thing in any man is his heroes, even if he cannot offhand recall who they are. Consciously or unconsciously, he has followed them all these years, and he will follow them, and they will follow him, to his grave; and no man can ever rise above the level of his heroes.

"The processes through which human beings make the most of themselves are: First, *inspiration;* second, *affirmation;* third, *preparation.* It is from your heroes that you get the first—but out of yourself must spring the other two. *Affirmation* comes when you say "I will!" and *preparation* when you set about making good the promise to yourself. Inspiration by itself will not get you anywhere; but you can't get anywhere without it."

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Brooks Fletcher

WHEN Brooks Fletcher was a boy he spent so much time getting into scrapes and getting out of them that his somber-minded neighbors predicted he would some day get into an escapade that had no exit. However, he fooled them, for about the time their pessimism reached its zenith, Fletcher got hold of a real ambition, and set out to become a famous orator. He has reached that goal, as his audiences will tell you. Mr. Fletcher was born in Mechanicsville, Ohio, in 1879. He has been a newspaper man in Alliance, Canton, and Marion (Ohio), and has appeared all over America on Lyceum and Chautauqua platforms. He is a member of Congress from the Eighth Ohio District.

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Jessie Bonstelle

AS ACTRESS, producer and manager, Jessie Bonstelle, manager of the Bonstelle Playhouse, in Detroit, is well known in theatrical circles; but her ability to find and develop latent talent is her most remarkable characteristic. The list of stars who owe their start to "Bonnie" includes many of the best known younger names in the theatre. She was a successful manager before she was nineteen. For seventeen years she ran summer companies, in Rochester, Buffalo, and Detroit; and for five years she ran the Municipal Theatre in Northampton, Massachusetts. Among her first real achievements was the dramatization of "Little Women," Louisa M. Alcott's famous novel. Miss Bonstelle was brought up on a farm near Rochester, New York.

Photograph by Mishkin Studio

Photograph by Wardlaw, Rochester

MISS BONSTELLE at the age of eight (above). (Right) A scene from "The Show Off," with Jessie Bonstelle as the mother.

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"God Made The Heavens But 'Bonnie' Makes The Stars"

his was the tribute that a famous actress wired to Jessie Bonstelle when the beautiful Bonstelle Playhouse was opened in Detroit—The story of a theatrical genius who has discovered and helped put over many stars, and who herself is an actress, producer, and manager

By Helen Christine Bennett

TAKE her. But you don't have to keep her because she's my daughter. If she's no good, fire her. She doesn't know anything about acting; but give a chance."

The young girl who was pushed forward not raise her eyes. Slight, yet with soft roundness of youth, her pallor nanced by her dark hair, she stood, mbling with nervousness, an awkward d reluctant recruit to the theatre. She rned rather forlornly to her big, bluff, arty father; but he shook his head and nt out.

"Come along, dear." The girl looked rfully at the small golden-haired figure at stood beside her.

"I'm scared, Bonnie," she said.

And scared she was. At the first rearsal she wore a little mink scarf about r neck. When she finished reading her es, she chewed the end of the scarf. It ust have given her some relief, for she ntinued to wear the scarf, and before stume rehearsals were called the entire d of it was mangled to shreds. When e was corrected or a suggestion was fered, she stumbled and seemed unable follow; but at the next rehearsal every oint was covered, every suggestion perfected. Watching her, Jessie Bonstelle ook a thoughtful head.

"That girl," she declared, "will go far."

All went well until the father, who had financial interest in the play, decided to ttend one rehearsal. Hoping to escape otice, he slipped into a rear seat. The irl saw him, stiffened and became ooden. All her confidence and natural race fled. Yet when the act was over she an to him, pleading:

"Was I all right?"

William A. Brady turned scornful eyes pon his daughter Alice.

"All right!" he echoed. "You were otten. You can't act. You—" There ollowed a tirade that shook the slight orm before him. Then suddenly there ame down the aisle of the theatre a eminine figure drawn up to its entire five eet two inches of dignity.

"Mr. Brady,"—the clear voice was so cy that the man shivered—"you are alking to your daughter as you would not are to talk to any other member of this ompany. You cannot do that. If you annot control yourself, I must ask you to eave the theatre."

"All right, ma'am," he said meekly, and went out chuckling with pleasure. So she was worth fighting for!

"Oh, Bonnie!" wailed the girl.

"Don't you believe him, Alice," said the other. "You can do it; you are doing it. You'll show him at the opening. Just work."

Opening night at Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. Again the big man slipped into a rear seat and watched. But this time, he watched with little chuckles of contentment, and when after the final curtain the girl went to find him, he met her half way.

"Oh, Pop—" She got no further.

"You were great, Alice," he assured her, "great, and the play's a winner!" With one arm about the girl he stretched out a hand to the woman who had directed her.

"We owe a lot to Bonnie," he said.

So was a new star born, Alice Brady, whose name was soon to shine in lights along Broadway!

"WE OWE a lot to Bonnie," finds an echo here and there all over the theatrical world. Young men and women who have achieved stardom, and those on the next rungs of the ladder looking upward, frankly admit their debt to Jessie Bonstelle. An actress, producer, manager, Jessie Bonstelle is a recognized leader in theatrical circles; but her ability to seek out and develop dormant talent overtops all else, and is marked as genius.

"Little Women," the play which started Alice Brady on her way to stardom, has sent many another girl and boy along the same route. It was Jessie Bonstelle who saw the possibilities of dramatization in that most popular book of Louisa Alcott's, and the play was written at her suggestion and with her coöperation. Produced by her for the first time sixteen years ago, it still flourishes as a hardy perennial. For a year it ran in New York, and then four companies took it upon the road, and Miss Bonstelle took a company to London; and as girl after girl stepped from portraying Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy to stellar rôles, new girls blossomed forth as their successors. Katherine Cornell, now in the first rank of the stars, was the "Jo" of the London production, and went from that part direct to her great success in "A Bill of Divorcement."

Gladys Hulette, Beverly West, and Marian Coakley all mounted higher upon the ladder to fame as a direct result of their portrayal of the March sisters. And although male parts in the Louisa Alcott story are few, Howard Estabrook, now an able motion picture director, and Donald Gallaher, who made such a marked success in "So This is London," and later produced "The Gorilla," were two of the "Lauries." John Cromwell, producer and actor, was the "John Brook" of the New York production.

AND this is the roster of but one play. Recently I was a guest in the greenroom of the beautiful theatre that bears upon its doorway the inscription "Bonstelle Playhouse." Named for Jessie Bonstelle, and managed by her since its opening in 1925, this theatre has come to be the boast of the city of Detroit as one of its fine examples of progress in the arts. When I had listened to a smart comedy, had met the cast, and had gone over the theatre itself from the auditorium to the sanctum of the stage director on the seventh floor, I returned to the greenroom to examine the guest book, kept for distinguished visitors. After many names I found cryptic letters, B. A., or F. B.

"B. A. means Bachelor of Arts," I said musingly; "but why in a guest book? And what is 'F. B.'?"

Jessie Bonstelle leaned over my shoulder.

"Oh," she said, laughing, "that 'B. A.' is one of our own brand. It stands for 'Bonstelle Alumnæ.' And the 'F. B.' means 'Former Bonsteller'!"

"But look, there are so many of them!" I protested. And I read a few of the names: "Ben Lyons, Ann Harding, James Rennie, Frank Morgan, Edith Meiser . . . Were all these with you?"

"Frank Morgan was with me for three years, and then went to 'The Firebrand'," she answered. "I had a hard time to induce Ben Lyons to come to me; I could offer him so little. But he came, finally; and how I did hate to lose that handsome and able young man to the pictures. Ann Harding played first as fifth woman, and worked in two years up to playing leads for me. James Rennie was with me two years at the Municipal Theatre, Northampton, Massachusetts. He wanted so much to play Hamlet that finally we put it on, and the girls from Smith College almost bought out the house. But there are many more. Helen Menken, Winifred Lenihan, Earl Larrimore, Minor Watson, Marguerite (*Continued on page 169*)

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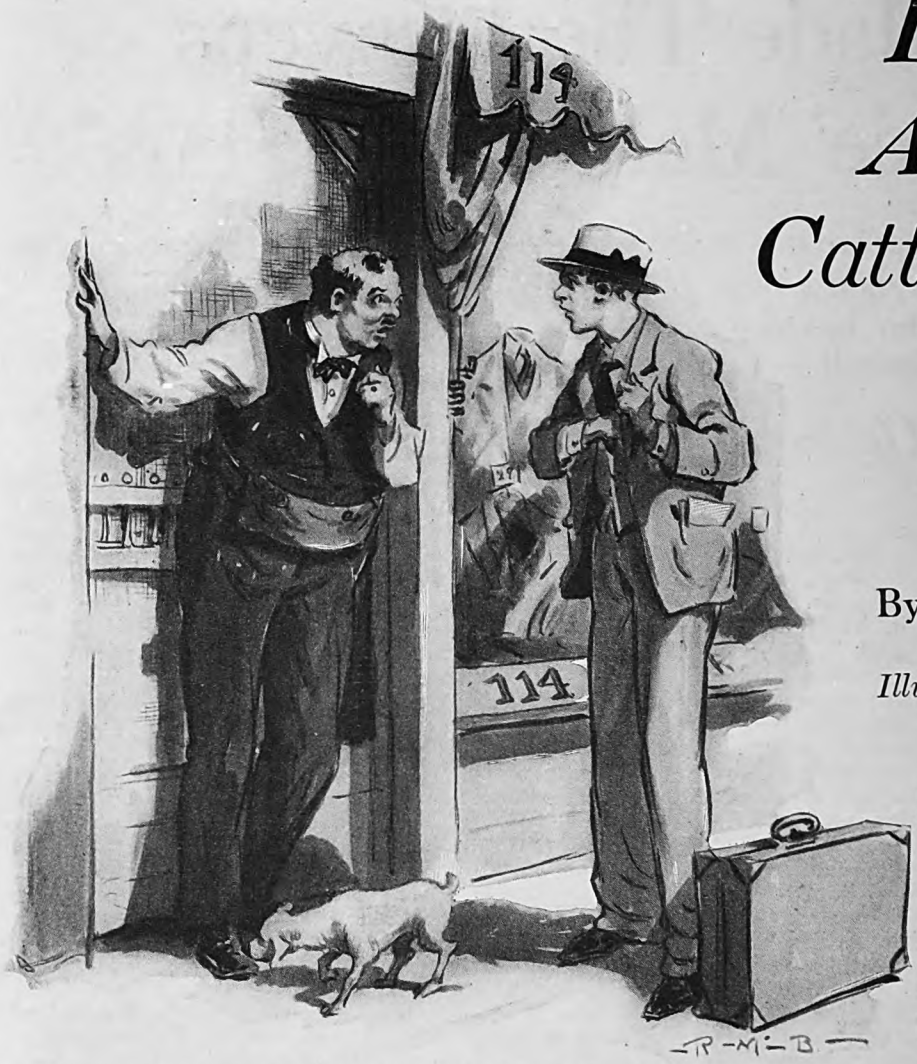
Dudley And The Cattycornered Dog

A story

By HOWARD BRUBAKER

Illustrated by R. M. Brinkerhoff



"Your name is Dudley Hammerton?" The merchant was clearly amazed

WHEN the ten-thirty-two stopped at Branford on that warm September morning, the first person to get off was a tall, brown, muscular young man with a paper suit case, which he successfully defended from the attacks of two hotel busmen. He started up the street toward the business section with the unhurried gait of one who had no pressing engagements, and whose feet hurt. He wore a decent new suit which was a little too long in the trousers and too short in the sleeves, and which showed wrinkles from the night in the day coach. His corn-colored hair was closely cut, so that his ears stood forth with startling distinctness beneath his yellowing straw hat. He wore shiny black shoes, which were presently inspected by a little white dog whose time was all his own.

The young fellow patted this creature on the head and said frankly: "You don't seem to be any special kind of dog." He then resumed his journey, but no longer alone, for the dog of hazy ancestry trotted along. The youth observed with interest that his new friend did not go the way he was pointed. "I don't know as I ever saw such a cattycornered dog," he thought. He next observed that the creature favored its left hind foot slightly, so he sat down on the curb and summoned the animal.

The youth had a fellow feeling for this canine, because he, too, had foot troubles. His mother had insisted that he wear new shoes upon going out into the great, stylish world. Her word was his law, but he was tempted to wish that she had not passed this law. As he fondled the dog's sore foot he made an amazing discovery. The dog looked like a man he knew back in Carter's Corners, a sewing machine agent named Alexander Blue. It was really an astonishing resemblance and gave the boy pangs of homesickness. "Well, good-by, Alexander," he said, rising reluctantly to his aching feet.

BUT a block farther up the street he still had a dog, which now sniffed at a man who stood in the doorway of a little store bearing the sign, "Steckmeyer, Society Clothier."

"Here, Alexander!" cried the young man in sharp reproof.

Upon this slight acquaintance, the merchant asked whether he could show the stranger something in elegant suitings. He had some special extra garments in to-day fresh from Fifth Avenue.

"No, thank you. I don't need any clothes."

The haberdasher looked the farm boy over critically. One felt that he did not share this view.

"How about an elegant Kampus-Kut suit, like the college boys wear?" he insisted.

"Not now, mister," negatived the young man. He tried to soften the blow. "I have come to Branford to look for a job. Maybe you know of some job, Mr.——" he glanced at the sign to refresh his memory—"Mr. Steckmeyer."

"No; I don't."

"Maybe you'll hear about something. I could come in and ask you in a day or so." He picked up his suit case and started to go. "The name is Hammerton."

"The name is *what?*"

"Dudley Hammerton. 'Most everybody at home calls me 'Dud.'"

"YOUR name is Dudley Hammerton?" The merchant was clearly amazed. "Can you prove that?"

"Yes, sir. I have a letter from the Reverend Nickleback, of Carter's Corners. It's here in my grip."

"Why didn't you go down to"—the man's eyes narrowed and he hesitated—"down-town where the big stores are?"

"Well, I guess I will," Dud answered.

"Wait a minute. Come inside and let me see your letter."

Of course Dud knew that when you go to a city you have to beware of sharpers and slickers; but a fellow who has nothing but four dollars, a good name, and a "cattycornered" dog doesn't have to feel nervous. His good name, represented by the letter from his pastor, he kept in the grip where it would be safe from pickpockets; his money was in a purse which he felt against his chest; his cattycornered dog he now left outside peering through the screen door.

"He's not my dog," Dud explained. "He just followed me up the street."

The clothing store seemed to be a one-man show, for no clerks were visible, and

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customers. Mr. Steckmeyer led the to an elevated little pen which served an office. There Dud opened his bag produced his precious letter. Mr. kleback testified to the fact that dley Hammerton was a member of his k, an honorable and industrious young n. "He bears a good name in the comnity," the letter concluded.

The bag contained one more credential, newspaper clipping setting forth the t that Dudley mmerton, of Car- s Corners, had won e corn-husking ampionship of sago County. ese two papers re his jewels.

Now followed the ple annals of his . His father had d a few years bere, leaving his ther and himself h a small farm. e struggle to make living had proved rd at this time of pression, and they d finally decided at Dudley was to to some city and k his fortune. When he was safely tablished, his mother would sell out and me to live with him. So now the rvest was over and the wheat was sold, d he had set out on his great adventure.

"Why did you come to Branford?" r. Steckmeyer asked. "Got any retions here?"

"No; but it was the biggest town I uld afford to come to. I didn't have uch money left after I bought my cket, but my mother says a healthy, illing young fellow can always find ork."

"You don't know anybody in town en?"

"No, sir."

"How would you like a job here in my ore?"

DUD had not thought of being a society clothier—something in the way of rain, feed, or agricultural implements ould have been more in his line, or work onnected with horses and cows.

"Of course, I don't know much about lothing," he said, perhaps needlessly.

"That's all right. can teach you. I like our honest face; I like what the Reverend Nickleback said about ou; I like your good ame." The haberlasher struggled as with n impending idea. "In act, I wish I had you or a partner. 'Steckneyer and Hammerton!' How would that ound? No, this would e better: 'Hammerton and Steckmeyer, Society Clothiers.' Think of that on a big ign out there!"

Dud was frankly incredulous. Unversed as he was in city ways, he yet knew that a boy does not get off a train, walk up the street a couple of blocks, and be taken in as a partner by a total stranger in a line of work he knows nothing about.

"I guess you're making fun of me."

"No, I'm not, Dud. I mean it."

"I've got no money to buy into the business."

Amazingly, that too was all right. The junior partner would be put on wages of fifteen dollars a week while he learned the trade, and before long he would get a share of the profits.

Dud's mental machinery was sturdy and dependable, but not geared for high speed. Back in Carter's Corners there had been no great hurry about anything. He now thought over Mr. Steckmeyer's incredible proposal. It was too good to be true and there was something about it he distrusted; but a job is a job and he was low in funds and used to eating regularly and sleeping in bed.

"And an elegant new suit, free of charge," Mr. Steckmeyer inserted at exactly the right moment.

"Well, all right," was Dud's momentous decision.

"Come around to-morrow morning and I'll have the papers all fixed up," said Mr. Steckmeyer. "I'll order a new sign painted too. But I want you to promise me one thing."

It was coming now. Dud knew there would be thorns in the blackberries.

"What's that?"

"That you won't tell anybody about this to-day." Dud was relieved that the condition was such an easy one. "Don't mention my name to anybody until to-morrow."

"All right. I give you my promised word."

Dudley put his credentials back in his bag and inquired about a good cheap place to live. Mr. Steckmeyer directed him to a section where the lower-priced boarding-houses grew most thickly, and shook hands cordially with his new partner.

"Then I'll be at your store early to-morrow morning," said Dud in parting.

"*Our* store," said the staggering haberdasher.

AS HE regained the street, still dizzy from his sudden turn of fortune, Dud's attention was called to a personal matter which in the press of business he had forgotten—the fact that he had a dog. Alexander greeted him affectionately after their painful separation, vibrated his stubby tail and wiped his dusty feet on Dud's new pants. On the journey toward the boarding-house district the lopsided dog forged ahead like a sailboat tacking into the wind. Dud was rather sorry than otherwise that he had acquired Alexander. It was not the kind of dog for a society clothier to own.

In the next half-hour he was even sorrier. Dud knocked at a promising front door and stated his case to a severe lady. Suddenly there was an outrageous hubbub in the yard, and Alexander was revealed standing with his forepaws against a tree trunk. The tree contained a cat, which was spitting and using bad language. It did not look like a very important cat, but it seemed to be the apple of this landlady's eye and she stated frankly that riches would not

Zack was the first to speak: "Where did you get that there dog?"

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tempt her to take a boarder who had a dog. Dud had no riches to tempt her with, but he tried to disown the animal. He got nowhere with this cock-and-bull story, because Alexander's loving conduct made it clear that they had been cronies for years and that chasing cats up trees was their life work.

When they regained the public walk, Dud saw clearly that he must get rid of this liability which was hampering his career. He stamped hard on the sidewalk, though this hurt his aching feet, and yelled: "Go home!" Alexander joyfully swarmed upon him; home was where the heart was. The desperate Dud now found a little stick and hurled it violently and with careful aim, so as to come near hitting the dog. This was more than Alexander had dared to hope; he pounced with delight upon the stick and brought it back to his big playmate. Obviously, he wanted to spend the day at this sport.

"I'll just have to keep the little cuss till we come across his owner," Dud thought.

HAPPILY, the next "Boarders Wanted" sign was on a house which had a sound picket fence around its yard, and by kicking processes he succeeded in letting himself through the gate without Alexander. He was getting on well with this new landlady and was looking at a satisfactory room, when another difficulty arose.

"I get ten dollars a week for this room with board," the woman said. "Strictly in advance."

The price was not excessive for a person in Dud's station of life (his next station, at any rate), but he did not have ten dollars. His preparations and his journey had cost more than he had expected.

"I'll pay you three dollars to-day," he said. "My job begins to-morrow."

He was eager for this little room. There was an agreeable smell of cooking in the house and he had not had a square meal since the last one with Mother. He wanted a good wash-up to remove the railroad grime, a substantial dinner, a chance to take off his shoes and ease his aching feet and perhaps take a little nap after his night of broken rest.

"My rule is a week in advance," the woman said; "but I might make an exception for once, since you've got work. Where is this job of yours? I can telephone your employer and make inquiries?"

"I can't tell you that, ma'am. I gave my word not to mention it to anybody till to-morrow. I could make it four dollars."

But the landlady's face was now freezing up; she must have had bitter experiences that had hardened her womanly heart. Clearly, he was an object of suspicion.

"I've got a letter from my minister." Dud opened the bag; but the lady's practiced eye told her that his underwear and nightshirt were not those of a capitalist, and she would not look at his exhibits.

"I'll ask you to go now," she said coldly. "I think I smell something burning."

"Don't turn around!" she whispered. "They's a policeman peekin' in and givin' you the once-over"

Obviously nothing was burning; she only wanted to get rid of him. He put his good name back in the bag and dragged his aching heart and feet back to the front gate. He got a moment of comfort from the thought of how chagrined the woman would be when she saw the sign: "Hammerton and Steckmeyer, Society Clothiers," but even that mild pleasure was brief. She had not looked at his letter or heard his name.

ALEXANDER, whining at the front gate, was pathetically glad to see him again. Dud tried two more places, while tantalizing odors of other people's dinners assailed his nose, only to meet fresh rebuffs. Nobody wanted a travel-stained boarder with only four dollars, a paper suit case and a slanting dog; nobody believed his queer story about an unmentionable boss. He could not go back and tell Mr. Steckmeyer he hadn't enough money to get into a boarding-house, for this damaging news might ruin their tender young partnership. Better go to a cheap hotel for the night, and make other plans to-morrow after the papers were signed.

As he approached the business section with this thought in mind, he suddenly became aware that he was passing an eating-house, a place lacking elegance but obviously suited to his purse, and with a screen door to keep out flies, and dogs. That is how he entered the Epicurean Café (or Joe's place) and the life of a bedraggled waitress named Tillie.

When he got inside this house of nourishment Dud had a diffident feeling that he was intruding upon somebody's privacy. There was nobody in the restaurant except this waitress, and she displayed no interest whatever in the fact that anybody had arrived. Dud set down his bag, took off his hat and stood in an attitude of deference while the young woman swabbed off a table top. Finally she said in a surprisingly unmusical voice:

"Do you want some chow, or did you just come in to give my eyes a treat?"

"I'd like dinner, if it's not too late. I don't want to give any trouble."

THE girl mistook this chivalry for irony.

"Oh, it's the village cut-up, is it? All right, Silas, park yourself right here. But don't try to get away with anything."

Her words were meaningless to him, but he took the proffered chair, studied the menu and ordered food stuffs of the plainer and more filling sort. This collation would practically ruin a dollar bill, but a man must live. These viands were cooked with speed and delivered with noise; then the waitress greatly surprised him by pulling out a chair from Dud's own table, and sinking into it with an explosive sigh.

"Don't mind me, Silas. I ain't been off my feet since ten o'clock, and they're both a-hollerin' for mercy." Branford, apparently, was a city of aching feet.

"Yes, ma'am, but my name is not Silas. It's Dudley."

"My mistake. And my name is not 'Ma'am,' it's Matilda Leffingwell. The wise-crackers that feed their face here call me 'Tillie, the Toiler.'"

"Pleased to make your acquaintance." This was mere politeness, for Dud wanted food, not society.

"What do you work at when you're workin'?" she asked.

Caught between gallantry and his solemn word, Dud wriggled out with this: "I'm a society clothier."

Tillie looked him over skeptically.

"You ain't a ad for your business."

"Not yet."

His economical habit of speech was now noted.

"How come you are so stingy with your words? Are you saving them up for a rainy day?"

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Never was a great hand to talk," ed Dudley.

s there any more to your name be- Dudley, or is that all they had?"

Dudley Hammerton."

queer look came over Tillie's simple

You're a clothing store guy and your e is Hammerton." She bowed elabo- y. "I'm Queen Marie, but don't spill anybody. I'm workin' here incon- us."

ud did not get this point; however, t it pass and went in for ham, eggs, toes, coffee, and bread stuffs.

You certainly can tuck it away," said e. "I bet you was the champion r where you was raised."

I came from Carter's Corners, Ossago nty."

Well, I don't blame you."

Ma'am?"

Does anything ever happen there?"

YES, it's like this." Dud made a diagram out of the spoons. "Here es the road from up Mulberry Hol- , and here's another from Jimtown. n east and west there's a good gravel d. So it's quite a busy place—teams autos and all."

I got to hand it to you, Dudley. 're good."

I have a good name," said Dud destly.

I'll say you have! You couldn't e—" Tillie's eyes, which were turned ard the door, now widened in surprise. on't turn around!" she whispered. hey's a policeman peekin' in and givin' the once-over."

Why?" asked Dudley.

He's kind of studying that bum dog left out there."

"That's not my dog; he just followed me around."

"Listen here, Dudley. Get this. You wait till I tell you he's lookin' the other way, then beat it out the back door. That cop is handin' you a awful dirty look."

"Haven't done anything wrong."

"Yes; but that's Zack Folsom and he's a nut. He's read s' many deteckative stories his bean is all dippy. He thinks he's a sleuth-hound. He thinks a lot of things that ain't so."

"Like what?" Dud declined to be panic-stricken until he had finished his repast.

"Like he thinks he's my boy friend. Maybe he's kind of mad how we are setting here so chummy. Now!" Tillie took down Dud's hat and started for the kitchen. "Foller me!"

Dudley followed the waitress and his only hat into the kitchen, but there he made further protest.

"I never did anything to get arrested for."

"Then he'll pinch you on superstition. You go back in the alley and crawl in some place a while and lose that bum dog. I'll steer Zack off somehow. Do me this favor."

"All right, lady." He could not resist an appeal to his chivalry. "But I've got to get my grip."

"I'll take good care of it till you come back. Beat it now. I heard the door slam. That dumb-bell is liable to come snoopin' in here any minute."

Dudley went out into the back yard of the restaurant, an untidy place of barrels, boxes, and garbage cans. An open gate led him into an alley, which he traversed until he came to a fenceless yard of some store or factory. Nobody else seemed to be using this weedy place, so he went in and sat down on a pile of boards against a shady brick wall. He wanted to rest his feet and think things over, so he took off his shoes. The relief was so great that life took on a rosier hue.

IN THINKING over current events Dud saw that there was magic in the name of Hammerton. Upon hearing it, Mr. Steckmeyer suddenly had changed from cold to warm and had promptly offered him that astonishing partnership. Tillie, also, had been impressed, and had become concerned about his welfare, almost too much for comfort. Perhaps if he had told his valuable name to those haughty boarding-house ladies his reception would have been different—except, of course, the one with the cat. For some unknown reason Hammerton was a good label in Branford. The waitress was evidently about to take this matter up when the policeman came.

Dud had no apprehensions about this cop who was studying detecting, for he had been brought up in the faith that an upright young man could look anybody in the face without fear. He would not have run away except to oblige a lady who was afraid of her beau. There was one good thing about the affair, however; he had given Alexander the slip. A nice, friendly little dog and all, he was, but a drawback just now.

Thus, with an easy conscience and easy feet, a pleasant drowsiness stole over Dud's extensive frame. He had spent the night in trains and in a little railroad junction where the station benches had iron partitions to keep the traveling public from lying down. A model young man in Carter's (*Continued on page 119*)

d jumped from the unexpected volley sound. This was certainly the craziest ck of humans he had ever known

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Five Years Ago He Tried To Give Away Half His Business

This seemed the only way in which William A. Burnette could meet crushing obligations, but the company to which he made the offer turned him down flat—To-day his sales run to more than a million dollars a month, and he has branches in twenty-five cities—The story of an impoverished teamster's struggle against terrific odds

By John Kidder Rhodes

TO THE ears of the teamster, halting midway up the mountain to let his mules breathe, came faintly the clangor of a bell. The boy looked down into the valley, and what he saw troubled him.

"There," he chided half aloud, "is where I ought to be now."

Far below, like pieces in a game, young men and women were emerging from the doors of a schoolhouse. Broodingly he watched them as shreds of their laughter and shouts reached him. And as he watched, sharp memories of his mother stirred within him. By some miracle, the ambition bequeathed by her to him had remained alive in this out-of-the-way spot.

To others, perhaps he was nothing but a rough-handed laborer engaged in the rugged task of hauling logs over the mountain. But in his own dreaming heart dwelt a hunger that ached, a thirst that burned, and for him, he knew, there must be somewhere in the world a great work waiting. The nature of it was not clear. The way to it was dark. But somehow, he felt, a way would be found. And as he sat watching, it came to him almost with the urge of a spoken command:

"Begin! *Make a start!*" He obeyed that command. And the sequel was far beyond his dreams.

The story of William Anderson Burnette, mountain teamster, minister of the gospel, business man, is one of the great stories it has been my privilege to hear.

Strange were the years, nineteen of them, which lay behind him that day as he sat on his wagon above the village of Jasper watching girls and boys who, unlike him, possessed the privilege of going to school. Stranger still, though he could not guess it, were the years ahead. An uncouth, untutored son of the Tennessee mountains he was then, and since that day only twenty years more have passed.

But into those twenty years have been crowded, among many other things, eleven years of schooling, the earning of two collegiate degrees, hardships and discouragements sufficient for half a dozen lifetimes, the filling of many pulpits and of several pastorates, the founding and building of a phenomenal business, and an influence ever-widening, ever-deepening, on the lives of thousands of human beings.

That lad of the wagon is to-day president and largest individual owner of the Club Aluminum Company, with factories in Chicago and Baltimore, branches in twenty-five cities, close to one thousand salesmen and plans for five thousand, and sales running to a million dollars a month.

These are the bare, cold, outer facts of his career. Back of them lies the story of a youth inspired by the hope of living a useful life, who dared to dream and plan and try, however humbly, and of a man who amazingly realized and surpassed the youth's vague, troubled dreams. The stirring message of his life is told in a few simple words of his own:

"When a man tries, really tries, a way is made clear."

The start for William Burnette was in poverty, narrow, binding poverty of the Southern highlands thirty-nine years ago. The Burnette homestead was a two-roomed house in the Sequatchie Valley, in southern Tennessee, five miles from the nearest railroad and town, and twenty miles by bad roads across the mountains northwest of Chattanooga. A lean-to kitchen was added to the two rooms eventually, and part of the scaffolding was erected for a projected second story; but funds or ambition gave out, and the upstairs rooms never were finished.

AROUND the house there was a little good land which could be cultivated. The family owned, also, a couple of other fields in the valley, but the entire property was worth at the outside a few hundred dollars. This, for William Burnette, for fourteen years was home. Here to him came dreams.

Experiences of those years and of the years since, indelibly have written their story in his features and manner. Only thirty-nine and youthful in face, yet his hair is iron-gray and he might be mistaken for fifty. His eyes have quiet, steady depths. His lips are molded with the firmness of strength and courage exercised as matters of daily habit and necessity.

"I have never quite been able," he said to me thoughtfully, "to explain why and how it was impressed on my mind early in life that I must get an education. Neither of my parents went to school much. Indeed, there were few good schools to go to, for we lived in a section of the South that had suffered terribly during the Civil War, and still was far from recovery.

That Tragic Word, "Almost!"

"A MAN once told me," says Mr. Burnette, "that all he was looking for in this world was a living—and he didn't intend to kill himself getting it. That man, needless to say, hasn't gone far. The first obstacle that seriously blocked his path caused him to quit and look for something easier. There are many men who will try up to a certain point, and then, because they hate to exert themselves too much, take an easier route. They remind me of a story I once heard of an Indian who preserved his meat by hanging it thirty-three feet in the air. Asked for an explanation, he said that flies would go thirty-two feet off the ground, but no more, even for a fine meal. This story may not be true to fly nature, but it is pretty true to human nature. Many men will go just so far, and then stop. With the prize almost within reach, they won't put forth that last little ounce of energy and effort."

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"My father had attended only the common schools; but by working in a doctor's office, he had picked up a smattering of medicine. By virtue of this, he became known as the country doctor of our neighborhood. His practice was negligible, often amounting to nothing at all for days at a time; nevertheless, he looked upon himself as a professional man and excused himself from other duties on this ground.

"My mother, no better educated than he, was energetic, and ambitious to give her children a fair start in the world. She frequently worked all day long in the fields. Indeed, it was overwork of this kind, coupled with lack of care for herself, that eventually brought on tuberculosis, and caused her death when I was fifteen years old."

Her memory endured as a living challenge to her son. A score of years later, in a message to his associates, he told of a pledge written on his heart:

"While she died young," he said, "I do not intend that she shall have died in vain. I purpose to make my life as fruitful as possible in order that my mother's memory may be honored. I am going to live a life of hard work, sacrifice, and service, because I know that such a life would be pleasing to my mother. I feel her influence, just as if she were living. Her hand and her voice will continue to express themselves in all that I do."

ON THE little Sequatchie Valley farm, Burnette had no real boyhood, in the sense that most boys have.

"I cannot remember the time," he confessed, "when I did not feel the responsibility of a man; and I can scarcely remember the time when I did not do the work of one. At eight and nine, even, I could trudge from morning till night at the handles of a one-mule plow, besides attending to milking, wood cutting, hoeing, harvesting, and many other necessary tasks.

"One of those tasks particularly appealed to me. You can easily see, from the way we lived, that there was very little cash coming in or going out. But we did have one money crop, and that was wild blackberries, which in season all of us picked on the hillsides. It was my job to take the berries to Whitwell, the nearest town on the railroad, where I peddled them for what I could get—usually twenty cents a gallon. One season I sold three hundred and eighty gallons."

In this liking for selling perhaps lay the seeds of what came later.

"As I said," Mr. Burnette resumed, "I had it firmly in my mind, possibly thanks to my mother, that sometime I was going to amount to something, and must somehow get an education. But our schools were the poorest imaginable. The schoolhouse itself stood on a hill a mile and a half from our home, and on Sundays did double duty as a meeting-house.

"School kept, as a rule, about five months a year. My attendance was intermittent. My parents thought nothing of keeping me at home to plow, or for any other work. Even when I did go, it was a case of the blind leading the blind, for the teachers knew little more than the pupils; often they had advanced no further than the eighth grade. I went as often as I could, however, until, if I remember correctly, I was twelve. After that, I went no more at all until I was nearly twenty."

PHOTOGRAPH BY FULTON-LAWSON CO., CHICAGO

William A. Burnette, a Tennessee mountain man, is president and largest individual owner of the Club Aluminum Company, which has factories in Chicago and Baltimore, and branches in many other cities. Mr. Burnette was born high up and far back in the mountains, thirty-nine years ago. He had but little schooling before he was twenty; but starting in earnest then, he educated himself for the ministry, which profession he left to go into business

MEANWHILE, there were family changes. Burnette was fourteen when two of the pieces of land were sold for enough to buy two teams of mules, and the household moved to Chattanooga. The next year, his mother died. Home ties began to loosen a little. To support himself, the youth did the roughest of day labor, for a laborer's hire.

"My first job," he said, "was hauling concrete paving blocks. Later, I took other hauling jobs. Several years passed in this way. The last job of the kind was hauling logs from forests over toward the Sequatchie Valley and our old home, down the mountain to the town of Jasper, and a sawmill."

The mountain road was steep. The lad would sit on top of a swaying load of logs, some of them large enough to yield fourteen hundred feet of lumber, with the reins in one hand, and in the other a thin cord attached to the brake stake. His pull on the cord was all that kept the wagon from tearing loose and taking logs, lad, and mules on a wild ride to destruction. Several times the wagon did tip over, and the boy had narrow escapes.

This, then, was the job he had when he used to pull up his team and watch with envious eyes the students of the Pryor Institute, near Jasper.

"They were my immediate inspiration," he said. "I knew I must prepare. Long before this, I had thought of entering the ministry; not, perhaps, because I felt irrevocably called to it, so much as because it offered the best way I knew to give rein to my inner impulses and ambitions."

So, in the fall of the year when he was twenty, this rude son of the hills went back to school and took up the books and lessons of a boy of ten. A few meager dollars saved out of his earnings were all he had for his support. However, he did not need much; nothing in his earlier life had taught him (*Continued on page 63*)

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Debt Is The Only Adventure A Poor Man Can Count On

At twenty-five dollars a week, with a wife and two children, I've as much chance of paying what I owe as Rockefeller has of dying poor — but I'm happy just the same

By Archie Chadbourne

I'M a poor man; that is, poor as far as worldly goods and possessions are concerned. In fact, I belong to that great class of respectable poor who barely make things go, who survive solely by borrowing from Peter to pay Paul.

Yet if anyone offered us (yes, I'm married and have a family) charity we'd be mortified to death. Not that we couldn't use it, but we are a proud lot, we respectable poor. I remember one year I froze my feet all winter and blistered them on the red-hot pavement all summer rather than let anyone know that I couldn't afford to get my one pair of shoes resoled.

I am not attempting to make you think I enjoy poverty. I just want to show that, though I really am needy, I've got to put up a front. I've got to keep folks from knowing just how poor I am.

I have been at this poverty game now for over twenty years. Last May was my wedding anniversary month. But do not infer that I made a mistake in taking a wife. The girl made the mistake, though, through all these thin years, she has not said so. I married well. Whenever anybody looks at my wife he looks again at me. He thinks there must surely be more to me than he suspected at first glance. And my value goes up. That's the kind of wife *I* have. No; marrying Ione has nothing to do with the fact that I date my poverty from my wedding day.

Before I married I had no worries. When I felt the urge to change my location I merely hopped a freight train, and, presto! the change was made. When I tired of one job I got another. If I had money, I laid off and spent it. When I was broke I got me another job.

But when I married that was all changed. For the first time I *felt* poor. It was the realization that here was I, with a wife whom I had promised to love and cherish and, presumably, support. I had no reserve fund. I had a job with no future to it. It would be the same old job in twenty years that it was on my wedding day. I know, because I still have the same job of truck driver for a department store. The only thing about it that has changed is the salary. I had twelve dollars a week when I married. I now have twenty-five.

I persuaded a dealer to provide some furniture at nothing down and almost nothing a month, bought a brand-new cottonade suit, which didn't bag until after our three-day honeymoon, and Ione and I went to housekeeping in a house for which I was in debt for the first month's rent.

And I've been in debt ever since.

The poor man's greatest adventure in life is debt. He always has it confronting him. He cannot go around it. He cannot go through it. He must go over it or under it. Usually, he crawls beneath it and is crushed sooner or later by the weight of the accumulation. The economist says debt is unnecessary for the poor man. He should pay as he goes, and if he would only budget he would soon lay by money. Apple sauce! I hate to think what would happen to business if we took half the advice offered by men who have figured out how much interest a penny compounded annually would bring a thousand years from now to our progeny, if any.

THEY say the first dollar is the hardest to save. As far as a lot of us know, it is. Take a look at my present budget and then trade places with me if life has become prosaic with you: Groceries, $48; fuel, $7; rent, $23; lights, $2; 'phone, $2; Life insurance, $1.45; auto upkeep, $4. Total, $87.45.

Oh, you say, that isn't so bad. You earn over a hundred a month. There's a balance left, of, at least, fifteen dollars a month. Where's the joker? Let me show it to you. To begin with, I went in debt for every stick of furniture we have. Then the budget does not show clothing for four people. We have two daughters, fifteen and twelve years of age. It shows no provision for doctor bills—and doctors do not bring children into the world for nothing. It shows no dental work, no glasses for Papa and Mama, no Christmas gifts, no unexpected company to run up the grocery bill, no schoolbooks. It does not include the instalments on idiotic things that poor folks are always buying on the instalment plan. The joker is there, all right.

I am reminded of the story told by a charity worker who had given an old woman some money to buy food. Next day this charity worker discovered that the old woman had purchased a canary. Think of that! She was furnished charity for absolute necessities, and bought a *canary*. Well, bless the dear old lady's heart, say I. Perhaps the song of that canary was what she needed more than food, more than clothing. Maybe that song brought forth a memory that smothered the pangs of hunger for longer than a minute. "But, of course, we had to take the canary back and buy the woman food," said the worker. Of course. I can see that point of view too. The only way the old lady could have kept the canary would have been to go in debt for it, or for food.

And the only way in which we poor can live is to go into debt for necessities and for so-called luxuries. Notice that I said "live"—not "exist." Living does not mean merely to draw breath. Man has a mental and spiritual as well as a physical side.

I owe something like $681.39, and I've got about as much chance to pay it off as John D. Rockefeller has of dying poor. By that I mean that, in order to pay any of these debts—distributed among everybody with whom I do business—I'll have to incur other debts. Sometimes the grocer will come to me, and say, "I can't let you have any more credit." That used to about kill me. Now, I merely say, "All right. I'll pay you just as soon as I can. Much obliged for the credit." And I'll go hunting for a new groceryman to give me credit while I pay off the old one. Now, there is a credit association of grocers and my name is on the lists as 'too slow for credit.' I've seen it there. But somewhere there is always a grocer who will take a chance at me. And after I get the first groceryman paid off, even if it takes me three years, I can come back and hit him for more credit, and he'll let me have it.

IT'S that way with everything. Somewhere there's a creditor if you can hunt him out. And they're mostly nice fellows too. I've made it my business to take care of my creditors. I never pay them all up. I can't. But I don't have them coming to the house bothering Ione. Every so often I make a call on them, even though I can't pay them a cent. I used to think that was as hard as facing a firing squad, but I've grown to take it as part of the great adventure of living in debt.

Occasionally I feel that if I could get all my debts in one place, I'd be able to handle them better. Then I hie me away to a loan broker. Once I went to a firm that was organized to loan money to poor people, in order to stop some of the

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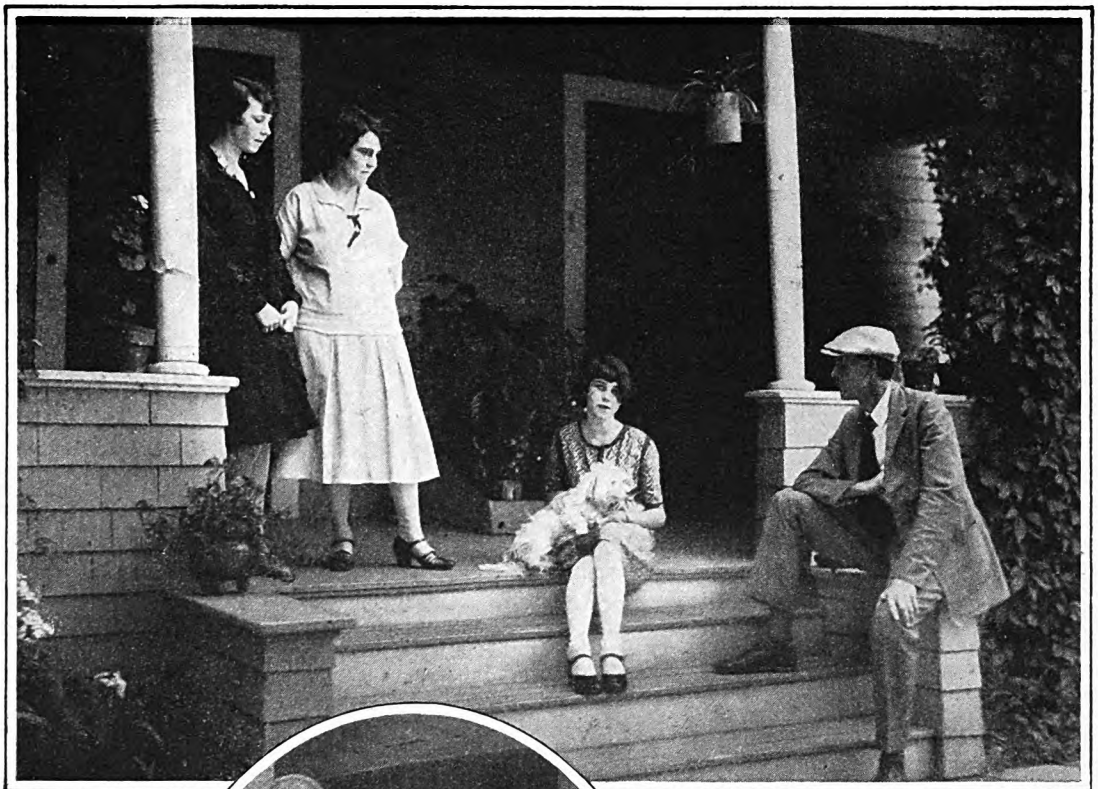
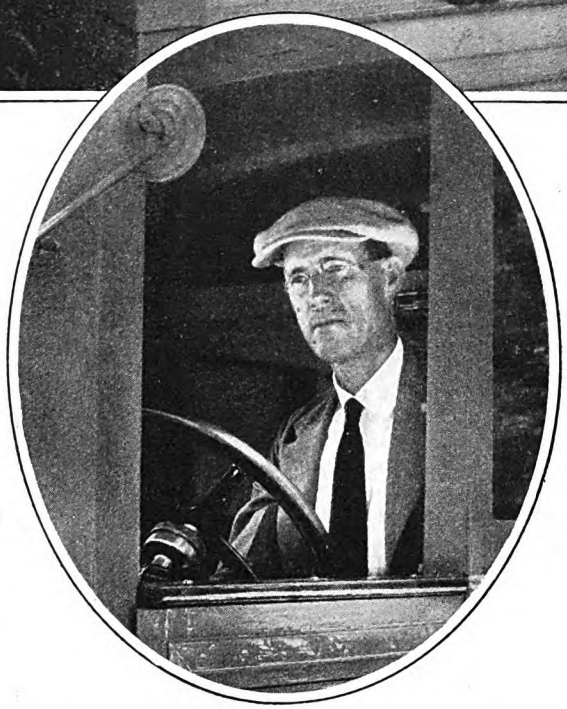


PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. L. STANDLEY, COLORADO SPRINGS

The Chadbourne family on the porch of their home in Colorado Springs. (In oval) Archie Chadbourne at the wheel of his truck



urious interest arged by loan rks. I could have e to a loan shark l inside of thirty utes come down h a loan. But this npany is as slow government claim partment.

chased up to the ce every day for weeks. I gave manager my pedi- e, my budget plans, l itemized what I uld do with the ney, and crawled out the office furni- e on my hands and ees while he puffed a lazy pipe and ally told me to me back to-mor- w. And there was other to-morrow er to-morrow. Evi- ntly he worked on principle that if a n is dishonest or t in dire need he'd it coming back. ell, I wore him wn until he finally ned me twenty dollars less than actually needed to set me going, d I had to pay twelve per cent, new every three months, and allow all his advice just like I en- yed it. At that, if I had money to an I think I should let him loan for me. He'd never lose it by be- g over-zealous in loaning it out.

ONE and I decided we must have an automobile. It became an solute necessity (as such things become if you talk about 'em ng enough). So I shopped around r a car. A lot of fellows laughed me, but I found a ten-year-old r that could be bought for sixty llars, five dollars down and five llars a month. We had figured at amount as being the saving in reet-car fares we should make if e had a car.

I suppose the automobile has ade more liars than any invention nce the fishing rod, but I want truth- lly to say that that old hip-sagging car f ours sure could get there. We live in ountain country. I can go up any hill ny other car can go, and the upkeep is ot so enormous. I buy my tires of the nk man. He has a wonderful pile to elect from, and by picking over four or ve hundred casings I can usually find ne with but a single blow-out. I pay him fty cents, put in a piece of casing, and way we go for a couple of months. I've ad blow-outs in about every scenic spot f this region, and we've driven along as nconcerned as if one tire was not as flat s the traffic cop's feet.

I admit the car costs a little more oney than we anticipated. We've used t more than we thought we would. But, h, boy! the pleasure we've had. My eighbor was uncertain whether to buy a ar or mend his roof. "Buy a car," I old him. "If the top of the car leaks, mend it, but don't waste money on a house."

I mean it. We're going to live in this world but once, so we must keep up with the crowd, no matter the cost. We bought a second-hand phonograph—on payments. We buy records for twenty-five cents each at the exchange. Right now, our two girls, Edyrl and Lyril, shape what we play. They like such stuff as "Shake a Leg" fox-trot, while Ione and I would prefer to listen all evening to "Rest, Rest for the Weary." Next year we are going to buy a radio to balance things up. We have a car to take us away from home. Now we'll get a radio to keep us home.

I BELIEVE I am a fair representative of my class of poor. I haven't run away from any debts yet, but I can sympathize with the fellow who has.

We are very sensitive, we poor. Scientists call it inferior complex. But it isn't that any more than it is the superior complex of some others which aggravates that sensitiveness. We are very susceptible to affronts. We do not actually feel inferior, but we accept unintentional slights and hug them to our breasts under the delusion that if we were rich and had position we would have no slights.

I remember the first time Ione's mother came to visit us. She brought me a suit of clothes, saying Ione's father had a suit just like it, and thought so much of it that he wanted me to have one too.

I don't think Ione's people realized how I needed that suit, but I was super-sensitive. I went up in the air like a rocket, did a tail spin and threatened to crash my matrimonial ship into smithereens, all because I needed a suit of clothes and my mother-in-law had brought me one. That suit hung in the closet for over a year, while I sported about with my elbows out and the seat of my trousers looking like a piece of netting rather than cloth.

It took me several years before I could bring myself to patronize the models shown in the second-hand clothing emporiums. But I've learned that I can get a fairly good suit of clothes for ten dollars; one that has seen better days but is yet good for considerable wear. Occasionally I can pick up an odd pair of trousers or underwear or shoes at the Salvation Army store, and usually there is stuff which Ione can make over for the children.

When Ione (*Continued on page 108*)

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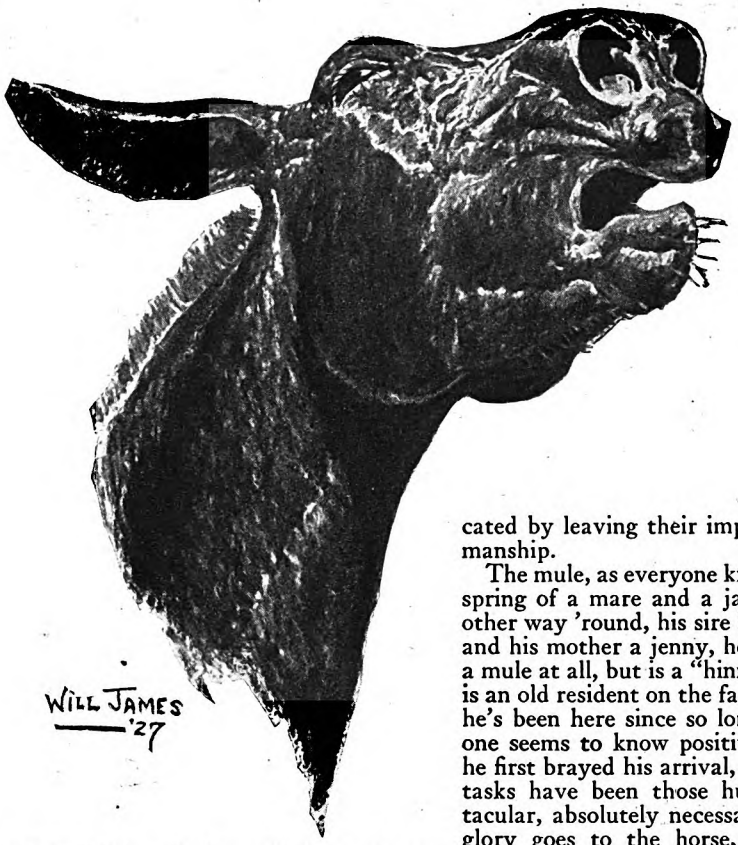

The Misunderstood Mule

By James C. Derieux

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL JAMES

THE mule has a kick coming to him, and right often he makes the most of it! Why shouldn't he? Nature disapproves of him, so puts a ban on his reproducing himself. Man laughs at him, frequently neglects him, sometimes abuses him, and rarely accords him that full measure of respect that any distinct personality is entitled to. He is, in the animal world, a hewer of wood and a drawer of water—a son of Martha, so to speak. His always is a lowly rôle.

Yet the mule is a great animal! George Washington wrote of his kind as "an excellent race of animals," and once declared his intention of using mules to draw him in his fine carriage. Moreover, General Washington did all he could to establish the mule in this country. Washington was a great farmer, as well as a great general and a great statesman. He let his interest in mules be known, and the King of Spain sent him a fine jackass, which someone christened "Royal Gift." Lafayette also sent the General a jack, and this one was known as "Knight of Malta," because he came from the island of Malta.

Henry Clay was another early American propagandist of the mule, and an importer of jacks. So the mule is entitled to a higher social standing than he actually enjoys. These statesmen left their imprint on American farming—left mule footprints on the sands of time, so to speak—and their jackasses reciprocated by leaving their imprint on statesmanship.

The mule, as everyone knows, is the offspring of a mare and a jack. If it's the other way 'round, his sire being a stallion and his mother a jenny, he isn't officially a mule at all, but is a "hinny." The mule is an old resident on the face of the earth; he's been here since so long ago that no one seems to know positively just when he first brayed his arrival, and always his tasks have been those humble, unspectacular, absolutely necessary tasks. The glory goes to the horse, and to other animals. Only the arduous work is for the mule.

Some time ago I talked all morning with a veteran "mule man" about these interesting hybrids. There were a hundred questions I hoped he might answer, questions that in my observation of mules I had never answered.

"Why is it," I asked, "that you can't often lead a mule if you look at him, but must turn your back and walk away if you want him to follow?"

"I dunno," he answered; "it's just one of his peculiarities. He doesn't seem to like a man's face."

"Why is it that a mule is more afraid of a bridge than a horse, and will not go near a hole that he might fall into?"

"I dunno," came the answer. "It's another one of his peculiarities. Maybe he's got more horse sense than a horse."

"A mule will rarely if ever overeat," I said, "even if you put a wagonload of food near him, and he will not drink too much water when he's hot. Why is that?"

"Search me," said the mule dealer. "It's just his way."

"Then tell me," I persisted, "why a mule has the reputation of being stubborn, and mean."

"WELL," said my friend, "most folks don't understand mules. They mistreat 'em. They haven't any respect for 'em, and the mules pay us back by not having any respect for us. Now, take a case like this: A farmer comes in here to my stable and buys a mule. That mule is maybe too young to be strong, or maybe too old. Anyway, he's just been shipped here on a train, and before he was put on the train he had been pastured or kept in a stall all winter.

"He hasn't had any exercise to speak of for some months. But the fellow who buys him takes him home right at the first of plowing season, and he expects that mule to work all day from the start. The mule gets tired before sundown, and begins to go slow, or maybe he stops in the field. The fellow gets mad and cusses him, then lams him with a stick or something. That makes the mule mistrustful of his new owner, and from that time on there ain't any real cordiality between 'em.

"A mule ain't any meaner than a horse, except that people are mean to him first. You can't blame the mule.

"A mule can stand neglect better than a horse. He's hardier, and he's tougher in every way. His skin is thicker, so a whip doesn't hurt him like it does a horse. He's sure-footed, so not so likely to fall and hurt himself. He ain't greedy with either food or water. Men know this, and they just conclude that it doesn't make much difference how a mule is handled. But it does. It makes all the difference between a mean mule and a good one. And, besides, a well-treated mule will outwork a neglected one, any day.

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"Yes, sir, I've been handlin' mules for a od many years, and I've come to believe at the trouble with the mule is his vner. You've got to show respect for a ule to get him to show respect for you."

I checked up on these inions with any num- r of "mule men," and und they were more or ss of one mind on the bject. A mule is a eat work animal, de- ite the treatment he ten receives. He does nazingly well, when ou consider the fact at, as everyone who rites about mules re- inds you, he is "with- it pride of ancestry or ope of posterity." The eat life principle that eeps every other form of imal existence on the rth, is denied to him. n only a few instances ave mules had colts. There is a mare mule in Texas now that is aid to have had two colts.) So the mule as a right to be an iconoclast. And he has biological right to be a whole lot worse an he is.

The mule inherits the size, strength and actability of his mother; the ears, feet, nd, to some extent, the voice and phi- osophy of his father. He is one of nature's nconscious humorists. Or perhaps his umor isn't so unconscious, after all. nyway, he has a way of doing funny hings, as if by design.

I was talking one day with a major in he U. S. Marine Corps. Like other vet- eran marines, the major had been every- where, and seen everything. The talk urned to mules.

"They're funny animals," said the najor. "Once when I was in Haiti I had o take a long ride over some rough hills, nd I selected a mule, because I knew he vouldn't stumble and fall with me. All lay I rode him hard, for I wanted to get ack before night. I didn't take ime to feel sorry for him, and he didn't seem to mind. Along toward vening I came to a clear, deep tream, and decided to get a drink of water. I got off the mule, urned him into some nice grass, nd went over to the stream. 'Ah!' I said to myself, 'that water looks good!'

'I GOT down on my hands and knees, and then leaned forward so that I could get my mouth into the water and suck it up. The first swallow had gone down—or up—and it tasted the best in the world. Then something happened. I thought somebody had shot me with an old-time cannon! Head- first, I was knocked into that little river, and I didn't come up again until I was near the other side. I was wet as a soused rat, but my hips were on fire! That mule had sneaked away from his grass, backed up to me and kicked me with everything he had! I had two big bruises, each one the size and shape of a mule's foot, for weeks, and they were in the most unhandy place there is! Yes, sir, that mule acted from design. He was mad at me because I had mistreated him by rid- ing him too hard. And he got even!"

I have seen a good many things that

seem to bear out the major's opinion that mules act by design when they pull their comedy.

I once knew a veteran fox-hunter who always rode a mule on the chase. "They're more sure-footed than horses," he explained, "and are not so apt to break their legs or your neck by fallin' in stump holes."

ON ONE memorable chase the fox had been started after midnight, and had run all night until daybreak. The hunters were worn out and hungry, so this old sport drove his mule under a tree where a wild grapevine grew. He stood in the stirrups and, reaching up, caught a branch to pull the grapes down to him. Just as he did this, the mule walked out from under him, proceeded to the edge of the woods and started to graze!

The man was afraid to let himself drop to the ground, for he had reached the age where legs become brittle. So he held on desperately and yelled still more des- perately. Another fox-hunter, mounted on a horse, galloped up and rescued the mule-less rider. Then, to the accompani- ment of much conversation wholly un- suited to this article, the two men went to recapture the quietly grazing hard-tail. The horseman had dismounted, so they ap- proached the critter on foot. Each time they got near, the mule walked or trotted away. It was like a game of tag, and the mule was never "it." His owner finally gave up, and walked home. The hunt was over, anyway, so he might as well. The mule followed him.

A NEGRO tenant on my mother's place once had a mule that didn't like to pull a plow, or liked to tease his owner, I'm not sure which. Anyway, every time the negro stooped to fasten the trace chains to the plow, the mule would take one step for- ward. The negro would yank him back, or lift the plow forward. Then the little one-step comedy would be repeated. Two men were necessary to hitch that plug mule to a plow—one to hold him, the other to fasten the trace chains.

Another time I saw a little negro boy mount a mule and ride him to the water- ing place, several hundred yards from the stable yard. The mule drank all he wanted, and started back to the lot. The little negro was proud of himself on such a high mount, so he proceeded to pummel the mule in the ribs with his feet. The mule paid no attention until he reached the lot. Then, trotting up to within ten or twelve feet of a hamper basket full of shucks, he stopped suddenly, arched his back and pitched his diminutive rider squarely into that basket! It was one of the neatest tricks I have ever seen. The boy wasn't the least bit hurt, and the mule, once he had performed in a manner to show that he was not to be bossed by children,

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appeared to be no longer interested.

I should like to stop with the joke on the fox-hunter and the negroes, but in fairness to them I'll have to relate that a mule once played a mean trick on me. I was hunting with my brother, and was riding a mule named Stogie. My brother had a horse. We had hunted all day, and were tired, when, about dusk, the dog pointed. It was a false point. Dogs are often deceived at that mystic hour of the day. "Sperrits fool 'em," so some negroes have told me. "And dis de time sperrits begin to walk." Well, anyway, dogs are unreliable after the sun goes down. But my brother and I thought our dog knew what he was doing, so we dismounted and walked up behind him. There were no quail to be flushed, or none that we could discover. We kicked into the grass, urged the dog on, and finally gave up.

In the course of that day we had probably dismounted and mounted fifty times, so we were both sore, and didn't feel like climbing aboard again. At least, I didn't, so I led Stogie to a deep ditch, put him into it so that I could step into the saddle, which was just about even with the surface of the field. I turned to laugh at my brother, who was clambering onto his big horse.

"Hey!" I called. "Why didn't you use your head and save yourself the trouble of climbing up? Watch me!"

HE TURNED to watch, and, still glancing in his direction, I stepped out to let myself down into the saddle. Stogie had walked about four feet forward, so I missed him completely and fell into that ditch, gun and all. Stogie's head was turned and he was looking at me with his ears pricked forward. A mule cannot laugh, therefore Stogie didn't laugh. But that's the only reason he didn't. Or he may have thought that my brother was doing enough laughing for the two of them, so that it was needless for him to try.

This inability of a mule to manifest his emotions, other than the emotion of irritation which he shows by backing his ears, is a distinct disadvantage to him. It is another reason why he is so frequently misunderstood; another stamp of disapproval nature has placed upon him. A horse can show affection by nuzzling up close to you, by whinnying softly, and in his general demeanor; but a mule lacks this gracious gift. He can bray; but nobody regards such sounds as he makes as love songs. I haven't any doubt but that the mule would enjoy a greater intimacy with man if he could demonstrate his feelings. But suppose he tries. What happens?

A relative of mine once had a little mule, and after watching that mule for a long time I concluded that she had a warm heart. She often did awkward little capers that seemed to be the result of affection. One day the son of her owner went into the lot, and this mule, Sarah, came trotting to him. He paid no attention to her, just walked on toward the barn. Sarah followed, then went ahead of him, and frisked about. Finally she turned sternend to, and kicked at him gently. It was her only way to caress him, and she didn't hurt him at all.

BUT the result was disastrous for the mule. A farm hand promptly slammed her with a piece of two-by-four. The boy for whom she had such an affection threw the peck measure he was carrying at her head. The boy's father, rushing through the gate, called down upon her all the curses that have been called down upon mules since they first failed to make man understand them.

Naturally, after this, Sarah was suspicious of men. She had done her darndest to make them like her. She had even gone so far as to hold in the power of her kick so that it was a gentle tap; but, for all her kindly pains, she got abuse.

I am not contending that a mule is wholly blameless for his position. There's an old bromide which reminds us that we get out of life what we put into it. The mule sometimes puts a kick into it—a well-meant kick, maybe, but a kick nevertheless—and he gets a kick right back. But I do have a smiling sort of respect for a mule.

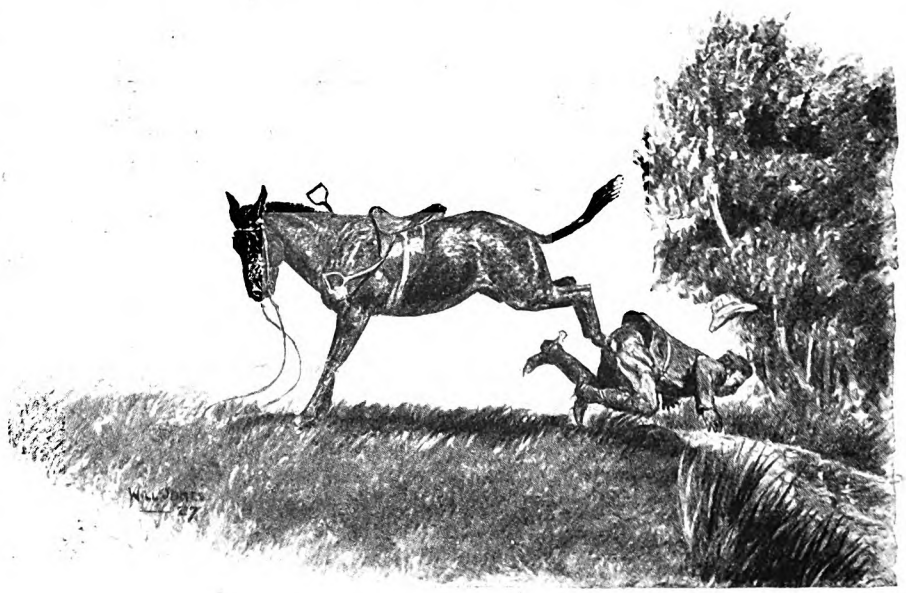
That's the trouble! Even those of us who have due regard for him, mix a smile with the regard, and it is a smile at, not with, the mule. For, as I've indicated, he can't smile. Yet I respect him wholeheartedly, and if I were not afraid he would misunderstand the gesture, I'd take my hat off and bow low to him. Consider the mule's war record: It is not dashing. Not heroic. Just plugging. But how he did plug! In war times, there were any number of men who spoke in his praise. For the mule was a better war-horse than the horse, except in the spectacular rôles. He worked harder amidst hardships. He asked less and gave more. He kept his health, his strength and, except under provocation, his temper better than his half-brother. Any man who had to do with Army transport can tell you how invaluable the mule was in the war. He did his part, and got no medals for it.

But he did get something out of his noble rôle—he won favor in parts of the United States where formerly he had been but little used. Mules are popular in the South. They suit the negroes exactly. Possibly there is a fellow feeling between them, for they both, in a way, are subject to the will of their kin who occupy more favorable positions in civilization as it is now constituted. Anyway, the mule is the prize work-animal in the South.

He plows the fields, pulls the wagons, hauls the lumber, and is the general handy beast about the farms, lumber mills, sugar plantations, road construction jobs, mines, and other points of enterprise. His standing in the South, as a beast of labor, is impeccable, if one may use such a parlor word in speaking of such a barnyard animal. But in the North he has not yet come into his own, though he is on the way to recognition everywhere.

HIS war record is partly responsible for this. Men who were formerly a little ashamed to drive a team of mules are more willing to drive them now, for the mule has won his place in history. The foot of the mule is small, much smaller than that of a horse. This gives him purchase, in the woods, among rocks and anywhere on irregular surfaces; but it makes him more likely to slip on icy pavements, and that's one reason why you see so few mules in big Northern cities.

He can learn to walk where the going is slippery; but at first he doesn't like it. And he doesn't like to back, either. A team of horses will back more readily than a team of mules, unless the mules have been very carefully handled. This, too, is against him as a draft animal in such a city as New York. He doesn't like to back, because he is a naturally canny and suspicious animal, and wants to know always where he is going. He has a great fear of a hole, and when he is backing he can't see whether he is making for a hole or not.



But this same dread of a hole is valuable to the mule, and therefore to his owner, for it protects him against injury. I know of a mule that for three weeks or more was kept in a stall that had a hole through the wooden flooring. He never once got his foot through it. A horse, in that same stall, would probably have stepped into the hole the first night, and either broken his leg by jerking it up, or skinned his ankle.

The mule is no fool, despite the expression "fool mule" which you so frequently hear. Individual (*Continued on page 90*)

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"What *Can* I Give 'Em This Year?"

Well," answers Mr. Ovington, "give a man something he can use, and a woman something that will surprise her"

By Mildred Harrington

MISS JONES," said an earnest little girl of eight who was eagerly watching her teacher open the Christmas packages from her pupils, "I bet ɜrything you got is a hankchuff!"

The little girl guessed right.

'Hankchuffs" had been the choice of ɜh of the youngsters who composed Miss ıes's third grade. For that matter, ɜy are a prime favorite with Christmas ɜrs in general. It has been estimated ıt in the United States alone approxiıtely one hundred million handkerıiefs annually change hands on Decemr 25th.

There are two good reasons why the ndkerchief is the most popular of all ts. In the first place, the purchaser has vide range of prices from which to make selection. You can buy a handkerchief r five cents or you can buy one for five ndred dollars, if you have that much!

In the second place, the handkerchief is pular as a gift because it is preëminently *useful* present. Nobody can have too any of them. And next to handkerchiefs popularity come gloves and silk stockgs. These, you will note, are also actical gifts.

According to Charles Ovington, presint of Ovington Brothers, owners of New ork's oldest and perhaps most widely ıown gift shop, the whole world nowaıys is giving useful presents. The day of e knick-knack, or "dust-catcher," is ɜr. Beginning as a clerk in his father's ore when he was fourteen, Mr. Ovington ıs been in close touch with gift buyers for ty-seven years. Certainly he has had enty of time in which to gather and sort ıt observations on folks and the presıts they select.

"There is less swapping of gifts at hristmas than there used to be," said Ir. Ovington. "I can remember when ıe majority of our women customers ıme into the store with a Christmas list hich was literally a yard long. Now, peoıe spend more on Christmas than they ɜr did, but they concentrate on members their immediate families and on a few iends who really count. Glass hatpin ɔlders made of test tubes wound with ıby ribbon, and dozens of similar knickıacks, have been replaced by the Christas card. In short, folks are getting more nsible about their giving.

"I know a family of five grown-up sons ıd daughters which has hit on a mighty ɔod idea. Instead of making each other gifts at Christmas, they give the house a present. Everybody chips in the amount he feels able to spend on the family that year, and they all vote on something they have been wanting a long time, and which they can all enjoy. One year they bought a davenport, and another year a beautiful rug.

"Somebody told me about a Southern preacher's family that uses a variation of this idea. The members of this family pool their Christmas money to buy presents for each other. Instead of half a dozen gifts, bought more because they fit the pocketbook of the givers than because they fit the needs or taste of the receiver, each member gets one really handsome article that he especially wants.

"For example, one Christmas the eldest sister, who expected to make a trip to Europe the next summer, got a fitted bag and a leather hat box marked with her initials. The same Christmas, a young brother who played football on the high-school team got the sweater he had been eating his heart out for all fall. The sister's present from the family cost forty dollars, while the boy's cost only ten, but everybody was satisfied. Each had got what he really wanted.

"IN SPITE of much excellent advice to the contrary," continued Mr. Ovington, "most folks still pack all their Christmas shopping into the hectic period between Thanksgiving and the twenty-fourth of December. A mighty chorus then begins to rise all over the country. From Maine to Texas, the burden of the wailing is the same: 'What *can* I give 'em this year?'

"For many people, the Christmas season is entirely spoiled by the nightmare of Christmas shopping. Last-minute shoppers—especially feminine ones—are so exhausted and confused during the final two or three days of frenzied buying that they make some pretty wild purchases. I shall never forget the woman who rushed into our store on Christmas Eve and bought a mustache cup for her nephew. She was half way home when she remembered that the young man was only ten years old! Of course she had to rush back again and exchange it.

"Every year, I am more and more impressed with the wisdom of the few far-seeing souls who spread their Christmas shopping over the whole year, storing the purchases until time to send them out. They save time, energy, and money, and they get lots more joy out of their giving.

"As a rule," said Mr. Ovington, "men don't spend much time buying Christmas presents. If a man is a bachelor and in love, he will put in hours hanging over show cases in a sort of rapturous agony, trying to choose a gift worthy of his beloved. In addition to a present for his sweetheart, an unmarried man will usually pick out something for his mother and for the infant nephew named for him; but he rarely bestirs himself further. If a man is married, he hands over to his wife a lump sum and dismisses the whole matter from his mind.

"THE bugbear of many a wife's otherwise tranquil existence is the annual pilgrimage in quest of Christmas presents for in-laws she has never seen. As one young woman complained, 'John informs me that I must get something for Aunt Emma, but he won't even give me a hint as to what would be appropriate. He has known Aunt Emma from childhood, yet when I ask him what she is like, he says vaguely, "Oh, sort of queer. You'd better spend five dollars on her."'

"People often say to me, or to one of my clerks, 'What would you suggest as a nice present for a man about thirty-five?' Or ninety-five, as the case may be. I have been selling gifts for nearly sixty years, and I firmly believe that there are just two rules to keep in mind when choosing a present for a man of any age.

"The first is: Unless you are thoroughly familiar with his likes and dislikes, don't give him anything *unexpected*. By this, I mean that the average man prefers the conventional socks, bedroom slippers, or handkerchiefs, to some novelty which does not come within the range of his interests. Haven't you heard men exclaim, 'Thank the lord, this year I got something I can use!' However, in choosing something useful, remember that most men like to select their own neckties.

"My second rule is: Don't give a man anything too *expensive*. If you give a man a present which is more costly than he could afford to give you, somehow or other he feels that you have put something over on him. In consequence, he is embarrassed and a little resentful. Especially is he likely to feel resentful if he is a young unmarried man and the gift comes from a woman.

"A married man," chuckled Mr. Ovington, "is apt to object to an expensive gift from his wife on quite different grounds. 'Please, dear, don't (*Continued on page 144*)

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The Old Doctor

For nearly sixty years Dr. David F. Unger practiced medicine in Franklin County, Pennsylvania, and this article is the story of his life as told by one of his former patients

By Sara Sherman

A QUIET that was unusual even for the little mountain town rested upon it that June afternoon. The long rays of the sun shone through the drug-store windows as a group of the older men dropped in, as usual, to wait for the evening mail to be distributed. The minister was one of them.

"That was the best funeral sermon I ever heard," said one of the men. "You said what all of us was thinkin', but didn't know how to say. The Old Doc 'went about doin' good.'"

"Doing good!" repeated the druggist. "And he never took any credit to himself, either, for all he did. Why, when our first boy was born, the Old Doctor came in the night, without stopping to lace his shoes, and he scarcely left my wife for two nights and a day. When everything was over and she and the baby were both saved, he put his hand on her head and said, 'You can thank your God that you're alive, Nannie dear.' We did thank God; but we always knew that He and the Old Doctor were working pretty close together."

"Stella Hoffenberger says the other doctors, 'specially the younger ones, made a lot of fun of some of the things the Old Doc did, but I recollect that on *most* occasions the laugh wasn't on the Old Doc! Remember that appendicitis case up on the hill?"

"What was that, Jim?"

"A boy was took sick at one of the big houses up there. They wasn't folks that called the Old Doctor. They was newcomers, compared to most of us whose families have lived here for generations, and they wanted a young doctor with more up-to-date methods. Well, the boy was pretty sick, and the young doc wasn't real sure what was the matter, though he thought it was appendicitis. Finally, he called the Old Doc in consultation.

"'Yes,' says the Old Doc, after lookin' the boy over, and talkin' in that slow, funny way of his, 'Yes,' says he, 'it . . . *might* be appendicitis . . . and then, again, . . . it might *not*.' He didn't believe in cuttin' folks up till he was dead sure they had to be! 'Now, in cases like this,' says the Old Doc, 'with these symptoms, . . . when you can't be just . . . *sure* . . . I've usually found that a pretty good *guess* . . . is . . . typhoid fever. Better wait a little, and see.'

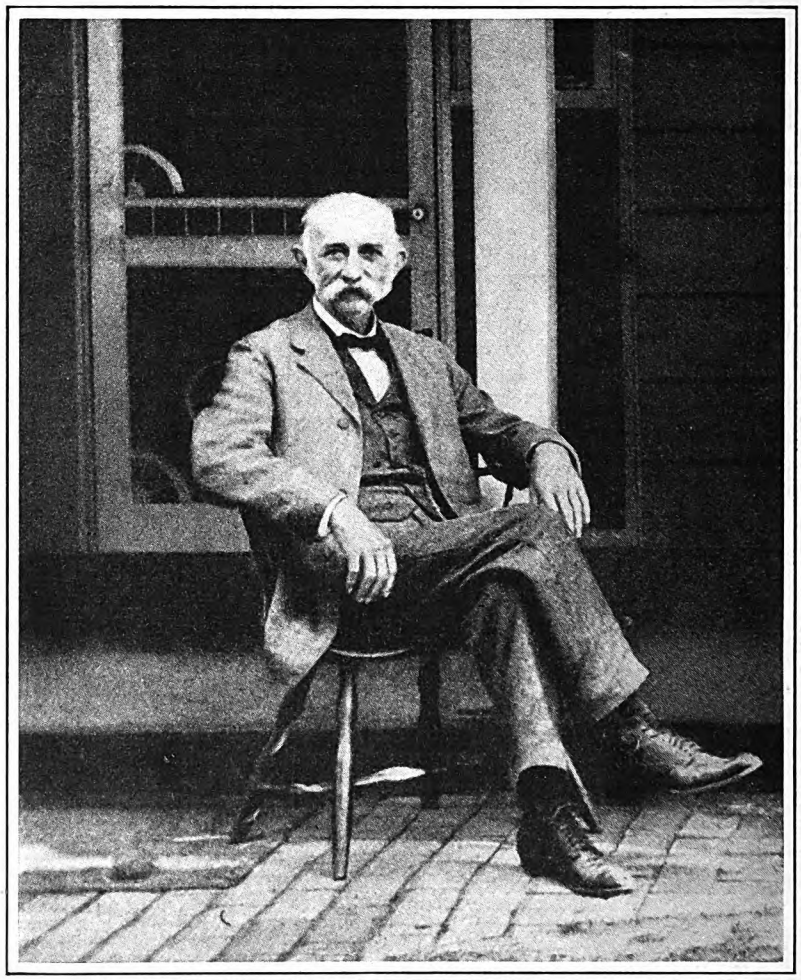
"'Wait, nothin'!' says the young doctor. 'This ain't typhoid fever. I'm sure of that! I'm goin' to telegraph to Johns Hopkins for Doctor Cullum to come right away, prepared to operate.'

"'Doctor Cullum is a great man,' says the Old Doc; 'he'll know.'

"Well, the great surgeon came. He give the kid one look, and says, 'This is the town where Doctor Unger lives. Why didn't you call him?'

"'I did,' says the young doc, as pert as you please, 'and he said he *guessed* it *might* be typhoid fever!'

"'Well, it is!' says the big doc, pickin' up his tools. 'Where's Doctor Unger's office? I've got a couple of hours before the next train goes, and I want to consult him about a case, myself.' And off he went to the Old Doc's office, and got so interested talkin' over that case of his and gettin' the Old Doc's advice on it that he missed his train and had to travel all night to get back to Baltimore."



The late Dr. David F. Unger, of Mercersburg, Pennsylvania

"YES," said the druggist, "I remember that time Doctor Cullum was here. They came into the store together to look up a prescription of the Old Doctor's, and Doctor Cullum told me that he'd learned more that afternoon from our country physician than he had in months from the big guns."

"Doctor Cullum said that?"

"Yes. He said that operation that Doctor Unger performed on the crippled girl away up on the mountain, with just the simple instruments he always carried in his bag, and with no light but one little oil lamp, was a great achievement. 'You folks don't appreciate what you've got up here in this town,' said he. 'Perhaps we don't appreciate him,' said I; 'but we sure do love him.'"

The druggist's voice broke on the last two words, and the silence that followed echoed his feeling more deeply than words could have done. After a time, the one called "Jim" voiced the thoughts of them all:

"I guess he was right. We didn't appreciate what we had in the Old Doc. Why, he could have been a great physician in a big city like Baltimore—if he

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ıdn't stuck to us in this little town. I onder why he did."

"Perhaps it was for the same reason ıat he stayed a private soldier all through ıe Civil War. He told me once that he as offered a commission several times ıring those four years, but each time he fused it. 'They needed a lot more ldiers than they did officers,' he said, ıen to do the fighting. That's what I ent in for, and I guess I got more satis-ction out of it than I would have had wearing a shoulder strap and sitting ound in an officer's tent. Then, you see, went into the army with a company of ɔys from home; I hated to leave them.'"

Ah, that was it! He hated to leave them!" He ad loved the old comrades ıst as he had loved the eople of the little mountain ɔwn. And those people? Vell, the druggist had ɔoken for them,—"Per-aps we don't appreciate im, but we sure do love im."

From childhood, every ne of them had loved the ld Doctor, for many were ıe anxious days and nights ıat the good physician had ɔent in all of their homes, eeping watch with them as ıeir loved ones hovered on ıe brink of the eternal orld. Many a time at mid-ight he had come in the ouring rain, or started out ver the mountain in the ead of winter, through a ɔlinding snowstorm, to ring a new soul into the orld, or to stay the going f an older one. For more han fifty years Doctor Jnger was the physician nd friend of my mother's amily, so I share with these ɔeople of Mercersburg the leep affection for him. To ıim I owe my own life, and he life of my child.

"I'LL never forget the winter Father had pneu-nonia," said one of the men tanding in the drug store. 'We were still living out on he farm, and what a winter t was! The coldest I've ever known, with the snow piled higher han your head in some places. Father ıad been pretty sick with a bad cold for wo or three days. The Doctor had been ɔut once and said he'd come again the ıext day. Well, the next day we had the worst blizzard I've ever seen.

"Father grew steadily worse, and by ıight had a high temperature! Mother did what she could, watched him all night; but he was no better in the morning and there was no hope of getting the Doctor, for the drifts were so high from the barnyard to the road that no sleigh could be gotten through them, even if we could have got through on the main road. It seemed that we must let Father lie there and die!

"About noon, as I went out on the porch to see if there was any hope of getting a team through to the main road, I saw a dark object floundering around in the drifts of the big pasture, and making its way with great difficulty toward the house. Sometimes it would almost disappear in the drifts. I finally saw it was a man, and I set out to meet him, for he seemed pretty much exhausted. You all know who it was! The Old Doctor knew how sick Father might be, and he'd taken along old colored Chal and driven in the sleigh as far as they could go. Then he'd left Chal with the horse, and started on foot 'cross lots for the house. When I got to him he was about petered out. I almost carried him the last few yards to the house.

"After he got his breath, he didn't seem much the worse for the trip. He was so bundled up he wasn't cold. You all know how many clothes he always wore. Well, that morning he had on several extra layers, from head to toe, which was one reason he floundered so in the drifts. We helped him off with the upper layers and Mother wanted to get him some coffee; but, no, sir! 'No time for coffee now,' he said. 'Let's look after this man of yours.' After half an hour he sent me across lots to tell Chal to go on home without him and tell his wife he wouldn't be home till the next day.

"'THERE'S two other doctors in town,' he said, 'and nobody needs me as bad as Hayes does.'

"All day he worked and watched by Father's bedside and most of the night. About two o'clock, I persuaded him to lie down, promising to call him if there was the slightest change. He went to bed with all his clothes on—except his boots. He said when the change should come he wanted to be able to get to Father at once. I called him at five. I was sure Father was going. But he didn't, thanks to the Old Doctor! By daylight Father was sleeping naturally. The Doctor stayed until noon, and then I hitched up the old sleigh and succeeded in getting him through to town.

"After Father was able to sit up, the Doctor said to him one day, 'Hayes, you've lived on this farm all your life and you're over sixty years old. You've saved something, haven't you?'

"'Why, yes, Doc, enough to be comfortable on, I guess.'

"'Well, then, sell the damn farm and move to town! The next time you have pneumonia I may not be able to get through the drifts.'

"Father took his advice, and we moved to town in the spring!"

"THE Old Doctor wasn't averse to using pretty strong language when he thought the occasion demanded it," said the druggist. "Mrs. Unger told Nan that when the other doctors all decided to raise their fees, and called on the Old Doctor to persuade him to raise his, he told them to go to—well, to the hot place—that it was none of their business what fees he charged!

"'Folks around here can't afford to pay big prices for a doctor,' he said to his wife. 'If they'd all pay just what I ask, we'd get along fine.'

"'But they don't. Half of them don't pay you at all,' said his wife; 'and you won't ask them for it.'

"'Well, we've got along all right so far and raised most of the children. The boys will soon be able to look out for themselves, so I guess we'll continue to get along. Anyway, I won't raise my fees!' And he was as set about it as he was about wearing so many clothes in the winter time!"

"Speaking of the Old Doctor going to bed with his clothes on, I can go you one better, John," said the owner of a hardware store. "It was the time my wife's mother died. We knew she probably wouldn't live through the night, and Mary begged the Doctor to stay. Sometime after midnight we prevailed upon him to go to bed in the guest-room. He did—overcoat, cap, boots and all! He got under the covers and didn't even take off the pillow-shams!"

They all knew the story, but they laughed just the same, for the laugh, somehow, seemed to bring that beloved friend nearer. He would have laughed with them had he been there—and perhaps he was!

"Yes," said one, (*Continued on page 151*)

Why This Article Is Printed

SOME time ago, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE conducted a contest on "The Best Loved Person I Ever Knew." Thousands of replies were received, and well-loved persons in all walks of life were mentioned. But the old-fashioned country doctor was named more frequently in the contest letters than was any other type of man. Hundreds after hundreds of letters paid tribute to him.

In the making of America, the old family doctor played a most glorious part. "He that is greatest among you shall be your servant," said Jesus. This divine test of greatness has been met by many a country doctor, whose services, at any of the twenty-four hours of the day, have been at the call of those who needed him most.

Usually, the field of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE is contemporary life, and the printed articles are likely to be tied up with the activities of men and women who are living. Yet the Editor is constrained to make an exception in this instance, because, in printing Doctor Unger's story, the old-fashioned doctor as a type is given a small measure of the praise that is his due.

Sara Sherman, author of the article, was a patient of Doctor Unger, and the people mentioned in the article are real people, though in some instances the names have been changed. The incidents recorded are true. THE EDITOR.

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War Drums

A stirring romance of the early American wilderness

By HERBERT RAVENEL SASS

Illustrated by Stockton Mulford

Synopsis of the Two Preceding Instalments

LACHLAN McDONALD—Scotchman, Frenchman, Indian, Prince of the Muskogee Empire; the Lady Jolie Stanwicke, imperious and lovely, lately come from England to her father's house in old Charles Town; Almayne, hunter, friend of Lachlan's father, commissioned by Jolie to search for Gilbert Barradell, her lover, lost in the New World; and Captain Lance Falcon of the brig "Good Fortune," swordsman, adventurer, with some strange hold upon Jolie's father: These are the colorful figures that move through this romantic story.

Lachlan saw Jolie first when he leaped her garden wall in response to a lady's cry of distress and the sudden sound of swords. It was Falcon he found there, standing with sword drawn over Gilbert Barradell's brother. Barradell was unhurt, and the lady sent Lachlan away. But he vowed that he would not go home to his father's kingdom until he had learned how he might serve this lady in distress.

The chance came quickly. He intercepted a note from Don Ruy Ortiz of St. Augustine, making an appointment with Falcon on the "Good Fortune" for twelve o'clock that night. Lachlan changed the hour in the note from 12 to 10, made himself up as a Spaniard, had his two Indian braves and Almayne row him out to the brig and met Falcon alone. He learned that Falcon was in league with the Spaniards against the English, that trouble was brewing among the Indians—and that Gilbert Barradell was Chief Concha's prisoner.

But at that moment the door of the cabin swung open upon the *real* Don Ruy Ortiz. Lachlan fought his way to the deck, and overboard, where he was rescued by Almayne and the braves, and the next day he reported to Jolie Stanwicke, in her garden, that her lover was alive. Even as he spoke, her eyes widened with horror, three Indians leaped upon him from behind, and he was carried through the streets of Charles Town in a bundle of masts and sails. When he awoke, he was on the "Good Fortune," and land nowhere in sight.

Lachlan knew that Falcon would kill him without a qualm. He took his only chance. He challenged the captain to a duel. The sportsman in Falcon was stirred, and he agreed. Then—a great cry! The brig was being pursued by Black Lowther, Falcon's deadly enemy, in "The Merry Amy." To escape destruction by the enemy vessel (both had run up their pirates' flags), Falcon wrecked the "Good Fortune," and Lachlan found himself washed up on shore with the captain and four of the crew as sole survivors. He learned that it was Falcon who had saved him from drowning, and agreed not to betray to anyone Falcon's piracy or his alliance with the Spaniards. As for the Lady Jolie—"I place no restriction upon you. I shall take care of myself there," Falcon concluded. And so they waited for rescue.

THE beach upon which Lachlan and Falcon had been cast lay not more than thirty miles down the coast from Charles Town. Scarcely a mile away opened Edisto Inlet, and at Lachlan's suggestion they walked the strand until the calm blue waters of the inlet halted them. In an hour or so they saw a large plantation pettiauger coming down the river to the inlet mouth to fish. They signaled the boat and she came to them.

While the gaping negro oarsmen looked on in wondering silence, Falcon told the white man in charge, a plantation overseer, a story of how the "Good Fortune" had been wrecked in the blow of the night before. There were food and drink on the pettiauger, and an hour's row up the inlet and the river behind it brought them to Mr. Paul Hamilton's plantation house. Hamilton received them hospitably, provided them with clothing, ordered his eight-oared cypress barge manned, and, holding the tiller himself, brought them through the winding, marsh-bordered inner waterways to Charles Town, which they reached about dusk.

He set them ashore and, being busy with his crops, cast off at once for the return trip. Lachlan stood watching as the black oarsmen pulled away, then turned to find Falcon's eyes fixed on him.

"You will not forget, sir," said Falcon slowly, "our conversation on the beach?"

"I shall remember it," Lachlan answered, "and certain other things."

They bowed stiffly and went separate ways.

They bound him to his seat with a bell rope cut from the wall

LACHLAN had slept during the long row through the placid, inland marsh creeks. He had intended finding Almayne immediately, but walked first to his lodging to get into a suit of his own clothes. In his room, irresistible weariness came upon him, the cumulative effect of physical and mental strain. He lay down on the bed for a ten-minutes rest, and slept for twelve hours.

It was near ten o'clock of the following morning,

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efore, when he sat down Almayne at Marshall's rn and told as much of story as he was free to Almayne sat silent for moments, his lips ered under their thin e mustache, his long n fingers drumming on able.

By Zooks!" he exned. "An astonishing this Falcon!"

chlan nodded. "On rig," he said, "I would died for him. On the h, if I had had a pistol, ould have shot him n."

n that case," drawled ayne, "I am sorry you no pistol."

chlan pushed back his r. "We must move kly," he said, "for adell's rescue. I must olie Stanwicke at once."

f you see her you will nore fortunate than I e been," Almayne led.

What do you mean?" lan asked quickly.

That I am denied access er," the hunter aned, "that I am foren to see her or speak her. But I had best at the beginning. I a story to tell also."

TOLD it, briefly. Toward noon on Sunday had begun to wonder e Lachlan was. He ed for him at his lodgin the streets, at the e of Mr. O'Sullivan, lan's former tutor, at a abin outside the town's ndary which the two kogee warriors, Strik-Hawk and Little Mink, pied as a temporary ng. Then the hunter to the Stanwicke e. The negro servant, hom he announced his to speak with Mistress Stanwicke, returned few minutes to say that lady was ill and could be seen.

e fact that early in forenoon Falcon's brig weighed anchor and d out of the harbor ngthened a suspicion h had already taken in Almayne's mind. t Lachlan was on the seemed a remote possiy, but less remote than other theory which the er could devise.

ext morning Almayne e another attempt to Jolie Stanwicke. Her er, Edward Stanwicke, tanwicke Hall, met him at the door, ade any communication with Jolie, all but ordered him from the house.

Slowly, very slowly, as though the arm were made of lead, he raised his right hand and pointed. "Good God!" he whispered hoarsely. . . . The thing at which Stanwicke pointed was a huge, yellow, barred, and speckled spider, moving along the table straight toward the pallid, staring man

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Almayne, in a fury at this insult, delivered himself of considerable strong language before realizing that in so doing he was making a mistake. In the afternoon came a summons requesting his presence at the Governor's Mansion. His Excellency looked him coldly up and down, informed him that complaint had been lodged against him by Mr. Edward Stanwicke, of Stanwicke Hall, and forbade him to approach the Stanwicke house or have any communication with its occupants.

Almayne had already considered laying the matter of Lachlan's disappearance before the Governor. He had decided against this, however, because he did not believe that anything could come of it. Seeing that Stanwicke had the Governor's ear, and knowing, too, that Falcon was well thought of by His Excellency, Almayne kept his troubles to himself and left the Governor's presence to seek out Striking Hawk and Little Mink.

They had learned nothing. Neither had Mr. O'Sullivan. Lachlan had vanished without a trace.

Monday afternoon passed and Monday night. On Tuesday morning Almayne saw a chaise draw up at the front door of the Stanwicke house. Immediately Jolie Stanwicke, her father, and a dark, thick-set man, the plantation overseer at Stanwicke Hall, entered it. They drove to a small boat landing on the western water-front of the town, where the plantation barge, manned by six negro oarsmen, awaited them. The hunter kept out of sight until they had embarked and then, as though by accident, walked out to the head of the wharf. The barge had cast off and the negroes were bending to the oars; but Jolie Stanwicke, seated at the stern, saw him and recognized him. Immediately she rose in her seat.

"WHY have you not answered my message?" she cried across the widening space of water. "Is he safe?"

"I got no message," Almayne shouted. "Tell me quickly, do you know aught of Lachlan McDonald?"

She uttered an exclamation of amazement, then shot a swift, angry glance at her father, who sat beside her, apparently dumb with surprise.

"He was set upon by three Indians in my garden," she cried, in a high, clear tone which carried far. "They—"

By now Stanwicke had recovered his wits. He spoke a quick word to the negro oarsmen, and at once their voices rose in unison, chanting the unintelligible words of one of those barbaric rowing songs with which the black boatmen of the coast plantations were accustomed to lighten their labors. The loud, melodious chime of their voices blotted out the voice of the girl. Almayne could hear no more of what she tried to tell him.

He saw her turn with a gesture of furious protest upon her father, who sat grim-faced and silent, staring straight ahead. The barge crossed the Ashley and entered the mouth of Wappoo Creek, evidently heading for Stanwicke Hall, Edward Stanwicke's country seat on Stono River.

"There's little more to tell," Almayne concluded. "I spent the rest of the day running in circles on a false scent, and I would have gone to the Governor this morning, much as I distrust him, had you not reappeared."

He rapped on the table for the black attendant and ordered more ale.

"Well, what next, lad?" he asked gruffly.

"Her message," said Lachlan, frowning thoughtfully. "She sent you a message which you did not receive—evidently a message telling you that I had been attacked in her garden."

"Aye," Almayne answered.

"Stanwicke suppressed that message, letting her think it had been delivered."

"Aye," said Almayne again; "so I figured it."

"He is Falcon's tool," Lachlan continued. "He is against her. And he is in Falcon's power—you remember Falcon told me that he held Stanwicke in the hollow of his hand. She will be in danger at Stanwicke Hall with those two men."

Almayne spread his hands in a gesture of irritation.

"That is not my business," he said impatiently. "My business is to get Gilbert Barradell and bring him back to Charles Town. Jock Pearson's pack train is start-

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ıg for Fort Prince George. I shall ride ıith them to the fort, and then push on to hief Concha's town—it is best to take ıe upper route because the rivers to the outh are in flood. You'll be starting for alasé, no doubt, and since your road is ıe same as ours, you had best ride with s."

Lachlan nodded absently. "Good," e replied; "but there's work to be done ere first."

For some moments he was silent, frownıg and tapping on the table with his ngers.

"Does Pearson's wife still ride with the ack train?" he asked presently.

"Always," Almayne growled. "Ugly Meg is Jock's right-hand nan—she's better than nost women."

Lachlan smiled. "You ere always a hater of omen, Almayne," he aid, "which is unforunate, seeing that there ill be two women with s on this journey."

"Two women!" the unter exclaimed. "Meg earson, and who else?"

"Mistress Jolie Stanicke," Lachlan anwered.

Almayne's eyes idened with amazenent.

"Eh, lad, are you aft? In the first place, he would not come. In he second place, how o you propose to get er out of Stanwicke Iall? And in the third lace—"

"She will come," achlan interrupted. As for the other probem, we must find a vay."

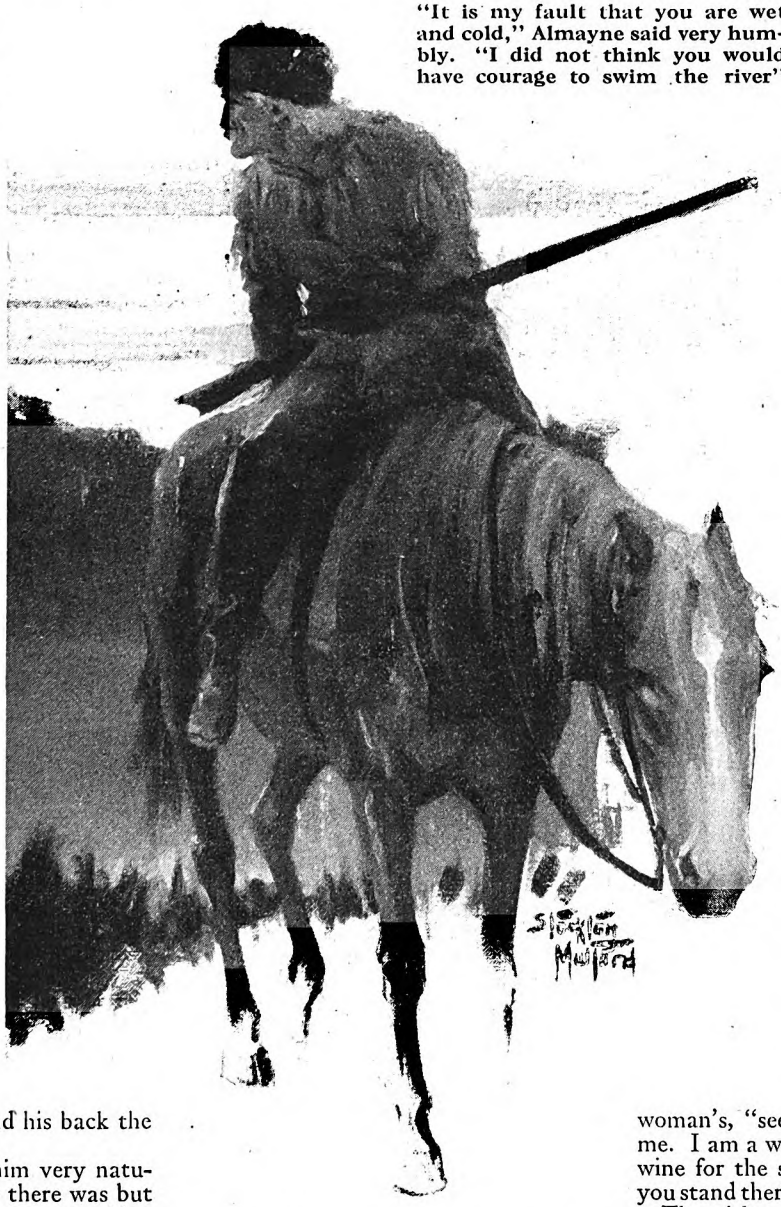
"So!" said the hunter ryly, and shouted to he black boy to bring he ale.

EVEN to-day they tell some strange stories of Stanwicke Hall. There vas a Master of Stanwicke, it is said, who was noney-mad. His black laves and his servants nated him, for avarice nade him cruel; and beause of his passion for old, they called him behind his back the 'Golden Spider."

They got this name for him very natually. In all that country there was but one species of spider which spun a golden web. This one, a huge, hairy, barred and speckled golden creature as large as the palm of a man's hand, inhabited—and still inhabits—the forests of lowland Carolina, spinning its glistening webs in abundance in the garden and shrubbery of Stanwicke Hall.

They say that this money-mad Master of Stanwicke, this Golden Spider, as his people called him, learned not only of the name that had been given him but also of a grim prophecy spoken against him by an old African woman whom he owned; and although he had always loved those shining webs in the shrubbery of his garden, because they were the color of gold, he suddenly conceived a strange hatred of them and a consuming fear of the creature that made them.

And they say that one night he sat late drinking alone in the great room at Stanwicke Hall, and that in the morning his servants found him dead in his chair, his face upturned to the ceiling, and on the face, almost covering it from view, the gross and swollen palpitating body of a gigantic yellow and black spider. James Almayne, the hunter, and Lachlan McDonald, could give the truth of this tale, for there is a tincture of truth in it.



"It is my fault that you are wet and cold," Almayne said very humbly. "I did not think you would have courage to swim the river"

Dusk of the day on which they had conferred at Marshall's inn found Lachlan and Almayne in the deep woods about a mile from Stanwicke Hall. There they left their horses and a third horse, which they had led from Charles Town, and pushed on through the forest on foot. They wore buckskins and moccasins, and each carried, besides knife and steel tomahawk, a long rifle.

At the edge of the woods they waited until no more lanterns or torches moved about the plantation yard. Then they crossed the open stealthily, two dim, almost invisible shapes in the faint moonlight. Lights burned in the great central room on the first floor of the house. Presently Lachlan and Almayne stood in the deep shadow on the front piazza close to one of the lofty double doors opening into the room.

It was a large room, handsomely furnished, and lighted with tall candles, its wide, deep windows open to admit the sweet-scented April breeze. In a high-backed chair beside a long table sat Edward Stanwicke, a tall, stooped, gray man of some sixty years, whose craggy face would have been both handsome and strong but for the loose underlip.

He was richly dressed, as became his station in the Province; for the Master of Stanwicke, a nobleman by virtue of the system of Colonial nobility established by the Lords Proprietors of Carolina and not yet wholly obsolete, held himself second to none in the New World. In front of him, wearing white with a green silken shawl about her shoulders, stood Jolie Stanwicke, his daughter.

A LIVERIED negro servant had just placed a decanter and glasses upon the table, and had withdrawn.

Lachlan, watching from the darkness without, saw that Stanwicke sat in a strangely hunched position in his chair, his head lolling forward on his chest. For some moments he sat thus without moving, his eyes apparently half closed. Then he roused suddenly, and with shaking hands filled a glass. As he lifted it from the table, the lace of his sleeve brushed against the other glass, overturning it so that it smashed to atoms on the floor. Instantly he broke out in a high-pitched, tremulous wail.

"See," he cried, his voice as shrill as a woman's, "see what all this has done to me. I am a wreck, a shell. I cannot pour wine for the shaking of my hands. And you stand there and there's no pity in you."

The girl moved a step nearer, resting her hand upon the table.

"Pity!" she said slowly. "There is no room for pity." (*Continued on page 134*)

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"Adventure, Here I Am; Come A-Shootin'!"

Paul Christian Miller arrived in Wyoming thirty-one years ago with a gripsack, a rusty six-shooter, and an overwhelming desire to bust a bronco—He found adventure, sure enough, but in a field of which he had never dreamed

By Neil M. Clark

OFF the Westbound Overland Limited, at Laramie, one day in 1896, stepped a lanky youth whose luggage consisted of two Old World gripsacks. A joyous sensation came to him as he took the first tonic breath of high-country air into his lungs. He knew neither the language of the country nor the vernacular of the West; but the thought in his mind, had he known just how to phrase it, was:

"Adventure, here I am; come a-shootin'!"

Nineteen years old he was, tall, lean, brown-haired, brown-eyed, with an anchor tattooed on one wrist and a tall frigate on the other. Not within five thousand miles did he know a soul he could call friend. The combined steamer and railroad ticket which had brought him to his destination, read, "Copenhagen, Denmark, to Laramie, Wyoming, U. S. A." In his pocket were a few dollars—only a few. In one gripsack was a rusty six-shooter. In his heart was a great yearning to see and to be a part of the frontier and of life at the untamed outposts of civilization.

In this fashion, thirty-one years ago, Paul Christian Miller came to America. And what the future held for this adventure-seeker was strange indeed. To-day, you can ask scientists, even in far countries and remote universities, about Paul Miller, and they will tell you he is one of the foremost experts of the world in collecting and preparing for study or exhibition the fossil bones of rare old animals that lived on this earth hundreds of thousands and millions of years ago.

Officially, he is associate curator of the Walker Museum of the University of Chicago—a paleontologist whose researches and expeditions have taken him each year for twenty-eight years into the wildest and most difficult parts of this country. His expeditions have led to the discovery of ancient animals never before known to exist, and have helped to etch new details in the marvelously-revealed story of life as it existed twenty-five and thirty million years ago. Mr. Miller has specialized particularly on animals that lived in what geologists know as the *Permian* period of the earth's history, and his collections of animals of that period are unsurpassed.

Such is the man who was a lad and a stranger on the station platform at Laramie in 1896—a lad with scant schooling for science, and with no word of English on his lips. It seems a far cry from lad to man; but the selfsame magnet that drew Paul Miller to Laramie drew him also into science. An adventurer he was then, and an adventurer he is still!

"As a boy," he told me, "I was in the grip of the wanderlust, and roamed far and wide, thinking that adventure lay only in dropping below strange horizons. The spirit of those times never has left me, and to-day I believe even more surely that adventure lies in dropping below horizons and learning what lies beyond. But the years have taught me something else as well: that the horizons hiding some of the finest adventures are not necessarily those seen by the eye, for there are also horizons of the mind. Adventure, in a word, is where interest is—where curiosity, eager and enthusiastic, leads on to new knowledge, new experience, and to new achievement."

BEARDED, slightly bald, his skin leathery-brown from exposure to wind and sun, Mr. Miller may be found during any of the winter months, as a rule, in his office or workroom at the University of Chicago. His fifty years have been full years, and frequently his talk is spiced with reminders of the sailor, the cowboy, the miner, the railroader—for he has been all of these things, and more.

His father was a master of deep-sea sailing crafts in the days when steamers were rare and to ship on one was considered a disgrace. Sailing ships' decks were as naturally Paul Miller's play places as are the backs of horses for ranch boys. Before he learned his A B C's, he knew the name of every stick and sheet on a vessel. Before he was five he had climbed the masts of the tallest sailing ships that came to Copenhagen harbor. And, like any other boy of his land, he learned how to sail a vessel himself, and understood the freaks of tide and storm in the land-locked waters. To dream, day and night, of becoming a sailor, was as natural for him as to breathe.

"But the sea claims many victims," he reminded me. "More than one of our neighbors and friends sailed away never to return. So, when my father was absent on long voyages, as he sometimes was for months at a time, my mother was perpetually worried about him, and when he was at home, she besought him to quit the sea. He finally did, taking up a small farm. Mother also tried to dissuade me and my brothers from thinking of the sea; but that was like asking the wind not to blow!

"At sixteen I went to sea, signing on in a training ship, which, though officered by mature men, and engaged in regular commerce, was worked entirely by a crew of thirty or forty boys, all aiming, like myself, to become ships' officers. On this vessel I covered many a thousand miles, sailing to the West Indies, to South America, to Africa, through the Suez and down the Red Sea, to Russia, and other parts of the world.

"By the end of two years, however, my mother brought so much pressure to bear on me, that I consented to quit the sea, at least for the time being, and to try a job with my uncle, who raised flowers for the Copenhagen market. Long before my first year with him was up, I knew I would have to get away: the call of far places was too strong.

"It was with the understanding that I was to adventure as I pleased for two or three years, and then come home and settle down, that I bought a ticket from Copenhagen straight through to Laramie, Wyoming. I had pored over the maps, and Wyoming looked as near the edge of things as any place I could see."

In a Laramie restaurant he met a man who spoke his language, and who helped him to get his first job, which was in the Union Pacific roundhouse. His task was to crawl under locomotives when they came in from runs and clean out the ashes in the boiler pits.

"ONE week of that was enough," he laughed. "I had not come to Wyoming to look at the under side of locomotives, but to see mountains, to get astride a horse and ride into the wind." So, again through his friend of the restaurant, young Miller secured an introduction to the foreman of a ranch located some thirty or forty miles out on the Laramie River, and from him he got a ranch job. This young Dane wanted to be a cowboy and ride the range.

"Leading me out to the big barn," Mr. Miller related, "the ranch foreman pointed to a two-wheeled cart, to which was hitched a big-boned horse that apparently had not moved at faster than a trot for years. Near by was a huge pile of refuse waiting to be hauled away.

"'There,' said the foreman in bad Danish, 'is your job.'

"For the next two weeks," Paul Miller added with a smile, "I hauled refuse from

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k of the stables, and dumped it in the :r." He couldn't see much more enture in this than in cleaning boiler ; but, hoping that as soon as he had shed the task he would be allowed to ome a rider, he endured it. No sooner the refuse disposed of, however, than foreman made him take the same se and cart and pick up all the stones could find in the hay meadow, to save mowing-machine knives from injury haying time. At last, however, he did his chance to ride.

"HERE were boys on the ranch," he went on, "who rode broncos that ked, and thought nothing more of it n eating flapjacks for breakfast. But y were born to the range, while for me orse was an entirely new kind of con-ance. The horses themselves, and the er riders, made the most of the fact.

"I first got my hand in at a horse nd-up. This ranch owned several hdred horses of the Circle-S brand, and eral thousand cattle, branded dia-nd-circle; they all ran together on free ge covering dozens of square miles of intry. The colts needed branding, and as told off as a member of the round-up w. There were seven or eight of us ogether, and a *caviya* of nearly a hdred horse, nine or ten being allotted each rider. The foreman nted out mine:

"'That black there, the n, the pinto—'

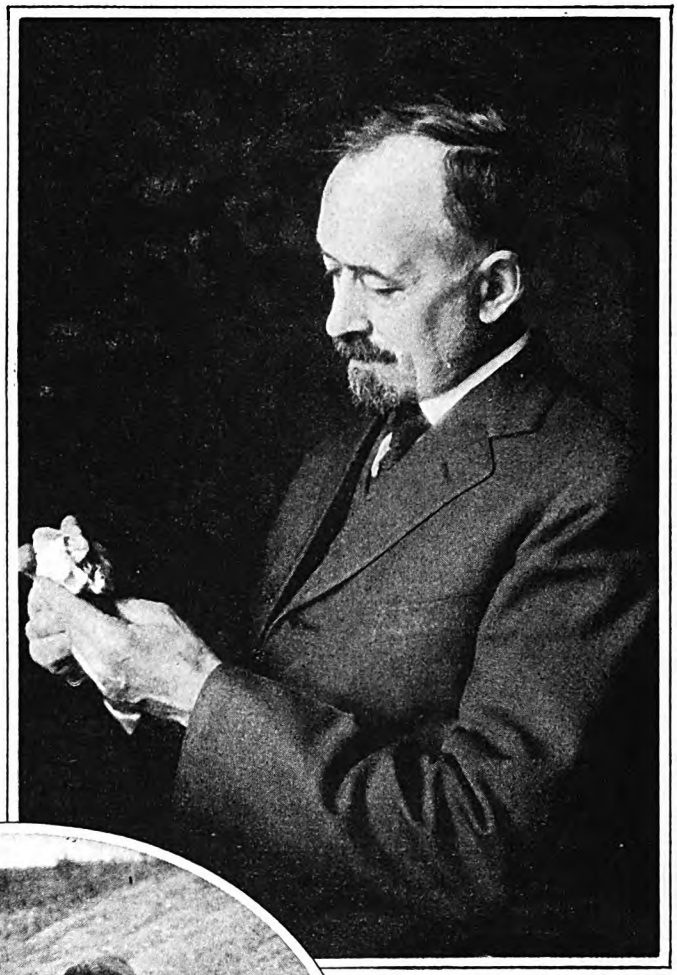
"As long as he was point-, I could identify them. t they immediately milled th the caviya and were all t horses. You can guess at I provided plenty of usement for the round-up nds."

Try as he would, Miller uld not rope a horse for nself. When somebody e caught one for him, he uld not stay on its back if bucked—and the "boys" w to it that it did buck. nd when the foreman, out patience with delays, final-told them to catch him horse whose bucking days ere over, he quickly learned at for him there were worse ings than falling off a orse—and that one was having to stay oard!

"In addition to being a tenderfoot," Mr. Miller went on, "I was not properly utfitted. The others had the comfortable nd necessary high-heeled boots; I wore rdinary shoes. They had chaps, which rotected their legs when riding through iff brush; I had only overalls. They had omfortable saddles of their own; mine as one that nobody else cared to use. ly legs quickly became so badly blistered nat the pain by night was fearful; and, hen I was routed out of the blankets at our in the morning to climb into the addle again, nearly unendurable. There ere times for some days when I felt that I ever got back to ranch headquarters live, I would cheerfully hitch up the old lug and drive him to the two-wheeled art the rest of my days!"

But the tenderfoot's sores gradually ealed. His muscles toughened. And there came a day when, with his first two months' pay—sixty dollars—he rode to town and bought himself a saddle of his own, chaps, boots, and the balance of a complete outfit. Soon he was no longer the newest tenderfoot, but almost a veteran, and in the end he could ride nearly as far and hard, throw a rope nearly as well, and handle a branding iron about as cleverly as any man to the range born.

No one place or job held Paul Miller for long in the years immediately following. When he grew tired of the scenery or grub in one place, he rode on to another. New jobs, new faces, and new chances of adventure, always were waiting somewhere just ahead. Those were the days when a man could ride from the Uinta Mountains to the Montana line, and scarcely see a line fence. Miller rode and worked pretty much through Wyoming, Montana, Colorado, Utah, and Arizona. He drove mules and handled a wheelbarrow in mines in Utah. He worked as a fireman on the Union Pacific. And once, being in Omaha with a trainload of cattle, he picked up two weeks' wages running a stationary steam engine for a merry-go-round.



Dr. Paul C. Miller, of the University of Chicago, known all over the world for his researches in the fossil remains of prehistoric animal life. Doctor Miller came to this country thirty-one years ago from Denmark. He is fifty years old. (In oval) Doctor Miller, in Wyoming, excavating the skull of a titanotherium, one of a family of gigantic extinct animals somewhat allied to the rhinoceros

NEARLY three years slipped by, during which Miller was never idle. And always he was doing the things that interested him most at the time, and doing them hard. To him that was adventure, as it still is. But too, in his mind there was dawning a new understanding.

"I discovered," he said, "that a mode of life, to be permanently interesting, permanently adventurous, must be directed by some proper aim, purpose, or ideal—I do not care what you call it. I was now twenty-two, and had pretty well learned my way about the West. I became conscious of the need for some steady guide rope to help me walk the deck of life.

"I never thought seriously of going back to Denmark—it all seemed far too tame there—but I did think some of heading toward ranch ownership. But chance, or fate, or whatever it is that arranges such matters, led me one day to the railroad station at Como, Wyoming, and there I met the late Dr. Jacob L. Wortman, of New York City.

Doctor Wortman, working along the same general lines in science as Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, president of the American (*Continued on page 163*)

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Arthur G. Gower, of Greenville, South Carolina, is a familiar and eagerly welcomed visitor in the hospitals and sick-rooms of his city. For many years he has been distributing flowers of his own growing to sick persons, and others in distress. Mr. Gower makes his living as a bookkeeper. He is sixty-six years old

INTERESTING PEOPLE

This Quiet Bookkeeper Has Given Away 100,000 Bunches of Flowers

ARTHUR G. GOWER is perhaps the most amazing man I know, for he has been able to cling, for twenty years, to a good resolution. And it is the kind of resolution that causes him endless hours of work and that has never yet paid him one dollar. Moreover, this generous resolution of his requires him to get up at four o'clock each Sunday morning—the very morning that most of us lie late abed—and tote heavy loads here and there over town. More than that, his self-given task calls for work well into the night.

Mr. Gower is a bookkeeper, but I am not going to tell you about that phase of his life. There are plenty of bookkeepers, and you know already what they do. But there is only one bookkeeper, so far as my acquaintance extends, who has given away a hundred thousand bunches of flowers, all of his own growing. All of us have generous impulses, and all of us live up to them now and then; but Mr. Gower, once started on his great mission, has never weakened. Into the three main hospitals of Greenville, South Carolina, he goes every Sunday morning, carrying two big baskets of flowers, arranged in convenient bunches; and into homes where there are invalids, or persons temporarily sick, he also goes. His coming is like a benediction; his gifts brighten the day for the bedridden men, women, and children of Greenville. This remarkable manifestation of a Christian heart started twenty years ago. A man and his wife came to Greenville from the North, and the woman was an invalid. Mr. Gower went to see them, and carried some flowers.

"She was a stranger here," he explains, "and could see nothing from her bed but the tops of trees out of her windows. The few flowers I took to her seemed to brighten her days. I saw an expression of radiance come into her face once when I presented my nosegay. That started me thinking, 'Why not give flowers to others, also?' I asked myself."

Mr. Gower found no satisfactory answer to that question except to go ahead and act upon the impulse. He began to make mental notes of his friends who were sick, and from time to time he gathered bouquets from his own garden and took the flowers to these friends. They appreciated his thoughtfulness; the sight of the flowers seemed to make it easier for them to be patient while awaiting recovery. Then he extended his visits to include strangers, and also he extended his flower garden. As he enlarged it, he also enlarged the circle of his visits. The work of kindness had started, and it gathered momentum as it went along.

That was the start of Mr. Gower's flower mission. He acted on the impulse of his heart, and, what's a whole lot more, he never tired of obeying that impulse. In making his plans, he decided that to visit the patients in the hospitals, giving them flowers, was an obvious thing to do. To these he added various sick persons about town. For many years he has distributed his bouquets impartially to all who are sick or otherwise afflicted.

As regularly as Sunday morning rolls around, this quiet, unassuming bookkeeper, now sixty-six years old, visits three hospitals and many homes, with his hamper baskets, one on each arm, piled high with flowers. His visits are eagerly looked forward to; people expect him, as they do the rising sun, and they accept him as one of God's benefits to humanity.

Mr. Gower is a busy man, putting in forty-eight hours a week over his ledgers, so he does not have much time for his really wonderful garden. He is not a man of means. He walks to and from the hospitals and the homes he visits, walks despite the weight of hundreds of bunches of flowers. His own home has half an acre of ground around it, and in every available space flowers are planted. He selects them so that there will always be blossoms, except for a few weeks in the dead of winter. Each afternoon, upon returning from his office, he stays with his flowers as long as he can see to work. He never knocks off until the bats have hung themselves up for the night, and until the last hawk-moth has given the primroses a final once-over. And the next morning, long before sunrise, he is with his flowers again.

About four o'clock each Saturday afternoon Mr. Gower begins cutting the flowers he will distribute next day. When dark comes he goes into his house and arranges them into bunches. At four o'clock on Sunday morning he gets up again and completes this part of his task of mercy. Then, as soon as other people are stirring, he sets out on his rounds, carrying, usually, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty bunches of flowers. The largest number he ever distributed in one day was three hundred and eighteen. That was when the World War was on, and a big base hospital made extraordinary demands upon him. It is estimated that some fifteen thousand soldiers passed through this hospital, first and last, and that every one of them at one time or another received flowers from this bookkeeper, whose creed is as wide as mankind. In good weather and in bad, he goes just the same.

Mr. Gower has been an officer in the First Presbyterian Church of Greenville for thirty-five years. During the war, as a side line, he taught a Bible class in the government hospital. For more than twelve years he has taken flowers, one day each week, to Miss Nettie Trapp, a helpless invalid. "Mr. Gower's visits and his flowers," she told me when I called recently to see her, "have done more than anything else to keep me cheerful." She is blind and a paralytic.

Frequently in the mails Mr. Gower receives letters from strangers he has visited and, of course, from friends. Others have sought him out personally and thanked him; one man explained that he had been waiting three years for a chance to return again to Greenville and meet Mr. Gower, to thank him personally for his kindness; an ex-soldier wrote to ask if "you are still scattering sunshine?" and one day, as the flower missionary was walking along a street he saw a buggy come suddenly to a halt, an old man alight from it and come running toward him as fast as his age would permit.

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"I've been wanting a chance to thank ou!" exclaimed the old man. "Those owers meant a lot to me when I was own."

Flowers grow for Mr. Gower better than they will for me, or for anyone else I know of. They seem to know that he, more than the rest of us, realizes what they are for. God's gift, they are, to all of us. But there are some who cannot grow them because of physical infirmities, and Mr. Gower is the ambassador extraordinary between these unfortunate persons and the world of fragrant beauty.

CHARLES A. DAVID

Santa Claus Couldn't Get Along Without Rogers

MORE than five hundred children in Columbia and Boone County, Missouri, are made happy at Christmas because a Columbia man, O. R. Rogers, decided to open a repair shop for Santa Claus. Mr. Rogers spends every spare moment in his workshop repairing truckloads of toys contributed by Columbia housewives to help fill the Christmas stockings of poor children who might otherwise be overlooked.

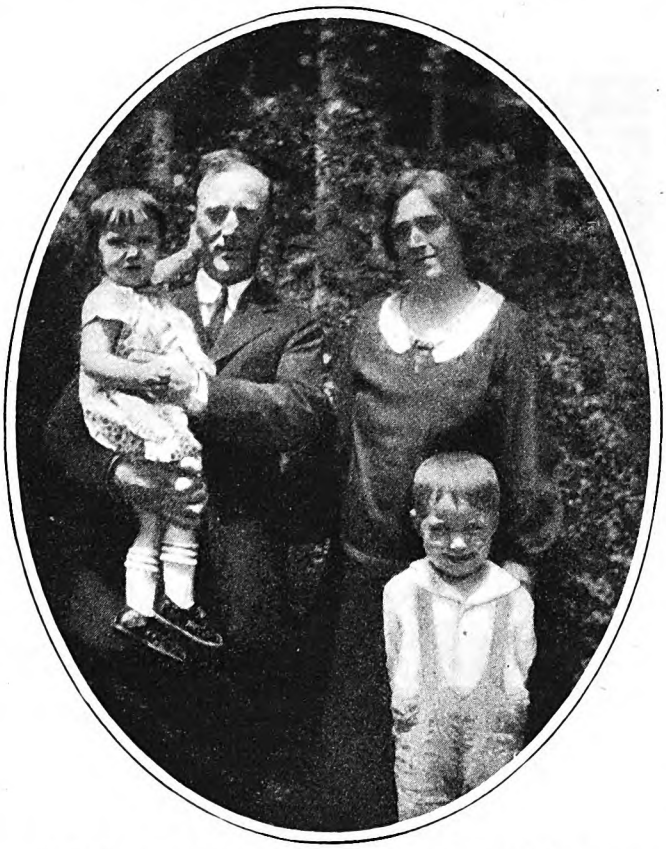
In October, 1925, Mr. Rogers started Christmas shopping for his own children. He found toys expensive, and out of reach for families of limited means. Then the thought of the annual waste of toys that were discarded occurred to him. Out of this grew the idea of a campaign for discarded toys that could be repaired and distributed. In response to an advertisement in the local papers, hundreds of toys were donated. With the help of his wife and mother, Rogers repaired and distributed everything that came in.

Before another Christmas rolled around, an organization had been perfected, business firms and charity organizations lending their assistance in every way possible. As a result, a toy shop that was a veritable Toy Land worthy of Santa Claus himself was in active operation.

I visited the Toy Shop while the Christmas preparations were in full swing, for it was only a few weeks before Santa Claus was scheduled to appear in Columbia and Boone County. Imagine, if you can, thousands of toys: books of every description, dolls, large and small, velocipedes, rocking horses, wagons, doll houses, furniture, dishes, Teddy bears, Noah's arks, tops, and the what-not of the toy world.

Glance particularly at the miscellaneous collection of dolls: there are baby dolls, character dolls, mechanical dolls, and dolls that cannot be classified. Some are bereft of arms, others of legs, or eyes, or hair. Yet by the time Mr. Rogers has set new eyes in plaster of Paris (and they open and shut perfectly too), restored arms or legs, and youth to the joints by inserting new elastic, given each doll a new head of hair, and a coat of flesh-colored paint, they are ready for the finishing touches. These are given by the students of the Art Institute, where delicate retracing of eyebrows and lashes, and a rosy tint to skin and cheeks remove the last traces of made-over dollies. When they have been dressed by the women members of the Columbia Sunday-schools, the dolls are all that any little girl-mother could desire.

Now glance over the miscellaneous assortment of mechanical toys. Mr. Rogers is really a wizard when it comes to this kind of work. The "innards" of kicking mules which have ceased to kick display their original mechanical enthusiasm for kicking when they have had a thorough working-over at his hands. The same is true of other toys. Regardless of what ails them, Mr. Rogers makes the wheels go round as perfectly as on the day they emerged from the toy factory. No pains are spared to make each toy as gay with paint as when it first left the shop. Sleds, scooters, cars, and trains, resplendent in their new colors, gladden the hearts of hundreds of children who otherwise could not possess them.



O. R. Rogers of Columbia and Boone County, Missouri, runs a repair shop for Santa Claus. Mr. Rogers, aided and abetted by practically everybody in his community, collects broken and run-down toys, makes them over as good as new, and sees that they find their way at Christmas time into little stockings that might otherwise go empty. In the picture you see Mr. Rogers and his family

The distribution of the toys presents no problem at all. The secretary of the local Public Welfare Society makes out a list of children and selects toys which she personally knows are wanted. Where there are several children in one family, an assortment is made, so that no two receive the same kind of toy. After the needs of the charity organizations have been taken care of, the rural school teachers select toys for the Christmas tree that is trimmed in each schoolhouse. Mr. Rogers is determined that no child in Boone County shall be overlooked.

Because this toy project carries the heart appeal of children, everyone contributes generously. Mechanics swallow their lunch hurriedly, rush over to the Toy Shop and work for the remainder of their lunch hour. Hardware stores donate paint, nails, wire, screws, and other necessities. Paint companies furnish paint for automobiles and wagons, so that toy vehicles vie with full-sized ones in beauty of finish. Left-over toys are donated by stores carrying toys in stock. Boy Scouts, under the active supervision of their commissioner, collect the toys, help to classify them, and work every spare moment outside of school hours repairing or painting.

Mr. Rogers gets a world of pleasure out of this work. But he stubbornly disclaims any credit for the success of the project. He insists that, while the idea is his, the success of the project depends upon the generous coöperation and enthusiasm that has been shown by the entire city and county. This is what he says: "No single individual deserves the credit for this work. There are hundreds of persons who have helped to make it a success. The people who donate the toys, the women who dress the dolls and distribute the toys, the newspapers that have sold the idea to the public, the Boy Scouts, the Camp Fire Girls, and hundreds of others too numerous to mention—all are equally deserving of credit.

"See that rocking-horse over there? Well, when he came in the other day he had no tail. I telephoned to a farmer friend of mine, told him about my dapple gray that had no tail, and he responded with, 'Oh, don't let that worry you, Rogers, I'll cut some of the tail off of one of my horses or cows and bring it to you to-morrow.' And he did, too!

"See those little cars? Yes, they need wheels. Well, I mentioned that to a cabinet-maker friend of mine, and I am sure those wheels will be soon made.

"With everyone interested in this Toy Shop and all that it represents, I

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see no reason why this work should not grow into a great activity, not in this county alone, but in other towns and cities. Think of the thousands and thousands of children in our large cities who now have nothing but an empty stocking on Christmas morning and a shattered faith in 'Santa Claus' for their Christmas gift! And think how happy these youngsters could be made if some group of persons would adopt our plan of collecting and repairing toys that would be donated by wealthy families, large department stores, and come from other sources."

MARIE ROGERS-JOHNSON

These Girls Are Not Afraid of Rats and Mice

MISS HELEN CALDWELL and Miss Evelyn Wagar wanted to see the world—so they became rat and mice exterminators. The Pied Piper of Hamelin Town was not more earnest nor more thorough in his work than are these two college-bred young women. Their method, however, differs widely from his. They do not employ strains of music in their process of doing away with the expensive rat; instead, they depend upon the successful government formula, barium carbonate, which is an effective poison.

These young women travel by automobile and they have been in nearly all of the states of our country and several of its possessions. When they arrive in a city their first step is to seek the coöperation of the health officers, who are always glad to lend their assistance. In some towns the mayor proclaims a rat-killing week, and frequently the chamber of commerce sponsors a campaign, or a drive will be conducted under the auspices of clubs, the Rotary, or a woman's civic organization. Often the young exterminators give merchants and owners of buildings and factories a demonstration of their methods.

The charge for ridding premises of rats and mice is based on the size of the building and the probable size of the rat population. After the rats have been destroyed, instruction is given in the proper use of the poison, in order that owners may continue to keep their premises free from the rodents.

Miss Caldwell is from Huntington, West Virginia. She began this work five years ago, just after her graduation from college, in company with Miss Anna Mae Wright of the same state. The partnership lasted until a few months ago when it was dissolved by the marriage of Miss Wright, whose place was taken by Miss Evelyn Wagar, a graduate of the University of Minnesota.

"When we began," said Miss Caldwell, "we had no idea that we would continue so long, nor that the business would develop as it has. We really got started during a state-wide campaign against rats in Virginia. A relative of Miss Wright's was health officer in Norfolk, and he helped us at first. We wanted to travel, and we thought the business offered an opportunity to obtain funds to cover our expenses. We knew that there were rats everywhere. It was only a question of choosing where we wanted to go.

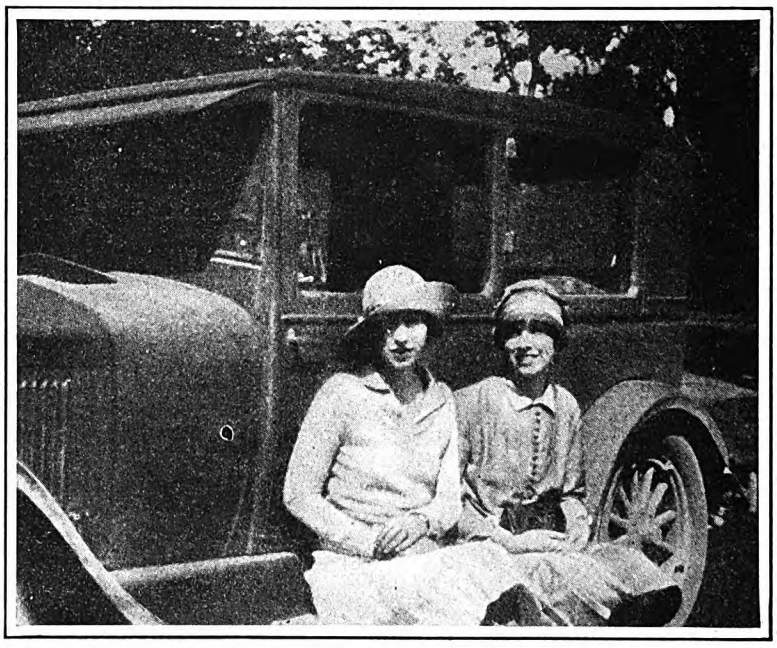
"We first toured the Southern states. Our efforts at rat eradication were so well received that we began to receive calls from far-away places to organize clean-up campaigns. Since we started we have carried on our work of extermination in thirty-nine states, two provinces in Canada, in Hawaii, Alaska, and in several border towns of Mexico.

"We have had a lot of play and sight-seeing mixed in with our work. As we travel in our own automobile we are able to visit all the points of interest in the cities and country 'round about. In this way, you see, we are carrying on the business of acquiring an education.

"Frequently we are asked to speak before clubs and other organizations, and we have given radio talks on the subject of rat-killing. The advantage of concerted action against the rodents is obvious, for unless the adjoining premises are rid of the pests, individual warfare is useless. Because we get the whole community working at once to get rid of the dangerous rat, city authorities welcome our work. In only two or three instances have towns refused our services.

"It is a popular supposition that women are afraid of rats and mice," continued Miss Caldwell, "and surprise is often expressed that two girls should undertake this sort of thing. Rats hold no terrors for us. Indeed, we thoroughly enjoy fighting them, for we feel that in helping communities get rid of rodents we are doing a real service.

"The United States Public Health Service places the number of rats in this country as twice that of the human population, and statistics on the subject show that it costs on the average $1.82 annually to feed each rat. Not only is the rat destructive, but the United States considers him an undesirable citizen from another point of view: the rodents that infest the wharves of seaports may harbor the flea that carries the germ of the deadly bubonic plague. We carry an endorsement of our work from the United States Public Health Service, and we use the poison recommended by the Government."



Armed with a government formula for poison, and a college diploma, Helen Caldwell, of Huntington, West Virginia, set out five years ago to see the world by the exterminator route. Miss Caldwell and her partner, Miss Evelyn Wagar, have rid communities of rats and mice in thirty-nine states, not to mention Mexico, Alaska, and Canada. They travel in their own car, make a good living, and have a jolly good time

Miss Caldwell tells of a number of amusing incidents connected with their travels. While in Juneau, Alaska, they followed in the wake of an investigation by Federal prohibition officers. The girls were thought to be government detectives looking for moist spots in the territory. Their rat-killing was looked upon as a camouflage for the more serious business of hunting violators of the prohibition law.

"I see no reason," concluded Miss Caldwell, "why other girls should not adopt this means of combining work and play and education, and I seriously recommend it to the attention of those who wish to travel.

"Of course rat chasing is not quite so thrilling a job now as it was in the old days when certain kings had official rat catchers duly appointed. These dignitaries wore scarlet coats, on which were embroidered figures of rats and mice destroying wheat sheaves. Almost anything else would have served equally as well as a symbol of the destructiveness of rodents, for they seem to have a keen appetite for everything, from old leather harness to boarding-house roast!

"Not many folks realize how fast rats multiply. It has been estimated that a single pair of rats living in moderate circumstances can be responsible for the arrival of 650,000 rodents in three years. You can readily see that exterminators will be needed as long as there is one family left. So there's plenty of room in the profession for any girl who doesn't have to shriek and jump when she sees a rat."

HARRIET OSBORN

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Five Years Ago He Tried to Give Away Half His Business

(*Continued from page 43*)

o demand luxuries! He fired furnaces for is board. And on Saturdays now and hen he picked up a few dollars with his hules, which, the balance of the time, he oaned to the local delivery man in xchange for their keep.

The Pryor Institute was a private chool supported by the Southern Metho- ist Episcopal Church. In two years ere, although he was not yet ready for ollege, he was far enough along to enter he preparatory department of Tennessee Vesleyan College, at Athens.

The mules, long his friends in need, vere sold. And when, at twenty-two, he tepped on his first college campus as a tudent, albeit only in the preparatory epartment, he had exactly sixty-five ollars in his pocket, and no reserve.

"Naturally," he said, "I did not foresee ll the obstacles I would have to over- ome; but I did know I would have to ork hard and practice strict self-denial. here were others at Athens in much the ame boat, so eight or ten of us rented two ttle cottages and bached for two years. ur expenses during that time averaged ss than a dollar a week apiece. Ob- iously we did not have much to eat.

"But I cannot recommend to others conomies such as we practiced, for I early ruined my health for good. I had een husky, but I became anemic through nder-nourishment, and at one time began o wonder if I would ever be wholly well gain."

DURING the summer, Burnette earned in various ways the money to keep im at school through the ensuing winter, sually in some kind of church work, nce the ministry was his immediate oal. The first summer, for instance, he as employed at a logging camp in the reat Smokies, where he conducted unday-school services and did what issionary work he could among the men. hey were a rough lot, living in freight ars and bunk shacks, where fleas in e beds were a minor discomfort; but urnette lived as roughly as they, and emonstrated that he could make good in ch service and among such men. For at summer's work, Burnette was paid ghty-five dollars.

Three years Burnette remained at thens, preparing for the university; in is twenty-fourth year he entered the niversity of Chattanooga as a freshman.

At Athens, he had met a young woman ho had promised to become his wife. etween his freshman and sophomore ears they were married. And this is how, nancially, they managed it: Burnette btained a pulpit in Chattanooga. A arsonage was furnished, hence there was o rent to pay. In addition, he received a lary of seven hundred and fifty dollars. n this fashion—almost in luxury—he ent the next three years, doing full-time ork at the University, and giving full me to his church.

He was graduated in 1916. But not yet was his schooling ended. That fall he moved his family, which now included a daughter, to Chicago, where he entered the Garrett Theological Seminary. Here at the very outset he met a disappointment which may have been a turning point in his career.

"Before I left Chattanooga," he explained, "I had been virtually promised a certain church in Chicago. I had no money to speak of—perhaps a hundred dollars—and a church salary was necessary to keep us going while I was finishing my studies. When I reached Chicago, I was instructed to preach my first sermon, not at the church which I supposed would be mine but at another.

"There was a reason for this, of course. I was on trial. And in the congregation was a prominent layman from the other church, who was to report on me.

"I remember how I felt as I mounted the pulpit that day. I was a stranger in a strange land. Among cultured people anywhere I still felt keenly the limitations of my bringing-up. In the South, however, I at least was familiar with the conditions of life of a majority of the people; while in the North perhaps things were different.

"I did the best that I could; but I did not get the pastorate."

However, Burnette obtained another church that paid him five hundred dollars yearly. With this, plus what he was able to borrow, he supported his family.

He completed the three-year theological course in two years, and immediately was assigned a church in Detroit, from many points of view an excellent appointment. The salary was eighteen hundred dollars a year, the staff fairly large: two deaconesses were employed on full time and five physicians contributed part time to a clinic which the church maintained.

ONE year he remained here, until he reached the decision which altered the course of his whole life. A mixture of motives guided him. Chiefly, he was influenced by a desire to find the sphere of largest usefulness for his particular abilities. He had already begun to dream of the possibility of a ministry of practical life. More and more it seemed to him that this was the field in which he could accomplish most and be happiest.

"There still were debts," he explained. "I owed the money I had borrowed in Chicago. Of course I could have repaid that in time from my salary. However, a minister in a large city does not save a great deal, even on one hundred and fifty dollars a month, and that, with other reasons, led me to take rank for a couple of years as a supernumerary, while I tried selling, paid my debts, and possibly put something aside for the future. Incidentally, I wanted to know at first hand what the business world was like.

"I started selling. And I never went back to the pulpit."

"You never *wished* to go back?"

He shook his head. "No," he said, with quiet conviction, "I felt that I had found my true niche in life outside the ministry."

The obstacles and handicaps which Burnette had overcome up to this time were really rather simple, compared with those he now faced.

"I had planned to sell real estate," Burnette said. "An acquaintance, however, was selling aluminum utensils. He induced me to try the same thing."

From the pulpit, to ringing doorbells! A curious step, surely, for a man trained as he was. But it was useful work, undertaken with purpose and conviction, and one key to his immediate success as a house-to-house canvasser may unquestionably be found in an address delivered a number of years later.

"I am encouraged," he said then, "by the fact that when Henry Ford was my age he was working as a mechanic for one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. If a man is getting ready for bigger things, it really doesn't make much difference what he is doing to-day."

NOW, to appreciate what came after, bear in mind that it was only seven years ago—1920, to be exact—when Burnette began selling pots and pans. Into the succeeding seven years he condensed enough activity, hardship, and achievement for several ordinary lifetimes.

"Within six months," he told me, "I had finished paying off my debts, bought a small automobile, and had eight hundred dollars in the savings bank."

This was not luck—unless it was luck that he stayed out and worked at his job steadily in all kinds of weather, even when the temperature was fifteen and twenty degrees below zero, and his ears frostbitten so badly that they looked like cauliflowers!

With this much money ahead, and still being an innocent in business, he next made an unprofitable move. He went into the grain business with his brother, a Kansas farmer. The partnership lasted only a few months. Speaking of it, Burnette said:

"I came back to Detroit so completely broke that my wife had to take the children to her mother's for a few months, until I could get on my feet again. I went back to selling aluminum, but I soon received a new offer.

"A couple of well-to-do young men, brothers, had organized a curiously heterogenous business in Detroit. Under a single corporation they were running a coal yard, a foundry, and several other ventures. They were not very good business men, and as times happened to be bad, they were making no money and, in fact, were headed toward bankruptcy.

"One brother happened to see a cast-aluminum teakettle advertised in a magazine. Being in the cast-iron foundry business, it caught his eye.

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"'Why,' he asked his general manager, 'couldn't *we* make a line like that?'

"The general manager knew nothing about aluminum, but said he had a friend in that line whom he would consult. As it happened, this general manager had been superintendent of the Sunday-school in my church, and I was the friend.

"THE upshot was that I investigated the matter pretty thoroughly for them. Food always had seemed important to me, ever since I had had such a time getting all I wanted to eat in school, so I was intrigued by facts I learned—such as that aluminum is an excellent conductor of heat, and with a cooking pan of cast-aluminum several times the thickness of the usual pot or pan, it was possible to cook vegetables, say, without water. That appealed to me, for I had always considered it a sinful waste to drain nourishing food matter down the kitchen sink. In this and related facts, I thought I saw a useful and significant opportunity. So, under my directions, patterns for a number of different kinds of utensils were made, and I was offered the position of sales manager to put them on the market.

"The brothers asked what the salary arrangement would be, and I replied by asking what they considered fair. Four hundred dollars a month, and a commission of five per cent on all sales, was suggested. I was satisfied with that.

"In black and white, they figured out for me just what I would earn if we sold, say, fifty thousand dollars' worth of utensils. I said nothing. However, I had it in mind then, as I ever have had it, that a *little* try means a little result, a small goal a small achievement.

"Our first utensils were rather crude, but I hired a few men hopefully, and, because the times were hard and many men were out of work, I got some good ones. I scattered them in various places in Detroit and the surrounding territory. Day after day they reported no sales, or very small ones. One man, I remember, was working in a small city near by.

"'I can't sell your stuff, Mr. Burnette,' said he one evening, 'and, what's more, I'm convinced it can't be sold.'

"He was discouraged. So was I.

"'I'll tell you,' I shot back at him, 'just what we're going to do. You're coming in to Detroit to work. So are all the others. From now on, we'll work in a group, close together. There will be days when I'm discouraged, and you're not; you'll pep me up. Other days, when I'm feeling good, I'll encourage you. We'll lean on one another, coöperate, and stand or fall together—and I do not think we will fall!'

"From then on, we began to get results. And that, incidentally, is a keynote in our sales organization to this day, when we have nearly a thousand men. They never work alone and unnoticed, to become more and more discouraged, if discouraged at all, and finally perhaps to fail."

Burnette's employers, as explained, thought he might be able to do fifty thousand dollars' worth of business in a year. He closed his first year with sales of exactly two hundred and seventy thousand dollars, and he was earning at the rate of twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

With such achievement, or much less, another might have been well content. But Burnette, I have told you, never has learned the meaning of "good enough;" never could he be at peace with things which he found small and easy. Not in sympathy with the management of the business, he broke away early the next year to start his own company, built around a product embodying the same general ideas.

"I had saved about six thousand dollars the previous year," he said. "That, plus five thousand dollars put in by a man I took into partnership, was the start. Once, later, we added fifteen thousand dollars from the outside. But the rest is growth from within."

But before growth began, failure stood grinning at the door a thousand times, and Burnette found himself pitted against obstacles and discouragements such as even he never had met before.

"We moved to Cleveland," he said, "because that was the best place to get our utensils made; but long before there was a glimmer of proof that we might come through, our money was gone.

"For six months I did not draw a penny in salary. I bought no clothes, nor did my family. One day my wife, in desperation, said she simply had to have a few dollars to buy some things for the children—but I could not give her even a few dollars. She had made friends with a school-teacher who owned a little restaurant. She went to work in this restaurant until she got enough to buy the necessary clothes.

"THE firm that we got to make our utensils would extend us no credit. We had to pay cash on delivery. We, on the other hand, began selling to our customers on time, therefore our money was tied up, and at first went out much faster than it came in. What we did was to deliver as much on each order as the factory could give us. We then got customers to sign instalment papers covering the balance. These papers we sold at a discount to a finance company dealing in such transactions. This was how we got cash—such as we did get—to meet our bills.

"But there were troubles even here. Time after time, the finance company ran into this situation: they tried to collect an instalment from a customer who had received only part of his goods; he stoutly objected to paying any more until he got his teakettle, or frying pan, or whatever it was he lacked; and the finance company could not collect. They definitely threatened to have nothing more to do with us. The ice was terribly thin; but we managed to skate on it.

"Money simply was not to be had by us at the banks in the usual way. At one bank I was known personally to one of the principal members of the firm; but I was refused an open line of credit of just one thousand dollars.

"When things were at this darkest stage," Mr. Burnette went on, with a smile, "we tried to *give* fifty per cent of the stock in our company to the people who were making our utensils, simply to have them sufficiently interested to assume a share in the responsibilities and obligations which were piling up on us.

"Before accepting, they wanted an accountant to make an investigation. He did. Next, they wanted a lawyer to make an investigation. He did. And upon the combined advice of these two experts, they refused to take half of our company even as a gift!"

THE break came swiftly when it did come. Just two years after this disheartening refusal of half the company's stock as a gift, Burnette's partner was taken seriously ill and sold his interest in the business. He had originally paid five thousand dollars for it. He received five hundred thousand! By then, the years of accumulated hardship, of discouragement, of study, had shown the way to a patient, determined, quiet man who kept on trying in spite of all.

An early decided turning point for the better came at the end of the first year, directly on the heels of the first sales convention.

"We held the convention," said Mr. Burnette, "in Chicago, where at the start I had concentrated the larger part of our sales force. I made great preparations. I could not afford a new suit; but I had the old one cleaned and pressed so it looked pretty good. My address came in for hours of preparation and polishing. It was not much of a convention, and not much of an organization, but, such as it was, I was its president, and I was determined to make the best showing possible.

"It so happened that the head of the finance company which had had so much trouble with our instalment paper, was present. He went away full of enthusiasm. Later, he came back, saying he wanted to interest a few men and buy into the company.

"'Why,' I asked, 'should we sell? We've had a hard enough time; but we're coming through now.'

"'You're dead broke on your feet, and don't know it!' he replied. "He went on, and convinced me that we could use additional capital to great advantage.

"I knew he was right. Accordingly, I agreed to sell a one-third interest in the company to the group of men of whom he was one. It was a wise move, for it brought to our side some very capable and experienced men, who have helped us enormously."

This all happened less than five years ago. The rest is growth. The frail, failing company led by the teamster from the Tennessee back country, a company which was not thought sound enough to warrant a loan of one thousand dollars, to-day can borrow a million on open account—if there were any need for it.

William Burnette, who is responsible, is a modest man, a sincere man, neither boastful nor claiming credit.

He believes in helping every man to realize himself to the fullest extent, in all ways. Literally hundreds have come to work for him discouraged, without a hundred dollars to their names, and have stayed to earn more than they ever earned before. Some of his executives draw larger salaries than he does.

"And deserve it!" he says.

He is truly a man-builder. His strength, nursed through the years of his trials, lies in his ability to get men to try—to discover and to use their talents.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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To Open-Minded Men

Will you give us a chance to prove the supremacy of this unique shaving cream before you buy?

A 10-DAY TEST FREE

GENTLEMEN:

We have built a large business in Palmolive Shaving Cream by offering men a free test before they spend a penny.

Millions have responded, and millions have never gone back from it to what they once thought best. Thus our whole sales policy rests on the merits of the cream itself.

Now we ask *you* to try it—to make our test and judge for yourself. The decision rests on you. You risk nothing. Obligate yourself in no way.

Now, Perfected

It took years to create this tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream we offer to send you free.

129 formulas were rejected after exhaustive tests. Then came success. We had learned the 5 things men wanted by asking 1000 men to tell us. To embody them all in a shaving cream was our goal.

Men who use it make bolder claims than we do ever. Yet we do claim that the big majority of the men who once try Palmolive Shaving Cream continue using it.

These 5 Big Features

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Let Us "Show You"

No matter how much you like your present method, there may be a better way. At least find out before you change. That's all we ask. The coupon is put here as a reminder. Please use it.

THE PALMOLIVE-PEET COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man. Please let us prove them to you. Clip the coupon now.

10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1429, Palmolive, 3702 Iron St., Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address Palmolive, Milwaukee, Wis.

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(Please print your name and address)

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For One Whole Year the World Was Mine!

(*Continued from page 29*)

with a Chinese trader, and fishing with a piece of line and a hook that I carried wherever I went.

I finally reached Java on a Dutch trading steamer. The place was too civilized, and I made my way as quickly as possible to Soerabaya, and thence by a trading sampan to Bali, Flores, and the other Soomba Islands. Somewhere among the islands I caught malaria, and I was dead on my feet for three weeks, not knowing what ailed me, and far away from any doctor. I could eat nothing but rice, mangoes, and coconut milk; just enough of them to keep me alive. Finally in Singaradja, a little Chinese doctor named Ongkie-Honk cured me, and waited two months before I could pay him. I'll never forget Ongkie-Honk, with the name like a flock of geese.

These islands were fascinating, as all islands are, but they were not what I was looking for. Their inhabitants showed the influence of the white man, and I wanted to see lands and people that no white man before had ever seen. I wanted to hear the boom of medicine drums, paddle up uncharted rivers, and bivouac with head-hunters.

A MONTH later found me in Banjarmasin, South Dutch Borneo, determined to penetrate the jungle to the land of the head-hunters. My equipment at that time was the one suit of whites I wore on my back, and about forty dollars in Dutch guilders, the last of my sea wages.

The Controleur of Banjarmasin was more than kind to me. Through his letter to the Military Department I was given access to maps and charts, and equipment that I would need was suggested. Four days later, with a kerosene can of Java tobacco, red beads, small mirrors, and seven tiny bottles of perfume, I took the fortnightly river boat to Poeroek-Tjahoe, three hundred and fifty miles up the Barito River, the last and most remote outpost in Dutch Borneo. In my pocket I carried a letter to Captain Ilgen, the Commandant of Poeroek-Tjahoe, requesting that I be given any necessary assistance.

Poeroek-Tjahoe is in the center of the Siang Dyak country, and there were four white men in the village, all Dutch officers. When I told them of my plans, they did everything in their power to help me. Captain Ilgen gave me a long ironwood dugout, an escort of three Javanese soldiers and a personal servant. I hired four Malay paddlers, and bought kerosene cans of rice and dried fish for food; and five days later I was headed up the Barito River to the rhythmic booming of paddles against the gunwale, to find, if possible, the Pudjaboeng Dyaks, a snake-eating tribe of mountain dwarfs, and the most savage head-hunters of all Borneo.

Twenty days later the river narrowed. The jungle closed in, and all but covered us. An occasional great crocodile lay on the mud bank, his mouth wide open to let the tick birds pick his teeth. Troops of red-haired monkeys fed in the tree tops, to flee scampering and screaming into the foliage at our approach. At night, when we hunted the wild boar by lamplight, the cries of the orang-utan haunted the blackness like the voice of a deserted man. The jungle teemed with life. It buzzed and sang and throbbed with life. And through it all we drifted silently, like a party of ghosts.

WE CAME to rapids miles in extent; to gorges where the white water rushed madly over boulders. Once the big dugout overturned from the slap of a wave, and went under. We saved ourselves, but lost seven cans of rice, some cooking pots, two spears, and a camera that I had borrowed at Poeroek-Tjahoe.

At the next village, six days later, we tried to buy more rice. The chief, a powerful, squint-eyed Punan who wore his head-hunting knife continuously, refused to trade. He did not want tobacco, or red beads; he said he had no food. I finally discovered that he had a profound admiration for my shirt and shoes, so, in exchange for my only pair of shoes, a pair of khaki shorts and a shirt, we got twelve baskets of rice and some dried fish. I walked barefoot for three months afterward. I also traded my silver cigarette case to another Dyak for a twenty-six-inch head-hunting knife with a carved ivory handle that had human hair sprouting from holes in the ivory. It was invaluable for cutting through the jungle, and for shaving the leeches from my ankles and feet.

That night the Dyaks sat awake until early morning wondering who I was and why I had come into their country. Scores of tattooed head-hunters sat around me, their bronzed muscles and chests glistening in the torchlight, their black eyes sparkling like onyx. They talked rapidly and all at once, gesticulating, pointed to me occasionally, shaking their heads vaguely. The chief sat with his back straight as an arrow, speaking a few decisive words now and then, nodding and puffing at a banana-leaf cigarette.

Had I come to dig the earth? they asked; to cut the trees for rubber? Had I come to kill the sapi, or the rhinoceros? No; I had not come to do any of those things. Then why, they wondered, had I come.

All my coolies feared for their heads as we approached the far Siang country, and both they and the soldiers, one of whom had been raised in a mission school and professed Christianity, were extremely superstitious. One night this Christian soldier awakened me by calling out and groaning in his sleep. I crept over to him, and saw the poor chap struggling and writhing on the earth as if caught in the coils of a python.

The next morning he said he had dreamed that the dugout overturned again in the rapids, and that the River Ghost was dragging him into the whirlpools. When the other men heard this, they stopped packing up the baggage, and said it would be certain death to leave before the sun rose above the tree tops. Nothing I could say would urge them to move; they sat mutely before me, staring at the ground.

Later I hired Dyak paddlers, who took vengeance upon the River Ghost at every opportunity. As we shot the rapids, the long-haired head-hunters rose up in the dugout with wild screams, and, swinging their heavy paddles like battle axes, knocked the tops of the waves off right and left. Once in the quiet water below, they stopped and looked back. Then, giving a long cry of victory, they dipped in their blades and sped on down the river.

We were approaching a village one afternoon, when I was attracted by a persistent low drumming and chanting. On the bank of the river I saw a crowd of Dyak men, women, and children; in a quiet *moera*, or lagoon, of the river was a medicine man, old and bent, squatted in a dugout no wider and scarcely deeper than a surf board. He was beating a small drum with the fingers of his left hand, and paddling gently with his right.

I landed quietly. The Dyaks, usually excited at the approach of a white man, stayed in their places, and whispered, "*Booayah, booayah!*" I looked carefully, but could see no *booayah*, which means crocodile. I saw only a very old witch doctor chanting and beating a drum on the quiet lagoon.

At length the witch doctor began to approach the shore, and I made out two knobs about a foot apart, following his dugout. They were the eyes of an enormous crocodile. Gradually the witch doctor approached the shore, and crept out of the dugout. He squatted down and as he continued his drumming and chanting, the crocodile approached to within a yard of the shore. It was all of twenty-four feet long, and as the witch doctor retreated up the bank, the great saurian slowly followed him, resting his head and fore claws upon the mud.

Immediately, all the Dyak men circled around and slipped a rattan noose over the crocodile's snout. The witch doctor leaped in the air, drumming frantically, screaming and waving his arms in delight. Bound and trussed, the crocodile was dragged to an ironwood enclosure in the village.

Crocodiles are feared by the Dyaks as evil gods. This particular beast had, they said, recently taken a buffalo and a child from the banks near the village; so for some days the witch doctor blew smoke into its nostrils and fed it choice venison and boar meat to appease its revengeful spirit.

FAR up the narrow Boesang we came to a village that had been deserted because of ghosts. It was almost swallowed up by the jungle; but a number of half-finished dugouts, baskets of rice, and paddles left about showed that it had been hastily and recently deserted. In one hut were two fine medicine drums. The witch doctor had used them in an attempt to drive the

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Good sweets — a happy thought — a graceful compliment! The Sampler combines an unusual idea with chocolates and confections that are exceptional.

Our authorized agencies, one in nearly every neighborhood in the land, help maintain Whitman reputation by giving careful service. They are selected for their care in dispensing candies of the first quality over the counter or by mail to distant points.

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ghosts away from the village. Failing to do so, he had left them behind as bewitched. I wanted to take one of the drums with me, but the black looks of my Dyaks and soldiers warned me of the trouble that might arise if I did so.

As we passed through the Undanoem country, the medicine drums throbbed night after night. Sometimes they seemed miles away; the next instant they sounded only across the river. Always they pulsated with that light, quick touch that one could never locate. About two o'clock one morning, after I had been kept awake most of the night by their persistent tom-tomming, the drums sounded so close that I fancied they were actually only a mile down the river. I awakened a Dyak and two of the soldiers, and set out to find them and see what was up.

We located them. A witch-healing was going on in a tiny hut flickering with torchlight, in the center of a rice field. The Dyak said it was very bad to go close, and the soldiers refused to accompany me. Alone I approached the hut. I could hear the hut creaking and shaking, and the panting of the medicine men as they danced frantically inside. The drums boomed and thudded; now and then a voice would chant a rumble of monotonous sounds, and be smothered by the tom-tomming.

My bare foot snapped a dry twig, and almost instantly the light went out in the hut, and the drumming ceased. I lay low, knowing that a poisoned dart shot in the night has an uncanny way of finding its mark. Then I called out in Borneo-Malay, saying that I was a white man with medicine for the sick person. After some moments the lights were uncovered, and I approached and climbed up the notched log of the hut.

TWO medicine men, striped with white chalk and glistening with perspiration, were dancing slowly about the body of a woman. They jangled monkey tails and bits of bone over her face, and rattled their fingers over a small drum clasped between their thighs. Within the shadows of the torch, a woman witch doctor, stark naked, pounded a large drum, and behind her were the dusky forms of naked men and women. Blowpipes and knives lay beside them. All were chewing penang, and their mouths dripped the red juice.

When the two medicine men were so fatigued that they could no longer dance, they sank to the floor, and the woman doctor took up the healing. I had been watching them for over a half-hour, when it occurred to me that the sick woman was abnormally quiet. Her lips had not moved, nor did she appear to breathe. I approached closer, and laid my hand upon her forehead. She had been dead for at least an hour.

Realizing that the moment her death was discovered I would be accused of having cast an evil spell over her, I told the men that I was going for the medicine, and would return in the morning. No one gave any sign of having heard me. Once outside the hut I joined my own men on the river bank, and we paddled back to the bivouac as quickly as possible.

Going past the farthest Dyak villages we came to great waterfalls and passed through mountains covered with fogs and heavy mists. At this altitude, the jungl was carpeted with dense mosses a foot thick. On the jungle floor there was no light, no life. A hundred and fifty feet above us, Borneo was an immense aviary, a conservatory of extravagant beauty. There, great clumsy hornbill birds flapped from bough to bough, screaming and squawking hoarsely; across the tree tops and lianas that bridged the river, troops of red and gray monkeys scampered in endless, bouncing processions.

IN THE foothills of the Muller Mountains seven hundred miles from the Java Sea, I came upon the Punjaboeng Dyaks. Great drums boomed through the jungle at our arrival, calling the warriors to the village, and a file of tiny tattooed savages armed with long blowpipes and poisoned darts stood upon the bank to meet us. I gave presents of red beads and tobacco to the chief and his men, and through one of the Punjaboengs who understood the Undanoem dialect I was able to make myself understood, using one of my own Dyaks as interpreter.

In this remote tribe, the wildest in all Borneo, I found a *tin can.* How it got there, I cannot say. It must have passed hands a hundred times before it finally reached the Punjaboeng who possessed it; very likely it had been the cause of many lost heads. It was used instead of bamboo as a top for a blowpipe dart case, and carefully covered with braided root, and polished. My own empty tin cans were the most valuable trading stores I possessed.

The tribe was apparently on the friendliest of terms with me. I walked through their houses, and saw the rows of smoked heads hanging from the rafters. I stumbled over old men and women lying asleep in the sand boxes that stretched the entire length of the rooms. I went hunting with them in the jungle, saw them call deer, and kill them with poisoned darts. Night after night, in the long-house of the chief, I listened to tales of ghosts and head-hunting victories.

I was lying in my bivouac one night, when a mingling of musical sounds drifted down from the far end of the village, and stopped. With a pastoral quietness they began again, blending one into the other, broken but beautiful, as if a child were fingering the stops of an organ. Softly, and scarcely audible, arose an undertone of dull drumming—the patting of feet upon damp clay.

I walked up to the compound. By the light of a small torch that flared and flickered beneath a tree, eight young men moved in a slow circle behind a leader. Hornbill feathers flashed white against their black hair; the ivory handles of their long knives jerked up and down as they raised and lowered their arms. With a stamping, almost careless gait they passed in silhouette before the flicker of light, to the strange rhythm of the music, and a soft clapping of hands that sounded from the darkness around.

Suddenly, I realized that I was witnessing the beginning of a head-hunting party. This was the war-dance of the Punjaboengs! As my eyes became accustomed to the darkness I was able to distinguish a great half-circle of people enclosing the dancers. Old men and women, children and babes, all were gathered on the compound to cheer on the warriors.

Two shields were laid upon the ground, and as the proper rhythm of the beautiful reed music was reached, two young Punjaboengs leaped into the circle, pivoted and faced each other. They balanced, swaying to the rhythm of the music; swept the shields from the earth like hawks and crouched at opposite sides of the circle.

Knives flashed from their scabbards; slowly approaching each other, they sliced the air before them, as if clipping off the ankles of an attacking foe. They stopped, and with the fastidious care of serpents, uncoiled themselves at each other, swaying and writhing to the droning of the reeds. Now, swift, swift, swift as lightning, their bodies flashed in the torch light; swords that had tasted Mahakam blood fanned the bodies of fellow tribesmen—came within a hair's breadth of head-hunting. They danced upon alternate legs, shifting the shield with each move; they leaped, and, turning in mid-air, brought the keen blades down upon the neck of an imaginary foe. Another pause; hands and feet moving to the sounds of the music; then, with the shields held aloft and the knives pointed to the stars, both warriors bent backward until their heads touched the earth.

The music stopped; the war-dance was ended. I had almost forgotten that I was a white man, for the hypnotic music and dance had eaten into my soul and sent me back to the time when my ancestors, too, took their judgment from the moon.

A barbaric orgy and festival followed. Witch doctors smeared with soot and striped with white chalk scrambled over the compound, eating dirt and clawing the earth like poisoned leopards. Little children and women danced wildly to the boom of medicine drums, and everywhere men and women, blind-drunk on *toowak*, celebrated the victory that was to be theirs.

That night eleven men disappeared, fully armed, into the jungle.

I CAME out of Borneo silent, and awed. The jungle had given me a new cloak, a new vision of mankind. I had penetrated uncharted regions. I had ascended tropical rivers filled with man-eating fish, had stood spellbound beneath magnificent waterfalls; I had been gripped by the mystery of my ancestral environment—but I was not content. Before I had reached Singapore, two months later, I had decided to cross the Arabian Sea in a native dhow, to sail up the Persian Gulf. I hungered for more of this thing called Adventure, of which I had tasted.

From the sale of three articles to a Bombay magazine I made four hundred and fifty rupees, and I arrived in Karachi, at the edge of the Baluchistan desert, toward the middle of February.

Always looking for a lead on my next venture, I wandered into a Hindu wedding one night on a crooked little street. It was one of those delightful Oriental affairs where everyone is welcome—Moslem, Buddhist, and Christian alike. They set me on a Persian rug, put flowers in my hand, and brought me plates of candied fruits and Eastern delicacies dripping with sweetness. The bride was a frail little thing with long, black lashes and

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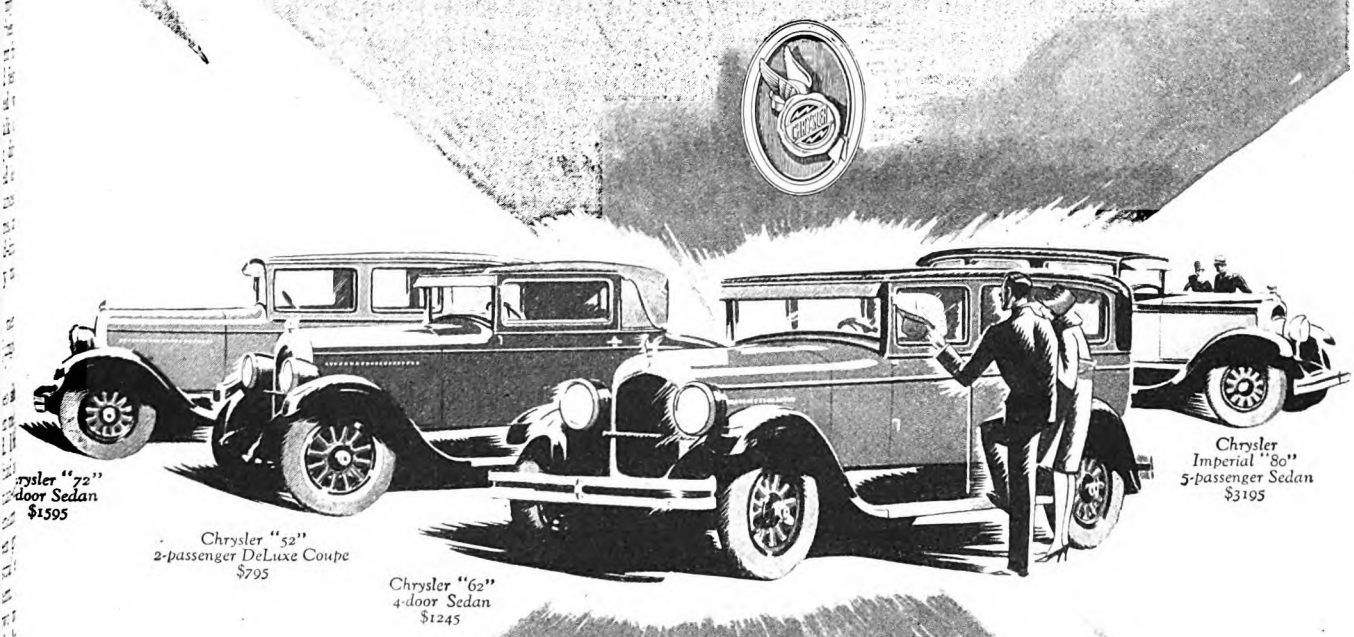
All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax. Chrysler dealers are in a position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.



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New Chrysler "Red-Head" Engine—designed to take full advantage of high-compression gas, is standard equipment on the roadsters of the "52," "62," "72" and sport roadster of the Imperial "80." It is also available, at slight extra cost, for all other body types of these lines, as well as for earlier Chrysler cars now in use.

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Small Bubble Lather

soaks whiskers soft

—douses each hair with water at base— softens beard right where razor works

WATER, science says, is what really softens beards. Bubbles are shells of water. Hence more bubbles mean more water. Carry water down where whiskers sprout from skin and result is a better shave. Colgate's microscopic bubbles carry many times more water. More than that, their tiny size lets them cluster round the beard base — soak it soft — as lather pictures below show.

The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

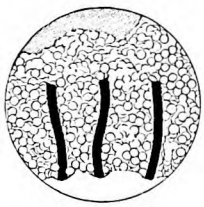
1. The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each hair.

2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

Because your beard is properly softened at its base, your razor works easily and quickly. Every hair is cut close and clean.

ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard, and how they hold air instead of water against whiskers.



COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

A WEEK'S SHAVES—FREE

Try this unique "small-bubble" lather at our expense. The coupon below will bring a generous trial-size tube—free.

EXTRA DIVIDEND. We will also include a sample box of Colgate's Talc for men—the new after-shave powder that *keeps* your face looking freshly shaved.

Colgate & Co. Est. 1806

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 501-L, 595 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me the FREE sample tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream for better shaving. Also sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

deep eyes. The bridegroom was bashful and shook hands limply, like all people who have not become familiar with our custom of greeting.

Later in the evening I discovered that one of the guests was the clerk for a line of trading dhows that plied between Karáchi and the Persian Gulf ports. I told him of my plan, and he said he could easily help me to find a dhow.

Luckily, the weather cleared down, and a dhow was leaving for Sohar, Arabia, in three or four days. It was five days, however, before I started my voyage. The dhow was a heavy timbered craft, and was loaded with rice and potatoes. The three Moslem sailors cooked and slept aft beneath the sheltered poop deck. I ate fish curry and rice with them—almost exactly the same food I had eaten for four months in Borneo—and slept on the sacks of rice beneath a tarpaulin shelter. I had sent most of my money on to Baghdad, and had only a change of clothes, a razor, a Dyak ghost charm, and a tooth brush with me in a little sea bag I had made on the "Tramp."

Twelve days later the skies darkened and a great bank of blackness appeared on the horizon to our north. Particles of sand began to fill our eyes; our throats became dry and rasping. A sandstorm was coming up; the dreaded *shimal* of the Persian Gulf was sweeping down upon us. The Moslems gave the dhow all the extra sail she could carry, and we beat across the wind for the nearest land, the wild coast of Oman.

WE STRUCK a shoal sometime that night, at what seemed to me the worst part of the storm. I was all but suffocated with sand and salt water, and as the waves smashed into our boat and broke over us, I wondered how we could ever hope to reach land alive. To my amazement one of the Hindus leaped over the lee side, partly sheltered from the breakers, and began to *walk*. I followed him. We were on the beach, and all of us managed to reach the shore safely. We found windbreaks behind rocks, and, covering our heads, Arab fashion, awaited the morning.

It was impossible to put to sea again the next day. The dhow was high and dry, and even at high tide, after we had emptied her of the cargo, it was impossible for the four of us to budge her. We judged that we could not be more than thirty miles from Sohar, and decided to go there for aid. The Hindus considered it dangerous to go inland because of the Arabs, so with a skin of water and a bundle of dates salvaged from the dhow, we started along the sea coast, north to Sohar.

As we were crossing a spit of sand, we saw a group of mounted Arabs riding down upon us from a rocky ledge. There was nothing to do but wait until they rode up. Twelve were in the party, eight of them mounted on ordinary camels, three on fine-looking horses, and the foremost, the one who proved to be the Sheik, rode a beautiful milk-white camel. All were armed with modern rifles, and the Sheik carried a Colt automatic pistol in his waist band. All of them had the handles of short, curved knives sticking from their waists.

They approached in no hurry, and arranged themselves in a half-circle, still mounted. One of the Hindus could speak

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Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

New winter dangers!

Cold weather ahead

Is your engine protected?

eezing weather may come w when you least expect it. d changed driving conditions nand a greater lubricating rgin of safety than ever be- e.

The yearly mileage of the rage car is 25% or more ater than it was ten years . Most cars are now closed s and this extra mileage is gely winter mileage.

Would you deliberately in- ase your engine wear 25%? . But you may, if unexpected d weather finds poor or in- rect oil in your crankcase.

Slow starts mean added strain the battery. More. You use choke longer. Excess gaso- e vapor gets by the piston gs and dilutes the lubricat- oil in the crankcase.

Using light, thin, so-called inter oils" does not solve problem. They make start- easier only and then fail to e adequate lubrication pro- tion to important engine parts that are operating under nearly the same heat and friction conditions as in the summer.

Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic recommended on the Mobiloil Chart for the winter lubrication of many cars, is not a light, thin oil. It possesses the full, rich lubrication qualities so much needed under winter operating conditions yet permits easy starting even in zero weather.

Mobiloil Arctic has that extra margin of safety, so greatly needed to meet winter conditions.

Don't forget that freezing weather may come when you least expect it. For an engineering margin of safety, it will pay you, (1) to drain off the used oil from your crankcase and (2) refill with the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil recommended for your car in the winter column of the Mobiloil Chart.

SPECIAL WINTER CHART

Mobiloil Arctic

should be used in Winter (below 32° F.) in all cars marked *.

PASSENGER CARS	1927	1926	1925	1924
Auburn *all except Models 4-44 & 6-66*	*	*	*	*
Buick	*	*	*	*
Cadillac	*	*	*	*
Chandler *except Special Six*	*	*	*	*
Chevrolet	*	*	*	*
Chrysler *4-cyl.*	*	*	*	
Dodge Brothers	*	*	*	*
Elcar *all except Models 6-65 & 4 cyls.*	*	*	*	*
Erskine	*			
Essex	*	*	*	*
Flint	*	*	*	*
Hudson	*	*	*	*
Hupmobile	*	*	*	*
Jordan	*	*	*	*
La Salle	*			
Locomobile	*	*	*	*
Marmon *8-cyl.*	*			
Moon	*	*	*	*
Nash	*	*	*	*
Oakland	*	*	*	*
Oldsmobile	*	*	*	*
Overland & Overland Whippet	*	*	*	*
Packard Six	*	*	*	
" Eight	*	*	*	*
Paige	*	*	*	*
Peerless *Models 60, 80 & Eight*	*	*	*	*
Pontiac	*	*		
Reo	*	*	*	*
Star	*	*	*	*
Studebaker	*	*	*	*
Velie	*	*	*	*
Willys-Knight	*	*	*	*

If your car is not listed above, consult the complete Mobiloil Chart at Mobiloil dealers' for your winter grade of Mobiloil.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil Arctic

VACUUM OIL COMPANY MAIN BRANCHES: *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas*

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

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How little she really understands—herself!

How much she needs your help in many things like this!

SHE cannot even guess what endless care she needs—this woman you are making.

Not just her success today in studies and in play, but her whole happiness in life depends on you—upon the strength and health that you are building for her from day to day.

There are so many little things which you and you alone can do for her.

One of these precautions, one of these seemingly little things that mothers do, has recently assumed a new nation-wide importance.

In the schools of many great cities test after test has shown the vital importance of one point: the kind of breakfast children eat. It influences deeply not only their class room work but their whole well being.

The National Education Association and the American Medical Association, after a two years' study by a joint committee are now urging mothers to give their children a *hot* cereal in the morning.

This rule is now displayed on the walls of more than 60,000 schools:

"Every boy and girl needs a hot *cereal breakfast"*

It is now known conclusively that children are more alert, study better and learn more when this rule is *regularly* observed. Only a *hot* cereal can furnish the boundless energy needed to meet the strain of class room work.

Recommended for over 30 years by health authorities as ideal for growing boys and girls, Cream of Wheat stands ready and waiting for your child. Probably you know its unique advantages:

First: It furnishes an abundance of mental and physical energy. Second: It is easily and quickly digested. Third: The youngsters love it.

This little care your children need so much at breakfast, to do their best in school and in life—begin it now! Send them off to school tomorrow morning really ready for a day's work. Give them a good hot bowl of Cream of Wheat. Your grocer has it.

© 1927, C. of W. Co.

***FREE**—Mothers say this plan works wonders—*

To arouse your children's interest in eating a hot cereal breakfast, send for attractive colored poster to hang in their room. There is a four-week record form on it, which the children keep themselves, from day to day, by pasting in gold stars. Poster and gold stars sent free with authoritative booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children," and sample box of Cream of Wheat. Mail coupon to Dept. P-9, Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

For a girl aged.....*For a boy aged*.....

Name.....

Address.....

Arabic, and I told him to tell the Sheik that I was on government duty from Muscat, and wanted to be taken immediately to Sohar. One of the Arabs laughed, and then the Sheik asked if I were "Inglesi." Knowing that Americans were unknown in this part of Arabia, I said yes, I was English. At this they looked very blackly at me; the Sheik reined up his camel, and they rode back, motioning for us to follow them.

It was past noon, I judged, when we arrived at an encampment of black tents in a narrow valley far back from the sea coast. My pockets were searched, and one hundred rupees and my Dyak charm, my only possessions, were taken from me. The Hindus were immediately pushed into a small tent, and I was given some water and dates and made to sit in the Sheik's tent. I never saw the Hindus after that moment.

The Sheik was a tall, stooping figure of a man, with a black beard, and an oily left eye. His right eye was afflicted with a cataract, and in moving he cocked his head to one side like a bird, for better vision. On a woolen string about his neck he wore a nickel Swiss watch, which he wound every half-hour or so.

FOR twelve days I lived in the Sheik's tent. I had nothing to do, and I had no idea of what they were planning to do with me.

On the morning of the twelfth day, the Sheik rode off as usual with his men, leaving me guarded by a single Arab. This guard allowed me to roam about the camp as much as I wished, but grew furious when I started to go where the camels were feeding. His own mount, a finely muscled bay horse, stood close by my tent.

The Arab was making tea in a little aluminum kettle about ten o'clock that morning, and I was lying within the tent alone. A number of heavy sticks and tent pins were piled at the back of the tent. Selecting the heaviest of them, I crept out behind, and approaching my guard from the back struck him with all my strength upon the head. I stripped off his bandolier of cartridges, snatched his rifle from the ground, and leaping upon his horse started at full gallop for the coast.

About mid-afternoon I reached a cliff of rugged black rocks and surmounted it, to see the Gulf of Oman stretched before me. Almost directly ahead a bright red steamer of one smokestack plied leisurely toward the Persian Gulf. It was a good half-hour before I could circle ahead and reach the beach. I rode abeam of the steamer in the shoal water, waving my shirt to signal her. At length she put about and came in close; a boat was launched after some time, and two hours later I was aboard the S. S. "Bendoe," a little oil steamer bound up the Gulf from Muscat.

I had had hardship with my excitement, to be sure, but I had *lived*, and the world was at my feet. I was in rags and shoeless, yet all the pearls of the Orient could not have bought my joy, for I had captured another precious moment of existence; I knew what it meant to be alive and to want to live on.

A bath, a clean bed, and a wonderful dinner on board the "Bendoe"! What luxury! Captain Harris and the mate

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"You always want to leave"

A familiar, pathetic figure—the wife who always gets tired and leaves the party before anyone else. So often it is her own fault.

No woman who has a normal foundation of good health can be forgiven for failing to "stay young with her husband."

Science offers a simple protection for her health and youthfulness — sane habits of living, sane habits of diet and the *proper* practice of feminine hygiene.

But be sure you get the *facts* about feminine hygiene. Send for the free booklet offered below. It contains the facts and simple directions you must have. It was written for women by a woman physician.

Mail the coupon today. The booklet will reach you in a plain envelope.

Fads in personal antiseptics come and go, but the number of women who use "Lysol" Disinfectant is increasing *at a greater rate today than ever before!*

Don't experiment — don't be misled by false theories—make no mistake—only a poison can kill germs. Send for our booklet now. But in the meantime be safe, be sure. Buy a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant today. Complete directions come with every bottle.

Made by LYSOL, Incorporated, *a division of* Lehn & Fink Products Company. *Sole Distributors* Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. In Canada, Lysol (Canada) Limited. Distributed by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited.

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Lysol Disinfectant

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is sold at retail *only* in the *brown* bottle packed in the *yellow* carton.

LEHN & FINK, Incorporated, *Sole Distributors*
Department 96, Bloomfield, New Jersey

Please send me, free, *your booklet,*
"The Scientific Side of Health and Youth."

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Street.....

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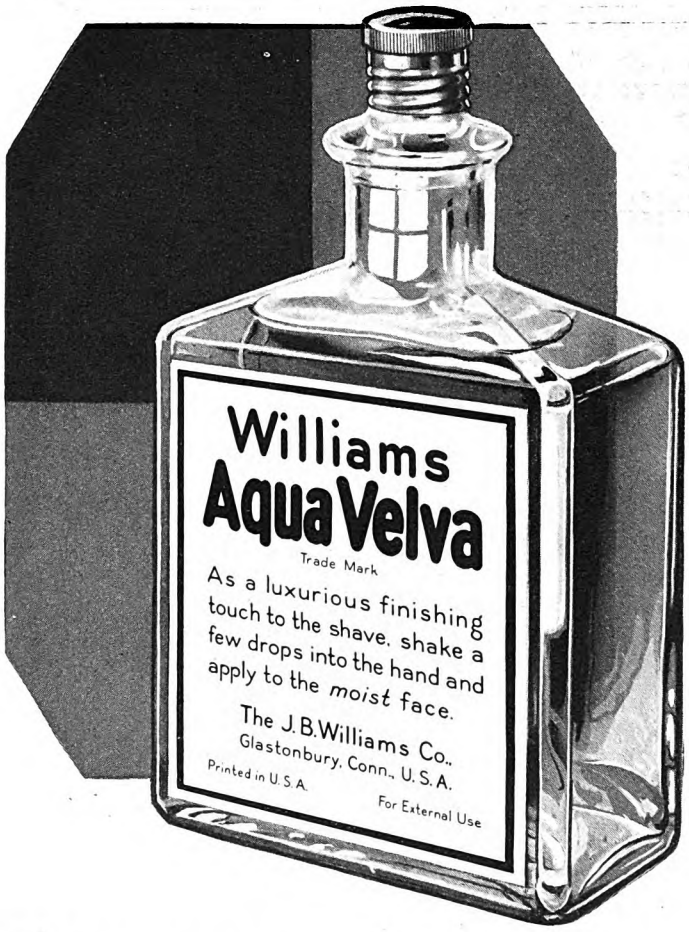

Full Half the Shave *is the* Aqua Velva *after-shave*

Aqua Velva is for the *newly shaven skin*. The unprotected skin tends to get stiff and dry as the day goes on. Aqua Velva protects it, keeps away stiffness and dryness, keeps the skin flexible, well conditioned, *keeps* it as Williams Shaving Cream *leaves* it.

Then, too, Aqua Velva helps to heal those tiny nicks and cuts, seen and unseen, that your razor leaves.

Try Aqua Velva. You will like its stimulating thrill. And as an aid to good face grooming a week will show you how worth while the Aqua Velva habit is.

Williams Aqua Velva

For use after shaving

50c *a bottle or*

FREE—a trial size, if you like. Just say "Aqua Velva" in a letter or a post card. Address: The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 112, Glastonbury, Conn., (Canadian factory: Montreal)

gave me clean underwear, a pair of shoes, a pair of blue pants, and a heavy officer's jacket. At night we wound up a battered old phonograph, and as we sipped our drinks a cracked record played "Brown Eyes, Why Are You Blue?" over and over again. The other two records were "The Preacher and the Bear" and "Too Much Mustard."

I STILL wanted to see more of the desert, and as we skirted the coast of Persia, the fascination of its barren plateaus and lumbering mountain ranges began to grow. We stopped three miles off the shore from Bander-Abbas, and with the blessing of Captain Harris I went ashore in the dhow that had come alongside to take oil.

There were three white men in Bander-Abbas: Major Richardson, who was the British Consul; a bank representative, and a British port doctor. The natives were medieval-looking Persians with bobbed hair, hooked noses, and blue smocks. But I was a European, and as the three white men would lose caste if I stayed with the natives the Consul invited me at once to be his guest. For five days we swapped experiences, and looked over maps of the caravan routes. I decided to go to Lar, an ancient city about two weeks by donkey into the interior.

I wired to Baghdad for one hundred and fifty of my three hundred rupees, and set about getting donkeys, cooking utensils, food, and a blanket. I could speak no Persian, but managed to hire the Consul's milkman, who could speak Hindustani, Persian, and a few words of English.

For nine days we tramped and rode over the arid plateaus and rocky mountain ranges of southern Persia. In the day it was blistering hot. The nights were so cold that we were forced to build tiny fires and drink hot tea to keep warm. The country abounded in antelope and gazelle, and once a great swarm of locusts swept by us, darkening the hills and smothering the rays of the sun.

Our only water was vile, slimy stuff from little pot holes that had been used by camels and goats. We were lucky to get it. Once my servant, for some unaccountable reason, emptied all the water out of my one skin, and we went for a day and a half before we came to the next water hole. There were salt streams a-plenty, but the sight of so much worthless water was maddening. I thought of all the water I had seen wasted from leaky taps, and resolved never to let one leak again, never to waste a drop of water. In Borneo I had come to hate the everlasting green of the jungle; now I would have given ten years of my life to chew a handful of green grass.

Going over a high mountain pass, we encountered a stinging blizzard, and walked all day and night to keep warm, for there was no wood to make a fire. Icicles hung from my beard, and my nose and hands became numb. The following day we were going through a heavy rainstorm on a low plain, tramping across miles of gluey clay. Then I would curse the rain, and vow it better to die of thirst.

We arrived in Lar after midnight, dead with exhaustion. The donkeys stumbled sleepily through the narrow, deserted

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Miss Lota Sanders Today

CLEAN!

Years ago we set out to make the best dentifrice possible. Our chemists made countless experiments. They told us that the one thing a dentifrice should do is to clean teeth. We then produced Ribbon Dental Cream — designing it to do that one thing superlatively well. It is not medicated, because the testimony of leading dental authorities today sustains the original principle that the one function of a dentifrice is to clean.

Colgate & Co.
Est. 1806

Her SMILE... *hasn't aged a day in* 18 YEARS

ike others who have used this denti-ice, her teeth are sound and beautiful beyond the average

Miss Sanders, as she was in 1909

S a very little girl—when her mother first showed her how to clean her eth—it was Colgate's that she squeezed t on the brush.

Today—a grown woman with teeth per-tly preserved—she still uses Colgate's. r smile is as radiant as ever. It flashes clear message to you and everyone else xious to keep teeth healthy and attrac-e for years to come.

In this country, and in foreign countries e world over, you will find thousands d thousands of men and women who gan using Colgate's ten, fifteen, even enty years ago, and whose teeth are ceptionally sound and beautiful.

Many of these people are grateful ough to write to us. Some send their otographs also. As a result, each day e postman brings a few more letters to add to an already bulging file.

Many of these letters are from users who have brushed with Colgate's for at least a decade. We could fill the pages of this magazine with quotations from them —sincere, unsolicited reports from people proud of the soundness and attractiveness of their teeth.

Choose your dentifrice on the basis of results. Follow the lead of those who have already kept their teeth sound for years. Simply adopt for your own use the dentifrice most popular among people with well-preserved teeth.

There is nothing mysterious about these enviable results. The men and women fortunate enough to secure them did nothing that you cannot easily do yourself. They visited their dentists for periodic inspections. And they used Colgate's.

In such a vital matter as the care of the teeth, could there be any safer guide than the actual experiences of people like yourself?

So, for lovely teeth—for teeth that make your smile the social and business asset that it should be—ask your druggist today for Colgate's.

Or, if you prefer, send for the free sample offered in the coupon.

FREE SAMPLE OFFER

Colgate & Co.
Dept. 200-L, 595 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Please send me a sample.

Name_____

Address_____

In Canada, Colgate & Co., 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal

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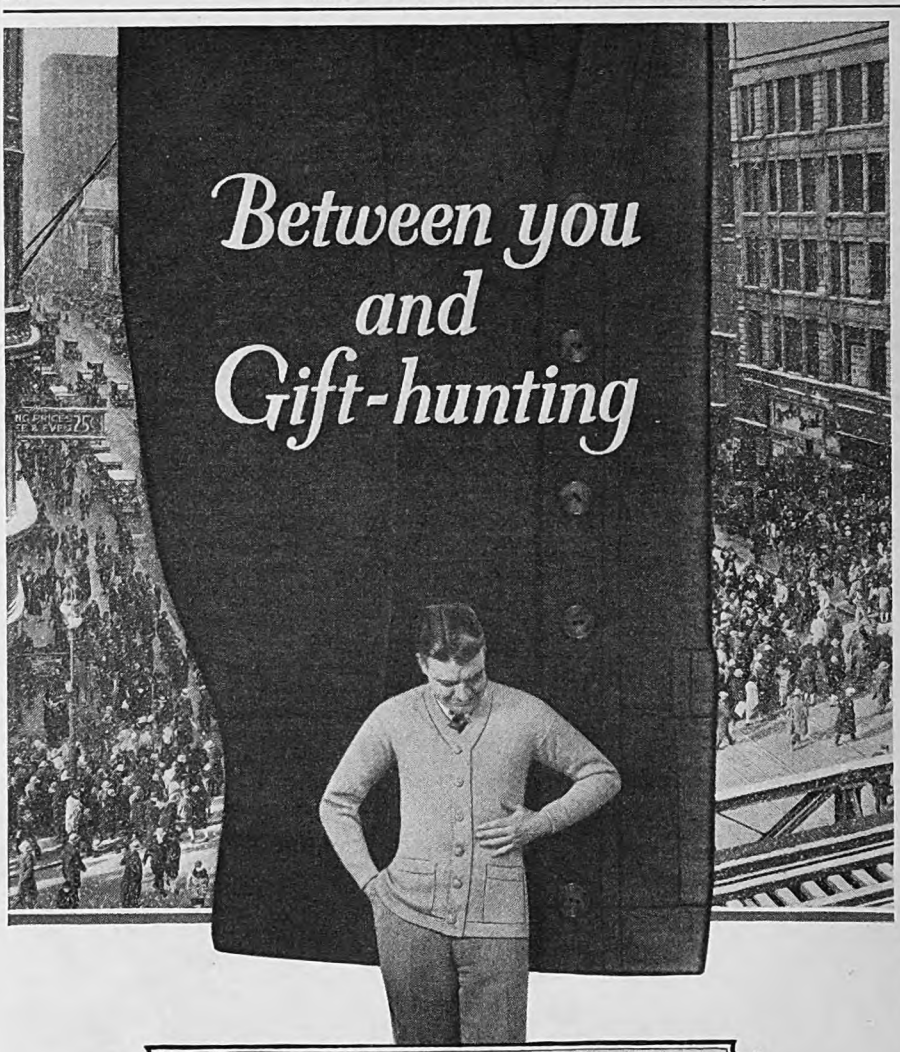

"travelo"
knit jackets & vests *for* men & boys

They hold their shape
—also

Lido
KNIT
JACKET

The greatest value you can buy at less than the cost of a "travelo"

PECKHAM-FOREMAN, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

streets. I, too fatigued to ride farther, walked by means of the momentum that keeps one going after strength has given out.

My servant hammered upon the doors with his stick and hallooed down the streets, but no one unbolted a door, no one answered. A figure in black appeared in the street, ran ahead of us and disappeared into an entrance with a creaking of rusty hinged doors. Lar was a city of moonlit white walls, black shadows, and weird *gaz* trees that flared up from the courts like wisps of blue smoke. Finally we found the public caravanserai, and amid a swarm of donkeys, camels, Kurdish tribesmen, and fighting women and children, dropped off to sleep.

From Lar I continued on to Jahrum, then on to Shiraz, and a month later I was in Bushire, on the Persian Gulf. The British Vice Consul, who had already heard of my capture and escape from the Arabs, was incredulous when he heard that I had come through the bandit country of Lar. It was impassable, he exclaimed; men were killed and caravans were attacked there every month. Personally, he would not attempt it for a thousand pounds. But I was never more hospitably treated in my life than at Lar.

I took the boat to Busra, went on to Baghdad, and then crossed the Iraq Desert by the Kowatly Tawil Transport Company's motor-cars. At Beirut my adventures were at an end. My feet were hard as leather, my skin was the color of old parchment, and I was ready for civilization. I came back to New York on a steamer, reveling in the luxuries of the saloon, and with a skinful of memories to spice up the rest of my life.

AND now I know what luxury is, and I love it, appreciate it, and know how to enjoy it. I like to have servants attend me, to wear the finest clothes, and smoke the finest tobacco. And all because I have been in places where a clean change of clothes, a helping hand, a smoke, or a cool drink would mean more to me than all the wealth of India. So when I have a chance to get these things, I get them, and enjoy them, remembering the hard times. I appreciate the one because I know the other.

I have had adventures—a few; that, I think, is the rarest experience that man can ever have. I have exulted in the joy of living, tingled with the fever of living forever. These moments are supreme in the life of mankind, and they place the tramp, the poet, and the explorer on a single plane. They are the flashes of the Divine in mankind. Great painters have captured this moment on canvas; Shelley caught it in his "Ode to the West Wind."

And what *is* Adventure? It is the sensation one feels when he is fighting with every nerve, muscle, and brain for the joy of living forever. Its essence is the love of life!

THE JUNGLE, THE CONQUERING JUNGLE that white men may never subdue, is the theme of another vivid, powerful article by Eugene Wright, of whose adventures in strange places you have just been reading. Next month this remarkable young man describes and interprets the jungle for you.

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It pays to know the difference between *The* HOOVER and a vacuum cleaner

TO YOU MY HUSBAND

I'VE quite a feeling about Christmas . . . and so have you. You give me fine trinkets to deck me bravely—all the world may see how handsomely you provide for me. Even the quite unnecessary things.

And I, who see in myself each year a little less of the girl you married, know how futile the brightest trinket is if I cannot match its radiance with my own. For nothing can ever take the place of those things which I am losing, in household duties a little too hard, a little too greedy of my time and strength.

Youth! Sparkle! The time for play and the zest for playing—these are the things I want! Won't you give them to me?

It's a *Hoover* I'm asking for. Most thoughtful of men, this Christmas may it be that?

GIVE *HER* A HOOVER AND YOU GIVE HER THE *BEST*

Just between ourselves . . *The Model 700 Hoover $75.00 . . . The Model 543 Hoover $59.50 . . . Only $6.25 down. Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada*

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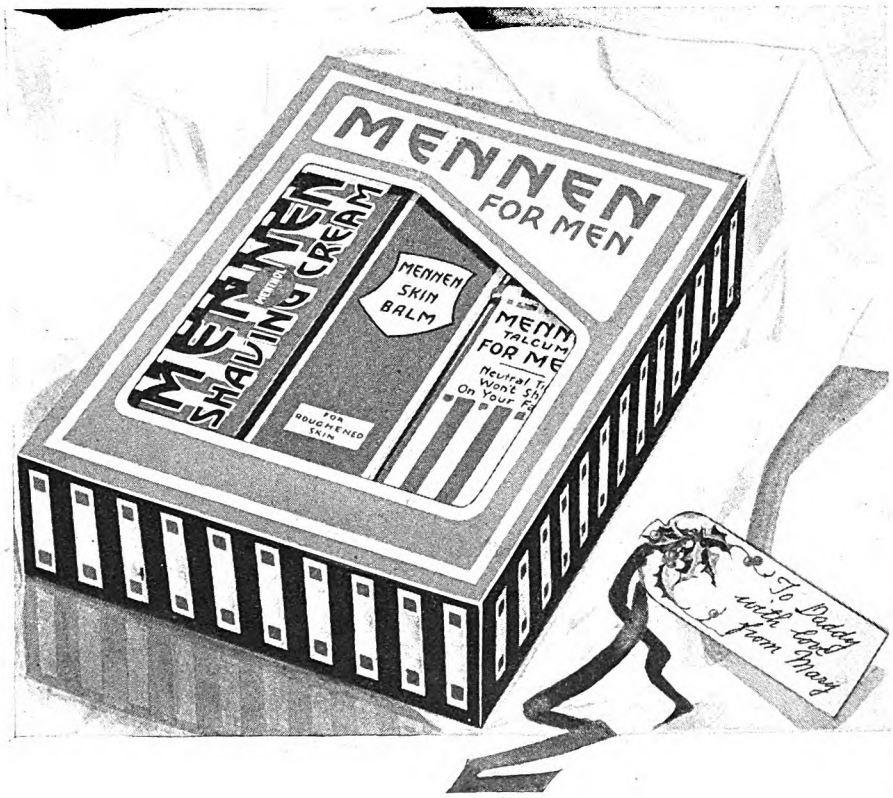

A man's gift—
for every man

Here's a gift to brighten and smooth his day and face—this Mennen Trio Package containing a full-size tube of Mennen Shaving Cream, a full-size tube (he hates jars) of Mennen Skin Balm and a full-size can of Mennen Talcum for Men (the one and only kind that men like).

It's a gift that a man never forgets. He'll use it every day. If he hasn't used it before he'll bless you for bringing these Mennen shaving luxuries into his life, and if he's already a Mennen user you couldn't possibly please him better. For it's a revelation, the first time a man experiences the sweet, swift, smooth razor stroke that goes with Mennen lather. Of course, it's *dermutation* that does it, Mennen dermutation which completely softens the beard without need for rubbing or messing up your fingers. Dermutation relaxes and eases the tension of the tiny skin mounds at the base of the beard hairs, smoothing and leveling the way for a deft, clean razor stroke. Works equally well in water hard or soft, cold or hot. No scraping. No nicking. No rawness. Five agreeable, soothing emollients in the lather flush the pores and soften the face as a healing tonic.

Made with and without menthol

Lots of men like to revel in the brisk tingle and bracing zip of *mentholized* lather. So you have your choice now in Mennen. To get the mentholized, ask for the tube with the red ball.

He may get more expensive gifts but none that will bring more comfort and satisfaction than this kit-pack of Mennen Shaving Comforts. And, friend, if you don't expect one, why wait for the great day? Go get one for yourself. The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., and Toronto, Ont.

MENNEN for MEN
PACKAGE

Dick Byrd—Gentleman

(*Continued from page 16*)

something in the lad's level gaze that transcended the callow spirit of upperclassman hazing; something in his erect carriage, well-shaped head, and clean features, something that stuck.

Providence works in devious ways. Dick Byrd did well in class, was popular among his fellows, and excelled in athletics. In 1912 he was graduated as an ensign, U. S. Navy, surely headed for a brilliant maritime career. But not long before he took his diploma a curious accident occurred. As a member of the gymnasium team he had mastered some hair-raising feats. Dropping from the swinging rings one day he twisted his foot. The X-ray showed a broken bone and stretched tendon. Both healed rapidly, and no defect showed at the legal graduation physical examinations. The true injury, however, lurked deep.

He went to sea. In the battleship fleet he became enamored of gunnery. His ship was scheduled to win the coveted trophy for straight, fast shooting, and Dick Byrd's turret was counted on as the decisive agent for victory. Then, just on the eve of action, came the tragedy—at least it seemed so at the time. The Fleet Medical Examining Board was gathered on the flagship. The official papers of Lieutenant Richard Byrd, U. S. N., lay on the table before them.

"SEEMS a shame when he has such a good record," said one.

"But he can't stand watch any longer. Don't you see he is useless on a ship?" said another.

Upon which the third, a plump, jovial medical officer who has long since gone to Europe to live on his retired pay, sagely wagged his head and said: "There is no hope for this youngster. Byrd's crippled foot compels him to give up active duty."

All as a result of the seemingly insignificant injury in the gymnasium!

It was a terrible blow to the boy. "I thought for a long time it was the end of everything," he now admits. "I wanted to be a naval officer. I had a lot of plans in my head all ready for the time when I should get a little more rank."

"Such as flying the Atlantic?" I asked.

"Honestly, that was one of them. Why, I have a letter I wrote years ago to Walter Camp asking him to help me get backing for such a flight."

"But what was the sense of it?"

Dick Byrd suddenly grinned that fascinating smile of his, "What's the sense of any of that sort of thing? If you stop to reason it out you see it adds to human knowledge and spreads control of the earth by mankind."

So he was retired and listed as a navy cripple. For a while he settled into a slough of despondency. Whatever he did, wherever he went, the stigma of physical incapacity was laid upon him. Official records blazoned the fact on every naval station.

"I might just as well have worn a wooden leg," laughed Dick, after a perfect

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What I mean by *a smoke!*

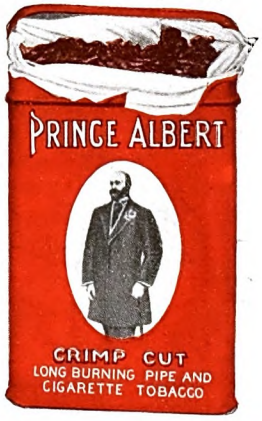
I'LL always remember the day I met P. A. One of the fellows was bragging about *his* brand of pipe-tobacco. Called it a "world-beater" and other modest names. "Let me try a load," I said. "It can't be *that* good."

He handed me his tin of Prince Albert. I opened it, and got a whiff of the most wonderful fragrance I have ever known. A little less skeptical, I filled my pipe and lighted it. That first pull convinced me. I had to admit the boy knew his tobaccos. What a really marvelous smoke!

Cool as a porter brushing off the town tightwad. Sweet as an unexpected tip. Mild as cup-custard, yet with a full-bodied taste that satisfied as nothing else ever did. I finished that first pipe-load and asked for another. I found P. A. didn't bite the tongue or parch the throat.

I don't have to tell you that Prince Albert and I are buddies. We start the day together and go merrily along till bedtime. Satisfaction in every puff of this long-burning tobacco. It's like that every day. P. A. is what I mean by *a smoke!* Better get yourself a tin.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

© 1927, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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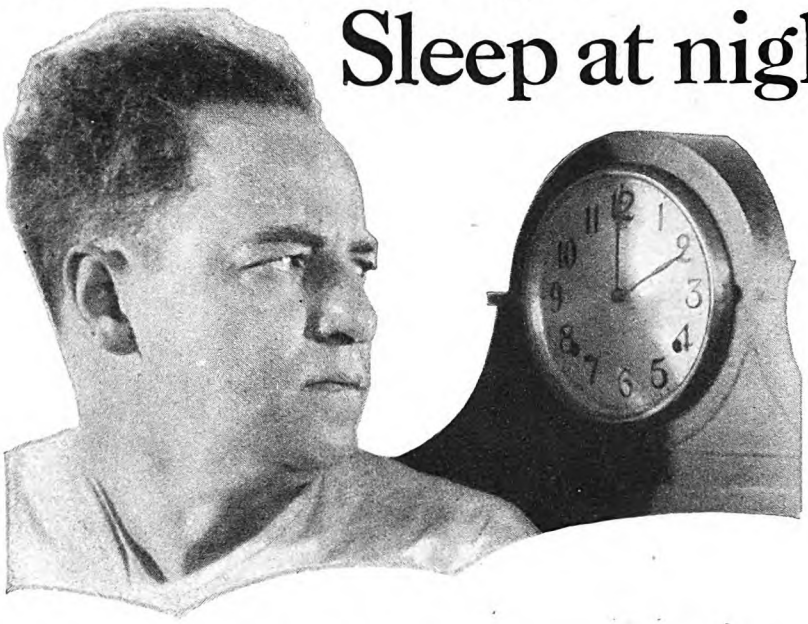
To Men who can't go to Sleep at night



This new food-drink from Switzerland offers a safe, natural way to instant *sleep . . . tireless, energetic days*

We offer you this 3-day test

Do *you* sometimes pitch and toss for hours before you go to sleep—then sleep fitfully the balance of the night?

If so—don't take drugs. They do not give natural, restful sleep. You wake up feeling "logy" and dull. Furthermore, there is no need for using a drug.

For modern medical science has found a *pure* food-beverage, called Ovaltine, that actually has the power to induce sleep. *Natural* sleep. Doctors everywhere recommend it. Not only because it gives sound, restful sleep but also because it is composed entirely of food vital concentrates that build up and restore your mind and body as you sleep.

As a result, you don't wake up feeling "logy;" you wake up feeling fresh, clear-eyed, and buoyant. Morning finds you a new man. You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening.

We urge you to make the 3-day test we offer here. Prove to yourself the wonderful results of Ovaltine.

Why Ovaltine brings restoring sleep

FIRST—It digests very quickly. Even in cases of impaired digestion.

SECOND—It supplies your system with certain health-building essentials which are often missing from your daily fare. One cup of Ovaltine has actually more food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

THIRD—Ovaltine has the unusual power of digesting 4 to 5 times its own weight of other foods you eat. Hence digestion goes on speedily and efficiently. As a result frayed nerves are soothed, because digestive unrest, *the main cause of sleeplessness*, is overcome.

This is why, when taken at night, a cup of hot Ovaltine brings sound restoring sleep in a natural way.

Hospitals and Doctors recommend it

It is the special food properties of Ovaltine—*and absolutely nothing else*—that bring its wonderful results and popularity. It has been in use in Switzerland for over 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was served as a standard ration to invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only for sleeplessness, but because of its special dietetic properties, they also recommend it for nerve-strain, malnutrition, backward children, nursing mothers and the aged.

Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities. It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of the day.

A 3-day test

All druggists sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or they can mix it for you at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in coupon with 10 cents.

OVALTINE

© 1928 T. W. Co.

Builds Body, Brain and Nerves

It is a pleasure to recommend Ovaltine. I had restless nights and a weak, no-account feeling in the mornings. Ovaltine gave me more energy and vim. I sleep better at nights.

John William Hayes
Knoxville, Tenn.

I can honestly say that Ovaltine is a wonderful thing for anyone who cannot sleep. I for one will surely stand back of it.

Geo. E. Debbold
Utica, N. Y.

THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT. A-4
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

(One package to a person)

Send for 3-day test

war record gave him courage to recall his misery.

Then, with his career apparently in ruins, he went to Washington and asked to be put on active duty as a student aviator.

That was eleven years ago. "A pilot sits down most of the time," he insisted. "Why lose my services when I want to give them?"

It was typical of governmental red tape that the problem had to be given long and very serious consideration. Meanwhile, Byrd waited and squirmed. It is dreadful to contemplate what might have happened had this request not been granted.

As a great favor, he was finally put back on active duty as a flier. Since that day he has never been off active duty, although his status as a retired officer gives him full right to sit back and take things easy on a comfortable pension.

Furthermore, he fought the war as a Navy aviator, flew to the North Pole, and hopped the Atlantic Ocean. He has been cited for heroism or extraordinary valor no less than twenty-one times! Three times, Congress, learning of his valor, has voted his promotion to higher rank, a retired-list phenomenon rare as the proverbial hen's teeth.

Here are some of the citations taken from his official record at the Navy Department, Washington, D. C.:

Heroism in saving a man from drowning July 16th, 1914.

For saving a man from drowning August 15th, 1914, Congressional life-saving medal of honor.

Commendation from Admiral W. L. Grant, British Royal Navy, December 21st, 1918.

Commendation by Director of Royal Canadian Air Service, August 27th, 1918.

Commendation of Secretary of the Navy for courage, energy, and efficiency on first transatlantic flight, 1921.

Decoration by Government of Portugal for inventions of air navigational instruments, September 15th, 1921.

Commendation from General Staff of U. S. Army, June 10th, 1923.

Commendation from Secretary of the Air Ministry of Great Britain, connection with loss of dirigible ZR2.

Commendation for courage, arctic flying over Ellsmere Land and Greenland.

"Too bad we haven't more lame ducks like Dick Byrd!" exclaimed one congressman who had been studying our military retired lists for signs of graft.

BYRD, the cripple, got on the active list as an aviator by arguing that a pilot sits down most of the time. But he was not always sitting by any means.

Let an eyewitness tell of an instance:

It was after the war and just before Dick was detailed as aid to Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He hated the idea of going ashore. "There's no action to it," he complained.

We were out off the Capes testing some pontoons in a seaway to find out whether they would keep a plane up. It was a raw, dark morning and one of those spring nor'easters came boiling down the coast and put an end to our tests. Just as we were hoisting our gear aboard a man fell over the side.

I remember Dick Byrd was standing right by the rail when it happened. He spun around, and let out a yell of warning to the man at the winch to hold everything. There were other yells; but Dick's was first, for his reactions seem to be abnormally quick.

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FRANKLIN

Airman *Series*

Introducing

New, light weight 7-passenger models —the up-to-date family cars

AIRMAN FEATURES

Air-cooling—the advanced scientific principle now so widely endorsed by Airmen

Acceleration—the swift-darting, quick maneuvering of the pursuit plane

Synchronized 4-wheel hydraulic brakes—just a touch and you get action

Speed of a new kind—distance speed—all-day-speed—speed you use

Riding comfort—the swift, easy glide of the airplane

Larger motor—for any temperature, altitude or road condition, a wealth of power always available

Engine smoothness—the balanced purr of the turbine

7-passenger models—(128 inch wheelbase)—the up-to-date family cars—commodious and light weight

Advanced designs—having their counterpart in aeronautical engineering

The most *comfortable* mile-a-minute car ever built

Today, in the midst of the increasing public demand for less weight in large cars—for less bulk and unwieldiness—for greater responsiveness and ability—Franklin announces the new Airman 7-passenger models.

Here—in a Sedan, a Touring Car or a Limousine—you are offered a car you can use without restriction. Franklin led this tendency when it pioneered the Sedan body, and now it is the first to offer a truly spacious family car, having the exhilarating performance and easy manipulation of the runabout. In these new Franklins you can now enjoy modern 7-passenger roominess, with immeasurably greater riding comfort and yet have 25% less car weight to move about.

The new Airman Series is the latest triumph of Franklin's scientific light weight construction. Powered by a 24% larger motor—air-cooled, on the principle now so dramatically proven by Aviation—the Airman stands out as the leader in a new era of fast travel coupled with greater safety and comfort.

With instant acceleration and positively synchronized 4-wheel hydraulic brakes—with abundant hill-climbing power and the ability to operate at a higher average speed *all day*—the Airman's performance represents a wholly new motoring experience in store for you. Why not have your first ride today in the most *comfortable* mile-a-minute car ever built?

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY • SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

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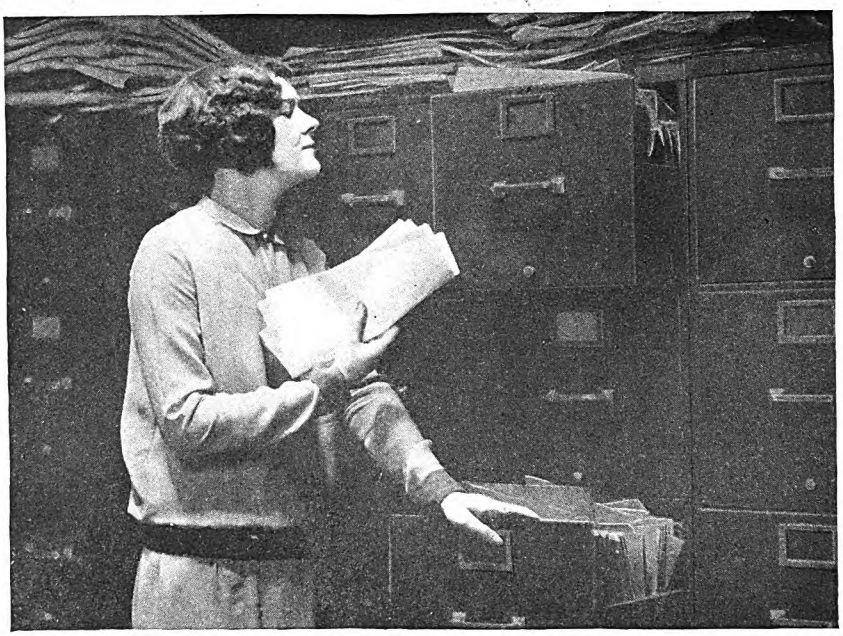

Hide-and-Seek is a costly game

if played in your letter files

THE search is on—for an all-important letter which cannot be found in the files. Time wasted — money wasted — nerves on edge.

Letters, like other office records, find easy hiding places in an inefficient filing system. Hiding places not discovered until hours or days later—often never at all. "Hide-and-Seek" is indeed a costly game when played in your letter files.

Information from your files should be quickly, easily, accurately obtained. And this is possible only if your filing system is scientifically adapted to the *size and exact nature of your business.*

Globe-Wernicke Service offers a complete solution of filing and all other problems in office equipment. Efficient office equipment, as developed in this new service, combines three essentials: 1, the right kind of equipment for your particular business; 2, its convenient, space-conserving arrangement; and 3, a knowledge of how to use it efficiently and economically.

Globe-Wernicke Service is brought direct to you by specially trained consultants in office equipment. Facts, figures, plans—derived from exhaustive research in actual office conditions—are placed at your disposal, wholly without obligation on your part.

Phone, write, or call on your nearest Globe-Wernicke Dealer—*today!* He will gladly send you his consultant in office equipment, at your convenience. Or, if you prefer, just sign and mail us the coupon at the bottom of this page.

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Steel Filing Cabinets
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Sectional Bookcases
***Safeguard* Filing System**
Visible Record Service
Miscellaneous Equipment

Descriptive literature on any of these items sent free on request. Use the coupon below.

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OFFICE EQUIPMENT SERVICE

This emblem appears on the window of every dealer authorized and qualified to render Globe-Wernicke Service. Look for it

THE GLOBE-WERNICKE CO., Dept. A-12, Cincinnati, Ohio

With the understanding that I assume no obligation—

☐ Please have the nearest Globe-Wernicke Dealer arrange with me for an appointment.

☐ Also, please send free descriptive literature on the following items: (*See Equipment List above*).

.....

Name .....

Address .....

"Away starboard lifeboat!" sang out the officer-of-the-deck.

"Not a chance," I heard the boatswain snap at my elbow.

He was about right. The man was too close to our counter for us to dare use the screws; and we were lying stern up into the swelling gale, so that there wasn't lee enough to drop one of the whaleboats without swamping her.

"A heaving line!" yelped the quartermaster.

Someone grabbed a coil from the after deck-house and ran to the rail. Two life belts were dropped. The patent life ring was smoking away alongside. But none of them were by the man who was struggling in the icy water.

Just then I noticed Byrd. He had taken off his uniform jacket and kicked out of his shoes. Before I could stop him he was over the lifeline and poised for a dive.

You have to know Dick Byrd to appreciate him in action. He is the mildest-mannered and -looking and -speaking person in everyday life you ever saw. He is nearly always smiling, and his voice is so low that he seems to be confiding in you when he speaks. But when he's about to act, he's absolutely another man.

I caught a picture of him as he balanced there on the waterway's edge that will stick in my mind the rest of my life. He seemed taller and thinner with his coat off. His wiry body was curved a bit forward; his sharp chin was a little in; his lean legs were stiff and straight. His whole expression, eyes, mouth, jaws, and sucked-in cheeks, seemed concentrated on the drowning man out there in the heavy seas.

Before anyone could say a word he was off—off into the air like an arrow, just as the old crock we were on hove up and over toward the poor devil in the ocean. A clean dive he made, and came up not two feet from his man, as at that very moment a big white comber rolled over the both of them, while the rest of us held our breaths.

"He's got him!" screamed an excited sailor as two heads appeared together out of the froth.

He had. We sailed out another life ring at the end of a line. Neatly, Dick took a turn around himself and the other fellow, and we hauled them aboard.

"Sounds simple, I know," concluded the eye-witness, "but you have to feel the icy cut of a spring nor'easter off the Capes and the crazy lurch of a small vessel lying in its trough to know what it means to go over the side after a drowning man half again as heavy as yourself."

THAT little incident brought just *one* of Dick Byrd's citations for heroism. There were two other times that were scarcely recognized as high points in his record even by Dick's closest friends. Floyd Bennett, who went to the Pole with him, told me one:

"We had just started to fly around the Pole, because the Commander's sights showed that we had reached ninety north latitude. All of a sudden, I thought I felt a sort of thud behind me. I couldn't have heard it on account of the roar of the motors. I turned around. The Commander was picking his sextant off the floor of the plane. As I looked, I saw him point to the starboard engine.

"Gee! Two bad breaks at once: Our sextant, which was to take us back to land, smashed; and the starboard engine spitting oil all over the plane!"

"I didn't then half appreciate what it would have meant to try to land in the mass of broken pack ice below us. I knew we would annihilate the plane, but I figured we might walk back. Only after our return did the Commander confess to me that we didn't have a chance in a million of making our way to land had we been forced to come down there. Nor did I realize as fully as he that, without our

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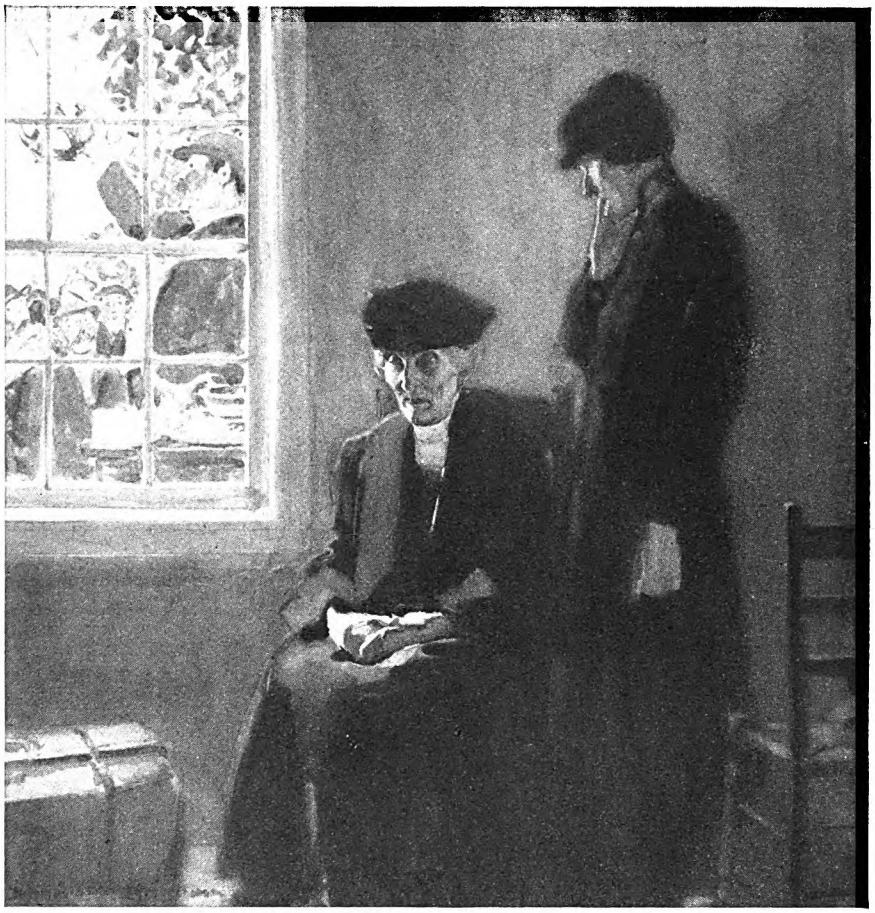
"Lest we forget"



©1927 M. L. I. CO.

"It has been in this house fifty years. You can't find another piece like it. This, ladies and gentlemen, is genuine! What am I offered for it? These old treasures are going for a song. Give me a bid."

—While the auctioneer rattles on, some of the neighbors think of the old days of entertainment and open hospitality in that house. They wonder how long the proud and lonely mistress has been fighting off the inevitable. Inside, she hears the auctioneer's words—"genuine", "fifty years in this house", "old treasures" —every word a thrust to her heart.

* * *

BABIES and old people are life's widest contrast and life's closest comparison. The younger they re and the older they are the more they eed our love and care. For the helpless aby it is a sunny world. There is lways someone ready to wait on him, o take care of him. Whether he laughs r whether he cries, the world smiles on im and tries to anticipate his every need.

ut it is a gray, cheerless world for the ired, brave old soul who fails to get the are and waiting on and the affection she ungers for. And charity, when clumsily estowed, stings almost as much as neglect.

A big business man said recently: "I think the saddest sights in the world are the old people whose relatives regard them as burdens—especially when they realize the situation. I think it is fine to build churches and take care of babies and the growing boys and girls, but every dollar I can afford to give away goes to the old people. Sometimes I pay their rent and keep homes together, and sometimes I provide little comforts when their homes are broken up."

While charity takes care of the friendless and helpless, and science is finding out how to prevent physical aches and pains, it remains for "society"—and that means all of us added together—to prevent old age from suffering one of its greatest sorrows—penniless dependence.

The United States and Canada pay bigger wages than other countries. Nearly all their workers earn enough to provide for old age. If they plan ahead, they may have in their years of retirement, not merely bare existence, but real comfort.

Almost every man and woman must face these five great hazards of life:

***Death*—which may come early, before one's dependents have been provided for.**

***Accident*—always sudden and often causing lessened earning power.**

***Sickness*—which may cause want as well as suffering.**

***Unemployment*—which may bring distress to others in addition to the unemployed.**

***Dependent Old Age*—which must seek charity if self-support is no longer possible.**

"Society", through organized effort, with its millions of mutual life insurance policies, has done what no individual could do alone. It has found a way to meet four of the five hazards.

Annuities for old age, protection in case of death, accident or sickness—almost every financial requirement can now be met by insurance. Only one problem is still unsolved—Employment Insurance—and that will follow. The day must come when every family will plan to meet the great hazards of life so that no member of it will face the need of charity.

Thousands of Metropolitan policyholders have asked how much of the family income should be expended for immediate necessities; how much for clothing; how much for food; how much for fuel; how much should be laid aside for protection. Our booklet, "Let Budget Help", answers these questions. A copy will be mailed free on request.

HALEY FISKE, *President*.

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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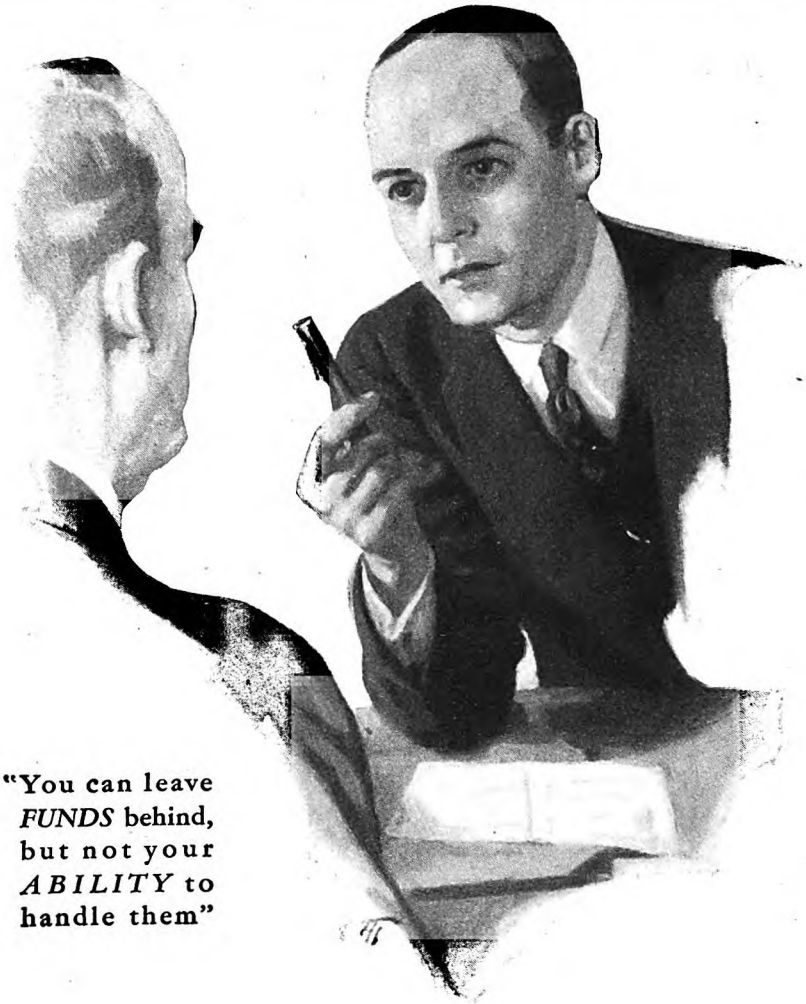

"You can leave *FUNDS* behind, but not your *ABILITY* to handle them"

Create a Life Insurance Trust!

HE had done well, this man of forty-five, who laid his carefully wrapped packet of insurance policies before his attorney. He had added to his life insurance holdings year by year, until he had provided amply for all his family's needs.

But he had NOT provided for the handling of these funds. It had never occurred to him that his wife might lose everything represented by his life insurance policies through unwise investment or fraud.

In many cases, the best way to make certain that your life insurance funds will be wisely used is to create a life insurance trust agreement through your lawyer and a well-established trust company. But first of all make certain, by communicating with your nearest Provident Mutual Representative, that your life insurance estate is adequate to provide for all the protection that your family needs.

Low Rate—Low Cost

Provident Mutual

Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia, Penna.

Founded 1865

©P.M.L.I.Co. 1927

sextant, we could reach home only if the sun stayed out.

"Did the Commander let me in on his worry? Not on your tintype!" said Bennett. "He just grinned and wrote me a little note: 'Well, Floyd, we did it, old fellow.' Nothing more. And between that grin and the note I *knew* we'd get home all right!"

One more brief sample of his bravery has to be added, if only because the drama of it passed almost unnoticed in the wave of relief that swept the country when the plane, "America," emerged from her awful night aloft last July and landed safely on the north coast of France.

THE big ship had been cruising for nearly nineteen hours without sight of land or sea. For eight hours she had been swimming in an inky void. Only her altimeter enabled her pilot to keep her far above the invisible globe, whirling through space thousands of feet beneath her.

To land with such a heavy machine meant almost sure death to the four brave men aboard it. They could not cheer one another with sprightly banter. The motor's deafening roar prevented that last refuge of doomed explorers. All sat and waited for the end. Their well-nigh exhausted leader, who had not slept for sixty hours, alone held the final decision in his hand. The fuel was nearly gone. Not one faint glimmer of light had come from below to show the way to safety.

There were no heroics. If his men were to die it was proper to give them fair warning. When the time approached to go down, because the gas gauge was nearing zero, Byrd wrote a little note and passed it around. It read: "We are going to crash." It seemed to be the death warrant. Noville has said Byrd smiled that same old smile when he handed the bit of paper across. Providence saw fit to save those four brave men for better things.

Incidentally, Byrd had no illusions when he started that flight. I was with him when, in March, he first inspected the monoplane at the factory of Anthony Fokker.

"Suppose he falls into the water?" I asked the designer.

"He'll sink in thirty minutes."

Dick, standing alongside, never batted an eyelid.

"Suppose he is forced to come down on land in the darkness—can't see the ground?" I went on.

"Probably kill the whole gang," came the brutal reply.

Dick Byrd glanced up. We thought he was going to grasp at a straw; say something about the use of flares, or parachutes, or the lights sure to be around Paris. Surely such subconscious shrinking from the truth would have been permissible in the strongest-hearted warrior. His long artistic forefinger touched his cheek in a vague gesture of interrogation. We waited the question from the silent flier between us. It came:

"When will she be finished?" asked Dick quietly. Nothing more.

Yet, for all these grand acts, he has none of the Napoleonic eccentricities about him. There is a Mrs. Byrd, charming, brown-eyed, unworn and sweet; and four little Byrds, ranging from a tiny goo-ing baby to Richard, Junior, who is very serious, and who privately brags to his boy friends about the things his mother tells

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"No appetite . . headaches . . *even my interest in sports was gone*"

A morning's "bag" . . . MR. JOSEPH P. MOORE, *Somerville, Mass.*

Somerville, Mass.

"DUE TO the confining nature of constant work as a calender operator I became run down. I was constipated. My head ached continually. I ate little and slept less. I was so tired and worn out that I lost all my former interest in hunting and other outdoor sports.

"A friend suggested that I try Fleischmann's Yeast. I ate it for three months. Nothing could have improved my condition more! The headaches disappeared entirely. Worry from constipation was at an end and I was again good for any outdoor exertion. My appetite improved, and I slept like a top." *Joseph P. Moore*

"I WAS TROUBLED with constipation and stomach trouble for many years. I thought I could find nothing that would help me. But one day a friend told me what Fleischmann's Yeast had done for him. I started eating three cakes a day and kept it up. As a result I felt better, looked better, and was soon able to eat things that before had caused severe indigestion. Fleischmann's Yeast has literally done wonders for me."

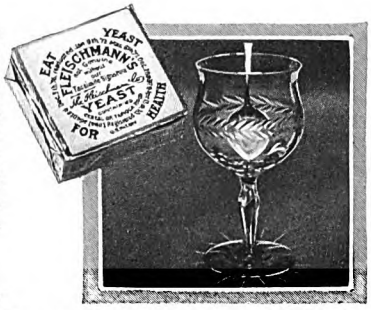
F. A. JETER,
Former Secretary of State, Boise, Idaho

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST is a fresh corrective food, with the remarkable power to cleanse and stimulate the intestines. It causes easy, natural and *complete* elimination of food wastes. Improves digestion and assimilation. Restores your complexion to the healthy clearness it should have.

Order two or three days' supply of Fleischmann's Yeast at a time from your grocer. Keep it in any cool dry place. And write today for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Address Health Research Dept. J-47, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

"DURING a particularly busy summer in Chicago I began to lose that soft, clear complexion which is a woman's most valued asset. Sallowness developed. I became haggard and tired. My maid saved the situation. She began to appear at my bedside each morning with a cake of Fleischmann's Yeast dissolved in a glass of milk. Soon I ate my three cakes every day. Before long that tired feeling disappeared, and I regained my soft, clear complexion. I am glad that Fleischmann's Yeast is available and fresh in every city where I play."

SOPHIE TUCKER, *New York City*
(*the "International Singing Comedienne"*)



This easy way to recapture health

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, a cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it plain, in small pieces, or drink it dissolved in water—hot or cold—or eat it in any other way you prefer. For stubborn constipation physicians recommend drinking one cake dissolved in a glass of hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. Train yourself to regular daily habits. As your system is strengthened by eating yeast, you can gradually discontinue dangerous cathartics.

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The average reading time of this advertisement is only 35 seconds. Spend this fraction of a minute and save a life-time of regrets

The Game is Over..

Football isn't half as dangerous as skidding home

"HOLD 'EM. Hold 'em. Hold 'em." The team holds. The final gun is fired. . . . In the moist Autumn twilight you find your car. So do thousands of others.

You bump your way to the road and head for home. . . . So do thousands of others.

Slow going. Skiddy roads. Impatient honking horns. Everyone's impatient. You see an opening and scoot for it. . . . So do several others. You skid—you put on your brakes but keep skidding ahead. There's the real danger of a football game. It's skidding home in the rain.

Put on WEED Chains when it rains and be sure of your grip on the road.

Be Prepared for Winter

Snow and sleet in the northern states, and rains in the south and Pacific Coast are due. Don't wait for the first bad storm to buy your WEED Chains. Get them now and be prepared for winter driving.

A PRODUCT OF THE AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc. in business for your safety

Wet Rubber Slips

WEED CHAINS *Grip*

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, *Inc.*, Bridgeport, Conn.

***In Canada:* Dominion Chain Company, *Limited*, Niagara Falls, Ontario**

him Daddy does to make a living—to make history is more like it.

As another father of a junior, I asked him one day, parent to parent, what he planned to make of his Dick, Junior.

"A good citizen," came the prompt reply.

Among men he's just as normal, high or low, far and wide. He calls them 'Ted,' and 'Edsel,' and 'Vincent,' when he speaks to men like Roosevelt, Ford, and Astor. The same afternoon he worms his way through the steam-box of a faulty boiler aboard his expedition ship, emerges smutted and dripping with sweat, to snap:

"That's a mess in there, Jim!" Jim is a red-headed fireman.

"Well," demands Jim, in frank exasperation, "what you goin' to do about it, Commander?"

Dick Byrd reaches out the hand that has gripped fingers with kings and queens, presidents and multi-millionaires, and plucks the torn sleeve of his henchman.

"I'm going to do this:" Together their heads, one tousled black and the other a smeary red, bend over a bit of oil-smeared paper. "Cut her down there along the seam, Jim. Shove in a plug, and put on a full test pressure. Get me?"

Jim's white teeth suddenly sparkle through his freckles. "Sure I do. Now, how'd you come to think o' that?"

ONE of Dick Byrd's outstanding traits is his fixity of purpose. He takes some time to make up his mind to a course involving future policy. But, once his mind is made up, he sticks to his course through thick and thin. Neither gain nor fame nor fear can swerve him.

In June a year ago, after his polar success, he had a number of good offers to go into business. His retired pay in the Navy was about three thousand dollars a year. He had no other resources. It was a temptation to capitalize on Fortune's favor in letting him reach the top of the world. Yet—

"Sorry; but I'm not going into business just now," Byrd told them all.

"But we can give you twenty-five thousand dollars a year!" exclaimed the head of a big manufacturing concern.

"But I don't want to go into business," said Byrd.

The would-be patron was hurt and a little angry. He knew how much a retired officer of Byrd's rank got, and he also knew that Byrd had a wife and four children to support.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Because I still have some exploring to do."

"What on earth is there left to explore?"

"No one has flown from New York to Paris yet. No one has flown over the South Pole. There are millions of square miles on the surface of the earth that no man has ever seen."

His business friend smiled. "And what good, may I ask, is all that going to do humanity?"

Dick Byrd smiled. He can say more in a smile than most men can put into twenty sentences. And he replied: "I wish it would do a thousandth part as much good as Faraday did almost a century ago when he made the discovery of the induction of electric currents. He died, laughed at by the crowd. But electricity runs the world to-day."

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Surpassing Its Own World Record

In developing the Pontiac Six, Oakland set out to produce the finest six-cylinder car ever offered in the low-priced field. To that end were employed all the resources available to Oakland as a division of General Motors, and almost three years were spent in development work.

When presented, the car won immediate and nationwide public acceptance, sales during 1926 exceeding the highest previous mark ever attained by a new make of car during its first year.

Yet so pronounced has been the satisfaction of Pontiac Six owners—so emphatic have they been in their praise of Pontiac Six performance, long life and economy, that Pontiac Six sales have already passed the 120,000 mark for 1927!

The tremendous volume of production and sales created by this ever-increasing public enthusiasm has enabled Oakland to offer even greater value in the Pontiac Six, until today it combines six-cylinder performance with Fisher body luxury at the lowest price in history.

Oakland views with justifiable pride the implicit confidence and trust the public has bestowed on Pontiac Six. And Oakland pledges its word that this brilliant car shall always represent supreme value in the low-priced six-cylinder field.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY
PONTIAC, MICHIGAN
General Motors Products of Canada, Ltd.
Pontiac Division, Oshawa, Ontario

The New and Finer

PONTIAC SIX

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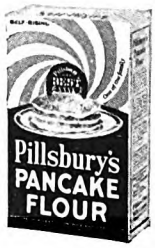
STATE UNIVERSITY SYSTEM OF FLORIDA

Young Johnnie McGroucher, notorious sleepyhead, decides that Pillsbury pancake morning is no time for dillydallying

The fragrance of Pillsbury's pancakes is an excellent alarm clock. They're easy to make—simply add water or milk to Pillsbury's Pancake Flour, and bake!

Pillsbury's
Pancake Flour
Made by the millers of Pillsbury's Best Flour



Yes, Dick Byrd is an idealist. That is his chief fault, if he has any faults to boast. He is even sentimental. On his flight to the pole he carried a coin from Peary over his heart. Another fault is his overwhelming courtesy.

"Aw, kick 'em out, Dick," we heard a close adviser groan one torrid day last summer when the press was criticizing the Commander for not getting away on his Atlantic flight, and newspaper men were swarming over the camp like flies.

Byrd's face was wan with the sleepless anxiety of weeks. He had lost his best pilot through accident; Lindbergh had taken the cream of public adulation; older men whose opinions he respected were urging him to give up the Atlantic flight as a futile risk of life and property. He was harassed to the point of utter exhaustion. Every nerve in him was crying out for surcease from the pitiless publicity that had raked him and his project fore and aft for weeks. Yet he replied, in his usual soft-spoken way:

"No, let them have the news. It's their job."

Perhaps this sort of thing in a small way accounts for the number of editorials that have been written on the theme, "Byrd—Sportsman."

SPEAKING of his being a sport, I happened to be out at Roosevelt Field the day the "America" was christened. It was a bright June afternoon: the plane stood before its hangar bedecked with flags. There was a brass band and thousands of excited people. Hot-dog men were shrilly crying their wares. Airplanes dipped and zoomed overhead. Byrd was due any moment to appear and open the ceremonies.

A messenger stepped up. "Will you come into the hangar for a moment?"

I found four very grim men in a back room. There was Governor Harry Byrd, of Virginia; Tom Byrd, the other brother, and Grover Whalen, general manager of Mr. Wanamaker's Transoceanic Company, which was backing the flight. A familiar figure stood by a window, shoulders squared, looking out. I recognized Dick Byrd's back.

"Lindbergh has reached Paris," said Governor Byrd.

"*What!*" In the excitement of the "America's" party I had almost forgotten that the rival flier was on his way.

"Yes," interpolated Tom Byrd, "and now Dick says we ought to stop this party."

At this Dick turned. "It's Lindbergh's day," he pleaded. "Why detract from it?"

"But Lindbergh's four thousand miles away!" broke in Grover Whalen. "And we have a huge audience waiting."

Finally, Byrd's arguments were overruled. He was prevailed on to speak on the occasion of the official naming of the plane that was to carry him on the first scientific multi-engined passenger flight from New York to France; a great day in his life, a brilliant feather in his cap.

But his speech was on a wholly different theme: "It is certainly great news we have just heard about Lindbergh," he began. "And my only thought now is about him and his wonderful victory." So it ran, through one of the most eloquent eulogies one man has ever spoken upon the success

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One of those rare gifts that really includes the whole family!

CHRISTMAS dinner more luscious than ever . . . . and so much easier to prepare. Savory surprises that just *make* an impromptu party. A bountiful reserve of foods for unexpected guests. These—the very essence of the holiday spirit—made pleasantly possible by a General Electric Refrigerator.

Why not have the supreme satisfaction of a General Electric Refrigerator during the holidays? It's an all-year-round cold storage plant in miniature. It protects food from the killing chill of winter and the bacteria-breeding heat of summer. It makes quantity buying possible.

The General Electric Refrigerator is unusually roomy. Even the smallest size (the one illustrated) has a shelf area of nine square feet—and that's generous for the needs of the average family. Special designing of shelves and freezing chamber have given each model the very greatest food storage space.

This simplified refrigerator hasn't a single belt, fan, drain-pipe or stuffing box. It needs no oiling. It is unusually quiet. All its moving parts are enclosed in a single hermetically sealed casing. There's no machinery under it . . . . none in the basement. It can be plugged into any electric outlet. It is the worthy product of fifteen years of research . . . . and is guaranteed by General Electric.

• • •

Write us for Booklet 12-A, which is illustrated and fully descriptive.

Electric Refrigeration Department
of General Electric Company
Hanna Building Cleveland, Ohio

GE Refrigerator

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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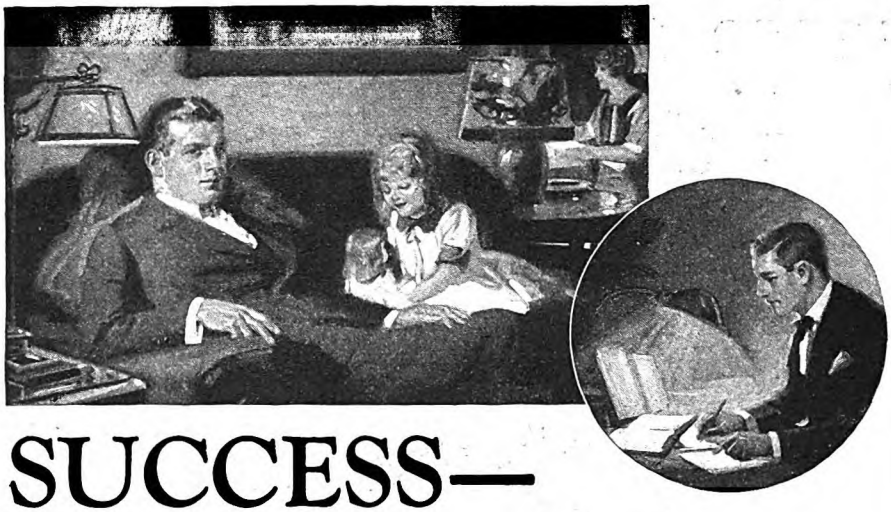

SUCCESS—
Will You Pay the Price?

IF you are normal, you want the comforts and luxuries which are the by-products of success—a home of your own—a new car—the leisure to read—the means to travel.

You want these things very much.

But—you are keen enough to perceive that experience and facility in handling *routine* work will never get them for you.

What, then, are you doing to gain that *specialized* experience—that *trained* ability—for which business firms are willing to pay real money?

* * *

During the past nineteen years more than 625,000 men have found the answer to that question in home-study training under the LaSalle Problem Method.

Evening after evening, they have seated themselves, to all intents and purposes, at the desks of men in high-salaried positions, and have squarely faced the *problems* of those positions.

Evening after evening, they have been shown the *principles* involved in the solution of such problems—and how those principles are applied by highly successful business houses.

Evening after evening, they have tackled concrete problems, lifted bodily from business life, and under the direction of some of the ablest men in their respective fields *have worked those problems out for themselves.*

That they have been *well rewarded* for their foresight and their earnestness is shown by the fact that during only six months' time as many as 1,248 LaSalle members reported salary increases totaling $1,399,507—*an average increase per man of 89%.*

* * *

Many men, *knowing* what home-study training under the LaSalle Problem Method can do for them, nevertheless prefer to think that there's "nothing in it." That's the excuse they make for their futures.

If you—knowing these facts—are content to drift, you will not profit by reading further.

If on the other hand you have imagination enough to *visualize* your goal—to actually see yourself in a home of your own, enjoying the comforts and luxuries of life—if, in short, you are a man of *purpose*, the coupon below may shorten your journey to success by many years.

Note, please, that the coupon outlines different lines of training and that it will bring you full particulars of the training which appeals to you, together with your copy of that most inspiring book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One"—all without obligation.

If you want success, and are willing to pay the price, ACT!

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTION

Find Yourself Thru LaSalle

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 1233-R, CHICAGO

I would welcome an outline of the LaSalle plan, together with a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

- ☐ **Business Management:** Managerial, Sales and Executive positions.
- ☐ **Higher Accountancy:** Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.
- ☐ **Expert Bookkeeping.**
- ☐ **C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.**
- ☐ **Modern Salesmanship.**
- ☐ **Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic.**
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Name ..... Present Position ..... Address .....

of another. What made the whole gesture superb was that Lindbergh's success seemed at the time to spell the utter failure of many months of toil and planning on the part of the brave soul who spoke it.

It was not generally known that before Lindbergh hopped off Byrd gave him priceless help in charts and weather data; that before he returned Byrd did everything he decently could to delay the departure of the "America" until the victor could drain his cup of triumph to its dregs.

It was not generally known that Byrd, in secret, coached the navigator of still another entry in the transatlantic air race, knowing full well that he thereby materially reduced his own chances of being first across the ocean.

It was not generally known that when Floyd Bennett was lying a helpless cripple in the hospital, Byrd secretly offered to delay the flight a year if necessary, despite the fact that this meant relinquishing his chance for fame, in order to give his broken pilot a chance to share in the honors. Bennett instantly refused the offer.

It was not generally known that Byrd gave up a chance to make one hundred thousand dollars in connection with the newspaper serial rights to his flight, because the offer did not properly assure financial reward for the three men who accompanied him.

But enough of these little revealing incidents have leaked out for the editor of a great American newspaper to exclaim:

"America is proud of Richard Evelyn Byrd—the Sir Philip Sidney of the air!"

The Misunderstood Mule

(*Continued from page 48*)

mules are unquestionably foolish. For instance, a friend of mine had a mule that didn't want to walk any way except east! You could make him go in another direction, but he never did so willingly. But a mule will never kill himself by breaking into the corn crib; he rarely hurts himself when he runs away; he is wary about rickety bridges; he will stop working when he reaches the limit of his endurance—before he reaches it, in fact; and he'll kick the daylights out of you if you abuse him and are not quick on your feet! Certainly, such a beast is not a fool.

The mule will not often perform for a man's idle pleasure, as a horse will. A horse has endless pride. He will race himself to death, pull himself to death, work himself to death. He will toil for a man, or play for a man. He is altogether admirable. And it isn't a disparagement of the mule to say that he will not do the same things. He's a different critter, with a different personality, a different viewpoint at life, a different, and weird, sire. Mule races are not unknown, but neither are they nationally known. The explanation is not wholly in the mule's lack of speed; it is partly in his lack of any desire to run his legs off merely to please a man. In the realm of frivolities, the mule is an independent cuss.

Some years ago, one of the Southern states had mule races at its annual fair. One big planter had selected his mules

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Now—for Christmas
Enjoy the *Magic* of the *Silver Screen*

Home Movies—A New Answer to that Age-Old Question—
"What Shall I Give for Christmas?"

A NEW gift idea! Something different for Christmas. The gift unusual, for one who already "has everything." A family gift that carries with it a thousand thrills—that affords more genuine pleasure, more enjoyment to a greater number of people, than anything else you might give.

No wonder thousands are choosing a Ciné-Kodak for Christmas. For think of the fun—the sport—the personal satisfaction in home movie-making, the new dramatic art!

The Miracle of Movies You Make Yourself

Think of the movies you've always wanted to make—the children, friends, neighbors, outdoor trips. It's so easy now anyone can do it with the assurance of professional results.

Into the marvelous Ciné-Kodak camera weighing only 5 pounds, Eastman Scientists have concentrated every necessity of movie production.

What a triumph in simplicity! No need to focus. No tripod. No grinding crank. Everything is there that you need . . . the non-essentials have been done away with. Just sight the camera, either from waist height or eye level.

Then press the button. A shutter whirls inside, and the film slides swiftly behind the always-ready lens. Instantly every action within the scene before you, every changing sequence of light and shadow, is registered for all time on your film.

After pressing the button, your work is done. No troublesome developing. No bother or fuss. We finish your films at no extra cost, and return them ready to run.

Then with equal ease your films are shown. Switch on your Kodascope projector and instantly the screen becomes alive with action. Crisp and clear you see the pictures you've made. Drama . . . adventure . . . romance . . . in the lives of people you know and children you love parade before your eyes in a swift pattern of light and shadow. "Your own movies!" They are as easy as that to make.

Sight camera from waist or eye level

Weighs but 5 pounds

. . . simplicity itself

Ciné-Kodak embodies Eastman's forty years' experience in devising easy picture-making methods for the amateur. Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made "still" photography so easy have now made home movie-making equally simple for you.

To supplement your program, Kodak Cinegraphs—100-foot reels of comedy, drama, travel, may be purchased at $7.50 per reel, and full length feature pictures of famous stars may be rented from any Kodascope Library.

Official United States War Department movies of the World War, filmed in action by the Signal Corps, are also ready for you to run. War Cinegraphs—200 feet per reel—$15 each. Special authentic war thriller, "America Goes Over"—2000 feet—$150.

Now costs only $140

Today a complete outfit, Ciné-Kodak, Kodascope Projector and Screen, may be had for $140.

Give a Ciné-Kodak for Christmas. Thousands of Kodak dealers have it ready to show you. For additional information, mail coupon below.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., Dept. AM-5, Rochester, N. Y.
Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me how I can easily make my own movies.

Name.....

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Ciné-Kodak

Simplest of All Home Movie Cameras

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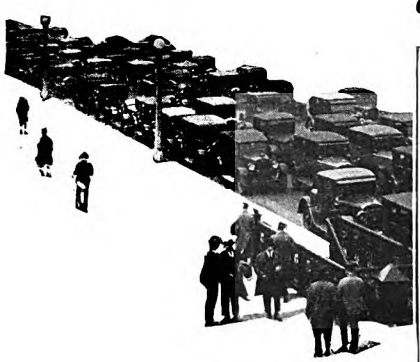
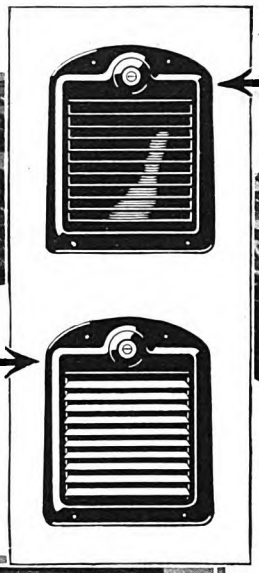
Over a Million Winterfront Users URGE—*Automatic* Motor Protection

at 60° Fahrenheit or Colder





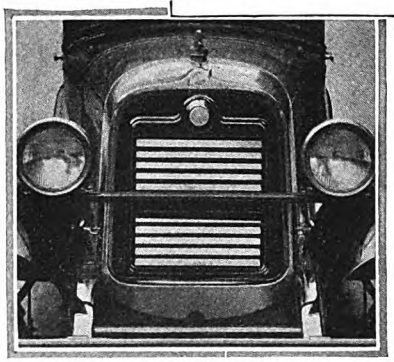
Closes itself when your motor needs heat.

Opens itself when your motor needs cool air

THIS is a vital warning to you. Automotive research has definitely placed the blame for 50 to 75% of all premature motor wear on *cold*—destroyer of motor life and efficiency. And cold doesn't just mean below zero. At 60° Fahrenheit, your motor is in danger.

"Over-choking" warns you!

Coughing, spitting noises and delayed starting are the danger signals. Out comes your "choke"—flooding cold cylinders and cylinder walls with raw gasoline. Glass-like metal surfaces are washed clean of the vital oil film of protection. Vital motor parts are exposed to grinding friction. Excessive dilution follows, fouled spark plugs, high gas consumption, extreme carbonization, corrosion and rapid cylinder wear.



Pines Automatic Winterfront is standard equipment on Packard "8," Pierce-Arrow, Peerless "8," Peerless De Luxe "6," Wills Ste. Claire T-"6."

Winterfront ends these dangers

The radiator on your car was put there to waste heat—thus to prevent overheating in hot weather. An efficient radiator throws away 35 to 40% of the heat of the fuel. At 60° Fahrenheit there is no heat to spare—yet heat-waste continues through the radiator. Obviously, therefore, the only place to efficiently control motor temperature is at the radiator, where heat-waste occurs.

Pines Automatic Winterfront completely covers the radiator and remains closed until the motor is warm enough to operate without damage to vital parts. The shutters then begin to open, *automatically*, allowing the entrance of exactly enough cool air to maintain a scientifically correct temperature.

Important—When your motor stops, Winterfront shutters start to close, and are fully closed while your motor is hot. Thus you are certain always of complete motor protection. There is no chance for dangerous neglect.

With a Winterfront on your car, you "warm-up" in seconds. You lose the dangerous "choke" habit. You enjoy increased gasoline economy—snug warmth inside your car—summer-time smoothness in your motor.

Put on your car in ten minutes

Pines Automatic Winterfront is sold by automobile and accessory dealers everywhere. It is installed in less than ten minutes. *Models for all cars priced $22.50 to $30.00. Special models for Ford, $15.00; Chevrolet, $17.50; Dodge Four, $20.00. Slightly higher prices in the Rocky Mountain area and West—also Canada.* Pines Winterfront Company, 424 North Sacramento Blvd., Chicago.

* * *

The motor car dealer who recommends and sells you a Pines Automatic Winterfront is considering your interests first. Take his advice. Your dealer will supply you.

Pines Automatic Winterfront is the Only Automatic Radiator Shutter on the Market

The only shutter that assures you timely, constant protection against the destroying force of cold.

The only shutter that automatically eliminates the boiling danger—a danger that always exists when the radiator is completely covered by makeshift methods.

You can't forget to operate it. There's nothing to remember. Its results are possible *only* because it is *automatic*.

150

PINES WINTERFRONT—*It's Automatic*

with an eye to their speed. He was eager to win these races. For years he had been buying a few fast mules, and then came his big opportunity. The annual fair was widely advertised, and its mule race was to be a feature. This planter entered two tremendous, slender black mules, and was confident of the victory.

The jockeys were coal-black negroes. A dozen or more mules came up to the starting line, and most of them started. The two black mules of my friend got off to a fine start, and soon were far ahead of the field. Either of them could have won that race easily, and one of them would have won it, too, but for one thing: Their owner had always fed them at a certain time. The race was delayed, and the luncheon hour for these mules had passed when the race began. So, when they were rounding the track about three quarters of the way home, they galloped out of an open gate—both of them—and right on into their stables. The riders did their best to stave off this ridiculous disgrace; but those mules knew it was meal time, and didn't care a hang about such glory as winning a race and getting a garland of roses might bring. Anyway, the garland wouldn't have been made of roses for the winner of a mule race—it probably would have been of onions, jimson weed, or something else of that sort. That's the way of a man with a mule.

And that's the way of a mule with a man! He doesn't respect us, except in a grudging sort of way, and is often alert to chances for playing tricks on us. You can't always tell when he is soldiering and when he isn't. A mule will balk for one man, balk so much that the man sells him at a very low price. (That is, he sells at a low price provided the purchaser finds out about the balking.) And then that same mule may work for the second man willingly, never balking at all!

I know of a man who bought a splendid-looking mule. He came home proudly with his new work animal, and set forth to make his crop. Then, one day, that mule developed a malady the like of which none of the neighbors 'round about had ever seen. The mule's left hind leg would suddenly draw up stiffly under him, and remain rigid. Rubbing it with liniment did no good. Yelling at the mule did no good. That leg had simply petrified! This happened so often that the animal was almost worthless. No one dared start off with him hitched to a wagon. The trick leg might stick up and stay stuck for an hour.

THEN one day a farmer from a good many miles out came into town driving a little plug mule he wanted to trade off.

"What'll you swap me for this mule?" asked the stranger.

"This one," said the owner of the mule with the trick leg, pointing to his handsome animal.

"How much boot'll I have to give?"

"None at all."

The stranger got down from his wagon, looked over the fine mule standing before him, examined his mouth, walked him up and down.

"Say," he asked, "what's the matter with him? Why'll you trade a fine mule like that for mine?"

"Well, take him or leave him," said the other.

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Laundry-washed-clothes Guard Health

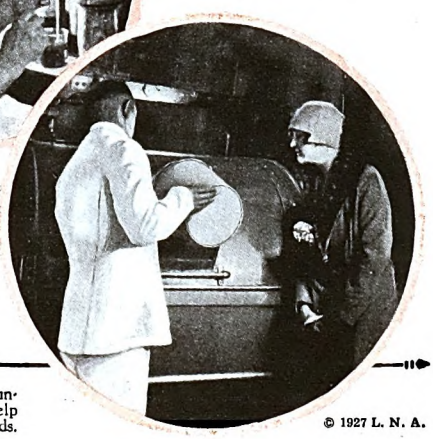
. . . *because* every step in the laundry process has been planned for complete sterilization as well as cleanliness ❖ For instance, more than 600 gallons of filtered, rain-soft water are used in the numerous sudsy baths and velvety rinses given the average family washing ❖ The ironing process is equally purifying ❖ Delicately adjusted ironing rolls, steam-heated to sterilizing temperatures, purify the fabrics as they smooth ❖ Many articles that require no ironing, are dried and sterilized in heated air currents that speedily destroy any lurking foe to health ❖ Methods vary, of course, according to the types of materials ❖ But in every case the process insures hospital standards of sanitation that definitely guard health ❖ *Visit a modern laundry* ❖ Then you, like millions of other women, will confidently turn to the laundry—for the superior workmanship, amazing economy, and absolute cleanliness that it can give you ❖

The LAUNDRY *does it best*

Preparing the purifying sterilizing bath—exactly as prescribed by noted experts in sanitary science.

How the Laundry Guards Health

Progressive laundryowners now use sterilizing washing formulas that have been evolved for them by the corps of scientists maintained at the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research and the proving station at the American Institute of Laundering. What soaps and sterilizing agents to use—the proper washing, rinsing and drying temperatures—the most sterile starch solutions—all this has been worked out by Institute experts. Truly, the modern laundry is a guardian of health as well as an avenue of escape from washday toil.



No guess methods here! Every basic formula is as carefully balanced as a medical prescription.

Modern laundries offer a variety of services to suit every family need. All-ironed work, partially-ironed work, and work which returns clothes damp for ironing, are but a few of the many *individualized* services available at laundries today. Phone a modern laundry now—let them help you decide which service is best suited to your needs.

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Lilac prevents skin blemishes

Tiny nicks in shaving

threaten your skin!

Notice the small skin ridges on the tips of your fingers . . . The same kind of ridges are found in the skin of your face.

Every time you shave, these skin ridges are scraped or nicked by your razor. Dust and germs find the nicks, then little infections develop.

To prevent this use Pinaud's Lilac after each shave! It antiseptically protects every break in the skin, prevents skin blemishes. And the same wonderful ingredients, newly processed, make Lilac blander than ever!

Buy Pinaud's Lilac at any drug or department store. The signature of Ed. Pinaud in red is on the bottle. Pinaud, Paris, New York.

PINAUD'S LILAC

[*Lilas de France*]

The stranger took him. He left his puny plug there in the lot, and drove off behind the big, strong mule with the trick leg. Then all those who had witnessed the trade began to laugh.

"Gosh! won't he cuss when that leg flies up!" they exclaimed.

Weeks went by. In fact, the whole plowing and working season went by, and then the farmer from afar came again to town, and looked up the first owner of the trick-leg mule.

"Look here," he began, "tell me what *was* the matter with that mule you swapped to me. He's the finest animal I ever had on the farm."

"His left hind leg all right?" asked the mule's one-time owner.

"Sound as a dollar."

"Well, I'll be—"

IT IS commonly believed that, pound for pound, a mule can out-pull a horse. Yet when Wayne Dinsmore, secretary of the Horse Association of America, put on a pulling contest in Kansas City, a team of horses won from a team of mules. This doesn't prove anything conclusively, of course, except that this particular pair of horses out-pulled this particular pair of mules in that test.

A dynamometer was used to record exactly the pulling power of the teams. The horses weighed less than the mules; but pulled the same number of pounds. The two teams were in the same physical condition, and in every other way the test was fair, so everyone thought.

That is, everyone except the army sergeant who managed the pair of army mules in the competition with the horses. When his mules succeeded in pulling no more than the horses had pulled, even though they were heavier, it was announced to the crowd that the horses had won. Immediately the sergeant came over to Mr. Dinsmore.

"Say, that test wasn't fair!" he protested.

"Why not?" asked Mr. Dinsmore.

"Well, there're ladies present," complained the mule-skinner.

"What's that got to do with the strength of your mules?"

"With ladies present," explained the sergeant, "I couldn't talk to them mules the way they're used to. They didn't think I meant it when I told 'em to go to it, because I had to use lady talk to 'em."

And while the official result of the test must stand, the sergeant may have been right at that! Some mules expect language befitting their low station in biology.

Yes, they are a misunderstood lot, these interesting quadrupeds. Perhaps this is because they are not understandable. They are not natural, which may make them a difficult problem for those of us who are not psycho-analysts. They are philosophical, industrious, suspicious, sober, a combination of characteristics that has most of us guessing. They had rather work for you than play for you; they are not thrilling and are unthrillable.

They have courage, ability, strength, health—qualities which we all admire. But they rarely, if ever, inspire affection. I have never known a white man who actually loved his mule. They perform heroic deeds for us, and we make a jest of it. I once rode a mule through a swollen creek, rode him because my horse was afraid of the torrent.

The mule carried me faithfully to the other shore; but on his way he began to wave his tail in a rotary motion, half under water, half out of water. A mule doesn't have much hair in his tail, but this one had enough to slap me in the back a hundred times and drench me. I was not astride him in the usual way, but was kneeling on his hind quarters in an effort to keep dry. And now when I tell of that incident, I fail to mention the mule's heroism, but speak instead of his soggy tail!

There are nearly six million mules in the United States, and that number will increase steadily, so horsemen and mule men assure me. For those who work domestic animals are fast learning that a mule is a "fool-proof tractor." He hasn't any false pride. It is hard to hurt his feelings or his hide. He likes the company of his fellows, and likes to follow a leader, so he is an ideal animal for a big hitch. He can stand up under great privation, either in work or in shipment. He doesn't demand any form of recreation, except a place to roll; he is inordinately fond of rolling, and almost any time or any place will do, provided the place isn't too muddy. He is often an easy rider, and is sure-footed.

Officially, mules are divided into five classes: draft, farm, sugar, cotton, and mining mules. Unofficially, they are divided as follows: plug mule, jar-head, fool mule, mule, and good mule. The last class is by far the most numerous. They range from twelve to seventeen and a half hands high, and from six hundred to sixteen hundred pounds, with variations either way for exceptional animals. They may be worked from the age of three years, but do not reach maturity until five, and should not be overtaxed before maturity. Mare mules are generally preferred to horse mules.

"WHEN you see a balky mule," a wise stockman said to me, "you are probably looking at one that was overworked before he was mature. And when you see one that kicks, you can bet that he has been abused. A well-treated mule is as gentle as a well-treated horse. He has more peculiarities, but they don't matter. And a mule is an awful good judge of human nature. He seems to know right off what sort of fellow you are, and he seems to have a way of signaling to other mules with his ears, maybe tipping them off what to expect of you, or of him!"

An unspectacular beast of burden is the mule, unstylish, unsung, and unappreciated. Someone, a long time ago, gave his hind legs a bad name, and now, whenever a mule kicks, the whole county hears about it. A dead mule was being hauled on a cart from the streets of a Southern city. He had died in a cramped condition, and had remained that way. But a jolt of the cart, or something, loosed his taut muscles; his hind legs flew out, and knocked the driver from his seat! That item of news was widely printed. Such is the fruit of a bad, even though undeserved, reputation!

None the less, mules, as General Washington said, are "a very excellent race of animals!"

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Ask Any Father

(*Continued from page 23*)

He also cultivated an enormous raspberry garden and went in for several hives of bees. Townspeople driving past the place on many an afternoon beheld his solitary figure at labor off in a corner of his premises—a tallish, dignified, slow-moving man, who seemed always communing with himself, and who came into town only to pay monthly bills or to vote. If he went about the country he drove a sorrel mare hitched to a piano-box buggy, the rig possessing much individuality because the mare never required a mouth-bit, being guided by reins hitched to a bridle that was little more than a halter.

People would jerk thumbs at him and explain to strangers, "Oh, that's Calvin Peck! He retired pretty well fixed; but his boy got into some sort of scrape a few years back and left home. Some say the kid's dead, but no one knows for certain. Want to buy a good setter? He'll sell you one cheap. And the more you like dogs, the cheaper you'll get one!"

THEN came a morning when the rural free delivery buggy drove up to the aluminum-painted post box out front of the Peck house, and when Calvin came in from the south lot for his dinner the Widow Thurston called attention to his letters.

Calvin put his steel spectacles over his ears, sorted out his farm, bee, and dog papers, finally opened a long envelope to draw out a letter sheet with—

The Crampton Corporation Ships
Crampton, N. J.

lithographed across the top.

Through the open door from the kitchen the housekeeper caught sight of him, standing a long time by one of the sitting-room windows. The sheet hung listlessly from his hand.

"What's the matter?" she demanded.

"Matter?" he said thickly. "Nothing special, only . . . I've heard from David!"

The woman took the sheet he proffered. Salient sentences stood out in high light—

. . . Accidentally I met Bill Stevens from the old home town the other day, Dad, down here to get a job with our engineers . . . he told me Mickey recovered from our fight. . . that I ran off for nothing. Well, that's that! . . . I never let on to you where I went, because the wrong people might read the letter and lug me back. Besides, I got married and had a kid of my own. You know how it is. . . . You've been a grandpop for quite a spell and never knew it. . . .

. . . after a fashion I've forged ahead a bit. I landed with this company and they've been good to me, though of course it wasn't from charity. . . . I took one of those correspondence school courses nights, and last fall they made me hull boss. . . . I know we don't seem to have a whole lot in common, except that we're son and father, but I'd like to see you. . . . As I can't spare time off the job just now, and you may be lonely up there, why not come down and visit us a spell and see the kid? . . .

Calvin went.

Crampton was the ugliest of ugly manufacturing towns sprawled along the mud-flat Jersey shore. Refuse and ashheaps littered its streets; low-browed, big-bodied, small-headed men and squalling children lived in tawdry, unpainted frame houses kept by shapeless women.

The yards where Calvin found his boy were a pandemonium of profanity, shriekings, rivetings, whistlings, scrappage, and bewildering clutter. When the father recognized his son, his sight wavered. . . .

In physique and culture the boy, man-grown, resembled one of those allegorical human subjects which mural painters depict on the ceilings of labor temples. His jaw was heavy, his mouth was large, he needed a hair-cut and a shave. Denim clothes were befouled with oil, muck, and creosote paint; he wore a thin cambric cap twisted over one ear. Before greeting his father he rubbed a leathern paw on the leg of his overalls.

"Hello, Dad," he worded it, "how's every little old thing up at Paris?" And he grinned.

It was the same friendly, good-natured grin of the two-fisted youngster, back over the years, who had scoffed at a walk over New England mountains.

"Boy, boy!" cried the father brokenly. He followed his son to a small shanty office, with foul-odored bilge lapping beneath its pilings.

"Make yourself at home, Dad. We're slidin' the hull of the 'Gigantic' into the water to-morrow. When I see the bunch have got enough work to keep 'em sweatin,' I'll be back, and we'll chin!"

David kicked an unclean cuspidor aside and shoved out a broken chair for his father. Then almost at once he was gone, out in the cluttered turmoil.

The stench of the bilge and coal-reek nauseated Calvin at first. His sensibilities resented the crudities, the ugliness, the brutality, the labor-lust that hammered and dinned profits, profits, profits! Back over the years they took him, to the mill incarnation he had tried to outgrow—that he had wanted his boy to rise above, even as he had always longed to get above it. Yet here was the son, a man at last, and immersed in ten thousand times the things that were Cæsar's!

Calvin studied his sleeping grandson's face that night—toylike hands clasped together, breath coming gently from tiny lungs—and many years dissolved in a moment. David entered while the ex-superintendent of the Thorne Knitting Mills was living another scene, upon another night, beside another crib.

"GONNA make a ship-builder of him, Dad. That's he-man's work!"

"Mebbe, son," Calvin answered huskily. Then, with a trace of whimsy, "And he'll probably show you that God's intended him for a preacher, or a writer, or an artist!"

So this was the reunion: David gone back to his labor to see that all was progressing satisfactorily for the morrow's launching, the wisp of a woman David had married departed with women friends to a movie, the baby in charge of a nurse, and old Calvin left with his dreams of What He Had Hoped Would Be.

One year and twenty months elapsed before old Calvin was shown the light.

A Hint to Those with Pipe-Smokers on Christmas Lists

The following letter may prove to be a Christmas tip to those who have pipe-smokers on their Christmas lists:

Carney's Point, N. J.
January 7, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

My son noticed your advertisement in a magazine. He sent for the sample in my name, and when the sample of Edgeworth arrived I thought perhaps some friend had sent you my name.

The boy questioned me several times whether I liked the new pipe tobacco. When I told him I liked it better than any I had ever used, he surprised me by giving me a one-pound box for Christmas.

I might say that I do not hear any complaint from my wife about any more vile pipes.

Very truly yours,
James L. Vaughan

The two favorite gift sizes of Edgeworth are the 16-ounce glass humidor jar and the 8-ounce tin. Both are provided at Christmas time with appropriate wrappings. Each size contains Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed, and each is packed in a good-looking decorated gift carton printed in colors. Prices—$1.65 for the 16-ounce jar. The 8-ounce tins are 75c each.

Please ask your tobacco dealer for the Edgeworth Christmas packages. If he will not supply you, we gladly offer the following service to you:

Send us $1.65 for each 16-ounce jar, and 75c for each 8-ounce tin to be shipped; also a list of the names and addresses of those you wish to remember, with your personal greeting card for each friend.

We will gladly attend to sending the Christmas Edgeworth to your friends, all delivery charges prepaid.

Personal: Perhaps you yourself are not acquainted with Edgeworth. If so, send your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 3 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. We shall be glad to send you free samples of Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed.

Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors, holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

[*On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va. —the Edgeworth Station. Wave length (254. 1meters) 1180 kilocycles*]

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Heed the warning of "*Coated Tongue*"

A COATED tongue, and the unpleasant breath that usually goes with it, is Nature's unfailing signal of trouble ahead.

It tells you of upset bodily processes. It warns you of intestinal stoppage—cause of many, many ills.

Thousands of men and women who used to suffer frequently from headaches and from the other enervating effects of stoppage, now feel and look their best by taking this simple precaution:—

Each morning, these people look at the tell-tale tongue. If it is white and furry, they nip trouble in the bud by taking Sal Hepatica, the approved effervescent saline.

Sal Hepatica clears the intestines of waste products—*usually within a half hour.* It promotes natural elimination by releasing the water secreted in the intestines.

Sal Hepatica is beneficial, too, in the treatment of indigestion, poor complexion, auto-intoxication, and many other ills traceable to stoppage.

For Sal Hepatica contains the same health-giving salines as the European spas. Like these famous waters, Sal Hepatica keeps you internally clean and sweeps away the insidious poisons of waste.

Dissolved in a glassful of water, Sal Hepatica makes a sparkling, refreshing drink.

Keep free from headaches, from dull and draggy days. Look at your tongue every morning. Whenever it is coated—whenever elimination is sluggish, take Sal Hepatica at once.

Send for the free booklet which explains more fully how Sal Hepatica corrects intestinal stoppage and relieves other ills.

Please address BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. L-127, 71 West St., N. Y. C.

Sal Hepatica

© 1927

It was a gray afternoon in November. Calvin had come down again from Vermont to be with his son's family for the Thanksgiving holiday. He unlocked the mooring chains of David's powerful launch, threw them aside, climbed aboard, started the doughty engine and headed away from the nondescript dock. Down along the Jersey shore and out into incipient winter's dusk he steered.

He did not know where he was going. Open reaches of ocean called him. Speaking solitudes of salty horizons tuned in with long, long thoughts of youth and young manhood. The dull, sunless sky, too, held a melancholy relationship with the Grail of Disappointment, in quest of which, he felt, he had spent his years.

He felt that he had neither part nor place in the grubbing, sweating, shrieking world of crass commercialism which claimed and satisfied his boy. And the afternoon softened into leaden gray. Mauve shadows of twilight descended. The sun came out for a lingering instant, a mammoth blob of molten scarlet hung behind bars of leaden gray. Then it was gone. The air grew colder. There were wisps of snow in the sea wind blowing landward.

Calvin silenced his engine. The launch rocked groggily and the lone man rocked with it. Like human existence, that rocking.

A ship was coming up the bay in chill November dusk, an ocean liner in from Europe, striving to make port before the lashing of the off-shore storm.

Earlier that afternoon, Calvin had seen the health officer's tug head down toward Quarantine, as he had idled with his pipe along the docks. Now the vessel had picked up doctor and pilot. She would come close to the rocking launch, but not so close that the little craft would be in danger of collision. Calvin fell to watching the ship as she made the harbor's shelter.

She was a mammoth boat, and as she drew nearer the size of her magnified. What a sight to catch on canvas, that raw November night as she neared the land, dull black sides ice-coated by the freezing outer seas! Old Calvin was too much the artist not to grasp the cold, huge beauty of her. . . .

Bellowing hoarsely for smaller craft to clear the way, on she came up the harbor with funnels billowing pitchy smoke, whistles shrieking, tugs striving to keep up and render puny aid, streams of sewage spewing from her mighty vitals, thunderous chutes disgorging sacks of fast oceanic mail.

"OH, YOU beautiful monster!" cried the old man thickly. "If I could only paint you . . . catch the glory and power of you! If I could only paint your virility!"

But even his thoughts were smothered by the ear-piercing sirens, the mad foaming of the cleft waters at her prow. Beside her the launch was becoming an eggshell, accentuating the liner's mountainous tonnage.

Through the gales of wintry seas she had smashed her pathway. Through winds that shrieked and waters that arose like granite masses to annihilate her, she had rammed a defiant track. She had mocked at the sleet-lashed ocean, and her fight-loving heart had thrilled with the combat. Now she was nearing land. She was coming into port.

The liner was almost abreast of old Calvin now. Up there—far, far up above the puny launch rocking in the whitecaps—up within her heroic iron sides, carried as faithfully and as tenderly as in the arms of a mighty mother, were men and women and little children. There were parents coming from the Old World to find sons and daughters in the New. Wives were soon to join husbands. Sweethearts were again to know the embrace of lovers' arms.

Babies had played on her saloon floors through the monotonous hours of that comfortable voyage—without thought or care of the mighty battle that ship was waging to get them safely though. Five thousand human souls were aboard this towering, victorious hulk of steel and snow and ice—warm, well-fed, poignantly anticipant of reunions to take place shortly at the dock.

LIKE a thing alive, she rode majestically, triumphantly up the harbor, her speed slowly dying. Grimly, with adamant beauty, the glory of annihilating strength tempered with infinite tenderness, she seemed to acclaim:

"I have brought them to you. Over the reaches of three thousand miles of water I have carried them: your parents, your children, your lovers. I have them here for you in safety. But I want no credit. Such is my life, my business, my privilege. For this was I created."

Mistress of distance, buffeted but invincible, confident of playing the same gruff game with death times beyond recount—of holding resolutely to her course and making in the Twilight the harbor for which she had started in the Morning of her voyage—the panting, spewing, unconquerable leviathan came nearer and nearer old Calvin's launch. Lights streamed from five decks and two thousand porthole windows. Groups of sailors raced backward and forward, unleashing her winches, prying up her hatches, attending to the details of a voyage that was nearly done. More tooting, eager tugs, hungry for spoils, churned forward to offer their assistance. A seething searchlight played on her bow from an offstanding revenue cutter. . . .

Far down on the left, just out of harm's way, a little, old, gray-haired mill superintendent in a rocking motor-boat raised his lackluster eyes to that bow. He uttered a cry which no man heard. For in the glory brilliance of two more searchlights, great gold letters stood out like scintillating beacons—

The Gigantic

"Why, that's a Crampton boat!" old Calvin gasped. "It's the ship they launched the day after I got here. Merciful God! . . . That's my boy's ship! . . . my little son Davy. *He made it!*"

It was David's boat. The little son who had chosen to experiment with water-wheels instead of walking over the hills looking at butterflies—he had done his part toward creating this mighty thing that was rolling past the throat-choked father now, as high as the stars, vibrating all that harbor world. David the shipbuilder, the man-master . . . his little sleeping baby-son of the New England

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For the Glad Holiday Time

—for the merry season when every one should be happy and care-free there is especial advantage in having the car equipped with Firestone Gum-Dipped Balloons.

They give the woman at the wheel a sense of confidence that leaves her mind free for the holiday joys. The non-skid tread makes driving secure and safe, even though highways are slushy and boulevards slippery. Gum-Dipping gives great strength and resilience, making Firestone Balloon Tires practically proof against tire trouble. By this process the cords are saturated and impregnated with rubber down to the smallest fiber of every cord, protecting the tire against the destructive effects of friction. Experience proves that Gum-Dipped Balloons do, actually, deliver many thousands more miles of reliable wear with supreme ease of riding.

To get ready for the coming festivities and enjoy every motoring hour, see the Firestone Dealer—today. He is equipped to give you first-hand information and assistance. He will gladly explain to you why Gum-Dipped Tires are "Better" and why you should have them on your car.

The Mark of Quality

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Firestone

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER

Harvey S. Firestone

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Unforgetable GIFTS!

For gifts that are lived with, and loved,—gifts that call you to mind daily in the joy they add to living—choose home furnishings. You can select so easily now—and besides, obtain gifts of rare design, unique workmanship; occasional pieces or entire suites. For now

Through Your Local Dealer *and* *Peck & Hills*

you can easily obtain distinctive furniture and floor coverings. The ideal way to choose the perfect gift is to visit our nearest wholesale display. Here you will find row upon row of furniture, rugs and carpets, art objects. Your local furniture dealer will give you a signed Card of Introduction which admits you. If you cannot visit, he will show you our complete catalog.

If he cannot serve you, write us for names of dealers near you who can. Address nearest house— ***Peck & Hills Furniture Company, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Oakland, Portland, Tacoma, Spokane, Seattle.***

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FREE BOOKLET explains care of home furnishings and money-saving plan. Write for Booklet A-12.

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COAST TO COAST SERVICE

sitting-room crib, three decades in the past. His boy David had become as the god who had fashioned this abysmal thing and breathed into its nostrils the throbbing breath of life.

And this was the anthem and the glory which welled louder and higher in old Calvin's artist-heart until it pierced the canopy of harbor clouds and reached the stars.

On that far-off night the bereaved young father had studied his sleeping child, and wondered: "What will you become when you have grown a man, little chap? What losses or victories will come to you on the world's great battlefield of labor?"

Would that the father could have heard a response: "I'll build mighty ocean liners that will fight a track from continent to continent, connecting the hemispheres, bridging the worlds! Iron and steel, and science and brawn, beneath my shaping, shall mock at the mightiest forces of nature. The world will draw closer together, human life become a finer, better, higher thing because of this industry to which I shall sell my life and my soul!"

As the stupendous creation of his boy—and a thousand other men's boys—floated onward and up to her dock, Calvin read, as on tablets of bronze:

"*The parent who knows he has done his best may leave the rest to the Father of fathers!*"

A glory light flooded into the secret recesses of Calvin Peck's soul and lifted him with that realization up into the hill of the Lord, wherein is thanksgiving and a plenteous peace.

Do You Need Brains to Get Ahead in Business?

(*Continued from page 19*)

individuals are not necessarily of the same class. Rather are they of similar types, of two general types which are peculiar more or less to all classes. The college man is predominant in the category simply because the college purposely sets out to produce these types, and also because these types are drawn naturally to college. It must follow, therefore, that college training in itself is often the first reason for the failure of a man in business, though it need not be.

BEFORE going into this in more detail, let us take a look at the picture which every business must face: In this country there are perhaps two million business houses. Approximately twenty-five thousand of these every year are actually reported as failing. The latter figure does not include a vast number of businesses which liquidate and pass out of existence without report; nor does it include another vast number which pass from hand to hand without ever getting established in the profit-making class.

Some time ago, 1,068 hardware dealers whose retail stores are scattered throughout the country got together and compared intimate figures of their businesses. These were fairly large, fairly progressive retailers whose sales volumes varied from $25,000 to $100,000 a year. They found that only 63 per cent of the selected 1,068 were making money, despite the fact that hardware stores probably are the most successful of all retail ventures.

At this moment I can place my hand on no authoritative data showing just what percentage of those who start into business make a failure of it, or at least fail to make it profitable beyond a bare living. That percentage, however, is astonishingly high. It is easily seventy-five per cent, an almost unbelievable figure. Just to satisfy yourself on this point, try to recall twelve contiguous business houses in the shopping center of your town twenty-five years ago. How many of the original twelve are left? How many others have come and gone in the interim?

Business constantly faces this picture. A great variety of causes might be cited as specific reasons for it, but if you were to sift and classify these into general reasons you would find you had only a handful, not more than seven in all. And *one* of the seven you would discover to reoccur so often as almost to balance all the others together. That reason is lack of business experience and preparation; a lack, if you please, of *business education!*

Our popular conception of the educated man is that of a man of wide knowledge gained from books. A mechanic may be a wizard with tools and machines, but unless he also is book-trained we do not call him "educated." Additional to his manual skill, the mechanic may be admirably grounded in the principles of business and have a wide knowledge of men, markets, and sources of supply, gained from a slow and arduous experience in a factory. Still, unless he knows books, we regard him as "uneducated."

In a line, knowledge gained from books popularly labels a man as educated and brainy, while lack of book knowledge labels him as uneducated and uncultured. The mechanic whose only school has been experience may rise to the head of a vast business and change the complexion of a whole industry, and yet we will hesitate to credit him with "education." We will grant that he is "shrewd," with an "instinct" for business, and perhaps "lucky." But if asked to name a brilliant man, our thoughts will turn from him to scientists, legal lights, and authors of weighty books. How can an uneducated former mechanic be brilliant?

This is the popular view. It is *not* the view of business! Degrees, diplomas and famous writings may be the symbols of one kind of education, but they are not the symbols of business education, on which business captains must rise or fall.

I HAVE in mind two men who, as graduates of the rival schools of practical business and college, furnish us with an interesting contrast. Both of them are alive and in business, for which reason I will disguise their names and the details of their cases. These two men are about the same age, and, as boys, attended the same

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for

Christmas

ARE you searching for a helpful, useful, practical Christmas present—for son or daughter, for brother or sister, for wife or husband, for dearest friend?

Here it is! The Remington Portable is a gift that always inspires gratitude, for it provides its owner with the modern, time-saving way to write.

Remember that the Remington Portable is the world's smallest and lightest typewriter with standard keyboard—weighs only 8½ pounds net and fits in a case only four inches high. But it is complete in every feature—strong and durable—simple and easy to operate—the recognized leader—in sales and popularity.

Terms as low as $5 monthly. Sold by Remington branches and dealers everywhere. Send for our booklet "For You—For Everybody." Address Dept. 59, Remington Typewriter Company, Division of Remington Rand, 374 Broadway, New York.

Remington Portable

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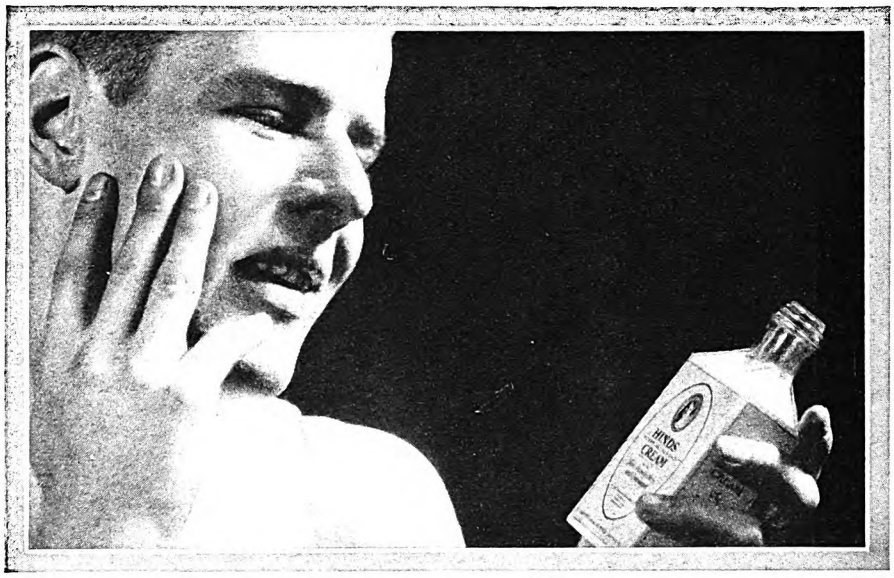

How to make tough beards go limp!

HOW you hate those three to five minutes of laborious rubbing in of the lather! Ever see yourself smile in the mirror while doing it?

And even then, the tough old beard fights back. You feel it in the little pains as the razor ploughs and scrapes across your tender jowl.

It's all unnecessary.

Men! You can cut your shaving time in half and enjoy the smoothest, softest shave of your life by the simple process of rubbing Hinds Honey & Almond Cream into your beard *before you lather up.*

Rub it in generously — two or three seconds is enough. Lather right over it while your skin is still wet. Then feel the delicious smooth swish of your razor as it reaps its soft harvest from a beard that's really limp.

After the skin is dry, rub in just a little more Hinds Cream. Your skin will then feel soft and relaxed for the whole day.

Your wife has Hinds Cream. Use hers. You'll want a bottle for your own, too. It's sold wherever toilet goods are sold. Or clip the coupon below for a sample bottle.

Made by A. S. HINDS CO., *a division of* Lehn & Fink Products Company
In Canada: A. S. Hinds Co. (Canada) Limited. *Distributed by* Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited

A word to the wives

The surest preliminary to a real smile from the "hub" at the breakfast table is a quick, smooth shave. Lend him your bottle of Hinds Cream. And buy him a bottle, too, to stand beside his soap and razor.

BEFORE AND AFTER SHAVING

HINDS *Honey & Almond* CREAM

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

LEHN & FINK, Inc., *Sole Distributors*
Dept. 887, Bloomfield, N. J.
For years I've been fighting my beard. Send me that sample bottle of Hinds Cream.

Name .....

Address .....

This coupon not good after December, 1928.

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public school. Ramsey stood near the head of his class; Boggs was never far from the foot of his.

Ramsey finished high school and went on to college, graduating with honors. He spent a year in specializing in finance and commerce, another year in travel, and returned home to enter business with glowing prospects. For a time he sold bonds, but not with especial success. Then he got into advertising as a solicitor, but again only did fairly well. One day, dropping into a hardware store to make a purchase, he bumped into his old schoolmate, Boggs.

It was not the biggest store in town, but it had a prosperous air.

"Well, well!" greeted Ramsay. "Selling hardware, eh? How's it going?"

Boggs said it was going fine. He had already leased the storeroom adjoining, so that he would be able to double his space in the fall. Yes; he was the owner of the store.

In amazement Ramsey heard Boggs's story. The latter had quit school at fourteen when necessity at home had compelled him to go to work in a tool factory. From errand boy he had risen to the shipping department, and from that to a wholesale hardware house, where he had seen opportunity in the retail end of the hardware business. Two years of experience in retail selling, with nights spent in a business school, and he had opened his store in conjunction with a partner. At the end of the first year he had bought out the partner. This, the fourth year, he expected to net twenty thousand.

Ramsey walked home with teeth gripped and his head down. "So that's Benny Boggs," he thought. "The dumbest kid in our class, and he's making four times what I am!"

A YEAR later, upon the death of his father, Ramsey went into the hardware business. He knew no more about hardware than Boggs did about Greek; but, "If Boggs can do it, I can too!" he told himself. "If he's smart enough to make twenty thousand dollars, I'm smart enough to make one hundred thousand dollars."

Ramsey had capital, brains, and education. Yet to-day he is back in the bond business, selling bonds. His hardware store lasted less than two years.

The first reason for his failure is simply a matter of mathematics. During the nine years that he was gaining culture in books, Boggs was gaining culture in the art of selling merchandise at a profit. Add to those nine years the two years Ramsey spent selling bonds, and three years spent in advertising. During all of these fourteen years he had had absolutely nothing to do with selling hardware.

Boggs, on the other hand, since fourteen years of age had *lived* in the hardware business. He knew the factory, the wholesale house, and had clerked in a store. Perhaps his mind was slow, but necessity had driven it on. He had married early, staking all on what he could earn. A child had come, and Boggs of the single-track mind, with a single objective ahead and a *single interest*, had dug for fortune with every ounce of will that he possessed.

The second reason Ramsey failed, he could charge both to his more active mind and to the university which had undertaken to train that mind. He left college with a knowledge of the arts, of the

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nces, of higher mathematics, of his-
y, languages, and also of sports and
al life. His mind, through books, had
ed the earth and the heavens, plumbed
seas and delved a million years into
past. He had left school with a thou-
d interests in his head, with a taste for
y and companionship, with a fraternity
ton and a club membership card.
But with all of Ramsey's splendid equip-
nt for *life* and the enjoyment of it, he
nt into business lacking the *one* qualifi-
ion on which business is adamant. He
l no more practical knowledge—that
first-hand business knowledge—than a
p post. The college had taught him
v to live, but it had not taught him to
ke money. In the world of business,
ggs was the educated man and Ramsey
s not.

ONICALLY, as the third reason for his
ailure, Ramsey found, to his dismay,
t his college training actually had made
difficult for him to get that one vital
ng which he lacked—business education.
e "broadening" he had undergone made
agony for him to squeeze himself into
humdrum, narrow channel of the retail
re routine. He had too many cherished
erests, too many friends, too many de-
nds upon his time which were outside
business. He had been taught that play
s important as work, and golf stole time
t belonged to his counters.
Boggs had never learned to play, so
n't miss it. His vacation was spent
a retail hardware dealers' convention
l in visiting five stores in other cities.
family alone divided his time with
business, and that family was his in-
tive to go on.
Reason number four for Ramsey's fail-
was that he under-rated Boggs him-
, a mistake which too many of us make
estimating the worth of the business-
icated man. He could not forget that
ggs had been the boy who always stood
r the foot of his class, and, in conse-
ence, he did not see the change that the
rs had made in him. The character of
ggs, the merchant, was not the character
Benny Boggs, the boy.
Boggs had stern stuff in him, Ramsey
uld have seen, or Boggs would not have
n above his first job in the factory. He
l met and stood in line with men down
re, most of whom were still there,
ng just what they had been doing when
left them. He had been tempered to
el hardness by self-denial, for without
ital he had created capital out of dol-
s that were both earned and saved. He
l gone through the fires of credit-
ablishment, bad bills, bad customers,
l bad advisers, and had emerged stronger
en other weaker ones had quit.
For every fifty men in business to-day
average of college men probably is not
her than one. That one must beat the
t of the other forty-nine, and those
t are the leaders who have risen from
the mass by sheer merit and driving
ce. Their education has been special
l direct; they are of a superior order,
e they would not have topped their
ows. Ramsey failed to see that Boggs
s one of these.
n Ramsey, then, we have one type pro-
ced by college training. This type has
n trained for life, which is broad; and
finds business, according to its notion,

"—when the air is blue with smoke"

Where men smoke steadily

Take a peep into almost any business conference. You'll find heated arguments. Much smoking. Tensed nerves.

And something else today—you'll find men eating Life Savers between smokes.

They take quickly to this wholesome habit. One man notices another and soon all have discovered this new way of getting more pleasure out of smoking.

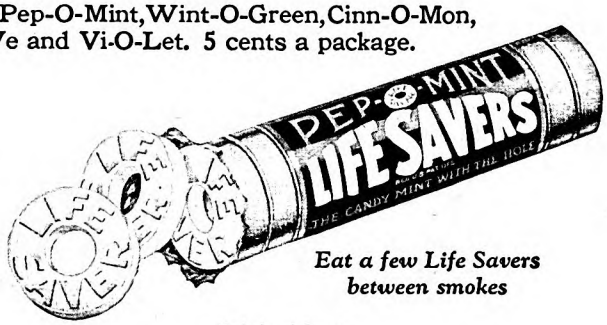
* * *

More and more smokers are doing the same thing. We wondered if you knew this about Life Savers, those little candy mints with the hole; how they freshen your mouth between smokes, soothe your nerves and make the next smoke taste so much better.

It's a fact: Life Savers easily double your smoke enjoyment. Their wonderful aromatic flavors freshen your mouth like a good drink of water when you're really thirsty—and steady your nerves for work or play. Once you try them this way between smokes, you'll always have a package handy.

Six popular flavors: Pep-O-Mint, Wint-O-Green, Cinn-O-Mon, Lic-O-Rice, Cl-O-Ve and Vi-O-Let. 5 cents a package.

P. S.
Have you tried LIFE SAVER FRUIT DROPS? Three refreshing flavors—Orange, Lemon and Lime.



Eat a few Life Savers between smokes

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Wanted Home Women *to Decorate* Giftwares

No Special Ability Needed

This is the wonderfully interesting occupation that it is now possible for you to enter through the instruction of Fireside Industries. The work pays exceptionally well. There is no canvassing, no monotonous drudgery. Many say they never dreamed that such a wonderful way of earning money at home existed. New system of instruction devised by M. Gabriel Andre Petit makes the work so easy that almost anyone can do it.

Fascinating Home Work

Can you imagine anything so fascinating as decorating Giftwares at home? Could any other kind of work be so pleasant as applying beautiful designs in colors to such artistic objects as candlesticks, wooden toys, parchment lamp shades, wall plaques, picture frames, sewing tables, gate-leg tables? Then there are greeting cards to be colored, and cushion tops and other textile articles to be decorated in Batik, and fascinating objects of copper and brass to be etched in beautiful designs.

Many women do this work solely for pleasure, but it also is a splendid way to make money at home for there is a tremendous demand for these giftwares.

M. Gabriel Andre Petit
Art Director

Satisfaction Assured

Fireside Industries assures entire satisfaction to each of its members. If, after completing your instruction, you are not entirely pleased and satisfied, your money will be refunded in full. You have only to follow the directions and it is amazing to see what beautiful things one can make. Think of earning $2.00 in just one hour, for example, by decorating a magazine rack! Do you wonder that members of Fireside Industries are so enthusiastic about the work?

BEAUTIFUL BOOK SENT FREE

The beautiful Book of Fireside Industries, illustrated in color, which explains all about this new way to earn money at home, will be sent to you on request. Read how women earn money and beautify their homes and their lives. Just like a beautiful dream come true. Wonderful outfit furnished without extra charge. Simply mail coupon, or write, enclosing 2c stamp to help pay postage.

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES
Dept. 60-W, Adrian, Mich.

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES, Dept. 60-W, Adrian, Mich.
Please send me FREE, the beautiful Book of Fireside Industries, explaining how I may earn money at home by decorating Giftwares. I enclose 2c stamp.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....
(Write in pencil, please—ink will blot)

decidedly narrow, and also decidedly exacting. Plenty of these men, if not at once, then later, *do* buckle down to learn the lessons of business's primary grade. They do enter humbly as students, and are content to tread the road of experience on foot. And when they do this, adding business education to college education, they invariably discover that business, like life too, has its mountain tops and its broad plains, where the bigness of a man is limited only by the bigness of his deeds. They discover that profit has its place in making the world move onward, and that accomplishment often may be bigger than its material inspiration.

A second type which college-training develops, possibly even with more earnestness than it does the first, is the chemist I have mentioned, the scientist, the teacher, the economist, the searcher after facts, and the creator of ideas that lead to things. Again, business is wide open to these men, is even dependent upon them for its progress, and, in a broad sense, is founded and conducted on the fruits of their brains. In their ranks we find the inventor, the clarifier of obscure facts, the builder of theories from which grow practices. These are the scouts outflung before business, pointing the way to its advance.

THEN why, since these men are indispensable, since business owes them so much, does it not nominate them to leadership? They *do* become leaders, but leaders in specialized fields! They rise often to greatness, but not to business greatness, and this purposefully. The scientist is happy only with his science; the chemist clings jealously to his laboratory; the economist cannot be blasted from his beloved charts any more than the teacher can be torn from his textbooks.

It is often regretted, in business and out, that greater material rewards do not go to these men, and that it *is* the factory man and the salesman who are lifted to leadership. We forget that business is only one field, whereas these products of the college belong to many. The profit maker is peculiar to business, as much a child of it as the chemist is a child of science.

But, while the two fields may overlap at spots, they do not join. Each has its rewards, and each has its leaders. The profit maker can no more hope to win scientific leadership on the score of his business education than the scientist can hope to become a profit maker purely by reason of scientific training.

Therefore, in this discussion, we must stay within our one field—business. We are dealing with the college man—or, more broadly, with the so-called educated man—who does enter business as a contender for laurels in that field, not for scholarly laurels, mind you, but for business laurels. He wants to become a business man. We are trying to ascertain what *he* must do to win in the field he has chosen, and so we must get back to our first contention; namely, that he must be considered uneducated until he gets education in business itself.

A large New Jersey corporation has an executive staff made up entirely of former office boys. It will not hire a man in its administrative or sales departments except through the office-boy door. If a college man wishes to be employed by this company, even as a novice salesman, he must be willing to begin on the office-boy bench and make his application there.

"Willingness to begin at the lowest place signifies a willingness to learn," says this company's president. "It is an admission that the newcomer knows nothing of our business; and that is what he has got to learn if he is going to stay here, regardless of what he knows of other things."

THE whole subject resolves into this, a time-worn illustration: Two men begin a journey. The one prefers to start at once, his one thought on his destination. The second chooses to tarry and make various preparations not directly concerned with the goal at hand, but which will add greatly to his joy and comfort. In the second man's case, the outcome alone can determine whether the preparations made have justified the handicap accepted, for each man must travel the same road and distance. After all, it is a race between men and not methods.

But suppose that these two men do reach the same goal at the same time. Is not the college-trained man then the richer, for *two* universities have graduated him?

A strange thing happens during that race, often as not. The man who has chosen experience as his teacher has not gone far before *he* makes a discovery. He finds that he won't be able to continue until he masters a certain book. That book shows him that a second book is a necessity; then a third, a fourth, and still more. The further he goes toward his goal the clearer to him becomes his need. Necessity, or perhaps choice, has dictated that he get along without college preparation; but now experience dictates that he cannot get along wholly without some of the things that the college teaches. He must know some books.

Andrew Carnegie retained a tutor even after he had become one of the world's richest men, and all of his life he was a student of men. Daniel Guggenheim and Otto H. Kahn are two among scores who for years bound themselves religiously to reading one hour nightly before retiring, regardless of the lateness of the hour.

Meet these ex-clerks and ex-mechanics who are at the head of our big businesses. More than a few of them will surprise you with the breadth and depth of their thinking, their familiarity with history, biography, literature, philosophy, and music. They, too, through the medium of books, have roved far beyond office and shop. Scores of these leaders are educated men by whatever standard you judge.

The college man begins with a knowledge derived from books and, if he is successful, uses this to help him gain a knowledge of business. The worker from boyhood, when he is successful, simply reverses the order: he begins with business knowledge and lets it be his guide to book knowledge. He gains *his* book education as he runs.

As to the question, "Should I go to college before entering business?" The business road is open either way. The individual must make his own choice. Many of our future leaders to-day are in colleges; more of them are in shops; but business, when they come up, won't be concerned over where you got your training; it will be concerned only with how well you got it and the results produced.

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

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Alice Brady,
Charming American Actress,
writes:

"My work on the stage may appear easy to an audience but, as a matter of fact, it is very strenuous. Now and then I indulge in a cigarette for relaxation and pleasure. I use Lucky Strikes, as I find they not only protect my voice but afford me the greatest amount of genuine enjoyment."

Alice Brady

Smooth, mellow, fragrant

And 11,105* doctors say Lucky Strikes prevent throat irritation

WHAT is the quality that Antonio Scotti, Rosa Raisa, Lawrence Tibbett, Leon Rothier, Florence Macbeth, olbrook Blinn, Alice Brady, and other famous singers, tors, broadcasters and public speakers have found that akes LUCKY STRIKES delightful and of no possible ury to their voices?

r the answer we turned to medical men and asked them s question:

Do you think from your experience with LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes that they are less irritating to sensitive or tender throats than other cigarettes, whatever the reason?

,105* doctors answered this question "YES."

nsider what these figures mean; consider that they represent the nion and experience of doctors, those whose business it is to know.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

** We hereby certify that we have examined 11,105 signed cards confirming the above statement.*
LYBRAND, ROSS BROS. & MONTGOMERY
Accountants and Auditors
New York, July 22, 1927.

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HOKUM stampedes the crowd with thrills—a whirlwind of fun and hilarity to the tense, surprising climax! Men and women both enjoy its quick fun and excitement, its unexpected twists of fortune. *The* game for a roomful—2 to 8 players. Learned in two minutes. Price of HOKUM $1 at DEALERS or by mail.

PING-PONG—A truly great game! Fast, exciting action. Parker Brothers sole owners and makers. There is no better game! Sets from $2 to $20 at DEALERS or by mail.
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TOURING

Immensely popular! Fast play, dramatic situations! The concentrated essence of delightful excitement! Surprising, laughable, entertaining! For 2, 3, or 4 players.
Price, 75c at DEALERS or by mail.

The two most popular Home Games in the world.

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Look for the imprint, PARKER BROTHERS. For two generations the standard of excellence in games. Among many popular favorites are: Pollyanna, Five Wise Birds, Pegity, Halma, Across the Continent, Game of OZ, etc., etc.

PARKER BROTHERS, Inc.
SALEM, MASS. : Flatiron Bldg., NEW YORK

Debt is the Only Adventure a Poor Man Can Count On

(*Continued from page 45*)

married me she could not sew a stitch. I guess her folks had not counted on her marrying a poor man. In fact, I know they hadn't. But she has learned. She can pass a store window, and come home and plan and make a dress just like the one she saw.

And when one of the numerous boxes of clothing her family sends her comes along, Ione and the girls look like a million dollars. And I know she'd be happy to send the name of the flour sack which can be made up into the best undergarments and other useful pieces to any lady who'll send her a stamped addressed envelope.

Ione never complains. Oh, I'll not say, never. She's human. But she doesn't complain so much as I do by a long shot. And if anyone snubs or slights her—well, she's sorry for them, that's all.

As a matter of fact, the majority of the snubs and slights we have received have been due largely to ignorance and ill-breeding. Rudeness is not confined to any one class of people, though a rude rich person can no doubt get by much easier than a rude poor person.

"Your husband looks intelligent," said a woman to Ione. "Why is he driving a truck?" Now, I submit that there are many truck drivers besides myself who look intelligent. If Ione were the nosey, impertinent kind, I could understand people wanting to say things to hurt her; but Ione is gentle. I've never heard her say a mean thing to anyone. She is too forbearing.

THERE are too many nice people in the world to bother with the others. There are the Westons. They have a big car, and entertain quite a lot. But we have never gone into their home and been made to feel that we were out of place. They are real people.

But perhaps certain people feel toward us as we do when we see a certain couple coming up the walk. They are ignorant, their viewpoint is warped, we have little in common. Yet they seem to enjoy calling upon us, and we do try to make them feel as though we really wanted them. There is nothing the matter with them. They simply do not appeal to us. Would it be worth our while to snub them, make them feel uncomfortable, unwanted?

However, we had no qualms about making it uncomfortable for a certain family. These people got rich in oil and moved on the hill. They used to bring their children down and park them with us while they attended the little church close by. Then the woman failed to recognize Ione on the street or at the one club to which Ione belongs, so we ceased to be a parking space for her children during church hours. The idea that their money had placed them on a scale above us was galling. Money does not bring with it breeding or gentleness.

One day Ione came into the store where I work, to match some trimming. The saleslady showed her all the more expensive kinds. A floor manager came by and stopped to chat a minute with Ione, and this saleslady learned that Ione was the wife of the truck driver. "Oh," she said when the floor man had gone, "are you the driver's wife. Well, here's something cheap. Just the thing you want."

Now, those things hurt us. We are not cheap because we have to buy cheap articles. We take things to heart. We think people intend to slight us because we are poor or in a minor position.

I presume that because of this very sensitiveness and pride we sometimes hurt others as we are hurt. I know that our family have felt hurt at times. The woman of the house has wanted Ione to join many of her clubs; they have asked us to go with them to shows, to dinners up-town, and we have had to refuse. We could not tell them the reason is that we cannot hold up our end of the entertainment, which is bound to come with friends.

NEXT year when Edyrl attends Main High School she'll be snubbed because her father is only a truck driver. She's already had a taste of that stuff in Junior High. And it's going to be hard on her, because she won't have the clothes and the spending money that lots of the other girls will have. But she's going to have an *education*.

I've told her she will always have to contend with snobs; that she must remember her ancestors ran back to Adam, just as theirs did. A poor man has little time to acquaint himself with his personal ancestry back to the Garden of Eden. Let others play with that stuff. I went so far as to trace my ancestry to the old Romans who conquered England, and showed my Roman nose to prove it.

I told her about the three brothers who came over to America and planted our family tree here, and finally convinced her that she is a direct descendant of Governor Bradford of the old Plymouth Colony. I was sorry I had never bought the book which showed my family tree a-bloom—with my own picture in it, for five dollars extra. When I finished talking, Edyrl said: "But we haven't any money," which brought us back to the beginning. Edyrl is no dumb Dora.

I had occasion to go over to Main High School and have a chat with one of the professors there. I wanted to know what Edyrl should take for college credits. Sometimes pupils go through high and find they have not enough credits for college entrance. I'm not going to let my girls go through school on the hit-and-miss system. No, sir! This professor had an M. A. and Ph. D. and a few other letters tacked on the end of his name. But he didn't appear any different or act any different after he learned that I was a truck driver. I believe if we poor people quit approaching in an inferior spirit those who are more fortunate than we are—quit approaching them expecting to

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CANDY

for Christmas

Christmas Time is Candy Time

WHAT is more thrilling than Christmas morning and a stocking filled with candy—childhood scenes—wonderful surprises—cherished family ties?

Candy lends itself so splendidly to the spirit of Christmas. There is happiness and good cheer in its very appearance. Truly, Christmas would not be Christmas without candy!

Santa Claus for this one day reigns an undisputed king. His gifts bring joy and gladness to every one and his favorite gift is candy. In no other form can you buy so much pure Christmas joy and make so many people happy. And you know how good it tastes.

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The Quality goes IN *before the Name goes* ON

WHY does not Zenith build a radio receiver to sell for less than $100.00?

THE answer is that the Zenith standard of quality *cannot be built into a receiver of lower price.* Zenith will not put its name to a receiver that is not highly selective, powerful, faithful to the entire tone scale and wrought with surpassing skill and durability.

PERFORMANCE comes first in Zenith—there is no compromise. The 6-tube set has six *working* tubes instead of five working tubes and one balancing tube. Instead of three condensers the 6-tube set has four—the 8 and 10-tube sets have five and six condensers respectively.

IN every detail the same exacting standards are carried out. Zenith costs more but it *does* more. Hear Zenith and you will agree that Zenith is unsurpassed.

Zenith Model 14

A sensitive, highly selective 6-tube receiver of remarkable tone quality and range. The cabinet is of walnut veneers with ornamental overlays and panels of beautifully figured maple. The doors do not stand open like wings, but fold back against the sides of the cabinet, out of view. Model 14 will bring you all that is fine in radio.

For Battery Operation—$180
Completely Electrical—$255
Western United States prices slightly higher
Send for illustrated folder

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION
3608 Iron Street • *Chicago*

ZENITH LONG DISTANCE RADIO

World's Largest Manufacturers of High Grade Radio—16 models—3 different circuits—6, 8, and 10 tubes—battery or electric—antenna or loop—$100 to $2500

Licensed only for Radio amateur, experimental and broadcast reception.

be kicked, as it were—things would be much better all 'round.

This same prickly sensitiveness also invades our religion; at least, it invades our social religious activities. Ione and I joined the First Presbyterian Church; but I have never felt at home there. You see, I was raised right over hell in a Methodist church. I can still smell the brimstone our old preachers used to stir up every winter. The Presbyterian hell is the same hell, I guess, only it has always seemed to me like the people—kind of formal; while the Methodist hell is burning hot, and flaming, and something doing every minute. When I was a boy we used to consider the Presbyterians a class apart, and I remember their children used to come over to our church during protracted meetings to smell our hell, and Christmas Eve they used to sneak in to see our fun.

And yet—somehow there is that feeling of sacredness pervading their service which sets you and God apart. You don't feel like getting too familiar with the Deity. God is a God to be worshiped and reverenced. Too often we Methodists feel we have the right to slip up and slap God good-naturedly on the back, just as if he were a sort of pal of ours. Not so this God of the Presbyterians. So, I rather like it, even if the sermons are too polished for my poor truck driver's understanding. I can rest there on the cushions and think up a little sermon all my own.

Once we all went to a social affair at a church celebrating a quarter of a century anniversary or something. Well, that experience would have been good for anybody who expected to hunt for the North Pole. Not a soul spoke to us, not even the preacher. We sneaked over and sat on the balcony stairs until the children finished their ice cream. Then we slipped away.

OF COURSE we should have joined a small church somewhere; but we lived close to this one, and after we joined we just stayed. It's probably our fault. We are very sensitive about our poorness. Moreover, we are not mixers, and all advances have to be made *to* us. Usually, none are.

For years even the pastor did not call on us. We felt that keenly. And none of the members called, unless they were taking up a special subscription or their husbands were running for office. But I think a preacher who pastors a congregation, and does not find time to call upon his flock individually is missing out on something most important. He should keep a card index of his visits, and should call religiously. They say that our pastor calls upon the sick. Well, if there's anyone sicker than the fellow who does not attend church regularly, who does not keep up his tenth, who is not giving any service to his church, who is it?

I've discovered that church membership is one thing and religious faith another. Religion is free, thank God. Anyone can get it without paying a single cent. But I imagine the very minute the old tent maker got away from the river and had to pipe water for baptismal purposes, the very instant he took up a collection for the support of the church, some other quality entered in.

I wouldn't trade my personal God, that God who has been with me in poverty and sickness, even that God who has given me this road to travel, I wouldn't trade Him for all the wealth and power in the universe. I've wandered from Him sometimes, but I've come back at dark and felt the gentle touch of a guiding hand.

My little girl, Lyril, used to awaken in the night and cry out from fright at some horrible nightmare she had. Her bed was right alongside my own, and I would reach out in the darkness and hold her hand until she went to sleep again.

My trip through this world has been like Lyril's dream, something of a nightmare. It would be indeed a Sahara without an oasis if it were not for God and the hope of a heaven beyond. What though the oasis is merely a mirage, as some say Heaven is? What if there is no oasis? I'll never know it until I arrive at the edge of the desert where I'm expecting to find it. If it has helped me thus far, if it has kept me from breaking, has picked me up when I stumbled, has added joy and cheer to my life, then it has fulfilled its earthly purpose.

JUST think what it means to us poor to think there's a mansion being prepared for us. All ready to move into. We don't have to move the old sofa with the stuffing coming out at the foot; we don't have to revarnish the scratches the children have made on the dining-room table; we don't have to take up the old carpet carefully lest we tear another hole in that worn place we had to cover with a small rug. We don't have to do a blessed thing. Just move into our mansion, and no questions asked. The landlord isn't going to inquire how many children we have, nor why we came up in the nighttime if we had paid our last landlord. We'll not have to scrub up the mess left by the last tenants, nor clean the wall paper with corn meal, nor cover that ugly break in the plastering with that old-fashioned gold-framed bewhiskered picture of an ancestor we hope was respectable, although we never knew him. No; we move right in and begin anew the great adventure.

I don't think many of us care about the wings and the gold-paved streets and the crowns. Crowns, anyway, have gotten into disrepute lately. Instead, we'd rather like to have our thorns and brambles turned to beautiful gardens and our tears to roses.

Ione is far more sure of God than I am. She has seen Him. She went down to the very edge of that dark stream which bounds the unseen world, and, peering across for the ferryman, she saw Him distinctly. He motioned her back away from the bank, and came swiftly across and took her by the hand and said, "Not yet, Ione, not yet." Then he led her back home to me and Edyrl and Lyril. Oh, I know folks will say that because Ione was sick with the fever she just imagined she saw God, that it was an hallucination. Ione never told anybody about it except me. We know folks are skeptical. But I believe Ione saw God just as surely as did John or any of those old saints back there in Bible days.

Although I'm poor, I have had cravings after beauty, and art and travel. I have had my visions. They've kept me going;

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Silent Magic

Here is the Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486, Eveready's longest-lasting provider of Battery Power.

Radio is better with *Battery* Power

TURN your radio dial, and presto! you turn your home into a theater, a concert hall, a lecture room, a cabaret, a church, or whatever you will. Turn the dial and your attentive ear does the rest. That is all there is to this magic of radio.

Or almost all. If a radio set is to work at its very best, attracting no attention to itself, creating for you the illusion that can be so convincing, you must pay a little attention to the kind of power you give it. There is but one direction, a simple one—use Battery Power. Only such power is steady, uniform, silent. It is called by scientists pure Direct Current. Any other kind of current in your radio set may put a hum into the purest note of a flute, a scratch into the song of the greatest singer, a rattle into the voice of any orator.

Don't tamper with tone. Beware of interfering with illusion. Power that reveals its presence by its noise is like a magician's assistant who gives the trick away. Use batteries—use the Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486, the remarkable battery whose exclusive, patented construction makes it last longest. It offers you the gift of convenience, a gift that you will appreciate almost as much as you will cherish the perfection of reception that only Battery Power makes possible.

NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC.
New York UCC San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

Tuesday night is Eveready Hour Night—9 P. M., Eastern Standard Time

WEAF–*New York*
WJAR–*Providence*
WEEI–*Boston*
WFI–*Philadelphia*
WGR–*Buffalo*
WCAE–*Pittsburgh*
WSAI–*Cincinnati*
WTAM–*Cleveland*
WWJ–*Detroit*
WGN–*Chicago*
WOC–*Davenport*
KSD–*St. Louis*
WCCO–*Minneapolis* / *St. Paul*
WDAF–*Kansas City*
WRC–*Washington*
WGY–*Schenectady*
WHAS–*Louisville*
WSB–*Atlanta*
WSM–*Nashville*
WMC–*Memphis*

Pacific Coast Stations—
9 P. M., Pacific Standard Time

KPO–KGO–*San Francisco*
KFOA–KOMO–*Seattle*
KFI–*Los Angeles*
KGW–*Portland*

EVEREADY
Radio Batteries
–they last longer

The air is full of things you shouldn't miss

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"Never mind—that's why I gave it to you . .

it won't break!"

FIND the man, or the woman, who never broke a glass vacuum bottle! Contents spoiled. "Refill" to buy.

But here's a bottle that *can't* break. The Stanley Super Vac contains no glass. It is made of steel throughout — lined with smooth porcelain enamel.

Guaranteed for life

(1) not to break
(2) not to leak
(3) to hold temperature

Speaking of really useful gifts—!

Sold by leading dealers. Pint, quart, 2-quart sizes. Ask also to see the Stanley Carafe, Pitcher and Gallon Jug. Stanley Insulating Company, Dept. A-12, Great Barrington, Massachusetts.

STANLEY
SUPER VAC
VACUUM BOTTLE

they have kept the spark of ambition alive. They've kept Ione by my side. And now that our visions have become a little blurred and farther away, we have Edyrl and Lyril. God made children to take the place of fading visions. We live again in them. We see their vision, catch a glimpse of their future, rejoice in their careers.

RIGHT now, Ione and I are planning for our girls. They're going to be journalists. They're going to write big things, colorful stories, cover big assignments. We've all talked the matter over together. They're to have their chance even on my twenty-five a week. They'll do wonderful things. Why, last year Edyrl was editor-in-chief of the paper in the Junior High!

Oh, I pity folks who have no children. They'll miss something in their old age. If they can't blow about their own achievements nor the achievements of their children, what is there left? Not much. Even in the poorhouse, where economists tell us we're headed if we don't budget, even there we'll be able to see our children's careers and keep the vision before us till the end.

And then, after we've slaved to the finger tips to give them a fine education, if they go and get married, why, it's going to be all right. Ione and I have thought of that too. Some folks we know spent every cent on a girl. Sent her away to learn to be a nurse. They even mortgaged their property, though they didn't lose it, as they do in fiction. And the year she became a graduate nurse she married a mechanic.

Her parents disowned her. The ungrateful thing to get married after all they had done for her! Well, that is but normal. We want our girls to marry; but we don't want them to marry just for a meal ticket. And we want to be sure they can earn their own way if the matrimonial boat upsets, as so many seem to be doing in this age.

But then, a husband isn't so great a handicap as he used to be. He isn't taken so seriously as he used to take himself when I took my vow. Suppose, however, our girls lose their careers in their home life—we're going to center our vision on their husbands' careers. No mere man is going to be good enough for our girls. We know that. But we'll put on our colored spectacles and do the best we can to think he is the ideal husband. And then, if they choose husbands who are just common, ordinary men, such as their father is, we've thought it all out, and we, Ione and I, will center our vision on our grandchildren—provided babies come back in style by that time.

"PITY THE POOR ORPHAN?" asks William S. Dutton next month. "No, envy him!" An unusual and decidedly provocative statement, but one that is richly backed up by facts out of the author's own life. Parentless before he was eight years old, and brought up in an orphanage, Dutton came to regard his orphanhood as a superior condition which gave him many advantages over other boys. And after you read this article you will understand the reason why.

The Young Magi

(*Continued from page 33*)

certain gentlemen in blue whose business it is to look after lost children and lost grown-ups, were to know that he was in town. Like most people in the world, Kid was more anxious about himself than he was about anyone else, however, and after a little thought he decided to let well enough alone.

But it may be recorded that he did not return that night to the companionship of his friend Red in the dark doorway. Instead, he went off up a side street, home; and there an old mother who had not seen him for many months made a tremendous fuss over him. And before he went to bed his hand fumblingly made a certain sign across his breast. Then Kid laughed at himself, for he knew that by morning his mood of to-night would be gone.

But until he slept he thought of the children—and of the days when he, too, had been a child, and knelt beside his mother in front of a straw-carpeted representation of a manger, wherein lay a little wax likeness of the Baby the children were seeking, and of Budge's hand, lying so warm and confiding in his. And while he was thinking these things, the children—

But where *were* the children?

Twelfth Avenue was growing dark. The fat Swedish woman who kept the candy and tobacco store on the corner turned out the lights in her little shop and retired to the two cluttered rooms behind it. The Italian gentleman who sold dry goods across his counter—and very wet ones behind a partition of wooden boxes across the end of his shop—turned out his lights and went home to his flat up-stairs.

The very old blacksmith across the street came back to his dim shop with a little package of meat that he had stepped out to buy for his Christmas dinner, blew out the flame in his smoky kerosene lamp, locked his door and limped off to his small cold room in the block next the river.

And on that street, growing darker and silenter and more sinister as the clock's hands crept toward the hour of midnight furtive shadows came and went. But the children were not to be seen among them. They had disappeared.

WHERE were the children?

Nora ran, frightened for them and for herself, through the great old house.

Kathleen ran too, and the butler hunted through the basement and the attic, hopelessly, but with the idea that no place should be left unsearched before the desperate expedient of calling the children's mother was resorted to.

"They were asleep in bed when I went down to supper," Nora wept over and

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ver, and so at last, weeping, she told Mother over the telephone.

Mother was in the gilded telephone booth of a certain big hotel, where she had been eating dinner with a group of friends. At first, when she managed to understand what Nora was saying, she grew very faint; then she became calm and businesslike.

"Did you look for their clothes?" she asked. And when Nora said that the children had apparently gone away fully dressed for the street, Mother's lips set in a firm, angry line.

"Stop sniffling and stay in the house until I get there," she commanded briefly. Then she called a number which she knew by memory, although it was fully two years since she had spoken it. Finally, a familiar voice answered.

"Irving," said Mother, coolly sarcastic, "I called you to thank you for your Christmas surprise. I trust you will take good care of the children until I send the police for them—as I certainly shall do unless you give me your word to return them at once."

"Children?" said the voice, which was Father's. "Good lord, Blanche! I haven't seen them. I swear I haven't. You don't mean they're lost?"

Mother leaned against the wall of the gilded booth, suddenly feeling very ill. She knew that, although Father might have stolen the children, he would never lie to her about doing so. She ceased to be sarcastic and businesslike, and became only a terrified woman, crying out for help to the man upon whose strength she had for many years depended.

"Oh, Irving!" she wailed. "They've gone! I left them at home in bed and—they've gone! Whatever shall I do?"

And at that cry, Father, who had been sitting alone at his club, wishing that Christmas, with all its memories, was over, forgot that he had sworn never to speak to this woman again, and answered, "Keep up your courage, dear. I'll be home as soon as I can get there!"

And he did not know that he had said, "home" and "dear." For although his words were brave, he was shaking so that he could hardly replace the receiver on its hook, and a terrible fear gripped his heart.

Father's car and Mother's taxi arrived before the house with the stone lions almost at the same moment, and Mother and Father met in the front hall. They had parted with bitter words; but neither had time for bitter words to-night, for one look at the servants' faces told them no trace of the children had been found.

"Oh, Irving!" said Mother, her face breaking into strange lines of terrible sorrow. And Father, quite naturally, put his arms around her. "Be brave, dear," he said. "We'll find them—we must find them!"

Within an hour of the time that the children had crossed the Avenue behind the actory-looking person in spats and the old woman with the cane, the fine old house was full of strange men in blue uniforms and other strange men who did not wear uniforms but who had the keen eyes of those trained to track down criminals.

Some of these men questioned the servants until the women wept and the men became white and sullen. Some of them even questioned Father and Mother, until Father grew furiously angry and Mother's pale face became very red, and she stamped her foot in its small silver slipper and cried, "Oh, *stop* it! Stop wasting time, and find my children!"

One of the strange men sat at the telephone, and soon, in all parts of the great city, telephones and radios were telling the news of two lost children.

And then—maddeningly bringing disappointment on the heels of hope—reports of children who had been found, or children who had been seen in the company of queer-looking persons, began to trickle back over the telephone wire.

There were two lost children temporarily lodged in a police station in Brooklyn; but it developed that they were both boys and, an instant later, that they spoke only Italian. There was a child found crying in a doorway in Harlem, but this was a little girl about ten years old and she was a negress. A policeman reported having seen a woman in a tattered, bright-colored shawl, riding toward Bronx Park on the subway with a child asleep in her arms. . . .

"I can't bear it!" said Mother. "Just sitting here, doing nothing."

Father, too, could not bear sitting there inactive. "You stay, Blanche, and lie down. I'll go out," he said.

But Mother clung to him. "I—I can't face it alone," she whispered. "Let me come with you!"

So Father brought Mother's heaviest fur coat—left to herself, she would probably have gone with no coat at all—and Mother reminded Father that he needed to take his hat, and they started out.

They drove in Father's car, one of them staring out of the window to the right and one out of the window to the left. And now and then, the car stopped, and Father went in somewhere to telephone back to the house with the stone lions, or he stopped the car and got out, peered hopefully into the face of some child, late abroad with an older person, or poked, with no one knows what horrible fear, at a bundle of rags or old papers abandoned in some dark doorway.

They did not say much, but once, after they had ridden for what seemed to them years, Father demanded, "Where was Nannie that she wasn't looking after them?"

And Mother said in a queer, flat voice that was not at all like her own:

"I sent her away. She—she was telling them the story of Jesus and the first Christmas. You know, we agreed they were to be left to judge for themselves about such things."

Then she began to cry so hard that her sobs shook the seat of the car. And somehow Father's hand found Mother's, and the two hands clung together.

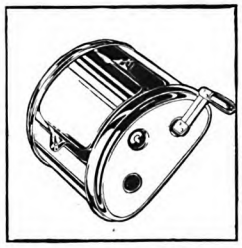
And while all these things were happening, the telephone wires had carried to the fine old house behind the lions the first really helpful clue. This came from a traffic policeman stationed at Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, who remembered seeing a little girl in a blue coat and a little boy in a brown coat cross his street behind an old woman who walked with a cane.

When Father heard this, he ordered his chauffeur to turn the big car to the west.

2 Unusual Christmas Gifts—

The first is a gift that smooths the trouble from his one never-ending source of irritation—the daily shave!

How he and all men hate it! And what wouldn't they give for something to make it easier, quicker and smoother!



Give him a Twinplex Stropper. It will improve the edge even of a new blade so much he wouldn't recognize it. Just a few quick turns and he has a blade that will shave in a jiffy and as smooth as silk. He will use his Twinplex morning after morning for years—and bless you forever-more. Ready packed in neat Christmassy little red and green boxes, $2.50 to $5.00.

The second gift is a shaving brush that is decidedly different—Soap and brush in one beautiful shaving help. A turn of the plunger and just the right quantity of soap is forced into the brush. It is handy to use, quick and clean. The bristles are of fine quality, vulcanized into hard rubber so they won't come out. The brush is made of beautifully nickel plated non-rusting, non-corroding metal. You will be proud to present such a gift—and he will certainly be delighted to get it. Regular price $5.00—Special Christmas Price $3.49.

Special Christmas Offer—

Until Christmas these two fine gifts are being offered in combination. Here's your chance to get him both a Twinplex Red Flash Stropper and a Twinplex Fountain Shaving Brush at a real bargain price — $4.98. The regular price for the two is $7.50.

To be had at almost any drug, department, cutlery, hardware, sporting goods, or jewelry store. If your dealer can't supply you, write direct to us.

TWINPLEX SALES CO.
1693 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.
New York Montreal London Chicago

Twinplex Stroppers
FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES

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It is something a man would appreciate

THE gift of a Krementz Dress Set invariably wins his deepest appreciation. Perhaps this is so because his evening jewelry serves him when he is at his best—in formal attire. Or, it may be because Krementz Jewelry itself is so distinguished, and conventionally *correct!*

Whatever the reason is, you may be sure that here is a gift worth giving. And at the better shops you will find Krementz Jewelry for Men in a wide selection of gratifying designs and shapes, each set contained in its rich case—the perfect gift background.

Write us for booklet illustrating full dress and tuxedo sets, cuff links, chains, knives and a host of other gift suggestions.

KREMENTZ & CO., NEWARK, N. J.

Set No. 2433—3 studs with bodkin-clutch backs; pair links; 4 waistcoat buttons with bodkin-clutch backs, $17.50. Others, $8.50 to $50.

Krementz
Gift Jewelry for Men

And while the stars hid their faces behind a veil of clouds, and the city grew silenter and darker, and church bells began to peal forth their midnight message of the Baby of Bethlehem, and shadows went and came along streets that were now beginning to be powdered over with a fine, sugary snow, and, at last, the sky grew faintly gray with dawn, and more early church bells shouted with all the power of their iron tongues that the Hope of the World was born—Mother and Father drove up one street and down another.

Now and then they stopped to telephone, or to talk to one of the men in blue who were either on duty all night in those strangely quiet streets or had been sent out, in their little cars, to look for what Mother and Father were looking for.

"You might as well go home," said the men in blue, looking with pitying eyes upon Mother's and Father's pale, haggard faces. "We're doing all that can be done."

But Mother cried, "Oh, no, Officer! I can't bear to go home!"

And Father said, "Of course, you can do much more than we can, and we know you're doing all you can. But my wife and I can't rest, and we're keeping in touch with our home, so if we're needed there we can get back on a minute's notice. . . . We've got to be doing something."

He did not know that he had said, "my wife"—who for two years had never spoken those words. And when, after every fresh disappointment, he returned to the car and saw Mother's tortured eyes turn to him in eager questioning, he did not know that his voice grew tender and that old familiar phrases of endearment crept into the answers he made to her silent prayers for news.

AT LAST, when it was quite day, they gave up.

They were on Twelfth Avenue then, and on one side of them was the river, dark and ugly under a sharp westerly wind, and on the other the city, of which, as it seemed to them, they had traversed every inch. The city, so vast that two little children could be swallowed up in its dark, rapid stream of existence, as the whirling snowflakes were swallowed by the slate-gray waters of the river, and never heard of again!

Mother sat humped over in her corner, staring out of her window with hopeless, tragic eyes; and Father sat in his, staring out of his window with eyes that saw, in imagination, a long line of lost children . . . poor Charlie Ross, who was never found. Other children, who, even more tragically, had been found only as poor, mutilated little bodies buried in shallow graves. . . .

The chauffeur halted the car and looked back. "Where to now, sir?" he asked pityingly.

Father looked over at Mother. "Home," he said firmly. "No, Blanche, you must—at least for a cup of coffee and a few minutes' rest." So the chauffeur drove slowly up the street toward the next corner.

There at the corner, under an old weatherworn wooden horseshoe, a little group of people, who were probably on their way home from church—for there are many church-going people in those dingy old buildings along the water front—stood, staring, and pointing through the dirty window of an old smithy. The chauffeur drew the car to a stop. It would do no harm to ask—

Before he could speak, a woman said, "Poor little mites! Sound asleep they are—an' how they got there, the good Lord only knows!"

The chauffeur got out and peered through the window. Then he came back to Father's side of the car, and his face was shining. "Come," he said to Father in a shrill whisper. "Come and look! I never seen only their picksures an' I may be mistaken, so you'd better come yourself before you let on to the Missis. . . ."

Father got out and crossed the sidewalk. Then he came back, and *his* face was radiant. "Blanche," he said, taking Mother's arm and rousing her from the sad half-stupor into which she had fallen, "come here!" And quite naturally, he put his arm around her and led her across the walk to the window.

In the shop everything was as the near-sighted old blacksmith had left it when he went home with the little package of meat for his Christmas dinner. The rusty old anvil stood in its place before the forge, in which the small fire he had kept burning, rather as a protection against cold than as a requisite of business, had burned itself to ashes. Bits of old harness hung on the walls.

And in a low manger, in which a horse might have eaten its dinner if anyone had a horse which wished to dine while it was waiting to be shod, on a few wisps of straw, lay the two children, fast asleep, with their arms around each other, and Buster's coat spread over them both and the woolly bear and the toy engine sharing their cramped quarters!

There they were, and there they had been all night, rather cold but quite secure and safe, while Father and Mother and the men in blue searched the city for them, and the shadows, good and evil, passed unheeding the dark window behind which they lay!

THEY didn't remember much of their adventures when finally the door was opened, and they were wakened and carried out to the car, and, I am sorry to say, they were both so tired that they were very cross. But they both, after considerable excited questioning, recalled why they had left the fine old house with the lions, and how they had happened to wander into the blacksmith's shop.

"To find the Baby in the manger," said Mother tearfully, above Buster's nodding head; "the Baby of Bethlehem;" and Father, above Budge's nodding head, said queerly: "To give Him the toy engine and the woolly bear and the ring-with-a-pearl-in-it!"

Mother and Father were silent for a time, holding the children very tightly, as if they were afraid lest they vanish into thin air.

Then Mother said brokenly, "And to ask Him—to send you—back to them, Irving."

Father said, "May I come, Blanche?"

And Mother raised toward the gray sky a face that looked twenty years older as the price of that terrible night.

"I think," she whispered, "the Baby of Bethlehem has sent you back, Irving. So what can you do but come?"

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

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Dudley and the attycornered Dog

(*Continued from page 41*)

hers is not used to going without sleep. hum of machinery in a nearby shop me fainter, became the murmurous of bees in the orchard on the home n. He was back in happy boyhood and his mother was washing his face nly the cloth felt rough, like the tongue calf. The calf was climbing into his No, it was not a calf. It was Alexer!

efore Dud was sufficiently awake to ze that this enemy to his career must liscouraged, he had given the dog a ial hug and had spoken kindly words im. In the midst of this family ion, Dud became aware that part of rn human face was protruding around nearest corner. This fractional face me whole, became a complete man, ung man with a blue suit and cap and ittering star. So Dud looked for the time on that officer of the law and ld-be deteckative, Zack Folsom, ader of Tillie the Toiler, and victim of iness of the bean.

ack was the first to speak:

"HERE did you get that there dog?" Dud repeated the now familiar fora: "He's not my dog; he's just been wing me around."

"What's his name?"

"Alexander."

ack took out a notebook and registered ought, also a chuckle.

"Ketched you that time. I worked t purty slick."

"I don't know what his real name is. ll him Alexander because he looks like wing-machine agent."

he young sleuth looked with astonishnt at the dog, then at Dud. Clearly culprit had not bettered himself any this explanation.

"What are you doin' here on private pitty in your sock feet?" was the next stion.

"I was resting my feet on account of v shoes. I guess I must have dozed off ttle."

"Too much night work," said Zack, tting his lead pencil.

As this interview went on and on, it gan to dawn on Dud that his position s not a happy one. The name of mmerton seemed to have lost its gic power. He was innocent of all ong-doing and he answered every estion truthfully. Yet it became inasingly clear that he was not giving isfaction. He could not tell the officer here he had obtained work because his s were sealed. The fact that he did not e anywhere was held against him. His conventional exit from the Epicurean fé looked bad to the majesty of the law.

"Did you pay for what you et at Joe's ace?"

Dud was genuinely surprised.

"Well, sir; I bet I didn't!"

"Why not?"

"I plumb forgot it."

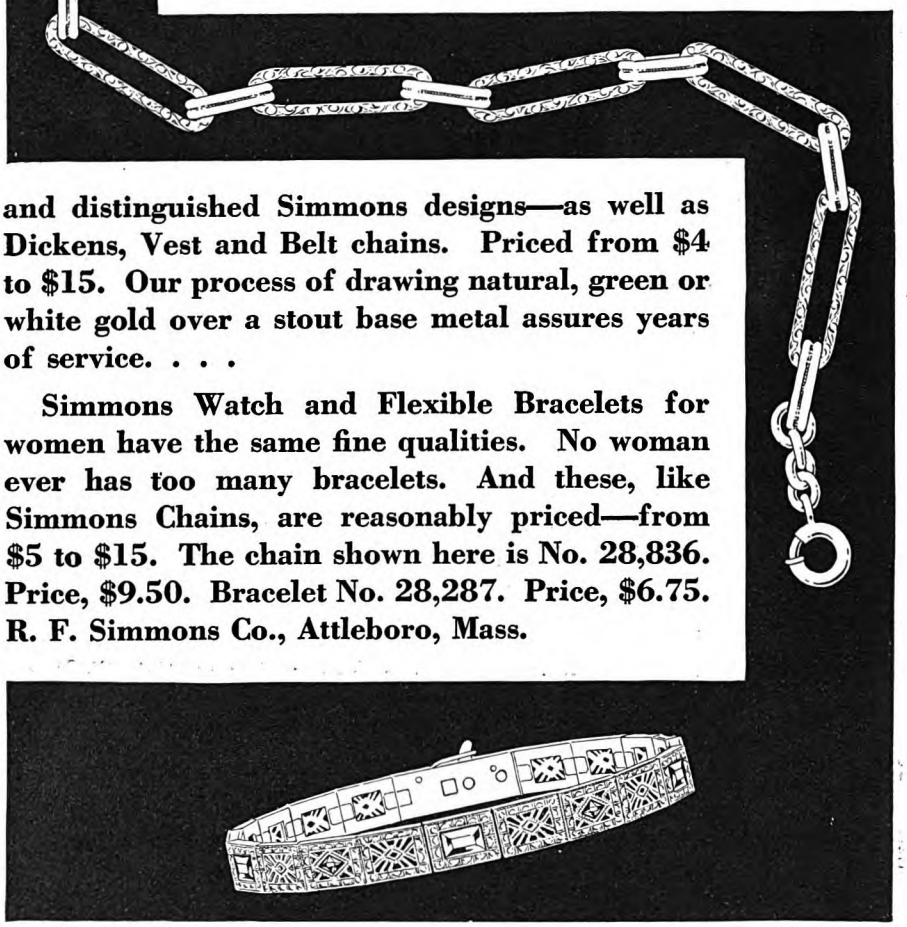
"A cheater of pore workin' girls" was w added to the growing list of indict-

YOUR GIFT TO THE MAN WHO ALREADY HAS A CHAIN

LET it be another chain. A different kind of chain. A Bondstreet! And your gift is sure to please every man who has a pocket-watch.

The Bondstreet is new. It has set an authentic style trend in masculine jewelry. Notice its heavy, *over*-sized links—twice as large as the usual ones. Notice its simplicity. Yet the Bondstreet, for all its restraint and dignity, is graceful — with no hint of unwieldiness. By all means, before you check off the men's names on your list, see the Bondstreet at your jeweler's!

Your jeweler carries other Waldemars in new and distinguished Simmons designs—as well as Dickens, Vest and Belt chains. Priced from $4 to $15. Our process of drawing natural, green or white gold over a stout base metal assures years of service. . . .



Simmons Watch and Flexible Bracelets for women have the same fine qualities. No woman ever has too many bracelets. And these, like Simmons Chains, are reasonably priced—from $5 to $15. The chain shown here is No. 28,836. Price, $9.50. Bracelet No. 28,287. Price, $6.75. R. F. Simmons Co., Attleboro, Mass.

SIMMONS
TRADE MARK
CHAINS

The swivel says it's a Simmons

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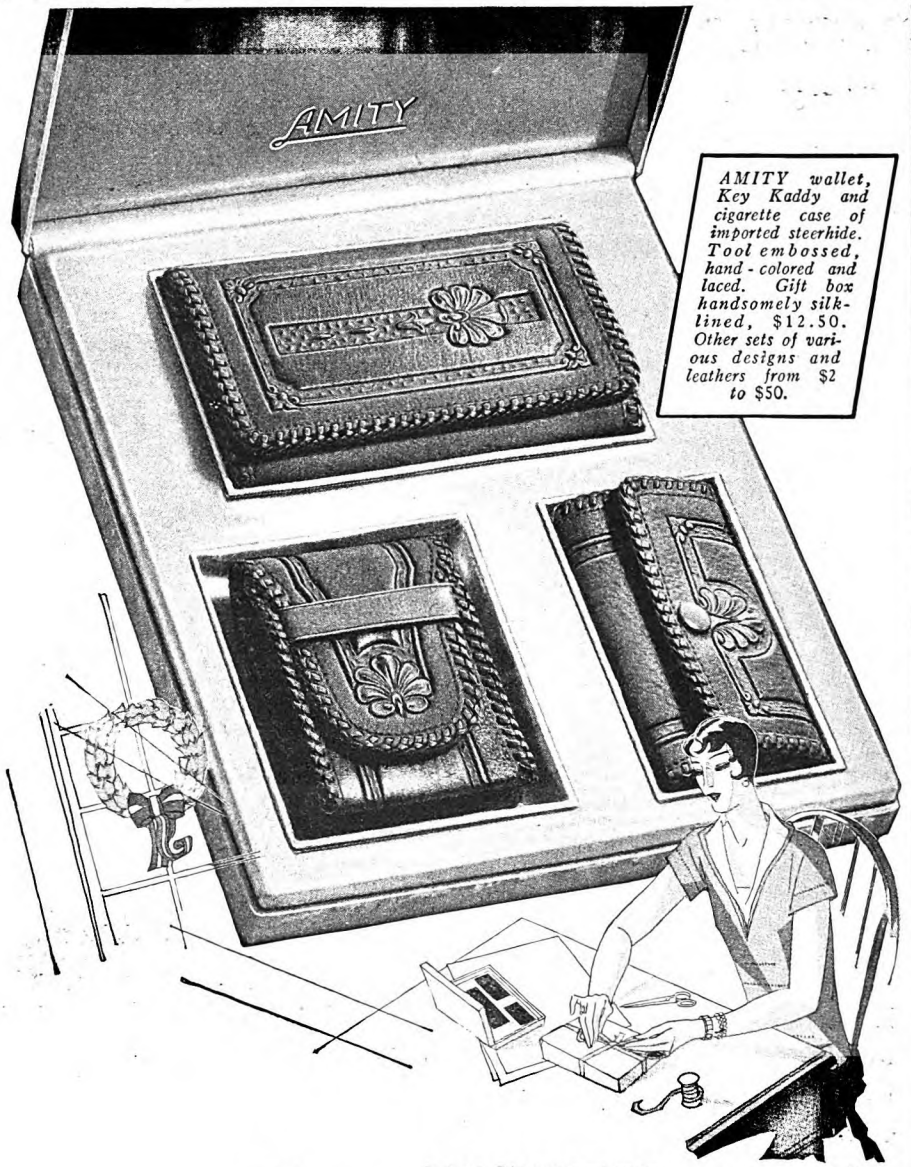

AMITY wallet, Key Kaddy and cigarette case of imported steerhide. Tool embossed, hand-colored and laced. Gift box handsomely silk-lined, $12.50. Other sets of various designs and leathers from $2 to $50.

Choose AMITY *gifts —matched sets of durable, luxurious leather*

CHRISTMAS gifts are fun to give—but they're a problem. For women they should be smart. For men they should be sturdy. For both they should be friendly—and lasting as friendship itself.

That is why you should choose Amity Christmas gifts this year. Made of only the most perfect leathers obtainable, they come in matched sets. Some plain, some trimmed with gold, others richly tooled and hand-laced.

Amity gifts have a quality of richness that delights you from the very beginning. As time goes on the leather softens —mellows—and they become one of the most precious possessions of their owners.

For men you can buy wallets, billfolds, Key Kaddies and cigarette cases, while there are smart hand-bags for women. They come in silk-lined gift boxes, and make Christmas gifts you will be as proud to give as you would be happy to receive.

There is an Amity display at your dealer's. Write us for our booklet No. 12. Amity Leather Products Co., West Bend, Wisconsin.

if stamped **AMITY** *it's leather*

ments. "If it hadn't been for that pup you mighta made your get-away. He went back the alley huntin' you, and I up and follered. Do you work alone or have you got confederates?"

Dud knew what confederates were, but there had never been any in his family.

"Grandpa was in the Union Army," he said. "He died in Libby Prison."

"So you admit that?" Another debit item went into the record. "Well, put on your shoes and come along with me. You're under arrest."

"What for?" asked Dud.

"That'll be explained at the police station. Will you come peaceable or shall I stick on the bracelets?"

Dud resumed his shoes and hat, but declared himself willing to get along without handcuffs. Otherwise he was a perfect illustration of "What the young man will wear when going to jail." At the first sign of activity, Alexander wagged himself extensively and capered on ahead with his limpy leg and his famous oblique angle. Now that he had brought these two together his cup of happiness was full.

The queer parade moved up the alley which passed the Epicurean Café.

"Let's stop and pay the girl for my dinner," said Dud, "and get my valise. It's got a letter from my pastor saying I bear a good name."

"Forgery!" exclaimed Zack. He knew his under-world too well to be taken in by such shoddy tricks.

"It's got my nightshirt and things into it, too. If I've got to go to jail I ought to have my grip."

"Leave it be; I'll get it later." It was evidently the detective's purpose to examine the bag at his leisure with his shrewd, experienced eyes.

ON THE way to the police station, while men stared curiously and small boys showed undisguised pleasure, Dud permitted himself this unspoken question: Was Branford some kind of insane asylum, or did all city folks act in this crazy way? He was glad of one thing, however; the line of march did not pass Hammerton and Steckmeyer's Society Clothing Store.

An hour later, in the quiet of a cell in the county jail, and with his shoeless feet and faithful dog resting comfortably on the cot, Dud thought deeply about his strange situation: Upon their arrival at the police station, Zack Folsom had conversed privately with a man he had called "Captain," though the man had looked more like a major general. This official had seemed hard to convince, and Dud had begun to hope that he would be set free. At last, however, the higher officer had said, "All right, Zack," and the culprit had been taken over to the adjacent county jail charged with the grave crime of not having a license for somebody else's dog! Alexander had been locked in the same cell.

Though Dud's train of thought was slow, it usually arrived in time at the proper station.

"That dog business was just an excuse," he now concluded. "They put me in for something else."

But there his train of thought stopped. He had committed no offense against law and order, but had faithfully followed the precepts learned at his mother's knee. He had told the truth and kept his word.

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despite sore temptations. He had been kind to dumb animals and courteous to ladies. And where was he as a result of these virtues? In the county jail!

Happily, his prison term would be limited to this one night. Morning would release him from that pledge of silence which had cost him so dear. Mr. Steckmeyer would then come, acknowledge him as a partner, and clear his good name of shame.

The prisoner had made only one request of his new hosts—for writing paper and a plain stamped envelope which did not contain any allusion to his place of residence.

"I promised to write to my mother my first day," he had told the jailer. This boon had been so promptly and graciously granted that Dud was surprised.

His letter home was a triumph in optimistic literature in that it remembered only the happy hours. Carter's Corners was two days distant by mail, so his promise to the senior partner was not involved. Before Mother could receive the letter, Mr. Steckmeyer would have openly acknowledged him before the world in letters a foot high. So he told her of his great good fortune, looking ahead to the happy day when he would begin to share in the profits of the business and he and his mother could set up housekeeping.

Minor matters were more briefly related. "I had a good dinner in Mr. Epicurean's restaurant," was one bright thought. "A funny little dog has been following me around all day"—another cheery note. Finally came this perfect example of the art of telling the truth without inflicting pain:

"I have not found a good boarding-house yet, but I am spending the night in a place near the Courthouse. It is clean and quiet and cheap."

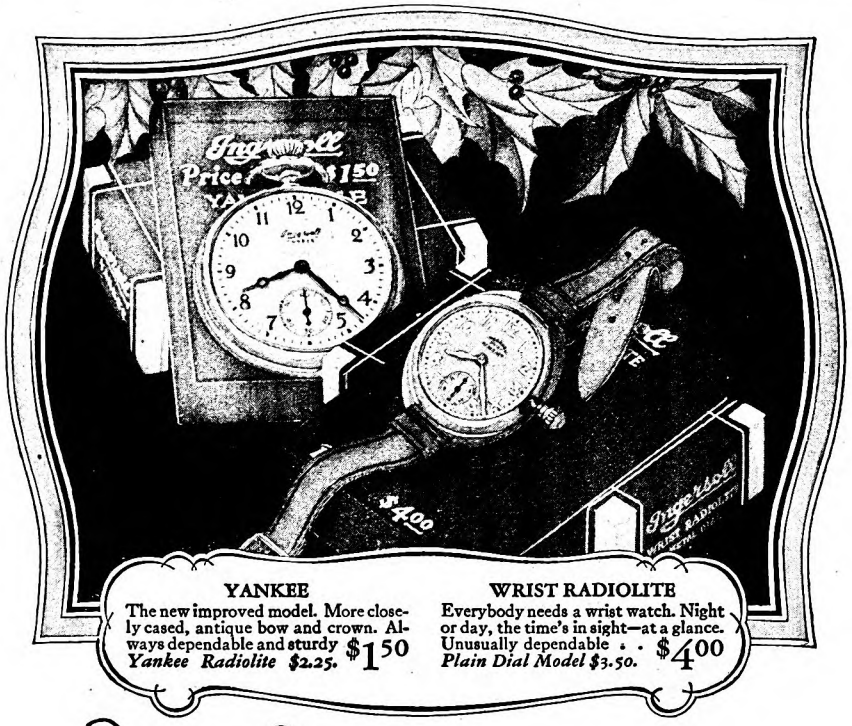
THE whole truth was merely postponed. When brighter days were here and Mother had come to live with him in a little cottage with rambler roses climbing over the porch, he would tell her the entire story and they would have one of their old hearty laughs together. So with a cheerful good night and three loving "x's" Dudley closed, sealed his letter, and gave it to the kind turnkey.

He then gathered the pestiferous Alexander up into his arms, pressed the little dog against his thumping heart and bravely prepared to spend his first real night away from Mother in jail—a lad with a lump in his throat but a firm faith that right would prevail; a bewildered, homesick boy but a gentleman unafraid.

All he asked now was that this miserable day should hurry to its close. By and by there would be something in the way of supper—which he would share with his low companion. Then would come merciful sleep and the dawn of a brighter day—Mr. Steckmeyer, vindication, and liberty. But now the voice of the detective could be heard in the corridor, and Zack was at the cell door.

"I brung a man to see you," he said. On his face there was what Tillie had called, "A dirty look."

The jailer swung the door open, Officer Zack stepped aside, and—to Dud's utter amazement—in walked Mr. Steckmeyer!



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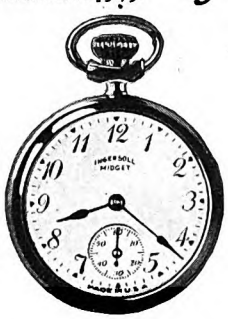

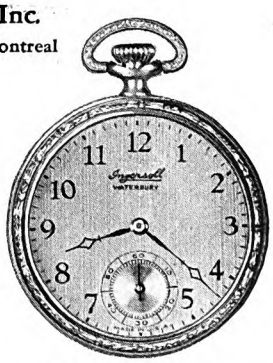

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"Well, how did you hear about this?" asked the astonished boy.

"This officer came and told me," said Mr. Steckmeyer coldly.

"But I never told him or anybody." Dud looked an inquiry at that minion of the law.

"It's my business to find out things," said Zack mysteriously.

"They made a wrong mistake," Dud pleaded. "They locked me up because I had no license for that dog. I never saw him before."

"You had him when you came to my store."

Dud explained that again. He protested that he had never done anything illegal in his life; he begged Mr. Steckmeyer to admit their partnership and make an honest man of him.

"I did say something about taking you in; but I guess I was the one taken in," replied Mr. Steckmeyer. "I thought you were an honest young farmer with a good name. The partnership's all off now. I don't want any jail-birds in my business."

"THAT hick makeup was pretty good," said the rising young detective; "but it wasn't slick enough to fool me. He never saw a farm in his life. He's the offscouring of our great cities."

This libel left Dud so dumb with resentment that his visitors escaped before he could find the right words for further protest.

"Now I *am* in a pickle!" Dud groaned, and sank into his chair and hid his face in his hands. His hope of vindication, his good name, his bright future, his very faith in humankind had all gone to smash in five horrible minutes. He was endless miles from home, in a strange city, without a friend. At this low level in his life he felt something warm and wet against the back of his hand. It was the sympathetic tongue of Alexander, his sole comforter in trouble, though the sole author of that trouble.

"I wish I had never laid eyes on you!" Dud said sharply.

Alexander sprang gayly into Dud's lap and kissed the end of his sunburnt nose.

A long time passed. The shadows had deepened in the little cell when the turnkey came again.

"The captain wants to see you over in the station," he said. "Come with me."

"Wait a minute till I put on my shoes."

"We'll leave the dog here," the jailer said as he opened the door. "Hey, stop him!"

But Alexander had practically no respect for the majesty of the law. He darted through the door into the corridor and trotted along with his master. Apparently, he had signed up for the duration of the war.

"We've got no time to ketch him now," said the jailer. "They's folks to see you."

"Who?"

"A girl and a man. It's not my place to mention names."

As Dud was ushered into the little enclosure behind the captain's desk he saw his visitors seated there. The man was a total stranger, a middle-aged, well-dressed gentleman of prosperous girth. The girl said, "Hello there," and thus revealed herself, despite a change in costume, as Tillie the Toiler. Dud now formed a hazy theory that she was here to charge

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him with cheating the restaurant. Probably this man was her boss, Mr. Joe Epicurean.

The major general allowed the jail-bird to sit down, and called out, "Hey, Zack!" Presently the party was complete, including the paper suit case. The "catty-cornered" dog investigated all these characters, then came back and scratched himself all over Dud's stylish shoes.

"Now, sir," the major general spoke respectfully to the solvent-looking man, "if you want to ask the prisoner any questions."

More questions! It seemed to the irritated Dud that all Branford was spending the day asking him questions.

"What is your name?"

"Dudley Hammerton." There was a note of stubborn defiance in his reply.

"Did you tell this young woman that you were my long-lost son?"

This was a brand-new crime, and before Dud could reply Tillie interposed:

"He never said he was. He said he was in the clothing line, and I thought maybe."

"Let's get this all straight," said the man. "What did they arrest him for?"

"That dumb-bell"—Tillie pointed out Zack—"pinched him for operating a dog without a license."

"Nonsense! They can't lock a man up for that."

"They can't, but they done so. Zack told me his own self when he come for the grip. That's how come I went to get you."

"It's like this, Mr. Hammerton"—Dud turned to hear what the captain had to say to him, but that official was talking in the general direction of the older man—"that charge was just a formality—we had to have something to hold him on until we could get the information we needed. A man is wanted by the police in Hainsworth for a series of robberies, and this person who calls himself Hammerton is under suspicion. We've wired for further particulars."

"Does this young man answer the description?"

"THE dog does, sir," said Zack. "The criminal was last saw with a little white dog just like him—one lame foot and a slanting way of running. I've investigated thorough, and that dog's been with this fella ever since he got off the ten-thirty-two this morning."

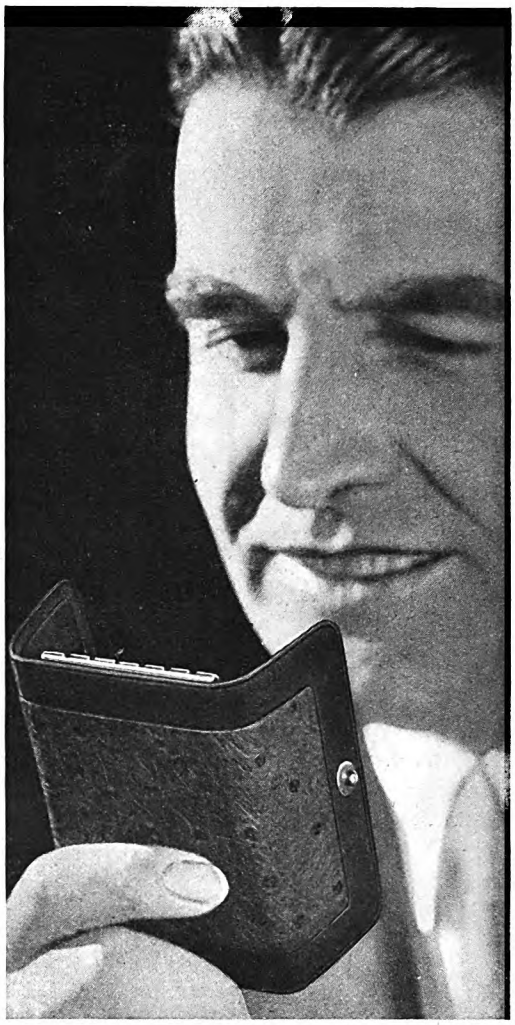
"Pretty slim evidence to hold a man on," said the capitalist. "A homeless dog will take up with anybody."

"Yes, but they's other things that look peculiar," Zack replied. "He slipped out of Joe's restaurant without payin' his bill for what he et. He hung around the back window of Strunk's Novelty Works in his socks. He was sleepy, like a party that works nights. What's more, he admits he comes from a criminal fambly."

"*I do not!*" cried Dud. Everybody has a boiling point and aspersions upon his family was Dud's. His face was flushed with anger. "My folks have always had a good reputation in Carter's Corners, and I wish I'd stayed there instead of coming to a city where everybody acts so looney!"

"You said your own self your grandfather died in prison. I got it here in my notebook."

"It's just what I needed"!



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"I said Libby Prison. Are you so dumb you don't know what that was? You must be—dippy in the bean."

Zack's impending reply was cut off by a wave of the important citizen's hand.

"What," the gentleman asked, "was the name of the grandfather who died in the Civil War?"

"Augustus C. Hammerton!"

Three people simultaneously cried, "What?" and Dud jumped from the unexpected volley of sound. This was certainly the craziest flock of humans he had ever known.

"But why didn't you come right to me instead of sneaking around in alleys and acting suspicious?"

Dud had been so thoroughly shaken that he had lost all his accustomed deference toward older people. A red tint showed through the deep tan of his face and he answered:

"Because I don't know you from a calico cow."

The company gasped at this impious speech, but the effect upon the rotund gentleman was electric.

"THAT settles it!" he cried. "Nobody but a true Hammerton ever used that phrase. Other things could be faked up but not that." He now addressed Dud. "I am Augustus C. Hammerton. I was named after my uncle, that soldier grandfather of yours. Your father must have been my first cousin." Further questioning confirmed this theory. It seemed that the current Augustus C. had been out of touch with his relations for many years.

"I knew it was something like that," said the triumphant Tillie. "But in the movies it's generally always a long-lost son."

The police captain introduced a less romantic note:

"Mr. Hammerton is our most prominent merchant. He owns the largest clothing store in this part of the state."

"Clothing store!" Dud saw a great light. "So that's why—"

He then told the complete story of his dealings with Mr. Steckmeyer.

"He wanted your name on the sign," said the great merchant. "It is pretty well known, and it would catch lots of ignorant or careless people. He was buying your good name, but when he found you had lost it he dropped you like a hot potato."

"I'd have been a good, honest partner to him."

"An honest partner would have been an embarrassment to Steckmeyer. He probably figured on selling your contract to me—a kind of blackmail. I have plenty of honest competitors in Branford, but Steckmeyer is a bad egg."

"I don't know yet how they found out about him," said Dud. "I promised not to tell anybody, and I didn't."

Eyes of inquiry were focused upon Officer Folsom, who was visibly embarrassed.

"A deteckative sometimes has to do things that's not so nice. Well, 'smatter of fact I steamed open the letter he wrote to his mother."

A painful silence was broken by Tillie:

"It's a funny thing who they put in the cooler and who they leave loose!"

"I'm glad I pulled him in," said Zack,

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"and got him out of that fella's clutches. I worked it pretty slick."

"Huh!" scoffed Tillie.

But the next time Dud looked, Tillie had visibly softened toward Zack, and she presently allowed him to escort her out into the dangerous streets. With her went Dud's cordial thanks for her help and eighty cents for his lunch, the only money he had spent thus far in Branford.

At Mr. Hammerton's request, the police captain telephoned to Hainsworth and learned that the missing burglar was unlike Dud in about twenty important respects.

"He probably rode a freight down to Branford and chucked out his dog," said the major general.

"Now, that that's settled," said the merchant prince, "how would you like to work for me, Dudley?"

"I'd like it fine," said Dud. "Of course I don't know much about clothing."

"I wasn't thinking about clothing; but I've got a fine big farm just outside of town, and I need a man exactly like you. Everything modern, good wages, a chance to be manager some day. And a nice little house to live in."

"Could I—do you mean to say I could b-bring my mother?"

"Sure. It's just the place to keep a mother."

Dud swallowed three lumps in his throat the size of walnuts and tried to recover his voice. Then he felt a cold nose against his fingers.

"And," he gulped, "Alexander?"

Who is Your Hero?

(*Continued from page 34*)

Hero?" and as a result I am now a university graduate. I believe I am ranked as something of a writer and scholar, and I am pastor of one of the most influential churches in Chicago."

I could fill this entire article with instances just like that.

"It all depends," Fletcher said to me recently, "it all depends on having the right kind of heroes. They are the biggest power in any man's education. You can tell a man by the heroes that he keeps. They are his real inner spiritual companions. Somebody asked Theodore Roosevelt who was his hero. Instantly he replied, 'Timoleon.' I don't know much about Timoleon; but if he was the ideal hero of Theodore Roosevelt, I know he was *some* man, and so do you.

"It is personality," Fletcher went on, "that moves the world, and the reason some men have become great heroes is because they have more personality than common men. But you should always remember that you are yourself a hero to someone. You know, Thackeray said that there was never an Irishman in Ireland so poor but that there was some still poorer Irishman living off of him. And there is no one so obscure but that someone is modeling his life on his pattern. When that thought gets hold of you, it is the biggest power for right in a man's life I know of. And it's the biggest power for achievement.

"Of course a boy's father should be his great hero; but often, without your

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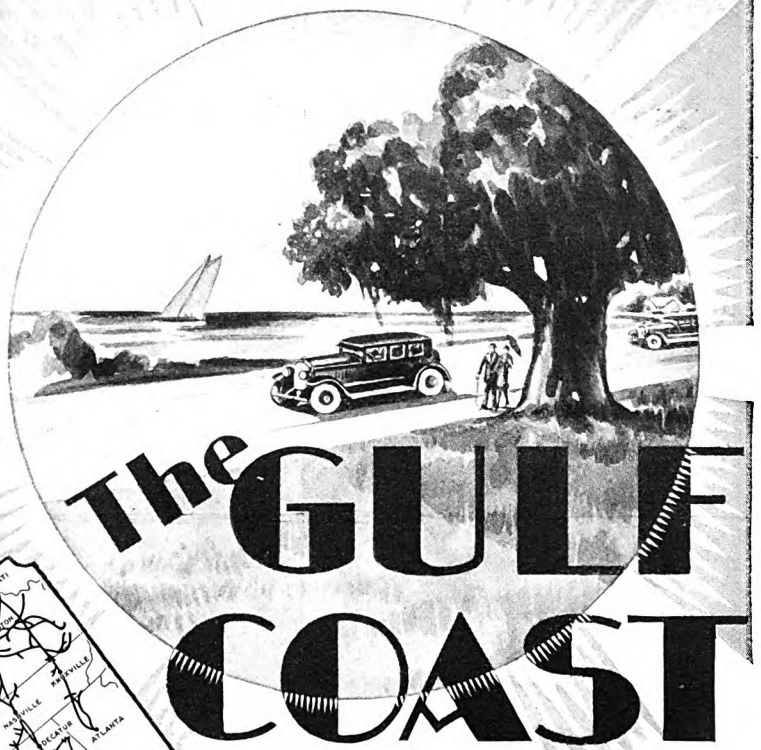

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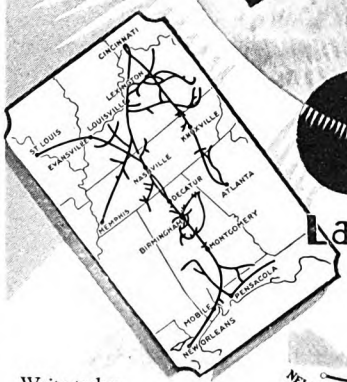

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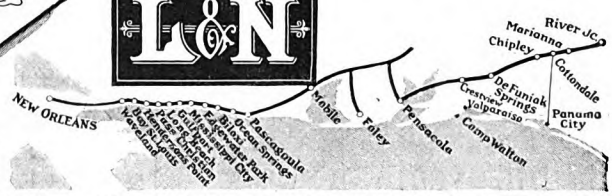

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"FOR instance, I never found out much about animals and flowers and birds and biology from my prim and learned teachers in school and college, but I did learn a lot about them from Skunk Uncapher. Skunk was a pelt collector and trapper who lived in a shack near us, and had a lot of hound-dogs and half-fed children. Because of the olfactory advertisement of his profession and the evidence that he was not addicted to excessive bathing, he obtained his descriptive nickname. Father held him up as a character I should *not* admire, but, to save my life, I could not see why. I was fascinated by a cap he made himself out of coon skin, with ear flaps that hung down like a hound's ears; and he knew more true stories—genuine natural history—of birds and animals than any other man I have ever known.

"While I think this dear old fellow's influence was mostly good, and it lasts to this day, yet it shows how children *are going to imitate the personalities in their environment.* For instance, right now, as I talk to you I still have some of the mannerisms that I cultivated earnestly as a boy in trying to imitate one of my heroes, a young neighbor farmer, and a fine athlete, named Tom Norwood.

"Tom was the best fighter, the best running broad-jumper, the best rifle shot in the neighborhood, and he walked the part, with his arms swinging vigorously, and his thumbs sticking out. This gave him a fighting, get-out-of-my-way air. How I did admire this and try to imitate him! He never knew the powerful influence he was exerting on me. He was famous for shooting hogs so they would never squeal—some feat, I can tell you! I traded around for two years to get a rifle to try it, and in time I became an expert hog shooter. Finally, when I was about twelve years old, Father gave me a nickel-plated rifle. No honor I may receive to-day can afford me half the thrill I had when people traveled ten and twelve miles before daylight to get me to come and shoot hogs and beeves.

"One Thanksgiving day, a few years ago, I was scheduled to address a big gathering of farmers in western Kansas. It happened that the crack shots of the plains were having a round-up and shooting for big prizes. In mere sport, I went into the contest, and by night, when I was forced to leave for the opera house to speak, only two of us were left to shoot off the finals. Two years afterward I was called to speak in that town again and, to my chagrin, they had forgotten all about my speech and remembered only the reputation I had gained as a marksman.

"We just have no idea whom the young people about us are going to imitate. I remember I picked sheep and hoed corn and did all sorts of disagreeable tasks, to earn money to buy a pair of celluloid cuffs and a pair of huge onyx buttons that would rattle like the ones Tom Norwood wore when he was dressed up. On every possible occasion, I would give them an impressive Tom-Norwood rattle, especially as he did when he helped a young lady magnificently out of a buggy.

"Outside of my admiration for Tom Norwood and my desire to be like him as an athlete, there was a young preacher in our neighborhood, when I was about twelve years old, who taught me boxing and wrestling. These two heroes, coupled with my reading about John L. Sullivan, who was then in his prime and who, I supposed, was a great and good man, gave me an ambition to take care of and develop my body. I ascribe much of the good health and working capacity I have to-day to these heroes. And this young preacher also inspired me, as scarcely any other man ever did, with the grandeur of courage.

"I can't remember a word he ever preached. But right to-day I feel a thrill, and I am a little braver, when I think of his fighting qualities. He went after the saloon and the tough gang up at Five Points. They threatened him and threw rocks through his buggy top, and tried to kill him—but he defied them and went straight ahead. No preacher I have ever known has influenced me as he did, because he made himself my hero.

"And you can depend on it, Wiggam, you can't do much, and you won't amount to much, unless you can make yourself, somehow, a boy's hero.

"I RELATE these apparently trivial incidents only in order to show you how every man, if he is honest with himself, can trace nearly everything he is back to the heroes of his childhood. For instance, why do I tingle to my finger tips, to-day, at the sight of a fine horse stepping along as if its nerves were electric wires? Why, that goes directly back to a horse-jockey hero of my boyhood, Lem Stockman.

"Most of the jockeys of that day were bums, but Lem was a fine, upstanding man, and fed his horses sugar instead of whipping them. And when Lem would come down the home stretch with a big number on his arm, and Father would hold me up to see him, it drove me into ecstasy.

"Of course I had to try to imitate my hero. I tried sugar on our old plow horses and Mother was a long time in solving the mystery of the frequent emptiness of the sugar bowl. Eventually, I got money enough to subscribe for the 'J. C. C.,' the racing magazine of that day, and it is a pleasure to-day, at a big convention of farmers or older business men, to be able to rattle off the names and records of all the great horses of that time.

"Well, I was determined to be a great horse jockey, and I got an old front buggy wheel from one neighbor and a hind wheel from another and from Clint Schooley, the blacksmith about half a mile from our house, I got an old axle; and thus, gradually, I assembled a sulky. We had a big old Percheron horse we called 'Old Perch,' and for him I devised a set of harness, mostly made of twine. I noted Lem Stockman's harness had no hold-back straps, so I thought these unnecessary—a fatal miscalculation.

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"I had to conceal my plans, so it took months to carry out my great enterprise. But finally the great day came. Father went to town, and I led Old Perch out on top of the hill back of the orchard and got him hitched to my wonderful 'one-hoss shay.' Starting on top of a hill, instead of at the bottom, with no hold-back straps, was another topographical error of the first magnitude. But finally I climbed into the cracked iron mowing machine seat I had fastened onto the axle and got Old Perch's tail under me properly, in true Lem Stockman fashion.

"Old Perch went through it drowsily and seemed uninterested. But just as I sat down on his tail a huge horsefly lit on the small of his back, and he needed his tail badly for defense purposes. He started—with a small boy's legs and an iron seat and axle cracking against his hind legs, and with no hold-back straps. Well, that is the last I remember until I picked myself up from the hillside and saw Old Perch tearing madly down past Clint Schooley's shop and scattering my sulky all over that section of the state.

"But, notwithstanding this disaster, I still admired jockeys and fast driving.

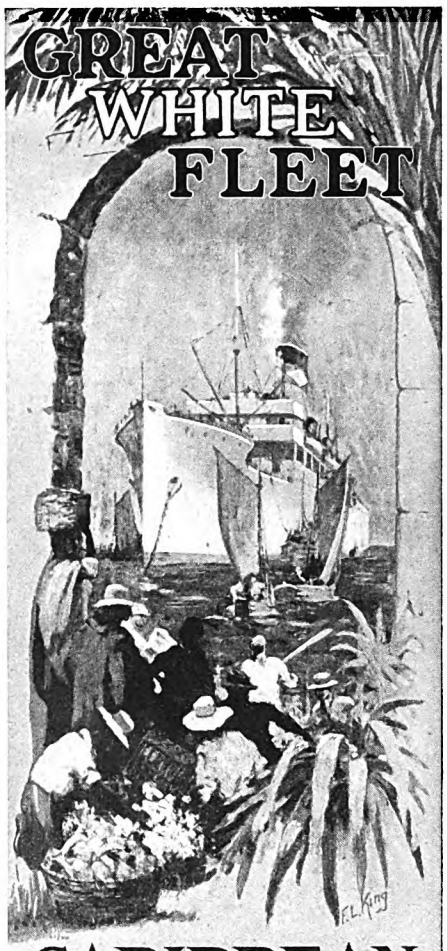
"OF COURSE, Mother and Father held up the Bible heroes to me, but I seemed to admire the wrong ones or get the wrong angle. I tried to imitate David's little difference of opinion with Goliath. I made me a sling and waited for the hired hand, Jerome Ullman, to come out of the barn door. As he did, I blazed away and nearly broke one of his fingers. This was the only time Jerome ever spanked me, for he was a noble Christian character and a sort of foster-father to me, and he has been a great hero to me all my life.

"And speaking of Jerome Ullman's influence, certainly Jerome never thought of himself as a hero. But I tell you you are always a hero to someone, who is modeling his life after your pattern. For instance, I have offered prizes in many schools and colleges for the best essay by the student on 'Who is Your Hero?' And, it is inspiring to find that they pick out, not the richest or most famous or powerful person but the one they think is the most *useful* citizen.

"In one town they all wrote about an old sandwich man who had a hot-dog stand where he served passers-by. Yet this man had impressed himself on the youth as the biggest hero in the town, because he had taken a poor young woman, who had got into trouble, from the county jail and had given her and her unfortunate baby a good home and an education; and he was then raising money for a permanent home for girls who had no homes and had met with misfortune. And he had always been the moving spirit in establishing playgrounds and making the community a better place to live in.

"And so dear old Jerome Ullman has been a potent hero in my life. The notion that you must be big and great to become a wonderful hero in your community is all wrong. To become an inspiring hero to young and old is open to the humblest man.

"Shortly after my attempt to emulate David's skill with a sling, an incident happened which, I shall always believe profoundly, changed my whole career. I was up in the hay mow one day, when suddenly my father walked into the barn



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with Hise Morton, the champion pig sticker of the neighborhood, both of them talking earnestly. I peeped out and overheard Hise say:

"'Well, Emmett, have you ever tried whaling him?'

"I was instantly interested. Father replied:

"'Why, Hise, I have whipped that boy until I am ashamed of myself.'

"It was with difficulty that I restrained my impulse to applaud.

"'His worst trouble,' Father went on, 'is that he wants to be a horse jockey, like Lem Stockman.'

"'That's the trouble with all these boys,' Hise returned, 'they get the wrong kind of fellows in their heads that they want to imitate.'

"They started out of the barn, and if I hadn't overheard Father's next remark, I verily believe I would to-day be a horse jockey. He said, 'Well, Hise, he's the only boy Catherine and I have, and we have both agreed we would rather have him in his grave over at Mechanicstown than to have him grow up to be one of those horse-jockey fellows and follow the race track all his life.'

"Instantly, I went cold, for that particular graveyard was one of my childhood horrors. I had seen them dip water out of the graves and let coffins down into the water and mud. Father never could account for the miraculous change that suddenly came over me, but from that hour I gave up my race-track ambitions forever.

"AND this made me begin to pay more attention to the right sort of heroes, which Mother and Father held up to me. Especially from the time I was nine or ten, they had held up Dwight L. Moody and John B. Gough. Mother was a helpless invalid, unable either to walk or feed herself, and she used to lie there in her bed and sing the Moody and Sankey hymns. She had me read her Moody's life and sermons aloud, until I can repeat many of the sermons now. John B. Gough was Father's ideal of a great orator, and if I have any speaking ability to-day I owe it to my parents, holding up these two great orators, until they finally became my biggest heroes.

"But no boy ever had less speaking ability to begin with than I had. It was the hardest thing I was ever forced to do. Father wanted me to speak at the literary societies and schoolhouse meetings. But I would play sick and play 'possum and run away to get out of it.

"It was just about that time that Father took me to a big farmers' picnic at Harrisburg woods and I had to speak a piece. I remember I spoke barefooted and in overalls. The orator of the day was a young lawyer from Canton, Ohio, named Atlee Pomerene and he made a great impression. On the way home Father told me to watch him, because in time, he said, he would be United States senator and maybe go higher. Senator Pomerene and I sat here the other evening and recalled the incident with great interest.

"But one night, when I was about eleven years old, there happened an incident that shows on how slender a thread a man's destiny hangs. I had to speak a piece the evening of the last day of school. The house was crowded and many could not get in. Well, I was up blazing away with a piece about a storm-tossed boat, evidently on Lake Erie, and there came a place where I had to shout above the noise of the storm, 'How far is it to Buffalo?' When I shouted this, some fellow outside yelled through the open window, 'About three miles!'

"Instantly there was a riot—yelling, whooping, fists flying, and general turmoil, and a poor frightened boy orator screaming and in tears. Only once, until I was past sixteen, did I ever again speak in public, and but for an accident at that time I am certain I would never have made a public speech again.

"That accident I speak of was perhaps the most important thing in my career: I went to the country school until I was nearly sixteen, and then went to the Augusta Normal, five miles from home.

"AT THE close of the Augusta Normal, they put on a speaking contest, and Father insisted that I enter. At last, sick and terrified, I followed his injunction. The result was crushing. I came in *last*.

"Years afterward, Frank Patterson, a banker of Minerva, Ohio, the county seat, in introducing me to a big audience, said, 'Some of you here were in a speaking contest one time with Brooks Fletcher, whom we have been trying to get here for a long time; but his schedule was filled a year ahead. In that contest, Fletcher got eleventh place. If there had been twenty-two contestants he would have got twenty-second. But you didn't go ahead, and Fletcher did, and he is here as our paid speaker to talk on 'Who is Your Hero?' and is a living example of what following the right kind of hero will do.'

"But the accident, or special providence, or whatever you may wish to call it, that made me a public speaker came soon afterward. In order to make it clear to you, I'd better explain a few facts: I tried to get a school after leaving the Augusta Normal, but everywhere they said I was too small. Finally, I got one at Chestnut Ridge. Just then, however, I had an offer as a roustabout in a hardware store at Minerva, at five dollars a week. At this job I ran errands and washed windows. One day I heard their two crack salesmen put up a bet on an old farmer down in the country. They bet that nobody could sell him a buggy. I slipped out, and by dint of passionate eloquence sold him one, and sold nine other buggies in succession—a record for that region. Later, I got dissatisfied and ran away and went to work in a delicatessen store at Alliance, Ohio, at seventeen dollars a month, with room and board. This was the last straw, and to save the family pride, an old uncle of mine induced me to leave the job and start at Mt. Union College, located at Alliance.

"During the summers, while in college, I worked in the boiler works of the steel mills at Alliance. But one evening I chanced to see an advertisement in the Alliance paper calling for someone to work on newspaper circulation. I got the job and made a house-to-house canvas, walking through the country many miles, canvassing every farmhouse as late at night as there was a light. While doing this, I wrote stories about the people I talked to, and these stories made a hit. Outside papers got to copying them—so

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ey called me in and put me on the news d. Later, I was editor of this paper, the ›ungest editor at that time in the state Ohio.

NOW for the incident that had such a bearing on my later speaking career. ne night, shortly after I started at college, ıe of the older boys gave me a ticket to :ar a lecture at the opera house. I went › into the gallery and started to munch :anuts. Soon a tall, long-whiskered man :gan speaking. I kept on with my unching and said to myself, 'A bum ıow, no shooting, no Eliza crossing the e, no bareback riding, no trapeze, no urders nor anything. Just some old llow talking.'

"The next thing I knew, however, the ›ys were shaking me and saying, 'Wake ›, Brooks, the show's over,' and slowly came out of my trance. I never knew here that man got my attention; but ıortly after he began I suddenly forgot y peanuts, leaned forward over my seat, ıd for two hours he held me in the grip of s eloquence. The speaker was General ›hn B. Gordon and the address was his eat lecture, "The Last Days of the onfederacy." It had lifted me into a new orld. After all my false heroes, and ›underings in order to find myself, I de-:rmined that here, at last, was a real hero ıat I was going to follow if it killed me.

"And it did come near killing me. I as the joke of the college in my efforts to ›eak. I was up the next morning after :aring General Gordon, and tried to ›eak out loud all I could remember of his cture. I got myself a speech and at-:mpted to enter the college oratorical ›ntest, but they threw me out because I id not have enough credits.

"Indeed, certain members of the fac-lty looked on my ambitions as a joke. ›ne instructor called me into his study nd explained to me patiently that I was ot born with a talent for public speaking. Ie advised me to give up the idea, and urn my attention to something at which might conceivably make a living.

"But no discouragement could quench he fires that were burning within me. I sed to recite as I walked to and from the teel mills while I was working there dur-ng the summer time. One woman used to ear me saying 'Roll on, thou deep and ark blue ocean, roll,' as I was coming ıome past her house in the gray morning rom working all night in the steel mills. ›he said to one of my family that she be-ieved some day that boy would either go nsane or else become an orator. It may ›e that both her prophesies have come true.

"I was so fired by General Gordon's ›ration that I borrowed the money soon ıfterward and went down to my old neighborhood at Mechanicstown, rented the town hall, and advertised that I was going to speak, admission ten and fifteen cents. Boylike, I supposed the citizens would turn out en masse partly out of respect for my father and mother, but mainly to hear such a promising young orator. I got the disillusionment of my life. The janitor lighted the hall, and I waited and waited for the people to show up. Finally two people did come, Martha Boring, the daughter of the woman who, as a young girl of seventeen, took my father to raise, and her husband. Martha had driven miles to be there, probably sensing that she would be needed. When she saw the situation, she put her arms around me and said, 'Never mind, my boy, the time will come when they will be glad to hear you.'

"I was certainly in agony of spirit. It was my Gethsemane if a boy ever had one. Martha loaned me the money to pay the janitor, who, with his shaggy, moth-eaten old dog, and the other two people, were all that came.

"After they had gone, I walked down along by the old cemetery where Father had said he would rather bury me than have me become a horse jockey, and I repeated aloud time and again, what Martha Boring had said, 'Sometime they *would* hear me.'

"When I went up in town the loafers and street boys shouted and jeered at me and called me a college smart-alec, and all that sort of rural comedy. But I couldn't appreciate the comedy.

"I HADN'T written my mother I was coming, as I wanted to surprise her with my great oratorical triumph. No doubt I surprised her, but not as I had expected. I was too broken-hearted to go see her; but some time afterward I got a letter from my sister, saying, 'Come home, Brooks, Mother knows.' If I had not gone home just then to see my mother I don't believe I should ever again have had the heart to try to make a public speech. But I did go, and it was that long talk that day with my mother, her deep understanding of what had happened within me as the result of my hearing General Gordon, as well as her faith, that fired me again, and fixed forever in my mind the determination that some day the people would be willing to hear me.

"I went back to college with renewed courage, and the next year I went into the oratorical contest, and five judges gave me first place and one gave me second. One of the judges was a young lawyer from Cincinnati, named William Howard Taft.

"When the contest was over, I had the unspeakable satisfaction of knowing that at last I had learned how to speak."

A Correction

AN INTERVIEW with Lucian Esty and Julian Spafford, authors of the 'Ask Me Another" books, in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE for September was ıccompanied by a series of tests. In one of these tests appeared the following question and answer: "What have the ›llowing in common: Vaseline, B. V. D., Victrola, Thermos, and Kodak?" . . . 'They are trade-names so generally used :hat they have become generic terms, and are often applied to similar products made by other manufacturers."

The B. V. D. Company, Inc., has called our attention to the fact that "B. V. D." is not a type or style of underwear, but is exclusively its registered trade-mark. Hence, the statement that "B. V. D." and these other trade-names have become "generic terms" is incorrect. We are glad to make this correction in the interest of accuracy. THE EDITOR.

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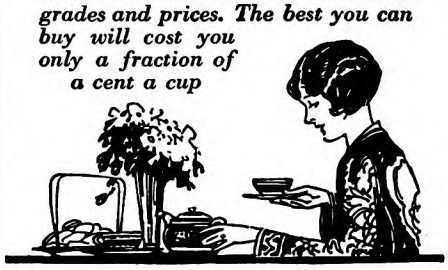

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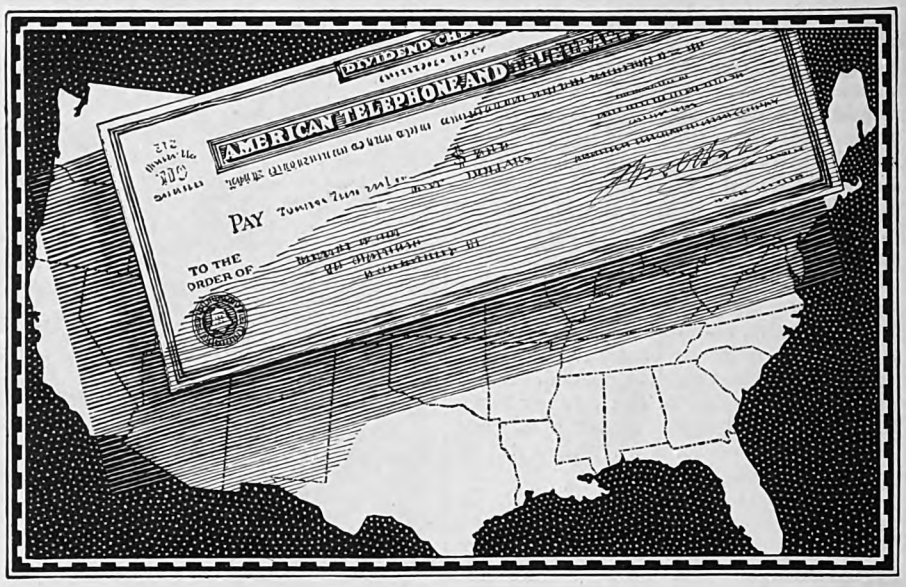

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STATEMENT of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of The American Magazine, published monthly at Springfield, Ohio, for October 1st, 1927, State of New York, County of New York—ss.: Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared A. D. Mayo, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The American Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio; Editor, Merle Crowell, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., Managing Editor, James C. Derieux, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, A. D. Mayo, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) American Lithographic Co., New York, N. Y.; Bankers Trust Company, Trustee for Anna Wright Hazen, New York, N. Y.; Bankers Trust Company, Trustee for Ella Gardner Hazen, New York, N. Y.; Bankers Trust Company, Trustee for Dorothy Hazen Soest, New York, N. Y.; Employees' Savings and Profit Sharing Pension Fund of The Crowell Publishing Company, New York, N. Y.; Estate of Louis Ettlinger, New York, N. Y.; Gardner Hazen, New York, N. Y.; George H. Hazen, New York, N. Y.; Gertrude B. Lane, New York, N. Y.; Anne Payne Maxwell, New York, N. Y.; Publication Securities Corporation, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. Margaret R. Thompson, New York, N. Y.; Samuel Untermyer, New York, N. Y.; Alanson H. R. Wilson, New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustee, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is——(This information is required from daily publications only.) A. D. Mayo, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1927. (Seal.) Mary L. Walker. (My commission expires March 30, 1929.)

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War Drums

(*Continued from page 55*)

He seemed not to hear her. At a gulp he drained his glass, filled another and drank that also. He cleared his throat and opened his lips to speak, but she cut him short.

"I have something to tell you," she said quickly, "and I must ask you to listen to me now. I do not know whether this illness which affects you like palsy is real or feigned, but I know that you give way to it only when you wish to work upon my sympathy. I think you have begun to realize that there is in me no particle of pity for you, and that, therefore, you will try some other way if I remain longer in this place. I shall return to Charles Town to-morrow."

Stanwicke smiled. Seeing that smile, Lachlan realized that his first surmise was mistaken. The man was not drunk. When he spoke, his voice was deeper and steadier and his hands no longer trembled.

"My dear daughter," he said, "and how shall you return to Charles Town if I do not choose to send you there?"

She started and stepped back a pace. "You would not dare keep me!"

"You are my daughter," he replied suavely. "You are still my daughter, although for fifteen years you have not chosen to honor my poor house with your presence. Now that you have come to me at last, it is both my duty and my privilege to take care of you, to protect you, to compel you, if need be, to do what is necessary for your well-being."

SUDDENLY his gray face flamed red. He brought his hand down upon the table with a crash.

"Listen, my pretty," he said, and it was passion which now shook his voice. "I am done with soft words. You are not in England now. You are not even in Charles Town. You are at Stanwicke Hall, and here my word is law. You did not know, when you came to me after all these years, what manner of man I am. Well, you are learning now; and you will learn that I will be obeyed!"

Something in the girl's face added fuel to his rage. He spat out an oath, and the flush in his cheeks darkened.

"You can be obstinate—you have shown me that," he cried hoarsely. "You have no love and no pity for me, your father, and you care nothing for the honor of my name and yours. I have asked little. I have asked only that you treat Captain Falcon with ordinary civility. You have refused. Well, I am not to be ruined by your obstinacy. If it were left to me, I would know how to deal with you, but he does not desire that—yet."

Again he paused for breath. Jolie Stanwicke, eyes bright with anger, bosom heaving, opened her lips, but he cried her down.

"I owe you nothing," he screamed, leaning far forward in his chair, his voice again shrill and tremulous. "You are my daughter; but for fifteen years you have kept away from me, preferring England and your mother's kinsfolk there. Heaven knows I did not ask you to come; but now that you have come, you will lie in the bed

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make for you. Who are you to thwart me? Why should I let Falcon destroy me because of your mad infatuation for this Garradell, who, I tell you, is dead in the wilderness? You will stay here, here at Stanwicke Hall. And when Captain Falcon comes—"

His words ran suddenly together, became an unintelligible jumble of low sounds. The color drained from his face; his eyes widened, stared fixedly past the girl. Slowly, very slowly, as though the arm were made of lead, he raised his right hand and pointed.

"Good God!" he whispered hoarsely.

Jolie Stanwicke turned quickly, uttered a low cry, and jumped away from the table. Lachlan saw that Stanwicke was pointing at something on the table, but the girl intercepted his view. He moved noiselessly through the darkness of the porch to the other side of the doorway.

He saw then that the thing at which Stanwicke pointed was a huge, yellow, barred, and speckled spider moving along the table straight toward the pallid, staring man, who sat slumped in his chair, his trembling arm still raised.

Slowly that arm sank until it rested on the table; and slowly, steadily, the monstrous spider came on. Jolie Stanwicke stood as though turned to stone. Over Lachlan, also, there swept a sudden surge of horror. He knew the golden spider well, had admired a hundred times the shining golden disks which it spun in the woods. Despite its great size and its ugliness, he had never feared it before; but fear and loathing held him rigid now.

The thing never swerved, never paused. Slowly it moved along the table straight toward Stanwicke's hand resting on the table's edge. The hand did not move. Lachlan, staring in new horror at Stanwicke's colorless face, saw that the man was past movement, past consciousness.

The creature's hairy legs touched the fingers; the swollen, mottled body mounted upon the back of Stanwicke's hand. There it halted, its long, hairy legs spread wide; and as it sat there, its great, bloated, spotted body moved up and down, up and down, as though the creature were sucking blood.

IT WAS Almayne who broke the spell of horror that had been cast upon them all. With a low cry, he sprang through the doorway into the room and, snatching off his cap, swept it across Stanwicke's hand. The huge spider fell to the floor. Almayne crushed it with his heel, then bent over the man in the chair. Meanwhile, Lachlan had leaped to Jolie Stanwicke's side and had grasped her arm, for she stood swaying perilously.

"He is not dead," said Almayne. "It is a swoon, I think. Quick, some wine!"

Jolie, freeing her arm from Lachlan's grip, filled the glass and handed it to the hunter. In silence they stood and watched the life come back to the man they had thought gone forever. The eyes opened, stared dully; the lips moved. Suddenly Jolie Stanwicke turned to Lachlan.

"Thank God, you have come!" she said in a low steady voice. "Take me away."

They waited only long enough to allow the girl to run to her room and slip into some garments better fitted for a journey through the woods. And even this short

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delay was a mistake. They had believed Stanwicke to be still helpless from shock, but suddenly, while their backs were turned for an instant, he was out of his chair and half way to the closed door leading to the rear. They overtook him when his hand was reaching for the door, and Almayne's palm across his mouth choked the cry which would have summoned his servants.

They got him back to the chair, and, first gagging him securely, bound him to his seat with a bell rope cut from the wall.

Jolie, returning, stood for a moment looking down at him, while he glared up at her, hate blazing in his eyes. The cord was tight. Jolie stooped and loosened it; and Stanwicke, suddenly swinging his bound legs sideways, almost knocked her from her feet.

With a little sob, she jumped back from him, turned, and, without a glance behind her, passed out of the door opening on the porch, Lachlan at her heels. A moment later Almayne followed them—after tightening again with one deft and savage jerk the cord which Jolie had eased.

OUTSIDE it was now pitch-dark. There were no stars. Swiftly they moved around the south end of the house, the girl walking between the two men, each of whom gripped one of her arms. She was like a blind woman in that utter blackness, but the men with her moved swiftly, unhesitatingly, and she went forward between them, stumbling seldom.

Presently Almayne spoke briefly to Lachlan, handed his rifle to the younger man, then, with a "By your leave, lady," took Jolie in his arms. For perhaps two hundred yards the tall hunter carried her thus, placing her on her feet again when they had left the thickets behind them and had come to open pine forest where no underbrush grew beneath the trees. She went forward, as before, between the two men, speaking no word. Somehow she realized that, although these men apparently had eyes that could see in the dark, they needed all their faculties to guide them through that maze of pine trunks, which to her eyes were all but invisible.

Thus they came, with scarcely a word spoken, to the place where the horses were tethered. Here at last Almayne's gruff voice broke the silence.

"You can walk very well for a woman, Mistress," he said. "Now, can you ride?"

His tone was a challenge. He was seldom at pains to disguise the contempt he had for women.

"I can ride," she answered shortly, and they helped her to mount, then swung to their own saddles.

"A loose bridle, Mam'selle," said Lachlan. "Your horse will follow in the track of Almayne's." With the hunter leading the way and Lachlan in the rear, they began the second stage of the night's journey.

As before, they traveled in silence, save for a whispered inquiry now and then from Lachlan regarding her comfort. Had she been dying of fatigue she would not have confessed it in Almayne's hearing. There was a question which rose again and again to her lips, but she never uttered it. Still their way led them through unbroken woods; but after an hour or so they came out into an open space, and directly ahead

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e saw a light glimmering. They rode ward this light over boggy ground where arsh grass or tall rushes brushed their rses' flanks, and came presently to a all hut at the edge of a river.

"It is the ferry, Mam'selle," Lachlan ld her, "and the flatboat is ready, for e are expected. We must dismount now. nce we are across the river, we can rest while."

A white man and a negro operated the atboat, and there was room on the umsy craft—built for the accommotion of plantation wagons and coaches for all of the three horses as well as their lers. Almayne and Lachlan manned the tra sweeps and the broad, placid stream as quickly crossed. They remounted e horses and rode on for perhaps a halfour, at first following a winding road, it soon turning to the left into the woods.

FAR away Jolie heard the hunting cry of a wolf pack, and shivered, although e could only guess what the sound was. was inexpressibly wild and strangely erce, but she held her tongue, and arned that wolves were abroad only hen Almayne growled some comment on e increase of these animals.

She was cold and hungry. She wonered what had become of Lachlan's romise of a rest once the river had been ossed. As if in answer to the thought, he oke to Almayne, and they halted, disounted and helped her to alight.

"We are safe, now, I think," he said. On this side of the river they could not ell what course we would take. We will ave a fire and something to eat."

The warmth of the fire, the sweetened ornbread, the wine from Lachlan's flask ispelled her fatigue. Always she had ved the open, had found delight in irds, trees, and the things of earth. For l its slimness, her body was well-knit and ery strong, and in England riding had een her favorite pastime, so that this ight's ride had tired her little.

A strange exultation mounted in her. he hunting wolves, though still far away, ad drawn somewhat nearer. Their oices made music, savage and unearthly, ut softened by the distance. The glow om the fire turned the massive pine unks to bronze and the hanging Spanish oss to silver.

She was not afraid. Somehow, all this eemed fitting, natural, vaguely familiar. ver and over again she had pictured ome such scene as this midnight forest, onstructing it out of vivid details in he letters which Gilbert Barradell had ritten to her after his coming to America.

Almayne was busy with a loose saddle irth; Lachlan was adding fuel to the fire, nd in the brief interval since they had alted few words had been spoken. achlan rose and stood before her where he sat at the base of a gigantic pine.

"Mam'selle," he began.

She checked him with a gesture. She ould wait no longer to ask the question hich a dozen times that night had been n her lips.

"Some nights ago, in my father's garlen," she said, "a moment before you vere struck down, you told me that Gilert Barradell was alive and that you vould go to him. You will tell me more bout him—about Gilbert—before we peak of any other thing?"

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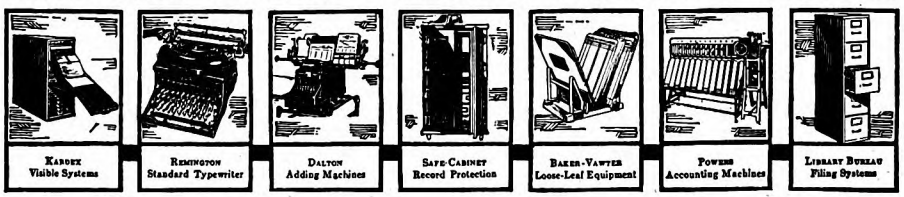

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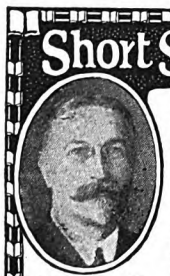
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"He is a prisoner," Lachlan replied, "in the town of Concha, Chief of the Appalaches, on the borders of the Spanish country of the Floridas. He is safe for the present; but there is one who hates him, and we must lose no time. We must go to him at once and attempt a rescue."

"When you go," she said quietly, "I will go with you."

Almayne had come up and stood close behind Lachlan.

"D'ye know what that means?" he asked brusquely. "Hardships, dangers, long weeks in the rough wilderness—enough to try the body and soul of a strong man."

"I am strong," she replied. "I am not afraid. I will go!"

The hunter slapped Lachlan between the shoulders.

"By Zooks!" he exclaimed. "You were right, lad, after all."

THEY rested an hour by their fire in the forest. The wolves scented them and made a circle around them in the gloom, invisible except their glittering eyes; but the two men gave them little heed, and Jolie knew, without asking, that there was no danger. There was much to be said and the hour passed quickly. Jolie heard the story of Lachlan's adventures on the "Good Fortune"—all, that is, which Lachlan felt free to tell her in view of his compact with Lance Falcon. The tale, thus expurgated, puzzled her at times; but she restrained her curiosity and sought no further explanation. Nor did she ask Lachlan about himself, although to her he was still a mystery. She learned that they would join Jock Pearson's pack train next day at a point agreed upon, and she heard, without much interest (for the fact seemed to her of slight importance) that Jock Pearson's wife would be with the train.

On her part she said but little at first, and Lachlan asked no questions of her. But a remark of Almayne's brought from her certain facts. The hunter had kept silence, but when Lachlan had concluded the story of his adventures Almayne put in a word.

"You will give my young friend credit, Mistress, for one thing," he said, "and I know not whether he will be glad or sorry for it hereafter. It is he that is bringing you on this journey into the wilderness. I should have left you at Stanwicke Hall or, since we've got you out of there, I would now take you to Charles Town. He was of the opinion that you had best come with us and that you would wish to come. I said that, being a woman, you would be afraid."

"He was right," said Jolie quietly. "I am not afraid of the wilderness. I could not remain at Stanwicke Hall, and there is no one in Charles Town who could keep me safe.

"You do not think it strange, do you," she continued in a low voice, "that I left my father as I did—without farewell, without pity for his plight? The fear of Falcon hangs over him like a sword, and at times it seems to stab his very soul, and he shakes as if with palsy. Oh, I pitied him at first, and I tried to do what he asked, so that Falcon would not be angered. But when I realized what he expected of me, what he would presently force me to do, then pity died in me."

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"He is a black-hearted villain," Al-ıyne exclaimed, "and you are well rid of n! I like plain speech, Mistress, and w I would ask a plain question. Cap-ın Falcon desires you, and to save him-f your father would give you to him?" She nodded.

"I am not such a fool as I look," the ınter grumbled apologetically. "Long o I guessed it. But I was ever a ıngler with women and I wished to be re."

He jabbed the fire with a pine branch. "This Falcon, now," he continued flectively, "he is something of a man in s way. He will not give up easily. I ink we shall hear from him before our urney is over!"

THE moon showed her face as they re-mounted, and suddenly the forest was ıthed in ghostly light. For hours they ıde on slowly but steadily, Almayne in ıe lead. By the magic of the moonlight, ıe forest, which before had been hideous ıd menacing in its blackness, was trans-rmed to soft and silvery loveliness. hrough this shimmering beauty they ıssed in silence, their horses' hoof-beats uffled by the thick carpet of pine straw.

Once, Jolie, glancing down a dim forest sle between rows of column-like pines, ıw a great beast that was like a lioness tting on its haunches, staring fixedly ith eyes which were glowing coals—a anther, Lachlan called it; and once, just ı front of them, there was a sudden com-ıotion in the moonlit woods, a bellowing s of bulls, a tossing of sharp, curved orns, a confusion of big, dark bodies ırching upward from the ground and ocking away amid the crowding trees.

At this Jolie cried out in excitement, elieving that she was looking for the first me on that half-fabulous beast, the uffalo; but Lachlan laughed the notion way.

"Black cattle," he said, "wild black ıttle, strays from the plantations. We'll e no buffalo till we have passed farther ıland."

The forest seemed endless. At dawn ıey came to a deep, narrow river flowing uggishly through the woods. Without ause, Almayne rode his horse down the teep bank into the water. As the animal egan to swim, Jolie saw the hunter turn nd throw a curious glance behind him. he flushed as she realized the meaning of hat glance, and her horse was half way own the bank when Lachlan rode for-vard and grasped her bridle.

"Wait, Mam'selle," he said, and she ıoticed that he was frowning as though ngry. "There is a boat on the other ank. Almayne will bring it presently. Ie should have told you."

"He thought that I would be afraid—hat I would not venture," she said uickly, and jerked the horse's head the ther way, so that Lachlan lost his grip on he rein. Next moment her horse was in he water, swimming.

She was wet to the shoulders when they eached the other bank. There a trail sloped up from the water's edge and wound into the forest, and without a word Almayne led the way along this path. A quarter of a mile farther on, he halted suddenly, and swung around in his saddle.

"I am both a fool and a brute, Mistress," he said very humbly. "It is my

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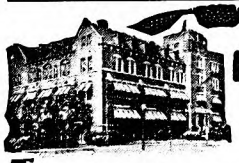

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fault that you are wet and cold. I did not think that you would have courage to swim the river."

She laughed at him, finding a strange joy in her triumph.

"You will know me better presently, Mr. Almayne," she answered. "I shall make it my pleasure to teach you something about women!"

He glanced at her sharply, and rode on without replying. An hour later she heard the voice of a man singing somewhere ahead of them, and the neighing of horses; and Lachlan, riding abreast of her, said, "It is the camp, Mam'selle, Jock Pearson's camp. You can rest and sleep."

She turned toward him and he saw with surprise that her face was very white.

"I am glad," she whispered. "I think I could not have ridden much farther."

She swayed suddenly in her saddle. For a moment her body leaned against his, her hair brushing his cheek. With his arm about her shoulders, he steadied her, kept her from falling; but almost at once she seemed to recover her strength and drew away from him, sitting upright as her horse walked forward, a slim, straight figure, head high, shoulders back. Lachlan realized with vague astonishment that he was trembling like a reed in the wind.

(*To be continued*)

THE VITAL SUBJECT of church-going, which is exercising the minds of both clergy and laity, will be thoroughly discussed next month by Edgar A. Guest and W. O. Saunders. Guest's article on "Why I Go to Church" is a sincere presentation, which gives searchingly and honestly his reasons for attending church. No less sincere and honest are W. O. Saunders' reasons for staying away. These two articles will furnish both food for reflection and rich material for discussion during a long time.

The Time to Teach a Child and the Time to Leave It Alone

(*Continued from page 25*)

He tells truth, at that. This is the time for statements of facts, for repetition, for drill, for simple truths. May the educational saints forgive us for trying to impose organized systems and carefully knit theories of this and that science upon children at this age.

During this period the child seems to repeat the history of the race, as though reviewing the past and selecting the best for himself before starting out on his own adventure. You will find him showing traces of tastes and tendencies unlooked for before; he has sharp likes and dislikes; he has spurts of interest, glimpses of talent now in one direction, now in another.

Each of these phases is to be allowed to come to full power in its turn. If he drops music after studying it for a couple of years, do not count it a total loss. The power changes to another form, and he follows the next vein of growth. This is not a defect of purpose or will. At this stage his mind is churning over his inheritance to bring the best of it to the top. Purpose and will come later and are not seriously concerned just now.

A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

It is the boy's will at present. The long thoughts come later with adolescence.

In childhood we teach the rigid fundamentals of character. It is here we teach honor and truth and loyalty and self-sacrifice. It is now that these are simple facts to be taken as they stand. Later they will not appear so simple, but their original status will remain. It is now the child learns his creed, his catechism, his code; whatever framework of his moral being you would erect must be built in now. Soon adolescence will be upon him, and the personality is born and sets out on its destined way.

"What can we do with Sandy?" a distracted mother once asked me. "He's just past twelve, but if he goes on as he has been going for these past three months he won't have a friend in the world by the time he is seventeen. Indeed, I'm afraid someone will murder him. In their hearts, anyway.

"When he was a youngster of eight, nine or so, he used to tell the most gorgeous lies. Nothing was too big a stretch for him. He would look you straight in the face and tell you the most outrageous falsehood without a blink.

"Suddenly, overnight, he changed. Now he is a terrible truth-teller. We are afraid to have him in the room if there is a visitor present. It's, 'No, Mother. It wasn't Monday afternoon. It was Tuesday morning.' 'No, you didn't tell him he couldn't do it; you said you would rather he would do something else.' 'Why, Mrs. Smithers, that isn't what you said a'tall. Don't you remember, Bennie and me were out on the porch when she came in, and you told her you were so glad she had come to live there, and after she went out you said to Bennie that you wished she would stay where she belonged.'

"Imagine our feelings! No hints, no coughs, no nudgings have the slightest effect. On he goes to the bitter end. The neighbors just endure him and inwardly hate him, I know. What can we do?"

"Grin and bear it," was my answer.

The lad has reached ahead into adolescence and brought back with him an adolescent characteristic. He has a burning desire for truth and an ideal to serve, but his childhood is still upon him and he speaks as a child. Soon the growth will even up and discretion dwell on impulse.

To childhood a fact is a fact and a lie is a lie, and there is no in-between ground. Truth is truth, with no subtle shading, no shrouded values to trouble his crystal-clear mind. The complicated relations of this life, the delicate quivering balance between right and wrong do not exist for him. A thing is, or it is not.

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DRAWING turns INK to GOLD

THE small crude sketch (1) was drawn by Herschel Logan before he had Federal School training. The large drawing of Lincoln (2) shows his recent work. Note the improvement. Today his drawings are seen in National Exhibits. Recently he made $100.00 over his regular monthly salary. He says, "Any average fellow with the same instruction should be able to accomplish similar if not greater results."

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Let him have, too, a routine that will help his habit formation, for this is habit-forming time. When I made such a statement to the mother of one of our pupils she was amazed.

"Habit-forming time?" she exclaimed. "For ten years I have tried to teach that child the simple routine of daily living; rising, bathing, dressing—with a little attention to such delicate matters as teeth and nails and hair—all to no purpose. If I didn't stand over him he would go to bed without undressing and start for school without ever washing his face."

Well, nobody promised he would. Not yet. He will wash only to the limits set by cuffs and ears, unless prodded to go further. He will not hang up his coat, fold his night clothes, open his window, wipe his feet at the door, say "please," unless reminded and even ordered to do so. Don't be afraid to give childhood orders when necessary. This is the stage where orders are essential and obedience obligatory. The children like order and routine, and respect those who exact it from them and who practice it themselves. A child soon complains of the slack teacher and praises the one who "makes you work."

There is little difference between boy and girl at this time. Both are untidy and careless, inaccurate, forgetful, heedless, dependent upon the will of others to strengthen and guide their own awakening will and purpose. All of a sudden, one day you catch a new tone, a new firm glance, a glimpse of thoughtfulness, and you have the thrill of knowing that the years of teaching have at last borne fruit.

The boy who used to mistake toweling for the whole of the washing process now takes possession of the bathroom to the exclusion of anyone else. He comes out, with an injured air, to inquire if there can't be enough warm water to rinse a fellow. He reprimands Bettie for using his nail file and lectures her at length upon the sin of using another's property, although at that very moment he may be wearing one of his father's ties.

Of a sudden, Bettie, who bit her nails until you were about beside yourself to see their condition, goes in strongly for nail polish and lotions, and borrows your scissors and files and lines up a row of mysterious bottles on her little table. She spends long periods before the mirror, and asks anxiously if you think blue suits her or is a subtle tint of old-rose better?

BROTHER and sister are much alike in mood these days. Both cry easily about nothing at all, both dream over their books, both are trigger-tempered and given to flights of idealism that are likely to reflect upon the conduct of their elders. They play and work beyond their strength, they pronounce strong opinions, argue endlessly, ride high on the crest of life's wave. They have arrived at the threshold of Youth, the golden time of their lives.

Now we must tread warily and the type of our teaching must change. It can no longer be the direct, straightforward, unvarnished fact; it must be indirect and suggestive and subtle. The adolescent has passed the stage where orders, set plans, dependency, are acceptable. His individuality has blossomed, and it must have freedom to grow on its own power, or die. In other words, it is close to the time when parents and teachers must

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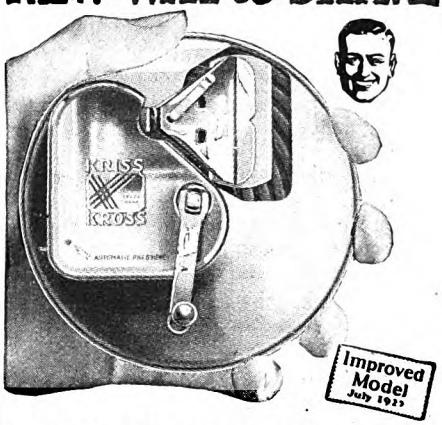

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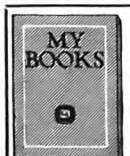

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allow the new man or woman to strike out for himself.

That is very difficult for parents to accept, especially for Mother. Most mothers want to hold fast to a child long after nature has matured him and shoved him out. He must go. He must loosen the bonds that tie him to home, and he must put the lessons and the experiences of infancy and childhood to the test. He must find himself, and his elders must take their hands off and bid him Godspeed. It is at this point that Youth often meets tragedy. The struggle between Youth and Age is as old as the race. It would be less bitter if this period were better understood and recognized for what it is—the fruition of childhood's teaching. It can be accomplished in the home if the parents are willing, but it will be accomplished outside the home if they are not. Get ready, then, to free the children spiritually and physically, as the time draws near.

"I CANNOT do anything with Arthur," a father said to me. "All through grammar school we helped him with his lessons and he got along fairly well. Now he is in high school, the last class, and he refuses to go any longer. He studies nothing, does nothing. He says he wants to go to work, but he doesn't know what he wants to do. He can't do anything because he does not know anything. What can you do with a boy like that?"

"He says he wants to go to work? Why don't you let him?" I asked.

"He can't work. He is only a child after all. What's eighteen? He hasn't a job and there's nothing in sight for him."

"Better let him try what he can do for himself. Let him go to work and learn his limitations. Let him support himself on what he earns and do not help him. He must try himself out," I insisted.

But Arthur's mother did not want to do that. She still wished to shield and protect her boy, after the time when such protection and shielding was doing harm. Arthur idled about for a few weeks until his father said, "To-morrow you get a job and start work, no matter at what."

Next evening Father said, "Got a job?"

"No. I had one and I lost it."

"You had a job and you lost it all in a day! How?"

"Cox's wanted an advertising clerk and I filled out an application, and when Mr. Cox saw that I was not twenty-one he tore up the application.

"Then I came home," explained Arthur. "But I guess I can get a job to-morrow at Curley's express. Ham told me they wanted a boy."

"Well, how about a job to-day?" asked the father next evening.

"I got the job at Curley's, but I wouldn't work for them. They wanted me to carry boxes all over the place and all over town. I'm no horse. That's what they need. A horse. I'm no horse."

"I see. What now? You have to get work, you know."

"Oh, I'll get work all right. I'm going to answer the ads in the morning paper."

Time went by, but Arthur got no job. Each day his father asked what he had done, and each day he made his blithe report of nothing doing. Father got him work but he stayed only three days. The boss was "too overbearing and expected too much for his money, and didn't care what he did to fellows who worked for him."

Then the boy decided to go far afield in search of adventure. "Dad, can I have the old flivver?" he asked.

"Yes, for twenty-five dollars."

"Gee, then I'll have to take money out of my bank account."

"That's what I have to do," his father said. "The only difference is that I earn the money first and you don't."

"Well, you wait. I'm going to. Me and Fletcher are going to Florida and work. There's lots of work there."

So Arthur and his chum polished up the old car, packed their bags, and with a hundred dollars from the bank account started for the South. Arthur was gone for two years. At the end of that time he came home in a battered flivver, twin to the original one, with exactly a hundred dollars in his pocket, the old suit case minus straps and locks—and a purpose.

His appearance was different. Where he had been soft and flabby he was firm and strong; where he had been wavering he was sure; where he had been aimless he had a purpose and a plan.

"I'm coming back to go to school and college," he announced. "The head of my section in the factory said there was a good opening for me if I had technical training. I'm going to go to school and college and get it. I can work my way easy enough."

Mother wanted to pay his tuition, but Father said not so.

"If you take the responsibility from him, what is there left?" argued Arthur's father. "Let the boy alone and he will work out his own life. Give him a chance. He'll go ahead and make good on his own." And he did.

BUT not all parents are so wise as this father. Many times the father is so busy earning money to support the family that the only time he knows about the children is when there is another bill to pay. He leaves them to their mother, and does not "interfere." Mother is usually able to manage, but now and then she needs help. When she does not get it, the trouble comes. Especially where there are girls in the family should Father take a working interest in their welfare. Girls are often smothered in the wrappings of home, and Father could lend a helping hand if he would.

A vivacious girl of my acquaintance had a hard time being herself because of her mother's zeal to protect her.

"Speak to Mother, won't you?" she pleaded. "I'm eighteen. I've been graduated from high school and am now in my first year of college. My mother will not let me move. I cannot have a boy come to the house. I cannot go to an evening party without a scene.

"I live in an atmosphere of suspicion. Mother opens and reads my letters, and uses her own judgment as to whether she will let me see them or not. Silly little notes that the girls write me are interpreted as plots—something going on behind her back. I am afraid to have the girls at the house because she is likely to tell them what she thinks, and that is always to one's discredit.

"She keeps me dependent upon her for every cent. I cannot even buy an ice-

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cream soda unless I ask her for the money and tell her what I used it for. I wanted to earn some money by working in one of the offices in town, but she made an awful time about it and said I was doing it only to escape from her supervision, and that I wanted to be independent of home so that I could go out nights and do unutterable things.

"Talk to her. I can't. Tell her that if she does not allow me some measure of freedom I will run away. I must. I must have a chance to live, to think, to work, to get acquainted with my own mind. I have had to live on Mother's mind so long that I'm losing the little I had. Talk to her, and tell her what she is doing to me. It is not that I do not love her. I do. But I must have a chance to live and to grow."

ADOLESCENCE is the flood time of life. There is no sense in trying to dam life as this mother was doing. It will surely spill over the dam. You parents should take your hands off the children, and let them go free when they demonstrate the desire and the power to shift for themselves. To hold them longer is to distort nature and check their growth mentally and physically and morally.

The adolescent is eager to explore his spiritual self. He is beset by doubts and questions. This is the time, then, for the explanations and the reasons, the time to answer the why and the wherefore. Religion stirs the adolescent deeply and sex is a vital matter with him. Life and its relations in school and industry and church and neighborhood are of absorbing interest, and he probes them well. Don't dodge his questions, but meet them honestly.

In trying to make things clear do not be dogmatic. Youth shuns the one who thunders from the mountain top. Be gentle and patient. When the youth or maiden of seventeen tells you confidently that there is no God and he has proved it, instead of fainting away listen gravely and say, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth. I too have proved it," and keep on living your belief before the groping child. You can't reason about God. Don't try.

This is the high tide of altruism. Remember, it was Youth that led the world's crusades, and set the children to serve those about them. Fill their time to overflowing; push responsibility upon them. It is the time for responsibility above all else. They are longing to be accepted as grown-up people. They are eager to prove their power, itching to put their knowledge to the test. Clear the way for them and stand back and let them carry their job through to the end, even if it makes your throat ache and your eyes smart to see them struggle. Deny yourself the pleasure of interfering with them, and let them grow their own souls. Give them a chance to be born again, this time a full-sized human being.

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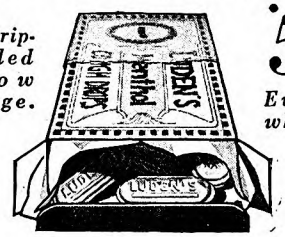

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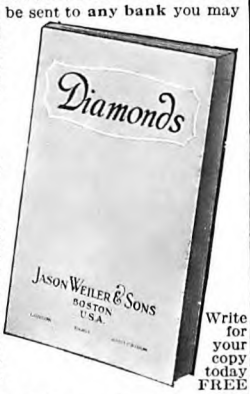

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"What *Can* I Give 'Em This Year?"

(*Continued from page 49*)

spend much on me this year,' begged a husband whose wife had lured him into our shop to look at a high-priced smoking set she was thinking of getting for him. 'Well, what do you want?' demanded his wife unhappily. 'Handkerchiefs and bedroom slippers,' returned her husband blithely. 'They always come in handy, and I can afford to pay for 'em!'

"Of course," Mr. Ovington went on, "if a man has a hobby, or any special interest, it is easy enough to decide on a gift for him. I have a friend who collects elephants of all sorts and sizes. Not flesh-and-blood ones, of course, but ebony ones, glass ones, ivory ones, and carved wood ones. He even wears a tiny carved ivory elephant on his watch chain. He is delighted with any present that has an elephant motif.

"As a rule, men show about as much imagination as women when it comes to selecting presents, but I believe that the palm for lack of imagination goes to a man I heard about the other day. His wife told me that on their first Christmas together her husband presented her with a very lovely vase, over which she went into ecstasies. The next Christmas, he gave her another vase, and again she expressed great pleasure in his gift. They have been married twenty years, and he is still giving her vases for Christmas. She says there isn't another spot in the house where one can go. But she added that rather than hurt her husband's feelings by suggesting she would like a change, she will throw out her piano and build a set of shelves to hold them all.

"It's quite the thing nowadays to give children presents in a series. One of my women customers remembers the birthday of each of her five little nieces with a sterling silver teaspoon. She began when the little girls were six. By the time they are eighteen years old, each of the youngsters will have a dozen handsome spoons.

"I know a man who is building a library for his son in somewhat the same way. The boy likes to read. On each birthday, he is allowed to choose a set of books for his own private section of shelves in the library. Long before he is grown up, that lad will be fast friends with more famous characters in literature than most folks manage to scrape an acquaintance with.

"WHEN you give a person a book for a present," warned Mr. Ovington, "you ought to be pretty certain about his taste in reading. A man who would be wildly enthusiastic over a rattling good detective yarn might be left entirely cold over the gift of a book of poetry. It is also an excellent idea to make sure that your friend doesn't already possess the book you contemplate giving him.

"I advise anybody who finds himself growing pessimistic about the human race to get a job clerking in a gift shop for a few weeks," declared Mr. Ovington. "He couldn't help seeing a fine, unselfish side of life that would be a revelation to him. A girl who makes perhaps eighteen dollars a week, and who has to spend fifteen of that on actual living expenses, will go into a store and pay five or six dollars for a dazzling string of beads for her pal, when she herself hasn't a strand in the world that cost more than ninety-eight cents.

"Last year, I heard of a homesick young clerk in a big New York bank who gave up his precious vacation in order to buy his sweetheart at home a wrist watch. For twelve months he had been counting on two weeks among the hills of his native east Tennessee; but when he found out that his girl had set her heart on a watch for a birthday present, he didn't hesitate two seconds. He wrote her that they were so busy at the bank that he couldn't be spared even for a few days.

"But perhaps mothers are the most generous givers of all. They give so much that never meets the eye or the ear. Not long ago, an elderly woman came into our shop and tried to sell her wedding ring. She said that she wanted to give her young daughter a pretty graduation dress. 'We don't buy such things,' the salesman informed her gently. 'I'm sorry,' she sighed; 'It hurts so much when we are young not to look as nice as our friends. When we are older, we don't care. We have learned then how little such trifles matter. But I don't want my little girl to have to start learning that yet. She's so young—and so sweet and pretty!'

"PEOPLE of moderate circumstances," continued Mr. Ovington, "often buy more extravagant presents than many who are very rich. The wealthy may give extravagant presents to others of equal means; but their gifts to friends in less affluent circumstances than themselves are frequently surprisingly modest. Somebody has suggested that people who have inherited great wealth are often stingy because they have never tested their earning capacity and, hence, have no confidence in their ability to make more money if they should lose what somebody else made for them.

"I distinctly remember one wealthy but tight-fisted middle-aged couple who on one occasion gave a good deal more than they intended to give for a present. They came into my shop looking for a wedding gift for a young woman who, I gathered, was a sort of 'poor relation.'

"After much poking about and comparing of prices, they finally settled on a very large, very ornate vase. Originally priced at one hundred and fifty dollars, it had been marked down to twenty-five. This was partly because of a small nick in the mouth of the vase, and partly because it was the kind of thing that would look well only in a big hall or drawing-room and, hence, was not much in demand.

"About two weeks after the vase was sold, a young lady came into the store lugging it in her arms. Explaining that she lived in a tiny Brooklyn flat where such a big piece would actually be in the way, she said that she wanted to exchange it for a set of dishes.

"I soon understood that her rich relatives had let her think that they had paid the original price for the vase. 'You know,' she said, 'this beautiful thing made me so

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shamed of myself. All my life Cousin Annie has given me nothing but her cast-off clothes, when she could so easily have done something better. I've always felt downright hard toward her. And here she comes along and gives me this hundred-and-fifty-dollar vase for a wedding present! I'd love to keep it. Just to look at it makes me feel gorgeously rich. But, of course,' she added wistfully, 'it would be out of place in my little apartment. Besides, we haven't any dishes, or any money to buy them with.'

"I just sat down and wrote that girl's rich kinfolks that, through an error on our part, their young cousin had been given the original price on the vase, which she wanted to exchange for a set of china. I intimated that I could not act without their advice. I was surprised out of a year's growth when I got their reply. They told me to allow their kinswoman to select any set of dishes she wanted and to send them the bill.

"Maybe it was unfair of me, but I had a sneaking suspicion that they had already received a radiant letter of thanks from the girl which made them ashamed of their niggardly attitude toward her.

"I HAVE a bachelor customer who specializes in what he facetiously calls immoral gifts," continued Mr. Ovington; "that is, he gives his friends (and sometimes strangers!) things for which they yearn, but which they feel they have no moral right to buy for themselves.

"On one occasion, he gave an aunt of sixty-five—the mother of three grown sons and the grandmother of a débutante—a gold vanity case. She was wild about it. 'I never used powder or rouge in my life,' she declared, 'and I certainly don't expect to begin now. But ever since they first came out I've wanted a little case like this. I'm sick and tired of foot-warmers and smelling salts and such-like proper presents for old ladies. I *needed* something young and foolish!"

"It's pathetic, but often people go through life craving some simple luxury which they feel they cannot afford to give themselves. The wife of a bookkeeper here in the city told me the other day that for years her husband had hankered for a wardrobe trunk.

"'Whenever we were walking in the shopping district,' she said, 'I found it almost impossible to get him past the stores where luggage was displayed in the windows. There he would stand, with his nose glued to the plate glass, gazing wistfully at the trunks. I asked him over and over why on earth he didn't get one if he wanted it so much; but he always said that he didn't feel that he could spare the money. I've made up my mind to go down-town and get him one for his birthday. But heaven only knows what he wants with it,' she added, 'for he hasn't been farther away from New York City than five miles in ten years!'

"I've figured out that to this bookkeeper, chained to his high stool and to his ledgers, a wardrobe trunk stands for travel in far places, for romance, and for all the beautiful, glamorous things which perhaps he is never to know save in his dreams.

"It's just as well," reminded Mr. Ovington, "to bear in mind that women, especially mothers and busy housewives,

What every boy thinks about before Christmas

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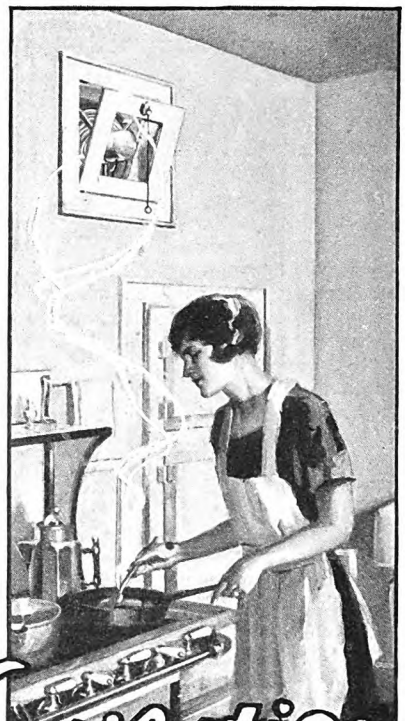

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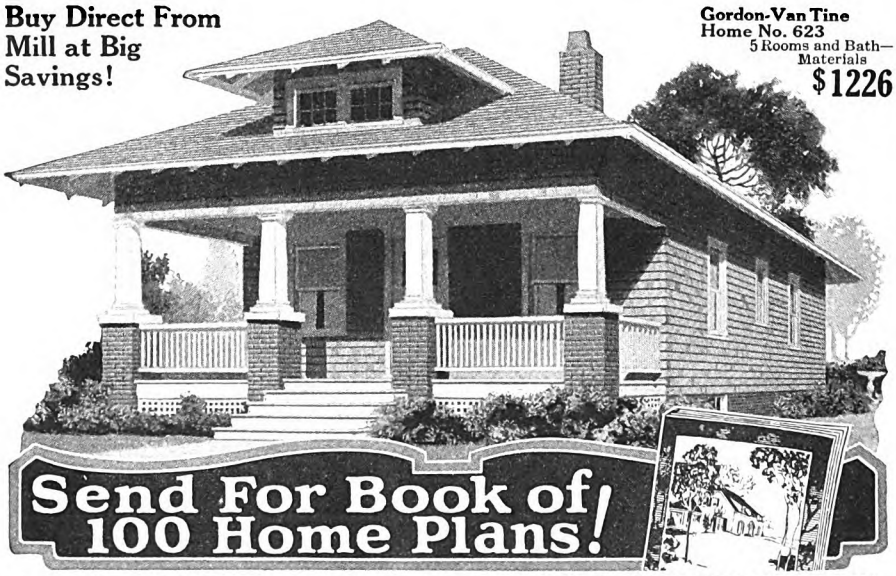

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like gifts of a personal nature. A bride with her brand-new house to furnish may eagerly welcome a pair of linen sheets as a birthday or Christmas present; but to the woman to whom domesticity is no longer a novelty, silk stockings, or a smart new handbag, will make a much greater appeal.

"I have said that, as a rule, men don't like the unexpected in a gift, but, on the other hand, women love surprises. The husband who occasionally comes home with some pretty trifle in his pocket for his wife will be rewarded with vastly more appreciation than greets him when he deposits the conventional Christmas present in her lap.

"But above all things, a married woman wants her wedding anniversary remembered. The memory of this day is her secret shrine of romance. When her husband remembers too, he helps to keep alive something very precious in her heart. I have known married people who were seriously estranged from each other to be brought together again by some mutual gesture of 'remembering' on their anniversary.

"June and October are busy months for gift shops all over the country," said Mr. Ovington. "For some reason, these are the favorite months for weddings. For weeks before the great day, the bride-to-be is treated to innumerable showers, and, to supply presents for these parties, the local gift shop is stripped of every inexpensive article it contains.

"In small towns, where the bulk of the wedding presents are likely to come from one shop, the bride nearly always contrives to pay a visit to the gift shop and to supply the owner with a very clear and comprehensive idea as to her likes and dislikes, not to mention her most pressing needs. He, in turn, obligingly passes on this 'confidential' information to the whole community.

"Almost everywhere the bride is allowed to exchange presents that she gets in duplicate. In some instances, it would be very distressing if she did not have this privilege. All brides get a large assortment of compotes and bonbon dishes. A good many years ago, we sent eighteen bonbon dishes to a bride. Recently she told me that, ever since she was married, she has been giving them as wedding presents to others. 'Finally,' she said, 'I gave one back to the original donor, who did not recall it. Indeed she wrote me that she liked the bonbon dish I sent her better than any other she got, and she wound up by saying that it was *one* gift she was not going to exchange!'

"This incident goes to prove one of my pet theories, which is that folks have a tendency to choose for others things which they would like to have for themselves. Look at the fathers who spend anxious hours encouraging their sons to ask Old Santa Claus for an electric train!

"BUT to get back to wedding presents: It is on this subject that gift shop salesmen are likely to hear some mighty plain talk, and to learn just what it means to look a gift horse in the mouth. A bride is sometimes quite upset upon learning the cost of her presents. 'You don't mean to tell me that Helen gave only ten dollars for these near-silver candlesticks?' she will exclaim. 'Well, I hope she doesn't have to

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spend her declining days in the poorhouse on account of extravagance.'

"But infrequently, however, a groom is more disgruntled than the bride if he feels that his friends haven't behaved as handsomely by him as he thinks they should. 'I've given my last wedding present,' one of them confided to a clerk in my shop some weeks after his wedding. 'I suppose I've helped furnish the houses of a hundred newly married couples in my day. And how many of them came across when I stepped off? About six, I should say.

"Oh, yes, folks ask the prices of presents they have received. One young woman was quite businesslike about it. She came in a few weeks ago with a list of gifts from her unmarried friends which had come from our store. 'Many of these girls will be getting married pretty soon,' she explained; 'and when I buy them a present I want to be sure that they get value received.'

"BUT plain talk about wedding gifts is by no means confined to brides and grooms. Often it is the harassed customer who unburdens his soul on this subject.

"'For the lord's sake,' he will beseech the gift shop salesman, 'have a heart and bring out something for five dollars that will get by. I've bought six wedding presents in the past two months and the old bank roll is not what it used to be!'

"In the average small city or town, the gift shop merchant is 'on' to all the local romances. Indeed, he has the inside story on more than one budding love affair.

"For example, Miss Maria Jones may take most seriously the attentions of the stout widower who has been escorting her to church and prayer meeting for a year; but the gift-shop manager knows that last Christmas four beautiful beaded bags, at exactly the same price as her own, went to four different post-office addresses. Worse still, each bag was accompanied by precisely the same poetic sentiments as those which so thrilled her. As for the gift-shop merchant, *he* wouldn't trust the pious widower as far as he could throw a yearling elephant!

"Time was," finished Mr. Ovington, "when the only gifts that a man could safely make to a woman were flowers, books, and candy. Nowadays, he can give a girl in whom he is interested almost anything that he would give his sister. This seems to me all right. It is a part of the new frankness that exists between men and women. I'm old enough to be old-fashioned, but I confess that I like the new way. And not just because I sell gifts, either!"

THE STORY of Edward Eugene Loomis, president of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, coming next month, is the story of a white-collar man who, in a day when getting ahead on the railroad almost always meant beginning in the operating field, worked his way up to his president position from a clerical job. "A clerkship is not a dead place when a live man is in it" is his proven opinion, and his philosophy of life is epitomized in, "A man cannot be a first-class leader unless he rubs people the right way."

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The Most Foolish Investment I Ever Made or Heard Of

FIRST PRIZE

Two Oily-Tongued Young Men Play an Old Trick

HERE is the most recent, most foolish investment of the many that are being continually revealed to me. It concerns two stenographers who, together, had saved $2,400.

One evening they met a young man, presentable, polite, and companionable. He said his name was Harris and that his business was selling leases to oil lands in New Mexico in a district which I shall call Monotony Hills. The young women evinced lively interest, but demurred when offered an opportunity to acquire wealth.

Laughingly, Harris gave them his business card and told them when they felt like making a fortune to call upon him.

A few days later, the young women met another man, named Howard. He was registered at a well-known hotel, and he told them he was on a secret mission to buy oil-land leases in New Mexico for a big oil company.

Ah! New Mexico! Did he ever hear of Monotony Hills.

"Now, where did you hear that name?" Howard asked, in apparent surprise. "There's one piece of that hill left. I've tried to locate the lease holder—traced him to Los Angeles, but lost him. I'd give five thousand dollars for that lease."

The women were shrewd. Would they tell him about Harris? They would not. They hurried to Harris's office early the following day. How much did he want for the lease? Well, to them, $2,400.

The women gave their checks. They obtained the lease and hurried to Howard's hotel.

"Not registered," said the clerk.

They returned to Harris's office. He had departed—for good. They telephoned the bank. Yes, the checks were cashed.

From my office they went to the district attorney, and the search still is on for the two swindlers.

Did the women make a foolish investment? With a corporation department, better business bureau, banks, and their own employers ready and willing to advise them, it would seem so. H. C. S.

SECOND PRIZE

A Hat, a Dress, and a Pair of Shoes Cost Me $4,800

DURING the years 1919 and 1920, health insurance was almost a fad among a bunch of my friends. Like a good sheep in the flock, I, too, took a policy.

I faithfully paid my premiums until 1923. At that time I was a little short of money. There was a hat, a dress, and a pair of shoes that I wanted. "Oh, well," I reasoned to myself, "none of my family has ever had a physical breakdown. I think I will just buy these things now, and a little later I will redeem my policy."

So I bought them. But, alas! Before another pay day came 'round, I had an acute attack of tonsillitis. That quieted down, but a further examination led to the discovery that I had active tuberculosis!

Fifty-one months have passed since that examination. For over two years of that time I was in bed. Not one day have I been able to work. That hat, dress, and pair of shoes cost exactly $45. The premium on my policy was $45. Had I paid my insurance premium, for forty-eight months I would have received $100 each month, or $4,800.

To add insult to injury, while lying in bed I got too fat for the dress. And the hat was so out of date that I had to throw it away when I got up. Only the shoes were left. Ten dollars for a pair of shoes! That is all I realized on the investment. Yet, that $45, invested in insurance, would have brought me nearly five thousand dollars. E. R. M.

THIRD PRIZE

Just Try Giving Me a Free Lot Now!

ONE day last year a woman came to my door and asked me to write my name and address on a card, saying: "We are giving away a lot. You may be the lucky person."

I thought no more of it until, some months later, a man presented the card I had signed and informed me that I was entitled to a free lot.

I was afraid there was a screw loose somewhere, so I said, "Isn't there something else to it?" "No," he replied, "you only pay $40 to cover cost of the abstract and deed, and you get a clear title."

Against my better judgment I allowed myself to be persuaded into signing. Later, when I read the printed sheet on which the man wrote a receipt for the five-dollar deposit he required, I noticed that the free lot was only 25 feet front by 150 feet back. I said, "Why, that's only half a lot." The man said, "Yes; but you have the privilege of buying the other half."

A few days later, I went to the real estate agent to ask for my five dollars back.

I didn't get it. He drove me up to the most desirable part of the addition, and persuaded me to exchange my free lot for half of one of the more desirable lots. I was to buy the other half at a figure which I later realized would have been a good price for the entire lot. The whole addition was miles and miles from the city, with no access to electricity, gas, or water.

And I, a poor widow, was induced to buy a lot on the monthly payment plan. I paid down the $49, which I had to borrow!

The next day, when I came to my senses, I knew that I was the biggest dumb-bell on earth. MRS. G. W. H.

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The Old Doctor

(*Continued from page 51*)

is wife had hard work getting him to e off his clothes at night in the winter ne. He got so he just wouldn't take m all off, or, if he did, he'd put on just many as he took off, before he'd go to l. 'No use bein' cold,' he said. 'People ght to wear plenty of warm clothes in winter, and take fewer baths, too. is thing of takin' a bath every day is all lerol!'"

He told me once about goin' to bed cold night with three sets of under- ar on, besides his felt boots and his fur . 'I was all right then,' he said, 'except hands. They were cold. So I put on gloves, and then I slept very com- ably all night.' When folks would gh at him for wearin' so many togs, I say, 'Let's see, how many times have been to me for grip capsules since nksgiving? *I* haven't had a cold all ter.'"

That's so. He never was sick much. d to get 'all in' sometimes from stayin' ight after night, with no rest between, n there was lots of sickness around, durin' the flu epidemic."

I remember one night during that ible siege," said the minister, "that I t for the Doctor to go with me to a nan who was dying. It was almost two ock in the morning, and I found Doctor ger sitting in his office chair fast asleep, n a medical journal in his hand. Sev- other current numbers of medical gazines were on his desk. He awoke as epped into the office and said, with an logetic smile, 'I guess I was too tired to much out of this journal to-night. I to read something every day about flu. Folks don't know any too much ut it, anyway, and I want to know all n when there are so many lives in my ds.'"

"YES," said the druggist, "the Old Doctor was mighty conscientious, he wasn't afraid to tell other folks what y ought to do, either, when he thought y needed telling. Remember the young e specialist who came up from Balti- re to operate on the crippled mountain ? . . . Doctor Unger wrote him about case, telling him the boy's parents e poor mountain folks, and asked him come up and see what he could do for child. The young doctor replied that d come if he was guaranteed a hundred fifty dollars and expenses. The Old ctor wrote back that he wouldn't rantee him a cent—not even his rail- y fare—but said he'd expect him to ne. At the same time he wrote a big tor in Baltimore about the whole ng."

Did the young feller come?"

Oh, yes, he came, performed the opera- n—and paid his own expenses! They ught the boy in to Doctor Unger's se, and the whole family came along l stayed to dinner and supper. When y got ready to go home that night, the her said to Mrs. Unger, 'D'ye like 'kin? If ye do, I'll bring y' in one e day.'"

When the laugh subsided, the hardware man said, "Lots of folks imposed on the Old Doctor, callin' him when they didn't need him, and never payin' him a cent, nor ever intendin' to."

"Yes, like the woman that had to be 'blet'."

"Who was that?"

"That old woman who lived down in the Corner. She was terribly ignorant, and fat. Every so often she'd decide she was goin' to have a 'stroke,' unless she was 'blet,' as she called it. So she'd send one of the children over for the Doctor, and the kid would camp on the doorstep or in the yard until the Doctor would go along. The only way to get rid of the kid was to go and bleed the old woman. I remember one hot August day, after the Doctor had been up on a baby case all night and was trying to get a little sleep, the kid appeared and demanded that her mother be 'blet.' I met the Old Doc on his way back from the Corner.

"'She's right smart of a fool,' he said, and then added, 'Well, it's a good thing I'm a Christian as well as a doctor. I set out to make up some lost sleep this hot afternoon. If I wasn't a Christian, I'd have bled that woman to death!'"

JUST then, a gentle-faced old lady, frail and bent, came into the drug store.

"Harry," she said, as the druggist went up to her, "I'm worried about that last prescription Doctor Unger gave me. I can't find the bottle, and now he's gone, and I can't get another. I thought maybe you might know what it was."

"I think I can find it, Miss Sally. Wait a minute, and I'll look it up for you."

As the minister turned to speak to her, Miss Sally said, "That was a good sermon you preached to-day, and he deserved all you said."

"More than I could say, Miss Sally."

"Yes, that's true. Words can't tell it all. I liked what you said about his bein' like the man in the poem who 'lived by the side of the road and was a friend to Man.' I guess you hadn't come here yet—the time he saved my sister Jane's life.

"It was a long time ago, but to me it's just like it was yesterday. Jane hadn't been well for a good many years, but she wouldn't have an operation. More than once Doctor Unger said to me, 'If Jane's ever took real bad, Sally, send for me quick.' It was durin' that first epidemic of the grip in the early nineties that Jane was took awful bad, and the worst of it was Doctor Unger was in bed with the grip, himself, so we had to call another doctor—two of them, in fact, for the first one didn't seem to know what to do. Neither did the other one, for that matter, and Jane kept gettin' worse.

"Of course Doctor Unger heard about it, and his wife told me afterward that he called for his medical books to be brought to his bed, and then he set up most of the night readin' up the case. In the mornin' he got up and dressed and came down to our house. He said he had telegraphed to the city for ether and it would come on the noon train. After the ether came, we laid Jane on the linin'-room table and Doctor

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15 minutes (*not an hour*) —to get up steam
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Unger and the other two went to work, they doin' what he told them to.

"About a week afterward, when Jane was gettin' along fine, he said to me one day, 'Sally, I can't help thinkin' how queer it is . . . her comin' through. Every one of my medical books say it's no use to operate after a patient is as far gone as she was. Yes . . . it's queer. The fellows that write those books are smart men . . . but even they can't . . . always . . . be sure. Anyway, we fooled 'em this time!'"

"That's another of the cases Doctor Cullum told me about," said the druggist, who had joined them after a successful hunt for Miss Sally's precious prescription.

"MY SISTER Jane lived fifteen years after that operation, thanks to the best friend she and I ever had!" Miss Sally continued. "I'm glad if Doctor Unger got the credit for it that he deserved. There's so much he's done that nobody knows about—except the ones he done it for. . . . I'm relieved you found that prescription, Harry. If you'll put it up for me, I'll stop by to-morrow when I come to the post office, and get it. . . . The mail's most distributed, so I'll go on home, now."

As he rejoined the other men, the druggist said, "I'd forgotten about the Old Doctor having the grip during the first siege. He used to get all worn out, but he wasn't often laid up sick."

"That's jest what I was sayin' before Miss Sally come in," continued Jim. "Why, even this last year, when he couldn't go out much, and the last few months, when he was in bed most of the time, he said, himself, there was nothin' the matter with him. 'Jim,' says he to me one day, when I was jollyin' him for bein' so lazy, 'you're right,' he says, 'there's nothin' the matter with me. I've got a good appetite and not an ache or a pain. I'm just . . . weak,' says he."

"That's it," said one, "worn out takin' care of the rest of us, with never a thought for himself. Why, even after he was too weak to leave his room, folks wouldn't give him up, but insisted on goin' to his bedside for prescriptions and advice. And he give it to them! Nothin' weak about his mind!"

"Except the last month or so, when he got spells of thinkin' he wasn't at home," said the druggist. "That was mighty hard on his folks. He'd beg them to take him home, and wouldn't believe them when they told him he *was* at home. Did hear about Jim Brubaker's goin' there day for his wife's stomach medicine? Unger was tellin' my wife about it. come to the house one day with a bot and says to her, 'Mary's awful bad ag and there's nothin' but that stom medicine of the Doctor's will do her good.'

"'Oh, Jim,' says Mrs. Unger, 'I d know—I'm afraid Doctor can't tell where it is. He's havin' one of his spells of thinkin' he's not at home.'

"When she went to the Old Doct bedside, she jest said, 'Doctor, Jim B baker's here for his wife's stomach m cine. Do you remember where it is?'

"'Yes,' says the Old Doctor, jest calm and rational, 'it's in a big bottle the second shelf of the small cabinet, it's marked "Stomach Medicine for M Brubaker." I sent for it on purpose her.'

"'How much shall I give him?'

"'Did he bring his bottle?'

"'Yes.'

"'Fill it for him.'

"'What shall I charge him?'

"'Fifty cents. And you tell Jim B baker I want to go home. I know h take me.'

"AND, sure enough, she found the bot just where he told her it was and J said that was what he had always p for it. He actually cried when M Unger told him what the Old Doctor h said about Jim's takin' him home."

"Poor Old Doctor! He didn't have wait long after that to be taken Home

"Did you hear what he told his wife put on his tombstone?"

"No. What was it?" It was curiosity that prompted the question.

"He said, 'I want just a simple sto Put on it:

He Practiced Medicine in Franklin County Fifty-four Years'"

"He practiced more than medicin said the minister.

A sudden pouring forth of men, wom and children from the post office, m door, betokened the distribution of evening mail.

As the group about the druggist br up, one said, "There are none left lik Old Doctor!"

"No," said the druggist, "the Old D tor—and his kind—have passed."

How to Make People Hate You!

(*Continued from page 15*)

goes to about two hundred newspapers throughout the country, and is one of the most popular things of its kind. It used to give me a perverse pleasure to make light of this work of his, principally, I suppose, because I knew he was proud of it. I do not know how many times I have said to him:

"Dave, do they pay you money for that stuff? Or is it glory you're doing it for?"

And there was something in my tone which implied that, of course, no man could hope to add to his reputation that way.

At first, Dave used to grin at my witticisms. After a while, however, did his utmost to keep me off the subje and if I persisted he would agree w me that his feature was not much anything, and he would promptly sw the conversation to something else. he bided his time all the while, and day his opportunity came.

A rival syndicate approached him w an offer. Dave declined it, and rec mended that the firm try me. They and when I learned how very profita the work was I said I would consider

The syndicate, as is customary, as for half a dozen try-out pieces. I promi

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them cheerfully for the day after next. Why, it was the lightest, thinnest kind of stuff, a piece ran only to five hundred words; and, as I had often told Dave, anybody could do a ream of it a minute with his eyes closed.

Well, I toiled over those six samples for a solid month. When I finally delivered them, the syndicate was very pleasant and courteous about my efforts. They suggested that I continue giving my attention to the fine, thoughtful work I had always done.

I took their veiled meaning to heart, and their advice too. My ironical comments on Dave O'Ramey's feature abruptly ceased. I feel that I have been a more agreeable and less bumptious companion to my other friends since then, and I hope that they are giving Dave due credit for my improvement.

A THIRD recipe for unpopularity which I used to practice frequently is close kin to the one I have just described. The formula was, "I don't like your friend." It could be stretched to include sundry unsolicited and uncomplimentary comments on people's families, relatives, and friends.

I recall narrowly escaping an almighty trouncing at the hands of an enraged mob of students at college. It was in my freshman year. Our team had just won a hard-fought football battle, for the first time in several years, over a neighboring institution. The hero, who had made the decisive touchdown, was a fellow named Boyd. The moment the game was finished, a throng of enthusiasts rushed the gridiron, seized Boyd, and, raising him aloft on their shoulders, marched with him through the town.

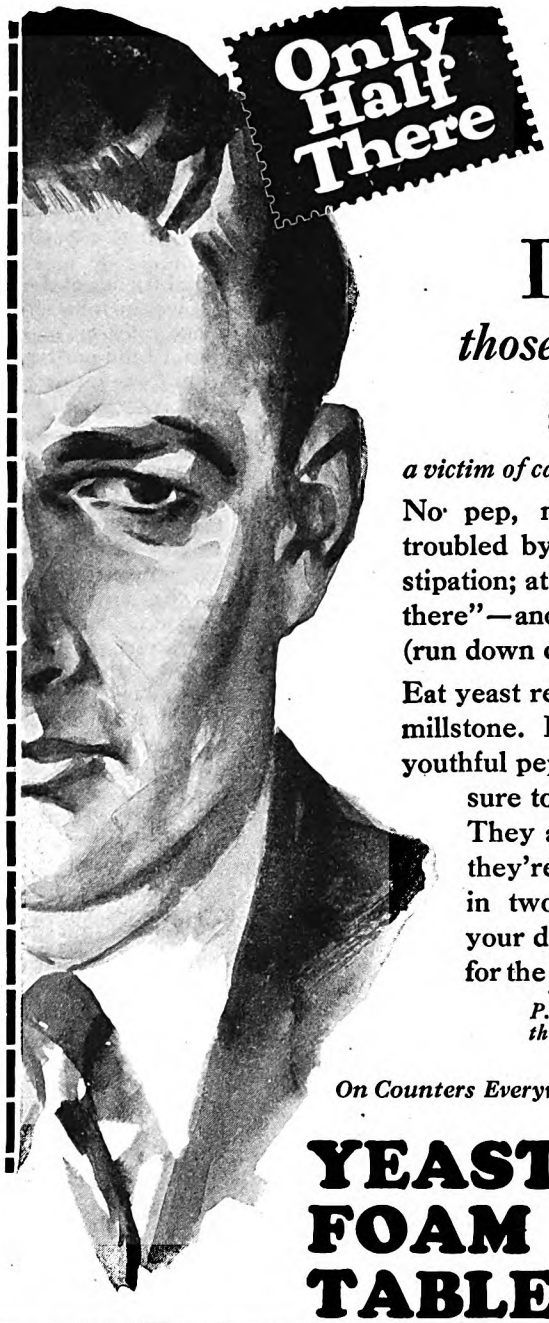
As they went along, hundreds of others, armed with cow-bells, rattles, and election horns, poured out of the dormitories and the rooming-houses and joined what had become a monster parade. I was out in front of the dining-hall with a group of fellow-boarders when the procession passed, and when I saw who the hero was, I was both surprised and amused. I knew Boyd rather well. I said something about "dubs with haloes." My words were quickly caught up and carried out into the packed mass in the street. The next minute there was a furious rush upon the hall. What saved me from a violent end was Boyd's insistence that the celebration should not be marred by any rough-housing.

If I have by now rid myself of this unlovely habit of making tactless remarks, I owe the good work largely to a friend whom I shall call Hubert Lewis.

Hubert managed to do for me in this field what Dave O'Ramey did in that other.

Hubert often spoke with enthusiasm of his novelist friend, Sedgwick, and urged me to read his work. I did, and thought highly of it. After that, I asked Hubert to arrange to have me meet Sedgwick. Somehow, the opportunity did not present itself for a long while. Several appointments were made; but each time one or another of us had to leave town.

Finally, one evening it happened without prearrangement. I had come into the city to see a play, and discovered at the door of the theatre that my tickets were for another night. I think that was the



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way of it. In any event, I called up Hubert and asked whether I might come up. He said he would be glad to have me; he had a few other people in.

I should add here that Sedgwick is not actually what the novelist called himself. His real name is one of those strange English ones that look like Charlie when they are written and sound like Edward when you hear them. That was what tripped me up.

I found several mutual friends and one man I did not know. I was introduced to the stranger, but did not catch his name. I did not try particularly; I did not fancy him from the start. And I was rather put out to see that Hubert was making so much of him.

He left early, and that gave me my opportunity. I mimicked his way of shaking hands with the tips of his soft fingers, his accent, his affected manners. I stuck a handkerchief into my sleeve and pulled it out with his peculiar flourish.

"Who in blazes is he, anyway?" I finally inquired in a tone of surprise at Hubert's associating with such queer fish.

"Why," replied Hubert, "that's Sedgwick—Ned Sedgwick," and he spelled the name out for me—"the English novelist you've been wanting to meet, you know."

A FOURTH way to get yourself disliked is to offer information on all sorts of topics, and in a tone of authority, to a mixed circle trying to have a good time.

Several years ago, when a certain Spanish novelist became the vogue in this country, I happened to be spending a week-end at the home of some friends in the country. We were sitting around on the lawn on the Sunday afternoon when the conversation drifted to the Spanish author's latest book. I do not recall who brought up the topic, but one middle-aged gentleman was giving what seemed to me a badly garbled account of the plot. To make matters worse, he kept mispronouncing the writer's name.

I corrected him, and added, "I have read the book in the original. I speak Spanish almost like a native, you know."

He said, "Thank you," offhandedly, without looking up, and went right on butchering the soft Spanish sound of the name. I quietly pronounced it straight each time it recurred in his recital. My efforts, however, seemed to go for naught. His accent got worse and worse. Presently he took to muddling up the names of the characters as well.

The little group on the lawn seemed to enjoy the performance hugely. One or two girls started tittering. Our host alone appeared unamused. He tried to catch my eye. His wife got up and walked away determinedly, and a couple of minutes later a servant hurried out and announced that tea was served in the arbor. . . . It just occurs to me that I haven't been in that house for a number of years.

A related but entirely distinct procedure for getting yourself disliked is usually introduced with the phrase: "Well, as I was telling you." It consists in doggedly pursuing your own favorite topic, regardless of the tastes and interests of the people you are with. My most memorable experience of this nature was in forcing a political discussion on a houseful of musicians.

Along about the middle of the winter of 1923 I gave an address on the post-war situation before an association in New York. I had just returned from a three-year stay in Europe, and had had a book published on what I had seen.

After the meeting, a friend brought up to the platform an elderly lady and her daughter. They said the usual pleasant things about my talk, and added that they hoped they might see me at their home. A short while later, I received an invitation from them to dinner.

I went, expecting to meet a group of foreign-affairs fans. I found, instead, a gathering of singers, violinists, orchestra conductors, a composer or two, one music and one art critic. My hostess, it appeared, was a patroness of the arts. It did not look as if I were going to be the center of attraction. I was in for a dull evening; but I determined not to be shoved into the background by an avalanche of music talk. When a young tenor with a marked German accent said something about Wagner, I felt the moment had come for me to take things in hand.

"Speaking of Wagner," I cut in, "on my way to the occupied zone, I stopped in Bayreuth, the city which he put on the map. You can't imagine the situation in the Rhineland. It will take Germany forty years—"

From then on, I held the floor against all comers. Only once did I seem in danger of being dislodged. In the confusion of withdrawing to the living-room, an Italian conductor made an attempt to switch the talk back to where it had been before my arrival, by an allusion to the opera at Milan.

"Milan!" I exclaimed quickly. "I was there when the Black Shirts started their March on Rome."

And I followed up this lead with a brief history of the Fascist movement, its marvelous organization, and its prospects for the future. After that, the musical people gave up. Some tried to be polite and listen to my monologue. Others drifted off to the far corners of the room, where they carried on in whispers.

As my hostess took leave of me, she said: "You have given us a most informing evening. I am sure we have all profited by it. I hope that the next time you come I can persuade our friends to give us some music."

That "next time" has still to come.

A SIMILAR but, if possible, more riling characteristic was a talent I used to have for wanting to show people how much better I could do things than they did them.

"That's pretty good," I would begin, and immediately add, "but let *me* show you!"

I think the trouble began when I was a boy in school. Being a studious youngster, I had got one or two of my teachers into the habit of looking to me for the answer when other pupils failed. After canvassing the class, the teacher would finally point an expectant finger at me and say:

"Now, you tell them."

I hope I shall meet those teachers some day and tell them what a pest their well-meant flattery made of me.

I recall other incidents of a like nature without number. They include everything, from showing a companion on a

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canoe trip how to land the craft gracefully, to demonstrating my method of inculcating obedience in my children, for the benefit of a man and his wife who complained that their youngsters were a trial when bedtime came.

But the incident that I remember most vividly is one that occurred about two years ago in a city in the Middle West. On my way there, I had got acquainted with a gentleman who shared the sleeper section with me. We arrived about dinner time and went together to a German restaurant he said he knew to be good. My companion at once began addressing the waiter in German. Now, I have a fair book knowledge of the language, and to my ear his accent sounded very wobbly. So I thought I would help him out.

"The gentleman means," I started to interpret, when the waiter politely interrupted me.

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir," he said in English. "I understand the gentleman perfectly. He is talking the dialect of the section where I was born."

My traveling companion, it turned out, was a native German and a professor of the language in a university near by.

ANOTHER propensity of mine which has often got me into difficulty is the desire to analyze the causes of my friends' costly mistakes and reverses for them, just when they are struggling to forget them and recover their self-respect.

Quite recently, my cousin Walter, a real-estate operator, lost practically everything he had in a disastrous boom. At one blow, his family fell from affluence to virtual poverty. Walter is no longer a young man, and this sudden decline in his fortunes was a very pathetic thing. The worst of it was its effect on the man's morale. For two years he could not get back to work. He said it was no use till he had regained his self-confidence.

I was sincerely sorry for him, and was prepared to do whatever I could to cheer him up. But I felt that it was a mistake for him to try to forget, and I told him so.

"You'll be all right," I said reassuringly. "We all go wrong now and then. A man like you, who has been in the same line of business almost from boyhood, can come back all right. It's no use crying over spilled milk, of course; but unless you have the courage to look your mistakes straight in the eye, you run the risk of making the same ones again."

Thereupon, I proceeded to give him a post mortem of his failure. Also, I showed him just how I once pulled myself out of a similar mess. Walter seemed to be cheered and impressed by my advice. His wife, however, took another view of it. She canceled an engagement with us scheduled for a few days later, and confidentially told my wife that as long as her husband was in such a depressed condition it was not good for him to talk with me.

A seemingly harmless practice of mine used to consist in reminding people of promises they had made on impulse, and which I knew they were in no position to live up to.

I know an elderly poet, for instance, who when he is merry with good fellowship will impulsively invite the whole gang at a meeting to come and spend the week-end at his little suburban cottage.

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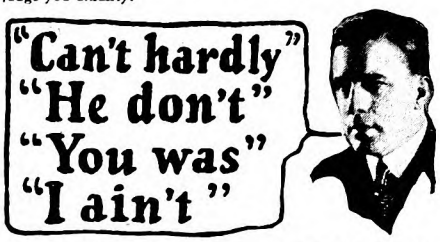

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He means it all right—at the moment. As soon as he gets home, however, and surveys the accommodations, he realizes how fantastic and embarrassing it would be if even half the regiment he has asked were to take him at his word. And then he and his wife sit at the window in an agony of apprehension lest someone should be literal-minded enough to come and eat up their Sunday dinner on Saturday night. As a rule, nothing happens, for everyone knows the old fellow's amiable weakness.

Once, a good many years ago, a young couple we were visiting in the country carelessly suggested that we might have their home for our summer vacation while they went out West to visit their folks. They were entirely in earnest about it. But they were not particularly prosperous that spring; moreover, they had in the meantime got an offer to rent their place for a sum which would more than pay their trip home.

No doubt they should have told us what they had done. But it was not an easy thing to do. They hoped, very likely, that we had forgotten the promise altogether. Maybe they even forgot it themselves. As a matter of fact, it made no difference anyhow, because we went to France that year. Well, when we met that fall, I put my arm around the young man's shoulders and said, "I thought you were going to give us a free vacation this summer, old top."

The pained embarrassment in that fellow's face, and especially in his wife's, is one of the things I shall never forget. It killed in me the desire ever to try to call anybody's "bluff" again.

THEN, too, I must not overlook my old habit of throwing a wet blanket on people's enthusiasms. The formula here was: "Oh, do you like *that?* Of course, I used to, when I was young and foolish." And the tone implied that no one but an illiterate yokel could be interested in "that," whatever it might be.

The odd part of it is that if there is one habit I profoundly abominate in others it is that very one. I remember a friend my wife used to have (let us call her Edna) who made a specialty of that formula in all its possible varieties. Edna could say, "Do you still read *Dickens?*" and make it sound like, "Do you still play with mud-pies and wear bibs?" I have seen her more than once make a roomful of educated people feel like a lot of dumb-bells by the merest lift of her eyebrows.

When we moved into a new house, which my wife had furnished with all the skill and love of home that was in her, Edna took it in with one sweeping glance, and cried, "Dear me, how quaint and unpretentious!"

When I think of Edna and my feelings about her, it is sometimes hard for me to believe that there was a time when I played her favorite game.

On the other hand, I have no trouble at all recalling any number of instances of making myself unpopular in another field. I mean the habit of picking on people's sentiments, and dismissing them as "Nothing but a lot of prejudice." Political partisanship, religion, and patriotism offered ample opportunity.

LET one of my mildest samples suffice: I happened to have gone to college in a Middle-Western state. The boy I roomed with in my first year was a Virginian, while I had come from the East. About the middle of the term a high-caste Hindu student came to our school from the Pacific Coast. He had the features of a white man and straight hair, but his skin was as black as pitch. Because of this, he experienced great difficulty in getting a place to live. Some of our teachers finally persuaded one landlady to take him in. But when her other roomers got home from classes they offered her the choice of turning out the Hindu or of losing them in a body. The incident caused much comment. I told my room-mate it was a shame and a pity to treat the poor fellow that way.

"Well," said he, "would you want to live in the same house with a nigger?"

"Nigger, my eye!" I replied hotly. "He is no more a negro than I am. He is an educated Hindu gentleman. His people were civilized when yours and mine were savages. You are just prejudiced."

My room-mate found other quarters that night. At the time, that seemed to me a proof of his inability to listen to reason. That there was something to be said against my way of preaching it, I failed to see. I know now that if he had been the most tolerant person in the world, my tactless method of arguing would have riled him into a defensive attitude.

When I think back over my past behavior, two things strike me as miracles: One is that I managed to come through alive. The other and the more remarkable is that I finally acquired enough sense to change my tactics.

The Most Annoying Person I Know

Prize Contest Announcement

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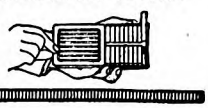


"Thou Shalt Not Kill—"

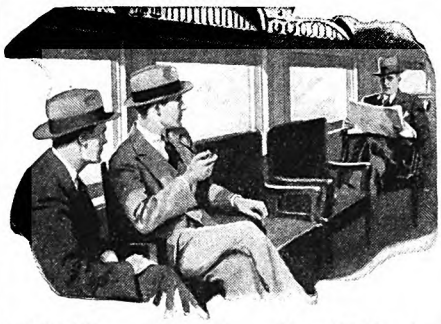
(*Continued from page 13*)

which we have no control; we cannot keep ourselves from being born, we cannot keep ourselves from dying. The short space between these two epochal dramas in a human life, or in any life, is the period given to us for our schooling. Death is the more glorious of the two adventures because it marks our graduation from the training-school to something higher—if we have carried on in a decent way. And I believe that this holds true for a bird or a dog, a flower or a tree, as surely as it does for a man.

Death was not meant to be unbeautiful. For living things to fight for themselves and against others was the first law of the foundation upon which the great Creative Force planned and built the universes. Progress, development of character and soul, vision, thought, everything that is significant in life come only through the vanquishment of obstacles placed before us. To survive, we must struggle; to grow, we must win. Shelter a flower too much, and it dies easily; pamper a child, shield him from the influences with which normal children have to contend, and he does not become a worthwhile man; let a man retire at the age of fifty, do nothing, fight for or against nothing except time, and he degenerates physically and mentally; let a nation surround itself with too much power and luxury, too much wealth, so that it no longer has to compete for healthful existence, and that nation declines in the pages of history.

NATURE, which is the visible manifestation of the Great Creative Force, never intended that anything should *just die*. Its intention was that everything should die straining to preserve life to the last. It meant everything should be killed, else in time progression would cease. A thing which did not have the inclination and courage to exert itself even when such effort seemed unnecessary was not living up to the mark set for it. So no single thing was given life, from the gnat and the vine and the beast to man, which did not have its annoyances and its enemies. This far-seeing Force made everything a pest and a menace to something else; it created an earth populated with combative forces; it allowed no pleasure which did not demand its price; it built life in a million different forms, each form having its own burdens to bear—which answers the question asked by so many children: "Why did God make mosquitoes?"

Proof of this intention is about us in nature. Nothing "just dies." Everything is killed. If this were not so, life would be everlasting, and the countless generations of unborn things destined to have their turn on earth would have no chance. The man who enters the apparently gentle and peaceful sleep of death at the age of ninety was *killed* as surely as the child crushed under the wheels of a train. He was killed by what we call old age, killed by the breaking down of the machinery that had kept him



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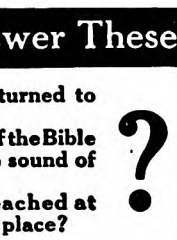

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alive, killed by the forces which were planted in us when we were born. The grass root is killed. The tree is killed, if not by fire or ax then by wind or lightning, or, in old age, by rot at its heart. It is this endless struggle against death which makes plants and flowers strong, as it makes men and animals strong. The blade of grass fights as hard for its existence as man does for his success.

As long as a proper balance is preserved, this destruction of one form of life by another, this continuous progress because of continuous conflict, is just and right and, in my opinion, was so planned by the Force we call God.

But when this balance is destroyed, when one species becomes so aggressive and powerful that it is a menace to all other species, then the inhabitants of the earth face the most serious problem of their existence.

IN THE beginning it was not ordained that all forms of life should be of the same degree of intelligence. I believe that a million years from now, if the human race is permitted to exist that long, man's intelligence will be as superior to the intelligence of man to-day as ours is superior to that of the toad in its puddle. And during those years the toad will have climbed several rungs up the ladder. Yet, even then, we shall only be creeping out of the sloughs of ignorance, compared with the accumulative mental forces which have progressed ahead of us to a point where they can help in the running of the universes.

In so far as we can look back through the few years of our known past, man has fought and killed to attain his present position on the earth. He killed to feed and protect himself for so many ages that in time killing became the chief passion of his life. The running of red blood has given him his greatest thrill and pleasure. Wars and internecine strife were not sufficient to quench his thirst during his early history. The blood-lust called for the frequent sacrifice of girls and young men chosen from among the families of his friends and neighbors. When he "got religion" he wanted to kill off the people of other religions, and set out valiantly to do it. In the name of God he slaughtered his way through two thousand years. But he burned and massacred his way up through all obstacles; more merciless than the tiger, less charitable than the serpent, bent on extermination and outrage and the despoliation of all living creatures, except those of the tribe to which he belonged. Then came so-called civilization, the dollar, and to-day.

Civilized men, as we know ourselves and our neighbors, are held in leash by laws, without which they would revert into the conditions which involved humanity centuries ago. There are few of us who have voluntarily made laws for ourselves; *our neighbors* have usually made them for us. It has always been difficult for us to perceive the motes in our own eyes and quite fortunate that our neighbors have been able to see the defects which the majority of them have not discovered in themselves. Through this rather paradoxical process, we have climbed gradually toward better things; a finer quality has been given to our emotions, our sentiments have been sharpened, our instincts improved, we have come to understand a litt what charity and good will on earth intended to mean.

But the most difficult of man's st gles has been the one to alienate him from the lust to kill, which for so m thousands of years was the active vital factor in his efforts not only survive but to climb over other form life to the present status of his ascende Therefore, conceding his own weakn and confessing his inability to progr without the assistance of forces stron than his individual will, he began to m laws for his neighbors and his neigh began to make laws for him, with result that to-day he is a law-directed law-leashed animal, one half of him ob ing while the other half condemns, ne unanimous with himself—the savagery opposing restraint, the better side of h making that restraint possible.

From the time when he could not out and kill his enemies indiscriminate winning prestige and glory thereby, began to seek out outlets by which could relieve himself of his desires. was then that hunting, as we know hun ing, ceased to be a labor devoted to t quest for food and became a sport.

Not long ago, the so-called outdoo man could find no beauty in the field no thrill in the forests, no lure in adventu in the open, unless he could go into the places and slaughter some form of wil life. To kill had always been, and sti remained, his chief passion. If he ha shot his last shell and the gun on h shoulder was empty, the day ceased t hold its interest for him.

WE ARE just passing over the border land of this dark-age barbarism and are beginning the great work which w know as conservation—a work whic embodies, first of all, the psychologic association of man with the desire to kil and the campaign which must be con ducted to bring that desire to an end.

Within the next few years it is bound to be recognized as the most vital problem in our existence, for so overwhelming has man's power become, so easy is it for him to exterminate entire species and forms of life, and so terribly has he already upse nature's balance that, unless he halts immediately, ruin and desolation lie ahead of him.

Conservation is no longer a term associated only with the killer. Heretofore the conservation departments of the various states have exerted all their efforts, in the matter of wild life, that the killers might be given more to kill. This is largely the fact even now. I believe Michigan is among the first half-dozen most progressive states in conservation; yet when any form of wild life is discussed on our commission it is the killer who receives ninety-nine per cent of all consideration. What will the fishermen think of certain action? How will the hunters take it?

These are the questions always asked, and it is quite the usual thing to be guided accordingly. We do not say, "There are fifty men, women, and children who want to go out and *look* at living things to every one who wants to kill; therefore we will interest ourselves at least partly for this majority." Not only in Michigan but in

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other states have the conservation departments refused to take this attitude in relation to wild life.

Killing seems to be the requisite to healthful living, even when the species that are being hunted are close to extermination. Little effort is exerted to spread the gospel of a great truth—that to look at wild things and let them live, to watch them, to see them in their homes, to experience the miracle and thrill of making friends with them is infinitely more character-building, especially for youth, than to stand over a dying creature and witness the last faint throbbing of its heart, its final gasp of pain, the glazing of eyes that a few moments before were soft and bright with life.

I do not mean that I would put a stop to these outdoor sports of man—hunting and fishing. In opposing these inclinations of the human species I would be unwisely opposing the fundamental reason for the development of all species, for every living thing "hunts and fishes," from the stone that is slowly growing by absorbing other matter, from the grass root that becomes stronger by subduing the obstacles about it, from the vine that chokes the life out of a tree, from the invertebrate that builds its coral home, from the spider, the fly, the lowliest manifestation of life, up to man. Should these things cease to "hunt and fish"—should they cease in their efforts to destroy—then they would grow stunted in their progression.

MY CREED of the wild can be expressed in these words:

To "hunt and fish" is the first great law of nature. Everything "hunts and fishes," from man to the weakest of the creatures or things he destroys. It is ordained that the ashes of destruction shall give birth to life, and that in killing, if it is within the immutable bounds prescribed by nature, there is rejuvenation; but to adventure beyond these limitations, until killing becomes a lust, is to invite destruction of the balance of those laws of nature which make existence possible.

I believe that many generations, if not centuries, will pass before man arrives at a point where he will view all manifestations of life as so nearly akin to his own that he will cease to slaughter for pleasure.

Meanwhile, we will continue to exploit man's two great outdoor sports—hunting and fishing—as among the greatest developers of his character and soul, and will apologize for our wantonness and our twisted philosophy of life by saying that these things "serve to take him out of doors."

But it is my belief that during the next few years man should, and will, curb his passion for killing. He will become in reality what he calls himself—and what he positively is not—a sportsman. He will not continue to fight the efforts which curtail his selfish pleasures, as he fights them now, but will demand more stringent laws, and, what is important, will see to their enforcement. He will not only shorten his shooting seasons and decrease his bag limits, but will give wild life more chance in many different ways. The conservation departments of the various states will

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cease to be the butcher shops which they now are, propagating only for slaughter, run always for the man who wants to kill, and always for that group which makes the loudest noise and apparently has the largest number of votes, irrespective of what is fundamentally right or wrong.

Not until this time, when man ceases to get his only perspective of wild life over the end of a gun barrel, will we recover what once we possessed, and now have lost. Then we shall have better fishing and hunting than we ever have had, and will indulge in those recreations like sportsmen and gentlemen, conceding that as our own intelligence and destructive capacities increase we must take less and less advantage of wild life, unlike so many of the present-day barbarians, who measure their gratification only by the quantity they slaughter, and not by the cleanness and beauty of the environment into which their quests have led them.

WHAT I intend to emphasize is that the destruction of wild creatures by man has ceased to be a necessity. He has grown beyond that. Other fields to conquer are offered him, wider fields, filled with the promise of greater adventure than he has ever experienced. He has space to triumph over, other worlds with which to become acquainted; he has the problems of life and death to solve.

Even the heavens are not too far away for him to begin to question. To the man in the cottage, as well as the man in the palace, modern life has given a thousand thrills to replace the thrill of killing, and both have reached a point where more good can come to them through watching wild life and its struggles to survive than through destroying it.

But man will go on killing. He must go on killing for a time. Savagery is still so closely a part of him that to divorce this passion from his soul all at once might bring calamity. He must actually see something *die* to be satisfied; and it is a theory, even preached in some of our churches and schools, that if we give him enough wild life to kill he will be restrained from killing his own kind.

That he must look upon some creature in the agonies of death to have his appetite appeased is proved in many ways by the highest types of our so-called "sportsmen" of to-day. An expert angler will say the greatest of all recreations is the playing of a trout, and that the adventure is over when the fish is in the creel. Yet he will not cast with a barbless hook and let the trout live after it has been conquered. A bird-dog man will maintain it is not the game he gets but the working of his dog that gives him pleasure. Yet he will not carry a stick on his shoulder in place of a gun loaded with powder and shot.

Man either lies to apologize for his wantonness, or he is so submerged in his egoism that he unconsciously thinks of God as a trickster and a mountebank, who created all other forms of life to be played with and tortured by him.

A break is coming in this wall of man's exaggerated opinion of himself. It was started by the killers themselves. A few years ago there was no limit to what one might slaughter in the woods and on the streams.

Then came the day when the slaughterers realized they must give wild life a certain amount of protection, or there would be nothing left to kill. Fishing clubs and hunting organizations came into existence. They multiplied until now there are two thousand Izaak Walton chapters and more than ten thousand hunting clubs in the United States. Fifty years ago there was not a conservation department in any state in the Union. The trained forester was unknown. In the year I was born, 1879, such terms as forestry, reforestation, forest fire prevention, and forest research were never found in the newspapers. Our timber resources were so great that people believed they would last forever.

Since then we have established well-equipped schools of forestry in twenty colleges and universities. We have thirty-three states with forestry departments. Every state has its department of conservation. Our national forests, set aside for all time, equal the combined areas of New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, and New Jersey. Our states also are acquiring vast areas of public forests. Newspapers and magazines are devoting hundreds of thousands of columns to further the work of conservation, where five decades ago the word was unknown in their offices.

A work which was started on a basis of personal selfishness and whose Golden Rule was "Save something to-day that we may kill to-morrow" has developed into a greater thing. Slowly it is giving birth to a sentiment of "Let live."

It is laying a foundation for a different religion and a different code of life. It is starting boys and girls out with broader and more healthful visions. In my own boyhood, I had a fine collection of birds' eggs and another of birds' wings. A dozen of my boy friends had the same.

To-day such things do not happen. Our boys, when they grow up, will not be the slaughterers their fathers are. These lads and the girls who will be their wives will bring about real conservation in the coming generation.

IT IS this "younger set" that has already begun to give conservation its first constructive force. The old-fashioned hunters, who are the killers, are being thrust into the background by vibrant youth which is wiser than its fathers ever were, and which has done more to blacken the good right eye of egoism during the past ten years than any other influence humanity has known.

The day is not far distant when the entire upper half of the state of Michigan will be an almost limitless Yellowstone Park, which will call unnumbered millions of tourists into its fastnesses, and it is the younger generation which sees this possibility, and is working to make it a reality, while the Old Guard—that horde of killers who believe conservation was invented for their pleasure alone—is still struggling to keep wild life at the ragged edge of extinction.

At the present time, in my own state, this Old Guard is making an effort to legalize the most barbarous of the devices man has invented for the slaughter of fish life—the spear. No more devastating influence has been known than this weapon of destruction.

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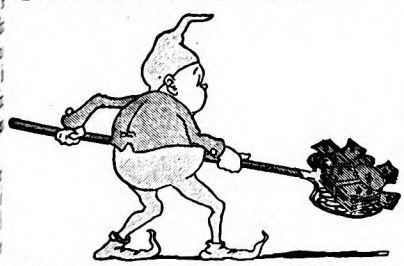

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This Old Guard in Michigan—controlling the state legislature, just as the killers seems to control all state legislatures—fights to the last ditch against every progressive piece of legislation if it conflicts in any way with the Old Guard's personal pleasure and freedom in going out to kill.

If a bag limit is to be decreased, the politicians must first count the noses of those who are to be affected; if a license fee is to be increased that better conservation service may be rendered, the politicians must put their ears to the ground, and learn how the despoilers view the matter. A real protest from the Old Guard nearly always gets results, and this Old Guard would rather see the last pair of grouse shot than to close the season on them.

THAT legislation is not more constructive is not entirely the fault of the personnel of the legislature. It is the fault of the people who elect their representatives. At least fifty men, women, and children do not destroy wild life to one who does, and conservation should be more largely for these fifty than for the one. Yet the fifty, up to this time, have taken almost no active part in the matters of conservation so vital to themselves, while the one who is a killer has been exceedingly busy.

The progress we have made during the past few years has been the result of a slow awakening, and credit must be given to the fishing clubs and sportsmen's organizations which have made campaigns to bring into their associations women and children as well as men, and non-killers as well as killers.

Within the next half decade I expect to see progress made in conservation as important as that which has been achieved in air travel during a similar number of years, for when people realize that forests and streams and wild life are the greatest assets given to this earth, and that their own welfare rests not in destroying but in conserving wholeheartedly, and in harvesting with discretion, not only Michigan's state legislature but all legislatures will be compelled to bury their prejudices and, still "with their ears to the ground," will act for the multitudes and not for the few. *But the voice of the multitudes must be heard before this can happen.*

Women will eventually be the most powerful influence in this rehabilitation and glorifying of the out-of-doors. Their voice and their ballot can return to us the unpolluted lakes and streams we once had; they can reëstablish our forests, give us back the wild life which we have destroyed. When that day of earthly restoration arrives, we will have ceased to think in terms of slaughter; millions of men and women, instead of thousands, will go into the wilds to refresh their bodies and rest their minds, and they will not carry guns.

We shall then, perhaps, learn the truth, that without wild life there can be no forests, that without forests there can be no wild life—*and that, should wild life and forest life reach a certain state of degeneracy, human life itself would cease to exist.*

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the greatest gifts to man, and it is there, if one is sick in body or soul, that one should seek. Whether it is a mile or a thousand miles from a city makes little difference. Nature is the universal law. It is everywhere. It is neither mystery nor mysterious. Its pages are open, its life is vibrant with the yearning to be understood. The one miracle is for man to bring himself out of the clouds of his egoism and replace his passion for destruction with the desire to understand.

I want to close with a story which I have told before.

I HAVE a very dear friend, a newspaper man, whose wife died. I don't know that I ever saw a man more utterly broken up, for his love for her was more than love. It was worship. He grew faded and thin, and a gray patch over his temple turned white. The efforts of his friends could do nothing. He wanted to be alone, alone in his home, where he could grieve himself to death. I knew that his case was harder because he was merely tolerant of religion. One day the idea came to me that resulted in his spiritual and physical salvation. I took him in my auto and we went out into the country four or five miles, opened a gate, drove down a long lane, and stopped at the edge of a forty-acre wood.

"Fred, I am going to show you a wonderful city," I said. "Come with me—quietly."

We climbed over the fence. I led him to the heart of the wood, and there we sat with our backs to a log.

"Now, just humor me; be very still," I said. "Don't move, don't speak—just listen."

It was four o'clock in the afternoon, that wonderful time of a summer day when Nature seems to rouse herself from midday slumber to fill the world with her rustling life.

"This is one of the most inspiring cities in the world," I whispered. "And there are hundreds and thousands of such cities, some of them within the reach of everyone."

The musical ripple of a creek came to our ears. And then, slowly at first, there came upon my friend the wonder of it all. He understood—at last. About us the air seemed filled with the whispers of a strange and wonderful life. Over our heads we heard a grating sound. It was a squirrel gnawing through the shell of a last autumn's nut. On an old stub, a woodpecker hammered. Close about us were the "cheep, cheep, cheep" and "twit, twit, twit" of little brown brush-birds. A warbler burst suddenly into a glorious snatch of song. A quarter of a mile away a crow cawed, and between us and the crow we heard a fox-squirrel barking, and, a little later, saw it, and its mate, scrambling in play up and down the trees. My friend caught my arm and pointed. He was becoming interested. What he saw was a fat young woodchuck passing near us on a foraging expedition to a neighboring clover field.

For an hour we did not move. Through all that city was the drone and voice of life, and that life was a song which soothed one almost to sleep. When, at last, my friend whispered again, "It sounds as though everything is talking." I knew the spirit of the thing was in him. Then I drew his attention to a colony of big black ants whose fortress was in a log against which we were resting. They were working. Two of them were trying to drag a dead caterpillar over my friend's knee.

When we rose to go I led him past a swale in which a score of blackbirds had bred their young. On a slender willow a bobolink was singing. A land turtle lumbered back into the water, and the bright eyes of green-headed frogs stared at us from patches of scum. Under a bush, a score of toads were teaching their tiny youngsters to swim. When my friend saw the little fellows clinging to their mothers' backs, he laughed—the first time in many months.

When we went back to the car, I said:

"You have seen just one ten-thousandth of what nature holds for you and every other man and woman. You haven't believed in God very strongly. But you've got to now. That's God back there in the wood."

THAT was four years ago. To-day my friend not only lives in the heart of nature, but he has risen to the managing editorship of a metropolitan daily. He has only his summer vacation in which to get out into the big woods, but he has made room for nature all about him. From early spring until late autumn his front and back yards fairly burst with life. And they are not, like most yards, merely for show and passing pleasure to the eyes. He has brought himself down out of the clouds of man's egoism, and is learning and taking strength from nature, which he now worships as the great "I am." He has developed a hobby for interbreeding plants, as he calls it, and especially gladioli.

Each morning in spring and summer and autumn he goes out into his garden, and from the thousand living things there he receives strength for his nerve-racking duties of the day; and at night, after his task is done, he returns to his garden to seek that peace which is the great and vibrant force of the life that is there. During the months of winter, he has his conservatory. And for more than thirty years this man hardly knew whether an oak grew from an acorn or a seed!

Yet he has one regret: More than once he has said to me, with that grief in his voice which will never quite die out: "If we had only found these things before, she would be with me now. I am convinced of it. It was this strength she needed to keep her from fading away—to build her up into joyous life again. Sometimes I wonder why the Great Power that is above did not let her live to go into the wood with us that day."

NEXT MONTH Albert Edward Wiggam hits another bull's-eye with his "Five Rules for Rational Living." Life is such a complex affair these days that anyone who can simplify and rationalize it so as to allow us to get more real "living" out of it is doing an inestimable service. And this article does that very thing.

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Ministers, you know, do not receive enough salary to save enough to live without working for any length of time, but my husband's health advised a complete change and rest. It was not easy for us either. However willing I was to help, I was handicapped by two small children—my boy was only fourteen months old.

No, this is not a "happy ever after" tale, for my husband died, leaving me with my two little ones: Dorothy, five and a half years, and Malcomb, a little past two years. It was, and is, hard, but I am so thankful I joined the Club when I did. Since my husband's death it has helped me to keep the home together for the sake of the kiddies. The money earned in the fall helped me make Christmas a reality for the children, even though my heart was sad and lonely.

I am expecting to keep on working for the Club.

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Margaret Clarke

Secretary, Pin Money Club
Department P
The American Magazine
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"Adventure, Here I Am; Come A-Shootin'!"

(*Continued from page 57*)

Museum of Natural History, was in Wyoming in charge of an expedition for the American Museum of Natural History, hunting for the fossil remains of ancient animals, particularly dinosaurs, around Laramie Peak, in the Laramie Mountains. Doctor Wortman wanted a man in his party who knew something about the country, but more particularly one who was well acquainted with the business end of a shovel. The job struck me as something different and I threw in with the expedition for the summer.

"When fall came, Doctor Wortman and his party headed back to New York, and I holed up for the winter, riding the range. Doctor Wortman came back again the following year, making Medicine Bow his headquarters and again I joined his expedition.

"The work gradually took hold of me. Many a time in my rides about the country I had noticed fossils in the rocks. but until Doctor Wortman came they only made me idly curious. But as I helped to exhume specimen after specimen, and asked questions, and heard camp-fire discussions, and learned how, by this seemingly meager evidence, scientists were reconstructing the zoölogy of millions of years ago, my imagination was captured and I was glad to accept Doctor Wortman's invitation to go to New York at the end of the season, and take a steady position with the Museum."

FOR six years, Mr. Miller continued in this newest job, spending his winters in New York and his summers in the field. He became steadily more expert in finding and digging out specimens, and developed the enormous patience required for those phases of the work done in the laboratory. Because of his skill, he came to the attention of Professor Samuel W. Williston, of the University of Chicago, one of the great pioneer paleontologists, who, in 1907, invited him to Chicago to continue his work. He has been there ever since.

"For the past twenty-eight years," he said to me, smiling, "it seems as if nothing has happened."

But I did not need to listen long to realize Mr. Miller's adventurous interest in his subject, and to know that many things have happened, in the quiet way of adventures of the mind. We went for a walk among his museum collections, and he pointed out tiny fossil skulls no bigger than a dime, of what once were probably lizard-like creatures; the huge skulls of ancient rhinoceroses; saber-tooth tigers large and small; tiny three-toed horses; a strange creature, different from anything now living, but resembling in some ways both a pig and a sheep; camels; full-grown deer hardly bigger than a cat; curious crawling amphibians; scores of ancient and long extinct creatures.

"Most people," Mr. Miller continued, "do not begin to comprehend what marvelous records of ancient times have

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been preserved in fossil form. Only in comparatively recent times have these records begun to be deciphered and understood. Ordinary fossils, of course, are common. Almost any small boy can pick up several in a day's ramble, if he looks in the right places. Anything preserved in rocks or other substances, which denotes the existence of former times, particularly ancient times of plant or animal life, is a fossil: an egg turned to stone, a shell, the burrow or trail of a worm, footprints, the leaf or fruit of a plant, the complete skeleton of an animal, or even a mere bone or tooth.

"MANY of the most interesting fossil remains, of course, such as those of the gigantic *titanotheres* which once roamed around this country, are to be found only in certain favored spots where conditions in ancient times were right for fossilization, and where conditions are right today for their exposure. For this fossil, a country to-day dry and desolate, with little vegetation, but once the flood-plain of a long-vanished river, is often suitable.

"You see, the animals in those times would sometimes be caught in the river and drowned, and their bodies, sinking to the bottom, were quickly buried in sediment. Water trickling through, fossilized the bones before they could decay. After hundreds of thousands and maybe millions of years the character of the country changed. Instead of being moist and humid, it became dry. Then the old, deeply-buried sedimentary deposits containing the fossilized skeletons became subject to erosion and cutting away by water or wind, and thus, in the course of time, a few, though only a few, of the fossils would be exposed to the eye.

"It is our business to find these exposed pieces, dig in to recover the complete skeleton, or as much of it as remains, separate it in the laboratory, piece by piece and bit by bit, from the surrounding rock, and, when we are through, if we are lucky, we possess for study, and perhaps for exhibition, the true relic of another creature that lived ages ago.

"In hunting for fossils, there is no such thing as haphazard digging: it is too likely to be labor lost. We go where the conditions are right for finding the kind of fossils we happen to be hunting. There are scores of good places in the western part of the United States, for example, as there are also in Patagonia, South Africa, India, Siberia, and, indeed, on every continent; and usually the best places are found in the rough, rugged, desolate parts of the country where little vegetation of any value grows, remote, as a rule, from cities and houses, and often very inconvenient to get to.

"Many times we have to build our own roads, if you can call them that: we merely dig, blast, or roll away the worst obstructions, so as to get through with a team and wagon. It is a common experience in field work to ford unbridged rivers; and if the water is running high and treacherous, it has occasionally been necessary to take the wagon apart and carry it across piece by piece on the backs of swimming horses. And sometimes your horses refuse to swim!

"We take whatever comes, too, in the way of wind and weather—and even an occasional mad bull. On a Texas expedition my only companion was an old man whom I had hired to cook and do camp work. One Friday he drove to town for supplies, to be gone until Sunday, leaving me alone. Toward evening I noticed a peculiar copper-colored cloud which previous experience had taught me to respect in that part of the country. I made the best preparations I could for the blow I knew was coming.

"In half an hour the storm struck. The wall tent went first, carried off as if it had been a feather. My snake-proof, canvas-bottomed sleeping tent followed, and after that went all of my clothing from my suit case, most of the pots and pans, and even the sheet-iron cook-stove. Then it commenced to hail, and the hailstones were the largest I ever saw. For protection, I jammed a tin bucket over my head; the din was deafening, until I stuffed burlap inside. This saved my head; but my arms and body, with only my clothing for protection, were severely cut. I tried lying down in a shallow gully with my face to the windward bank, but in five minutes the gully was bank-full with muddy water, and I was glad to evacuate.

"The worst of the storm soon passed, though it continued to blow hard all night; but not until about midnight did my fun really begin. We were camping on a cattle range. The cattle had been rounded up and driven elsewhere, except for one wild bull that refused to leave. Of course he chose this particular night of storm to pay a visit to my camp.

"Near at hand was what ranchers call a tank—a depression in the ground which has been dammed up to catch and hold rain water for stock, water being extra precious in that dry country. Probably the tank lured the bull to my neighborhood; and, likewise, it was my salvation. In a race against him on a straightway course, I would have had no chance. But I managed to sprint fast enough that night, when necessary, to keep the bull on the far side of the tank. He kept up the chase intermittently until daybreak, when he drew off into the brush to feed.

"SUCH incidents are matters of course. They are part of the hard work, and are quickly forgotten in the interest of the expedition. The true adventure is in the hunting, and the finding, of what you are looking for. I talked once with an old-time prospector who had roamed the mountains of several states in search of gold.

"'It's not the gold itself I hanker for,' he told me, 'nearly so much as the thrill of finding it.'

"So it is with fossils. What thrills me is finding them, and thus, perhaps, opening another window through which to look at and understand the otherwise unrecorded life stories of creatures out of the dim past.

"The find usually starts with the discovery of a small outcrop of fossilized bone. The first thing to be done, if the specimen looks promising, is to determine, if possible, what kind of animal it was, and which of his bones we have found. Knowing that, we can tell roughly where in the rock mass the rest of the skeleton, if preserved, probably is to be found.

"Then it is a question of digging all around it with pick, shovel, crowbar, or

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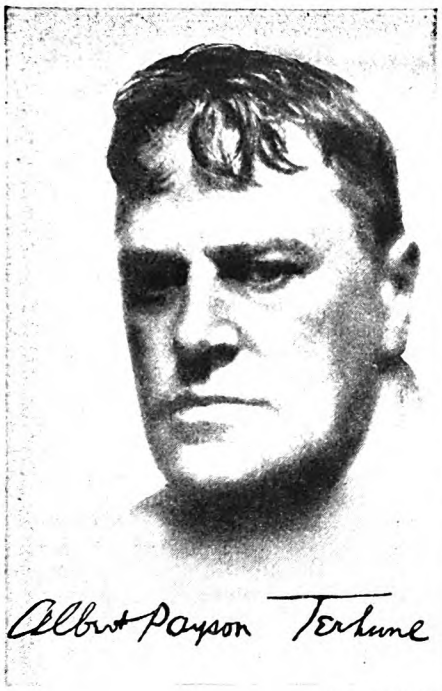

Pirie MacDonald

"Christmas Lights a Candle in the Heart," *says* Albert Payson Terhune

"AND its rays, I like to think, reach out as far as our thoughts—to brighten the lives of those about us."

It is Albert Payson Terhune speaking—well known for his "Gray Dawn" and other famous dog stories and for his kennels of prize collies.

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Of course you will remember your friends and relatives this Christmas. But beyond them lies a still greater field for doing good. Many people make lists of orphans and shut-ins and residents of old people's homes—and to these, too, go "rays from the candle in the heart."

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whatever tool will do the work, often standing or lying in uncomfortable positions, until a mass of rock of the necessary size is isolated, containing, it is hoped, the skeleton. I usually dig down to the bone itself at several points, in order to assure myself that more of the skeleton than the outcrop is present; but, even so, I have had the disappointing experience of carrying home a big block of rock, only to find that it contained nothing but an insignificant fragment of fossil.

"NATURALLY, in the rough country in which we often have to work, it is sometimes quite an engineering feat to transport such a mass of rock, which may weigh several hundred pounds, from the place of the find to a railroad station. One summer, in New Mexico, I had my outfitting headquarters in the town of Rosario. Our camp was a good day's drive with the team from town. I left camp alone early one morning to drive in with a heavy load of fossils for shipment. Among them was a big block which later proved to contain a very fine specimen of *ophiacodon*, a curious, alligator-like amphibian that lived a couple of dozen million years ago. Expecting to reach town by early dusk, I carried no food or water with me. Between camp and town was a gully which was rather awkward to cross; but, by going into it slantwise, I had always managed it without trouble.

"On this trip, however, I found that since my last crossing there had been a cloudburst, and the gully had been converted into a miniature canyon with precipitous sides, only a rod wide, to be sure, but also a rod deep. I had no shovel with me, but I did have an ax, and some distance up-stream I noticed a clump of cottonwoods. So I made up my mind to construct a makeshift bridge.

"I cut down all the cottonwoods; they averaged about two feet in diameter at the stump. With the help of the team, I dragged the logs one by one to the crossing, and dumped them lengthwise into the gully. Gradually I filled it up high enough so I was satisfied I could get the wagon across.

"Since it was getting dark by that time, I decided to camp right where I was. I had no supper, of course, but that was all right: many a time before I had gone without supper when there was none to be had. Rolled in a tarpaulin, I went to sleep and slept soundly, satisfied I would make town easily by noon of the next day. But in the morning my horses were nowhere to be found. I discovered by trailing them that they had got into bad company; they had joined a band of wild horses.

"I was able several times that morning to get close enough to see my team contentedly grazing with the band. But every effort I made at a capture resulted in every horse taking to its heels, my own with the rest.

"At last I saw a mounted Mexican, the only person on the landscape. I hailed him and commissioned him to catch my horses and bring them to the wagon, promising him a couple of dollars for his pains. I took the long walk back to the wagon, thinking my troubles were over; but I never saw that Mexican again!

"This left me to do my own catching the following day. Fortunately, the

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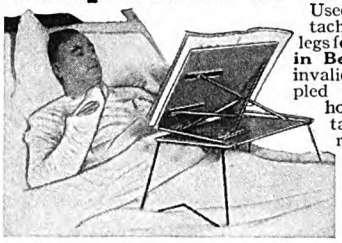

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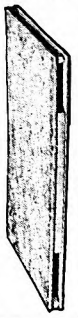

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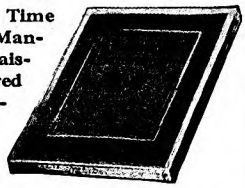

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horses had grazed to a point much nearer the wagon, and my team, when I caught sight of them, were a few rods away from the main herd. Lying behind a bush, where I hardly dared to breathe for an hour, I watched them gradually increase the distance. Finally, creeping forward, I maneuvered until I was between my team and the wild horses. By good luck, I caught one of them, then easily caught the other. By the time I got back to the wagon, hitched up, and reached town, I had been three full days without food, and had drunk only such stagnant water as I could find here and there on top of the ground.

"Probably the most interesting find I ever made was in Texas. This, as it happened, was the result of pure chance. I was with Professor Williston, and had been hunting over a country with such poor success that I had about decided to try somewhere else. Riding in to camp one evening, I reached a declivity which previously I had always ridden around. But this time it occurred to me that if I got off and led my horse, I could make the descent all right and probably save a couple of miles.

"I did so. Near the bottom, my eye lighted on a spot where the water, whenever it rained, poured down in a miniature cataract, eating away the surface soil and rock. Right at that point I saw the fossil bone of some animal which I was quite sure I never had seen before.

"After unearthing the first fossil successfully, I found another directly underneath, then another, and still another. I kept digging downward on the same site for nearly two months, until I had a well-like hole six feet deep.

"It is by means of very complete fossil remains that we know as much as we do—and that is a good deal—about the life history of *smilodon*, the saber-tooth tiger, that picturesque and probably terrifying cat which at one time inhabited the United States. His kind died out some tens of thousands of years ago, though the entire cat family of the present day is descended from him. But the fossil records tell plainly where he lived, how he hunted, the usual manner of his death, and many other facts, and it needs only a little effort of the imagination to see him roaming our prehistoric jungles. It is by similar remains, too, that we know about the huge dinosaurs, the titanotheres, elephants, mammoths, and the curious tiny races of horses that ran wild here long, long before Rome was built or Troy dreamed of.

"THE field work connected with finding fossils is only a small part of the job. The rest must be done in the laboratory, and calls for pains and patience. It is necessary to remove the surrounding rock so that the fossil parts are left fully exposed and intact. For this we use hammers and chisels for the rough outer masses; but when we get close to the fossil substance itself, we use instruments of steadily greater precision. Indeed, our equipment is not unlike that of dentists, and includes similar fine drills, hammers, and motor-driven chisels, which can chip off the tiniest particles of rock.

"Innumerable fascinating questions arise as one pursues the work. For example, once upon a time the camel was a native of the United States; we find ample evidence that he lived here ages ago. Centuries and centuries have passed, however, since his race disappeared entirely in North America, yet in Africa he survives to this day. Why is that?

"Why did the rhinoceros, also a native of this country, likewise die out here, while his descendants, as everybody knows, still live in Africa? Why is the kangaroo to-day a native of Australia and of no other land, while traces of kangaroo-like animals are found in the rocks of many countries?

"There are scores of such questions, and bit by bit, as the years pass, the evidence accumulates to answer them. The pursuit of facts like that which await capture somewhere below the horizon of our knowledge—that is thrilling, that is adventurous, whether the pursuit takes place in the laboratory or the field."

Mr. Miller leaned back in his chair and glanced through a window at greening trees.

"In winter," he said, "when snow drifts out of low-hanging clouds, the laboratory is as pleasant a place as I know, what with the fascination of seeing the creatures whose bones we have found come back to life, as it were, beneath our hands. It is tedious work, but never dull.

"BUT along toward April, when the wind blows sweet with spring and days get longer, when green begins to come on the trees, when the air turns warm and thrills with the song of returning birds, then I think more and more of days and nights far away in the open, with mountain, and mesa filling the eye, bed rolls and camp fires, the tonic sun and air of high country, the sharp scent of sage and cedar—and the laboratory does not seem quite so pleasant.

"Sometimes, after being for weeks on an expedition, and suffering, perhaps, from bad water, food taken from tins, and hard work with ax and shovel, I think I am getting too old for that sort of life, unable to stand it as well as I used to. But after another winter indoors I forget the aches and twinges, and, like a bird of passage, go back as eagerly as ever.

"Being interested—that is the point! Professor Williston, with whom I worked intimately for years, was one who knew to the full what glorious adventures are to be found in interesting work. It was the month of August, in the year 1918. Doctor Williston then had lived a long time, indeed had nearly reached man's allotted threescore years and ten. But his interest was unflagging.

"I knew he was very tired physically. Frequently he would drop his head on his hands to rest. But he kept bravely rousing himself and returning to his work on the specimen before him.

"A caller came. Doctor Williston talked with him a little while, then lifted a tool and said:

"'You'll not mind, will you, if I work as I talk? You see, my time is getting short, and there is still a great deal left to do.'

"And later that day he exclaimed:

"'Ah, if I only had a little more time!'

"Interested to the last. Eager to go on, and on. Just a little after that, he died. Was not that a fine and fitting way for the life of a true adventurer to come to its close?"

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"God Made the Heavens But 'Bonnie' Makes the Stars"

(*Continued from page 37*)

laxwell, Juliet Crosby, Katherine Alexnder, Eden Gray, Iva Wills Coburn, obert Ames, Anne Carpenger, are all onstellers."

I closed the book. The woman who lked with me was too compelling. Yet e had nothing of dominance about her. rom every inch of her small person she diates buoyant femininity. The arduous ears of work that have placed her in the nique position of manager, producer, and ar maker have touched her lightly. Her yes are brilliant; her step as light and pringy as that of a girl. Here is a pernality aglow with vitality, sending out ttle sparkles of friendliness.

"God made the heavens, but Bonnie ade the stars" Grace George wired her hen the Detroit playhouse was opened; ut although no producer living has made ore stars than Bonnie, she has done far ore than this. An actress herself, istress of a finished technique, she has eadily worked toward the raising of the andards of theatrical production. The ll-star revival of "Leah Kleschna," irected by her on Broadway just before oing to Detroit, demonstrated so fully er ability that William Faversham pubcly congratulated her upon her achievenent.

THE playhouse named for her, which she has managed for three years, is a uccessful commercial venture. Since its pening, January 1st, 1925, it has run ontinuously, winter and summer, its oors never closed on a single week day. t is an unusual theatre, with a unique olicy toward the citizens of Detroit. ight hundred members are enrolled in hat is called the Bonstelle Theatre Guild, hich is organized upon lines similar to hose of the Theatre Guild in New York ity.

Three hundred students are enrolled n classes in dancing and drama connected with the theatre. Credits for work done in these classes are accepted by the Detroit Board of Education. On the mezzanine floor is a foyer in which the artists of the city are encouraged to make one-man exhibits.

During Lent, the theatre is open for Sunday-afternoon meetings. From its stage, ministers of almost every sect have spoken to capacity audiences. Yet all this activity detracts not one iota from the professional work in hand. What is probably the most able stock company in America gives finished performances of a wide range of plays from farce to the classics, and from this company graduate to Broadway the stars of the near future.

"Have you any idea how it all came about?" I asked with bluntness. "Here you are, occupying an entirely new place in the world, managing a theatre with a novel policy that is an acknowledged success. Can you account for it?"

"Jessie Bonstelle hesitated for a moment, and then replied:

"Yes, I think I have the mainspring. It started winding a long time ago, when the great tragedienne, Madam Janauschek, died. I had played with her company—I'll tell you more of that later—and I went to her funeral. Madam had outlived her popularity. She, who had been accounted the greatest actress of two continents, died in poverty, and a scant handful of people came to the services. The officiating priest did not even know her name, and when it was repeated to him, he mispronounced it.

"I sat there, heartsick. I had been working hard through poverty and disappointment to make of myself a fine actress. And this—this was what it came to. For a week after I could not work. And then suddenly I saw. Madam was dead, but the *theatre* lived! All the fineness she had brought to it was there, never to be entirely lost. And the theatre would live—forever! I determined that from that day Jessie Bonstelle would be second and the theatre first. So my effort has brought me here and has identified me with the theatre. These boys and girls who are well along the road to fame have all had a great and genuine love of the theatre. If they had not, I could not have worked with them. No teaching or training will make an actor or actress out of anyone who lacks the God-given ability to act. But, given that, if you love the theatre you may hope to inspire youth, to give it confidence, to encourage it to work and study and go on to the bigger field waiting to receive it. This particular theatre, as you may know, was formerly a synagogue dedicated to God. Since I have been here I have come to feel that it is still dedicated to God."

AS I listened I recalled the comment of a prominent man of Detroit as I talked with him of Jessie Bonstelle.

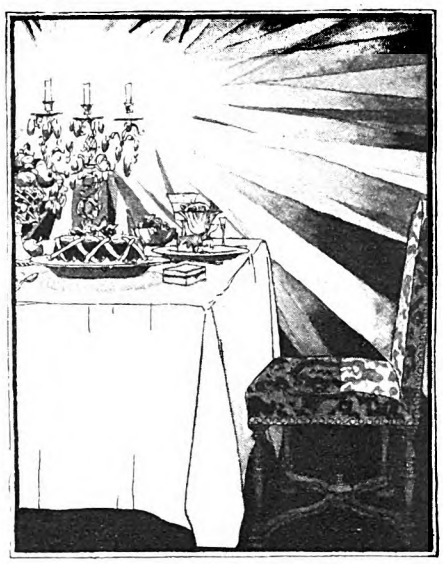
"I've known her since she was in her early teens," he said. "She succeeds in what she undertakes because she is talented and works hard. But from the very first you could see how she affected the people with her. She works for the very finest ends herself, and so unselfishly that the people about her catch her wonderful spirit, even if they cannot always see her ideals. She goes out of her way to push people ahead."

With a reputation like this it is not remarkable that Jessie Bonstelle has always succeeded in securing unusual talent for her companies. Some years ago, when she was managing stock companies in Rochester, Buffalo, and Detroit, a handsome young man with a pronounced Irish accent called upon her.

"I am working as secretary to a lawyer," he informed her. "But I know that I can act. If you'll take me, I'll come with you and do anything at all, if you will give me enough to live on."

"Well, how much could you live on?" inquired Bonnie.

"A dollar a day," the young man stated. Bonnie looked at him, decided that he meant it, and shook her head.



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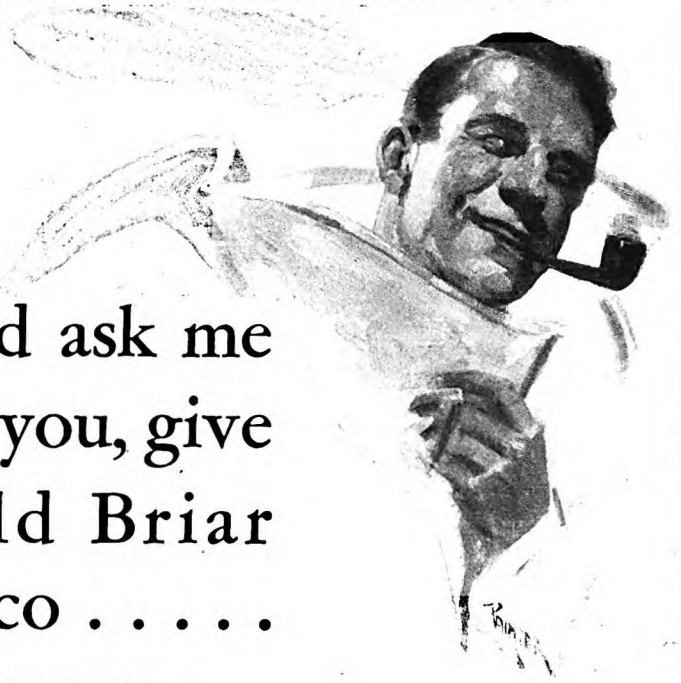

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"I'm sorry," she said; "but there really is no opening."

"But you don't understand," he protested. "I don't have to act. I'll do anything. I'll scrub the stage floor for you. I want to be here."

Stage-struck young men and women are no novelty to Jessie Bonstelle, but here was someone evidently much in earnest.

"All right," she agreed. "You're engaged. You are to scrub the stage floor for me at a dollar a day."

"He came," she said; "but he never scrubbed the floor, nor did he get just a dollar a day. I gave him a tiny part at a tiny salary. And I saw at once that he was right. He could act. To-day he is with Eva Le Gallienne in her New York repertoire company. His name is Alan Birmingham."

IN THE Bonstelle Company to-day there is a beautiful girl who appeared in a New York production, and who was an instantaneous success. She went to Bonnie and asked to come to her company.

"I need training," said the girl. "I'll come to your school."

"But I am afraid that would not be wise," Bonnie objected. "You see, you have had some experience and you have been successful."

"All right," said the girl. "I will change my name while I am in school, and no one need know." With this understanding, she went to Detroit, entered the school, and attended classes until an opening in the company gave her a chance. She is now playing ingénue lead under her own name, Joan Lowell.

"It takes courage of a high order to do what this girl has done," said Miss Bonstelle. Just such courage has sustained Bonnie herself in her upward struggle. From her initial performance in "Bertha, the Beautiful Sewing Machine Girl" to the management of the Detroit playhouse is a long, long way.

"And even Bertha was not the beginning," she said, laughing, "although that was my first stage appearance. My first appearance as a public performer was made at the tender age of two and a half years, and not upon the stage but in the pulpit! We were regular church folks, and I had been taught to carry tunes, and had mastered the words of a half-dozen popular hymns. When they led me to the pulpit to sing, they took off the huge Bible and stood me upon the desk, from which eminence I warbled the good old favorites, 'Keep to the right, boys,' and, 'I am a young abstainer.'

"My début was a marked success, and I continued to sing and recite. By the time I was nine I had memorized one hundred and fifty selections, a great many of which were excerpts from Shakespeare. My mother helped me to do that. Through long hours she drilled and encouraged me, with infinite patience and love.

"I have never been able to account for my mother's love of the theatre or for her ambitions for me. My father was a lawyer; but when his family grew to seven, and eight, and nine, he gave up law and bought a farm just outside of Rochester, New York. 'From a farm,' he said, 'I can always feed the family!' I was the eleventh baby. My mother was forty when I was born; but despite

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ıe ten who preceded me her courage ran igh and her ambitions were undiminhed. All her life she had loved the ıeatre. When I came, Mother made up er mind that I should be an actress, and ıe deliberately fostered my childish inination to dress up and play.

"Before I was eight I was an emotional ctress with a Shakespearean repertoire. Vith a kitchen apron for a train and a uttonhook for a dagger, I played Lady Iacbeth. Rosalind, I found, went well ı the apple orchard. But my favorite ıeatre was a little-used gravel pit. Here acted and raved to my heart's content, aranguing the hilly sides with vigor and elight.

"I was theatre wise. Despite my father's isapproval, Mother had taken me to very possible performance. When I was ɜven a great event occurred. Madam anauschek came to Rochester. Mother ɔok me to see 'Meg Merrilies.' I am ound to say that Madam made very ttle impression upon me at this time; but ıere was a very handsome young man in ıe cast who wore a sugar-loaf hat and a ape coat, and who looked at me with ıerry eyes. I could not forget him. For ears I dreamed of him.

"I was a fragile, sickly child. School as too strenuous for me, so Mother ducated me at home until I was ten. ike many sickly children, I had an ugly nd violent temper. In all those years cannot remember Mother ever being ngry. But when I went to bed, I always ɔoked under my pillow, for there I might nd a little note. On good days I read ith misty eyes; but when I had been iolent the tears ran over. In the morning would slip into Mother's room and place note under her pillow in reply. Louisa lcott's mother had trained her this elightful way. It worked so well between Iother and me that we never bickered nd quarreled.

"After I was married, I recounted this cheme to my husband, and he thoughtully suggested that we make a pact that ve should never both get angry at the ame time. The first one angry was to be warning to the second to keep the peace. t takes two to make a quarrel, and we tuck heroically to our pact.

WHEN I was ten, I was sent to a convent school; but before I was ifteen I had left there and was entering ıpon my first engagement. A friend of ny uncle's was an actor and had seen me n amateur shows. He was taking out a oad company, and offered me a part. I ccepted in high feather. Mother agreed o go with me. I was cast for the deserted vife in 'Bertha, the Beautiful Sewing Mahine Girl,' and if you have ever seen hat old favorite, recently revived in a notion picture production, you can guess ıow well I fitted the rôle. I weighed just inety pounds, and my legs and arms vere all bones. Fortunately, legs were ıot on view in those days, but at one ɔoint I had to extend a hand and cry, I am that man's wife.'

"I made it as realistic as I could, but ɜvery time I looked down my broomstick of a forearm I doubted whether anyone n the audience believed me. The show was a failure, and when Mother and I arrived at New York on our homeward vay, we found we had just thirteen cents

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between us. We knew if Father found it out that would be the end of the stage for me. Mother had written to my uncle, but she realized that while waiting for a reply thirteen cents would not last long. So we went to the station master where our trunks were held, and asked him to take them as security for tickets to Rochester. I've always remembered the Erie Railroad kindly, for, after some delay, we got our tickets and left the trunks. When we arrived home without them, Father was much upset.

"We had a hard time to keep him from writing the railroad, but we managed to hold him off until Uncle's money redeemed them.

"DISASTROUS as was this first effort, Mother refused to be discouraged. She wrote a playlet herself, and with the help of a musical friend we worked up a performance which took an entire evening, and which was designed to show my particular talents. This little sketch had a remarkable life; Mother and the musician and I traveled for months, presenting it at town after town. It gave me a good start, for I was offered a part in 'Chip o' the Old Block,' and started as a regular actress. Mother traveled with me. At fifty-six she played her first part upon the stage, and her happiness was no deeper than mine. But she stayed with us only a little while after that, and when I returned to the stage my sister traveled with me. The actor who had run the ill-fated 'Bertha' company wrote a play for Madam Janauschek which Madam highly approved. He told her of me and showed her a photograph, and upon that I was engaged to play a child part with her company. With fear and trembling, sister and I arranged to go to New York. The memory of Madam had faded; but I now realized her position and my great opportunity in playing with her. And, strange to say, I still had a very clear recollection of that young man!

"When we arrived at the stage in Brooklyn, we were told that Madam was conducting rehearsal. I begged for a peep around the scenes. I got it.

"In the center of the stage stood a huge woman. About her, voluminous petticoats bulged, layer upon layer, almost tentlike. On top of her head perched a tiny bonnet; she looked out from thick-lensed glasses; her ample feet were covered with Congress gaiters, flat-heeled and with gusset inserts. She stood with feet apart, a stein of beer in one vigorous hand, a rye-bread cheese sandwich in the other. I could hardly believe that this was the great tragedienne, beloved of two continents. And then suddenly she spoke. Waving the stein and the sandwich she called: 'No! No!'

"At the sound of that wonderful voice, resonant, compelling, I understood. Madam was very near the end of her career, the voice was all of her native attraction that was left. Another voice spoke. I peeped around the scenery. There were many people upon the stage rehearsing, but over near the opposite wing stood the young man of the sugar-loaf hat and the cape coat—the man I had remembered for all those years!

"I had a wonderful season with Madam. I studied the great actress with increasing appreciation of her technique. In this, the handsome man of my memories was a great help. He was Mr. A. H. Stuart, an able actor, and he became my good friend. He was twenty years my senior, but, after my mother, he was my first pal.

"At the end of the season the company disbanded and he went into stock. I was left, forlorn, to hunt an engagement. I wrote Augustin Daly. Daly told me later that he received at that time about one hundred and fifty applications a week for positions in his company; but for some reason my letter was answered. He offered me a position in the chorus and understudy at ten dollars a week. I took it.

"It was wonderful training to be with Daly, even as understudy for a chorus, and there were wonderful people in the company—Creston Clarke, James K. Hackett, Kitty Cheatham, and Mrs. Gilbert. Although my board would be eight dollars a week I decided I could make ends meet. I managed by giving music lessons. I secured six pupils at fifty cents a lesson.

"I almost starved that winter. I inked my fingers where skin showed through the holes in my black gloves. My board was meager; but one Jewish family where I gave Sunday lessons sensed my predicament, and that kindly mother always invited me to stay for a bounteous meal. I looked forward to that meal all the week. In the spring, when I was offered a part in a company going abroad I signed quickly. And then the manager frightened me. I refused to go; and Mr. Stuart found me, collapsed, hungry, scared, and out of work. I always think that he married me to take care of me. As for me, well, you must have guessed that to be taken care of by that handsome man whom I had remembered so long was nothing short of a miracle!

"My husband was a finished actor. He had been call boy with Edwin Booth. He brought to my love of the theatre fine traditions and high ideals. He sent me to the Forepaugh's Stock Company in Philadelphia, where he was playing, and I secured a part, because I could sing and play the piano. In two years at Forepaugh's, I played everything, from children, both girls and boys, to a leading part. It was twice-a-day stock. In the summer I went to Rochester with a stock company, and before I was eighteen I was cast for Camille.

"Well, I studied hard for three days, and played Camille, and the performance was such a success it had extra matinées all through the engagement."

ALTHOUGH the company continued throughout the season it was not a financial success and the house closed. Miss Bonstelle returned to New York. But the Shuberts, who were young men just starting in the theatrical business, had decided to add that house to their one theatre in Syracuse. When J. J. Shubert went to Rochester to find out what could be done with the recent acquisition, everyone there advised him to get Jessie Bonstelle.

"She's so popular here," they assured him, "she can make your house go—" So J. J. went to New York.

"You're coming to Rochester," he informed Miss Bonstelle, "and run a stock company for me."

"My goodness, I can't! I don't know how," protested Bonnie. "And, anyhow, I'm too young."

"So am I young," retorted J. J. Then both of them laughed, because they were young and it seemed absurd that such responsibility should be theirs. In the end she went, protesting, "But I haven't any money."

"All right," agreed Shubert. "I'll lend you enough for the first show." So she gathered a company and engaged a play for the second week. It was "Camille," which she thought had been popular enough to risk once more.

Before the first summer was over, the young manager was voted a success. Jessie Bonstelle not only put into the company her own ability and the charm of her own personality, but she was able, as always, to induce worth-while people to join her. In this company, and those at Buffalo and Detroit run under her direction, Fred Lewis, Frederick Eric, Margaret Mayo, Stephen Grattan, Margaret Wycherly, Francis Ring, Orin Johnson, Charles Hutchinson, now daredevil Hutchinson of the movies, all played with her at one time or another. Edgar Selwyn, then just beginning, joined her one year as an actor.

"He was one of the handsomest boys I ever saw," said Jessie Bonstelle, "and he had great, dreamy eyes that had a fine effect upon the audiences. But he wanted to write plays. He did a one-act sketch entitled 'A Night in Havana' and we produced it. It was, I believe, his first production."

A SUCCESSFUL manager before she was nineteen, Bonnie was never again allowed to be merely an actress. For seventeen years she ran summer companies, first in Rochester alone and afterward in Buffalo and Detroit as well. In the winter, she accepted various engagements. For five years she, in conjunction with Bertram Harrison, ran the Municipal Theatre at Northampton, Massachusetts, which provided a basis for her community house in Detroit. At various times she ran stock companies in Winnipeg, Halifax, St. Johns, Montreal, Toronto, at Newfoundland, and Providence, Rhode Island.

Although his own engagements prevented her husband from being with her in many of these ventures, he nevertheless remained her counselor and refuge. It is impossible to talk with Bonnie for five minutes without realizing that the marriage of these two was one of the beautiful factors of her life. When A. H. Stuart died, in 1911, she bravely carried on without him, working with new zeal toward the accomplishment of those ideals he had discussed with her, seeking to establish in the theatre that reflex of life that makes it such a great teacher.

The stock company, because of its intimate relationship to the people who patronized it, seemed to her the most desirable expression of the theatre. Even in New York City, she ran a successful stock company at the Harlem Opera House. On Broadway, she directed "10 U;" "Home Again;" "The Widow's Might;" "All Alone Susie;" "The Ruined Lady," with Grace George; the all-star revival of "Leah Kleschna;" her most famous production, "Little Women;" and other plays.

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The struggle to get "Little Women" over marks a new phase of her character, that of patient, persistent effort against almost hopeless conditions. For years she had dreamed of producing a dramatization of the book, but the heirs of the Alcott estate were not friendly to the idea. After eight years of negotiations, they approved of the prospectus of a play based upon the book, written by Bonnie's old friend, Colonel Warren. But before he had completed it, Colonel Warren died.

With all her powers of persuasion Bonnie was unable to get any playwright of renown to tackle the subject. One evening she was talking the matter over with Marian de Forest, dramatic critic of the Buffalo "Express."

"Well, what are you going to do?" asked Miss de Forest. "Who is going to write the play for you?"

"*You* are," said Bonnie promptly.

"But I have never written a play!"

"But you can," urged Bonnie. "I'll help."

So "Little Women" was written. When it had passed the Alcott heirs there was a struggle for backing. Lee Shubert took a second, and finally William A. Brady took a third interest. At the first performance Bonnie's faith and struggle were justified. "Little Women" is one of those plays that, like the brook, will go on forever.

THAT the direction of the Detroit Theatre should be hers, seems logical. For fifteen years, she had managed a summer stock company in Detroit, where she was well known and heartily liked.

When the congregation of the Temple Beth-El moved to a new synagogue, and offered it for sale, someone suggested that it would make a wonderful playhouse. But it was some distance from the central district, and there was little faith that it could be made to pay. Then Jessie Bonstelle was sent for.

She proposed the plan of a community theatre, the seats to be sold mainly by subscription, and a close connection to be kept with the citizens of Detroit. With the impetus of her enthusiasm, plans grew. A syndicate, headed by the late E. H. Sloman, of Detroit, purchased the building and engaged her as manager. Under the supervision of C. Howard Crane the original building was remodeled into what is the most beautiful playhouse I have ever seen, and certainly one of the most beautiful in the country. When the name "Bonstelle Playhouse" went into electric lights over the doorway, Jessie Bonstelle felt that her ambitions had been crowned.

"How they all did laugh at me," she said merrily. "For when the 'phone rang I would answer it myself. I just wanted to be able to say,

"'Yes, *Bonstelle* Playhouse.'"

No stock venture of this magnitude had ever been attempted in any city in America. A task of considerable difficulty lay before the new manager. But her faculty of working with people served her well. The three years that have passed have justified the experiment. Last season was a dull one for the theatres of that city, yet with other houses dark, the Bonstelle Playhouse completed the year with a balance on the right side of the ledger, and a strengthened position in the community.

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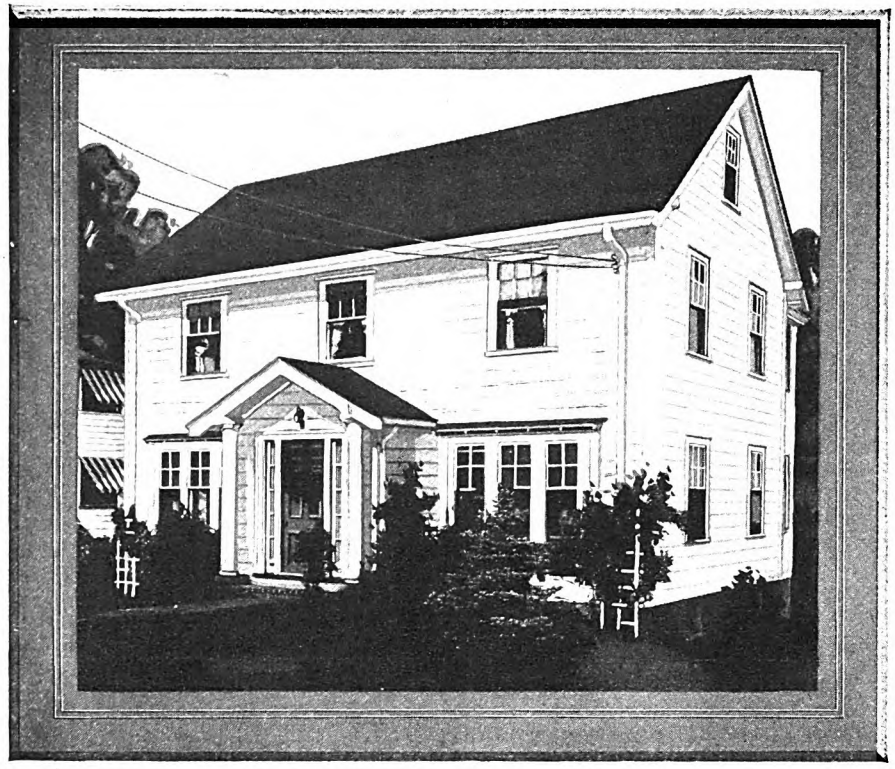

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Big Matt

(*Continued from page 11*)

at? Morris had been opposed to his nomination, and had been lukewarm during the campaign; did he think he could put something over on him?

In two years Morris would be coming up for reëlection; he was old, a back number, and in his wily way was already beginning to form his combinations.

"And it must be a matter of peculiar gratification to you," the senator was going on, "to have been chosen by the people of the finest state in the Union by the largest majority any gubernatorial candidate ever received."

Blake tried to appear modest, raised his hand to deprecate the senator's flattery; he wished that old Morris would come to the point. They chatted indifferently for a few moments, with an exaggerated and insincere amiability. Then suddenly, out of all that welter of words, the name of Matt Holt emerged.

"There is a man, Governor," the senator went on to say, "whom I may permit myself to recommend to your favorable consideration as an old and faithful supporter; I have known him for years intimately and favorably, as an indefatigable worker for the party, one who has toiled in season and out of season, without expectation of favor or anticipation of reward. I trust that you will find it possible to accord him that recognition which his merits deserve."

What did old Morris take him for? This praise, this recommendation of Matt Holt, this assumption that he did not know Matt, that their close and intimate friendship was not a notorious thing in the political world, was irritating, and all the more irritating because just now it broached a question that Blake would have postponed.

IT WAS all too patent: Matt had sent the senator there that morning to recommend him, and that was not very decent in Matt; it was too much like trying to force his hand in a delicate and difficult juncture. Blake had a notion to ask the senator why, if Matt was such a worthy fellow, he had not had him appointed United States Marshal when Matt unsuccessfully had sought that office.

But he forbore; nothing was to be gained by reviving old unhappy memories. The important fact that emerged from the orotund utterances of the senator was that Matt was going to demand his reward, and that it would be no small or insignificant one; he would ask, indeed, to be appointed Commissioner of Public Utilities.

And so Blake, indifferently, and with an easy laugh, while these considerations were flashing through his mind remarked: "Oh, you needn't tell me anything about Matt. I know him. We have been friends these long years, from boyhood, in fact."

"Ah, yes," said the senator. "Perhaps it was because of the peculiar relations existing between you that he felt a certain delicacy in approaching you, and so desired me to introduce the matter to your attention and bespeak your favorable consideration. I apprehended that you would view his claims with a benevolent and sympathetic regard."

"Matt knows that I would do that."

He began to doubt, after all, whether Matt had asked the senator to speak a word for him. It was more likely that the senator, assuming that Matt was to be appointed, was trying to get the credit of having brought the appointment about.

"Of course you understand," Blake hastened to add, knowing that any reply short of a brutal flat refusal would be considered a sacred promise, "I haven't given the subject of patronage any thought as yet. I haven't had the time."

"Naturally," the senator observed, with a courteous inclination of the head. "I merely desired to give you the benefit of my political judgment; and to endorse fully and unreservedly Mr. Holt for any position to which he may aspire. I would be inclined to leave to your more enlightened judgment the question as to whether or not his peculiar qualifications indicate him as the ideal or logical occupant of the important position of Commissioner of Public Utilities. However, I strongly apprehend that his appointment to some post worthy of his abilities and laudable ambition would greatly strengthen and consolidate our party throughout the length and breadth of the state."

Blake made no comment other than an ambiguous, "Oh, I see!" and, putting a question that he knew to be more pertinent than at first blush it seemed, asked:

"And your own prospects, Senator? Let's see, your term expires in two years, doesn't it?"

"It is a matter on which I have bestowed, as yet, no mature consideration. In fact, after having devoted so many years to public service, in the Senate and out of it, I regard the opportunity to retire to private life as very tempting."

"Oh, now, Senator, you mustn't think of such a thing!" Blake knew what was expected of him as a politician himself, and played the game, politely making the conventional protest to the conventional pretense.

Senator Morris rose, shook out the skirts of the morning coat, buttoned it, arranged the lock over his brow, fixed the expression with which he would appear before the crowd outside, and moved out of the room. When he had gone, Squire entered, carefully closing the door behind him, and leaning over the desk whispered:

"Big Matt's out there."

BLAKE wished that Squire would not invest Matt's first visit with so much mystery and importance. Was there anything strange or improper in the fact that Matt should come to see him? Squire would have to learn not to show his feelings so clearly—and not to use nicknames.

But Big Matt's bulk was already filling the doorway, and he came in now with a curious, almost furtive smile, and a quick glance of rather suspicious inquiry.

"Good morning, Governor," said Matt, as he took Blake's hand, giving him his new title with a scrupulous and significant respect.

Blake, observing the unusual quality in Matt's glance, felt, for an instant, a little embarrassed. The last forty-eight hours had brought him a new appreciation of his opportunities, perhaps a new conception of his responsibilities.

But now that Matt was there his intentions weakened; Matt's personality produced a queer effect on him; he could never be strong, assertive and independent in Matt's presence, and, before he knew it, he was clapping his hand on Matt's shoulder, and saying, with bluff, hearty enthusiasm:

"Oh, come off, Matt! What's got into you? Call me John, as you always did!"

The recognition of a change in their relations, implicit in this denial of it, apparently escaped Matt, who smiled delightedly and, flinging his overcoat over a chair and laying his hat upon it, said:

"Well, John then!"

He sank into the chair by the Governor's desk, passed his hand over his brow and sighed wearily. His hair was damp and sleeked down like Eddie's; his eyes were red, the pouches about them swollen, and his large cheeks showed the effects of a long steaming by the barber.

"Lord!" Matt exclaimed. "Never got to bed till five o'clock this morning! Sat in a poker game over at the Stanley—Judge Wilkinson and Hugh Garrett and Barney McGuire and Doc Sloane, and a lot of the boys."

Matt suddenly ducked his head forward, and spat at a large brass spittoon, accurately, making it ring like a gong. Then, drawing his hand across his mouth, he looked about him, and finally said:

"Well, John, here we are!"

JUST what did Matt mean by "we"? Blake wished that Matt wouldn't count himself in on it in this intimate way, as if they had both been elected, and were jointly occupying the governor's chair, like those old Roman Consuls, or whatever they were called.

But there was nothing to say. Matt was looking about him, peering at the portraits on the wall, as though they had a new interest now that his friend and comrade of a lifetime had been added, and largely by his efforts, to the long and distinguished succession.

Feeling that past governors and their troubles offered a safer subject of conversation than the present and his problems, Blake observed:

"Those are the men of an older and, in some respects, abler generation."

"Yes," acquiesced Matt, still gazing up at them, "in some respects, but in darn few. I expect, John," he concluded, turning 'round and looking at his old friend with an eye that, however affectionate, was often narrowed by the cynicism his long experience of politics had bred in him, "I expect that if the truth was known about them, they'd be found to be about as big humbugs as any of us!

"'Course," he added, after he had rung the bull's-eye of the spittoon again, "I ain't talkin' about you; I'm talkin' about the rest of us—me and old Morris, for

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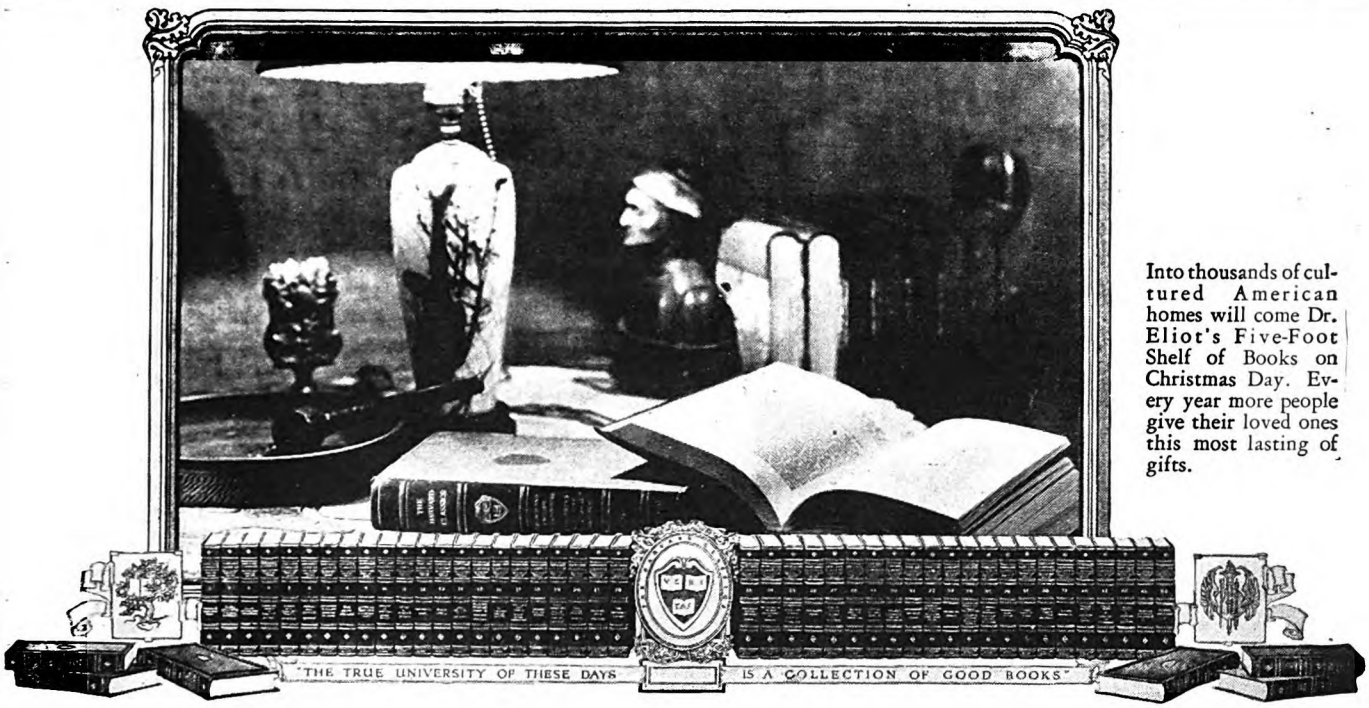

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instance. But I want to talk about you; I want to look at you, see you sitting there in that chair! It does my old eyes good! What'd I tell you years ago? Come true, didn't it? Gosh, how I've worked for this! And, say, when I saw you yesterday I sure was proud! That inaugural speech was a peach. You didn't see me, but I was there, tucked away, in a good seat in the House. I just said to myself, 'I want John to have this day all to himself!'

"And when you got to that point where you said that about the people—how's it go now?—'I believe the government exists for the people and not the people for the government'—you know—something like that—and all the people yelled—well, I was that proud! I says to Judge Wilkinson, 'Judge,' says I, 'he'll be in the White House, you'll see!'"

"Oh, Matt!" Blake protested.

"No, honest to God, I mean it, John. That's the stuff to give 'em! They eat it. I don't see how you think it up!"

And he leant back in his chair, plunged his hands in his trousers' pockets, and gazed on Blake as on the work of his own hands.

BLAKE was accustomed to Matt's devotion; he had grown used to it; he took it for granted, as a matter of course; but just now it warmed his heart more than ever—burnt, in fact, a little; what if Matt knew that he, in his new position, had a slight suspicion that their old intimacy would prove to be something of an embarrassment?

But he liked Matt; he had never had such a friend, one he could always count on. How could he ever get along without him? There were, for instance, a thousand things that he wished to ask Matt, a thousand points of practical politics on which he wanted his advice; he had been so used in the past to depend on Matt. Matt knew men, he knew politics; he could give all the other politicians in the state cards and spades; he was foxy, Matt was. He always knew how to wriggle out of a tight hole.

Blake did not like to think of getting on without Matt. But, confound it, the most perplexing problem before him at that moment was precisely one that he couldn't submit to Matt's judgment—how to keep Matt's friendship without appointing him Commissioner of Public Utilities.

Matt could have told him how to do it; he would have balked at no expedient, except one—that of going back on a friend. In Matt's code, that was the unpardonable sin. Matt was loyal to every private and personal interest, though his public conscience, perhaps, had not been so extensively developed. And Matt would expect to be consulted in the distribution of patronage, to say who, among all the victors, was entitled to the spoils.

For Matt had made many a bargain, many a promise in the campaign, made them in Blake's name, with his authority and approval; he must talk with Matt about that, but—not just yet, because it would raise the question of Matt's own reward.

He apprehended, as Senator Morris would say, that Matt had been too accurately reading his base and disloyal thoughts, and his heart beat with a slight fear when Matt, leaning slightly forward, and speaking, as he always did when he grew serious and confidential, out of the side of his mouth, began:

"Say, John, what did old Morris want? Talk about jobs for his fellows?"

But that was easy! Blake felt relieved and, placing the fingers of his two hands together, tip to tip, and swinging gently from side to side in his swivel chair, he said, with a smile that he trusted was fond enough to reassure Matt—if he had any doubts:

"Well, he said a lot of nice things about you, for one thing."

"Oh, thunder!" exclaimed Matt, in disgust. Then he said, dryly: "Great talker, old Morris. He can set his mouth a-goin' and go 'way and leave it, and come back in an hour and find it goin' still."

"I told him," Blake went on, "that that was hardly necessary, as I knew you about as well as anyone. And I concluded it meant that you were going to be for him for reëlection."

"Well, yes. I thought this was a good time to have everybody get together and create harmony in the party. Morris is old, and no good anyhow; but he's out for reëlection, and it's better for you to have a dead one like him than some young and active fellow who might make trouble. You may want to go to the Senate yourself, you never can tell; and if we keep old Morris alive as a candidate, that warns everybody else off; and if, at the last minute, for any reason, we want to knock him out, why, we can do it. See?"

"Yes, Matt; but—"

"No, just you wait a minute. I'm for old Morris until you tell me to be for somebody else. I don't know what he said about me, and I don't care. I don't have to have anybody go to you in my behalf. There's plenty of time to talk about that. I don't want to bother you now. A little later I'll have to talk to you about one or two little matters; there's two or three fellows that have got to be taken care of—several that I promised, like Doc Sloane, and Sam Wall—and some others who helped.

"But that can wait. Just now you've got trouble enough; there's a lot of it sitting out there now on your doorstep"—Matt jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the antechamber—"waiting to come in: office-seekers, labor skates, Reverend Mills of the Anti-Saloon League, and that old what's-her-name—Mrs. Joseph Cullteton Cooke, of the Woman Voters' League— By heaven," Matt broke off in a kind of parenthesis—"that's one thing that gets me: this women-in-politics business!

"POLITICS is no place for the womenfolks. They ought to be at home, lookin' after the kids. They can't do both—run the house and the Government too, and play the society game at the same time. It's too big a strain. Why, it takes all my time to attend to politics alone—I've had to neglect everything else. I tell you, John, nothing in the whole campaign gave me the trouble they did; it's a new trick in the game, and I wasn't on to it."

"You did pretty well for a raw hand," Blake reminded him.

"Well, at that," Matt admitted, modestly, on second thought, "we got 'em. But it wasn't me, John. I kept out of their way; women hate an old political boss like me. You're the one that got 'em, because you look the part. You see, every public man's got two personalities: one is his own, what he is to his family, his wife, his kids, his friends. The other is the personality he's got for the public; the newspapers make that.

"Now, the newspapers have given you a good personality; it's a great asset; you want to hang on to it. It isn't hard to keep, once it's made in the public mind—if you stand in with the newspapers." Matt suddenly looked at his watch, started up and seized his overcoat. "And now, I must be going. I want to catch the one-thirty-five for Centreville. I'll be back again next week."

A few minutes later, Blake heard Matt's loud voice outside, as Matt addressed the reporters:

"I want to tell you boys something. I don't know as it's very startling news to anybody, but you can print it as coming from Matt Holt, that I've known this feller ever since he was knee high to a grasshopper, and he's going to make the best and greatest governor this state ever had, bar none. And what's more, he's going to be the next President of the United States!"

BLAKE, in the brief moment that was his before another caller claimed him, thought of what Matt had said about the two personalities with which every public man is endowed. Matt was right, as far as he went; the newspapers in a democracy could make or break a man.

But a man had another, a third, personality, that one away down deep inside him, that one which was really *him;* the one he made himself, in private, in secret, so that it was never known to anyone outside, either to his family, his wife, his kids, his friends, or to the newspapers; and that third personality was the real one; it was himself.

How was he going to be a successful governor and hang on to that personality, and stand in with himself?

However, nothing was to be gained by thinking of such things, and, besides, he didn't have the time just then. For Squire was always showing in some caller.

There was no end of them; they came in grinning affably—just for a second; they didn't want to take up his time; they knew how busy he was; they only wanted to shake the hand of the new governor and congratulate him. Then they would talk for a while, ask their favor, and Blake would perhaps not exactly promise, but say that he would see what he could do. And all the time he would be thinking about Matt.

He thought of Matt while he was talking with Mills, superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, whereas he ought to have been thinking of Mills, watching him like a hawk; he had to be careful of what he said to Mills, and not offend him, or arouse his exceedingly sensitive suspicions. He didn't like Mills; but he was afraid of him because there were hundreds of thousands of votes that Mills could cast any way he pleased.

And so Blake listened to Mills attentively, hoping he wouldn't stay so long that the distrust of the liberal element would be aroused.

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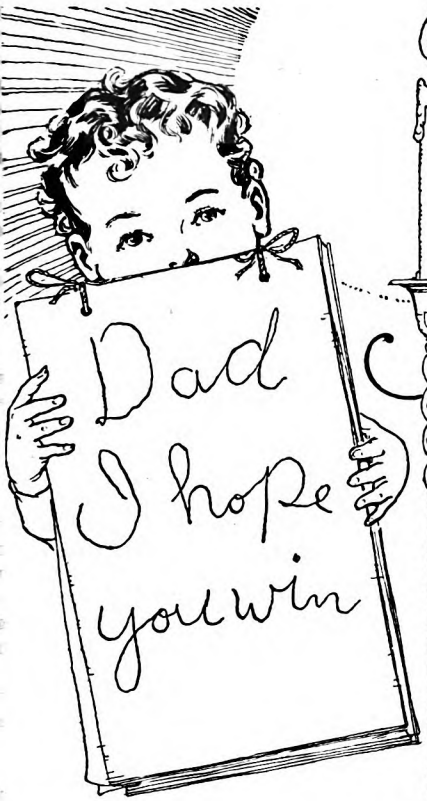

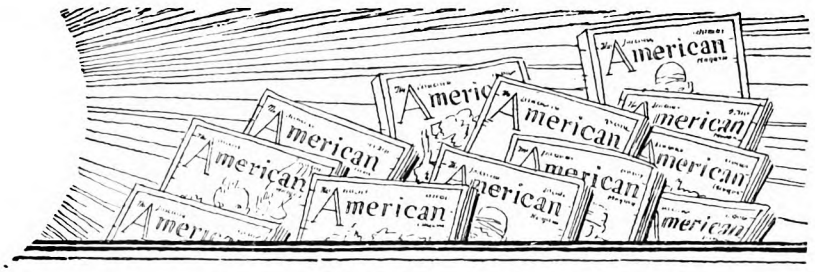

A Christmas Gift . . .

that comes twelve times a year

What gift could you offer this Christmas, more appropriate, more expressive of your heart's good wishes, than a year's subscription to The American Magazine?

A well-known lawyer tells us this story, as he asks us to send The American Magazine to a list of his business associates, as his Christmas gift:—

He had guests for dinner one night recently, and after dinner—bridge.

His little boy, a curly-head of nine, had worked all that afternoon on a surprise for his father. Before the guests arrived, the lawyer went to kiss his son good-night. But curly-head detained him, whispering shyly—"Dad, I made this for you. Good-night." Then he darted off to bed.

The father looked in surprise. In his hand was the gift—a crude little bridge-score card, carefully ruled and bound with string. On the rough front cover these words were traced:

"Dad, I hope you win."

Of all the gifts he had ever received, none had touched him so, given him half the pleasure that came from this one. Because it was a token of love and affection—a gift from his little boy's heart.

Isn't that the kind of gift you would like to receive this Christmas—and to give? Not a gift that costs too much and does little good to you or its recipient, but a gift from the heart—a gift that says: "I hope you win."

As though you said to your friend "I can't express all the things I feel but—Bob, Jim, Bill, Dad, *I hope you win.*

"I hope you win success in your business. So, to help you on, I am sending you the life stories of other men and women who tell you how *they* won it.

"I hope you win new knowledge of your world, of nature and health, of the hearts and minds of your fellow Americans. So I am sending you story-articles on popular science and psychology, on your money and your health.

"But most of all, I hope you win true happiness—you and all your family. So I am sending you true stories and fiction stories, to bear you away for a while to lands of romance, to bring you inspiration and help in all your plans, and the wise companionship of the best minds in America.

"And because I wish you all these things not only on Christmas day but on all days, I am sending you The American Magazine for a year.

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Mills was saying that he had no doubt that cordial relations and a good understanding would exist between him and the new administration, and Blake assured him that he could rely on that. Mills wouldn't take up any more of his time just then, for he knew how busy the Governor was, but he was glad to be able to give his friends assurances that the new Governor would faithfully carry out his campaign pledges.

AND there was just one other little thing he hoped, that Matt Holt, who was somewhat too well known as a political boss, would not be entrusted with any responsibilities that might affect moral interests, especially those that Mills represented. Oh, of course not, of course not; Mills and the moral interests could rely on that.

"That will be satisfactory, then," said Mills.

Strange, thought Blake, that everybody should be so curiously interested in Matt, and anxious to know what place he was to occupy in the new administration.

It was the very first question the reporters put to Blake when, his long morning over, he appeared in the anteroom. They gathered in an eager group about him, barring his way, and began to fire questions at him about Matt Holt. What had Matt come for? What did he want? What was he going to get? What had he said? Had he made any demands?

Blake was somewhat unnerved by this bombardment; but he remembered what Matt had said about standing in with the reporters, and smiled, and protested with an air of good humor:

"Oh now, boys, not all at once!"

And then the oldest of them—the dean, as it were—Colvin, correspondent of the leading metropolitan newspaper in the state, caught the Governor's eye, and asked:

"Governor, may I ask if the appointment of a Commissioner of Public Utilities was discussed with Mr. Holt?"

"No," said Blake, "we didn't talk politics. We talked about old times down in Allen County!"

The dean turned away, satisfied. But there was a young reporter there representing "The Star," a sensational newspaper that claimed to be independent and so was opposed to everybody, and he planted himself before the Governor.

"Then you have nothing to give out to-day?"

"No," said the Governor.

"Is Matt going to get the job?" the young man persisted.

A cigarette on the youth's stained lips bobbed up and down impertinently with his words; in his small eyes Blake saw the gleam of an instinctive malice and animosity. He hated the young fellow, and made no reply to his question, but brushed him aside and went out.

That evening, when he picked up "The Star," he saw on the first page, black headlines, which read:

BIG MATT TURNED DOWN

Governor Blake Refuses to Name Boss to Fattest Job

The article began:

The new state administration had not been seated one day in the saddle before a rift loomed in the wave of harmony which swept it there, and threatens to stage a sharp split in the party ranks, it is said.

Big Matt Holt, the boss and chairman of the State Central Committee, who has been credited for years with being a stanch friend and hot supporter of Governor Blake, and who managed the recent campaign last fall which landed the Governor high and dry in the gubernatorial chair, was an early caller at the State House this morning. The wily Matt was slated, so those who were wise to the inside situation said, for the job of Commissioner of Public Utilities, the fattest plum in the gift of the Governor.

Political circles around the State House were expecting the announcement would be made this morning, but there was nothing doing, and Big Matt failed to connect. He was kept waiting in the antechamber for an hour while the new Governor read his morning mail and otherwise got good and ready to receive him; but when he came out, after an hour's conference with his friend, though he tried gallantly to put up a merry front, and declared he was for the Governor for President, it was plain he had not gotten what he came after.

This was confirmed by the Governor at noon when he announced to a representative of "The Star" that nothing had been decided at the conference. Big Matt took an early train home for Centreville, and his friends say he went away sore and in no happy frame of mind, without saying what his future course of action will be. The public utility interests will demand Holt's appointment, it is thought.

Political circles at the Capitol are frankly amazed at this new turn of events, and politicians are anxiously asking among themselves if there is to be an internecine political conflict staged at this early hour of the proceedings. Holt's friends are openly indignant at this latest development and hint broken promises, it is alleged.

One significant fact is seen in the visit to the Governor this morning, immediately after Holt's early call, of Superintendent Mills of the Anti-Saloon League, who, the well-informed say, protested Holt's appointment on the ground that he was not acceptable to the moral interests of the state. Back of the action of the Governor lies a determination on his part to break away from the machine which engineered his nomination and election, and to be his own boss, it is said. No announcement was made as to who would be appointed Public Utility Commissioner.

AS BLAKE read the article, he began to swear, but under his breath, to himself. He pressed the button under his desk, and when Squire appeared, his blue eyes wide with wonder, Blake began to swear aloud.

"When that miserable whelp from 'The Star' comes in," he said, "throw him out!"

Then he began to think of Matt, of how he would feel when he read it, and he thought that he should write Matt a reassuring word. But on second thought, he decided not to do this; it was unworthy of him, unworthy of Matt, unworthy of their friendship. Matt would be back in a few days anyhow. Better to talk things over. What was it that old Elijah Gates once said: "Don't write; send word."

However, other newspapers in the state took up the story, and before long it was assumed everywhere that Blake and Holt had had a falling-out. Then the leaders in the party became concerned and began to take a hand. U. S. Grant Fenshard, the attorney general, came to see Blake.

"For heaven's sake, Governor," cried Fenshard, in his nervous, self-important way, as he came bustling into the Governor's chambers, a scowl on his sandy face, "you aren't going to let this row with Matt Holt go on, are you?"

"I have no row with Matt Holt!"

"Well, the newspapers say, everybody says—"

"The newspapers! Everybody!" exclaimed the Governor. "What do they know about it?"

But Fenshard shook his head doubtfully.

"Matt hasn't been here since the day of inauguration. He must feel that something's wrong. It would be too bad to have a split in the party."

"Would you appoint him Commissioner of Public Utilities if you were in my place?" asked Blake, curious to know whether Fenshard was ready to assume the responsibility of a formal recommendation, for Fenshard had ambitions higher than the attorney general's office.

"Well," Fenshard temporized, "you don't want him to get sore."

Blake was relieved; but he kept Fenshard a while, seeking to reassure him. He knew how touchy Fenshard was, how difficult to get along with.

IT WAS true, as Fenshard had said, that Matt hadn't been back since that first day; he was to have returned in a week; now three weeks had passed, and no sign of him. Was Matt really sore? Were Matt and he, between whom there had never been a shadow of a difference, much less a quarrel, drifting into open enmity? They ought to have an explanation; he ought to send for Matt; a word would dispel the misunderstanding.

And yet, there was a point of pride; after all, he was Governor; Matt ought to come to him; if Matt was pouting, if he was sulking like Achilles in his tent (as several of the newspapers had classically put it), then let him sulk; he wasn't going to humor him, to beg him to come out.

Besides, Matt oughtn't to have allowed things to reach this pass; he oughtn't to have embarrassed him; when he saw that his appointment would not be popular, he ought to have relieved him by announcing that he would not accept it.

Perhaps, after all, the best thing to do, the easiest way out, would be to let the situation drag on until Matt was worn out, and then, some day, appoint someone else.

There were as yet no candidates for the place; it had been so generally assumed that it had been preempted by Matt Holt that no one else had thought it worth while to try for it. But, a few days later, Senator Pedley came to see the Governor, and suggested a man named Stibbard for the position.

Blake had never heard of Stibbard; but that was not surprising, for, from Pedley's description, it was evident that Stibbard was a man of such immaculate reputation, of such lofty and disinterested character, that he had never in his life stooped to anything so low as politics. Indeed, Stibbard only consented now to allow his name to be brought forward because the public weal required that a man be named as Commissioner of Public Utilities who was above suspicion.

Pedley was a man whom Blake thought he ought to like because of his perfections; but he didn't like him. Pedley was a reformer; that is, he was a bore.

He would come to the Governor's office, sit by the hour, smiling blandly, and in a soft, monotonous voice explain in detail

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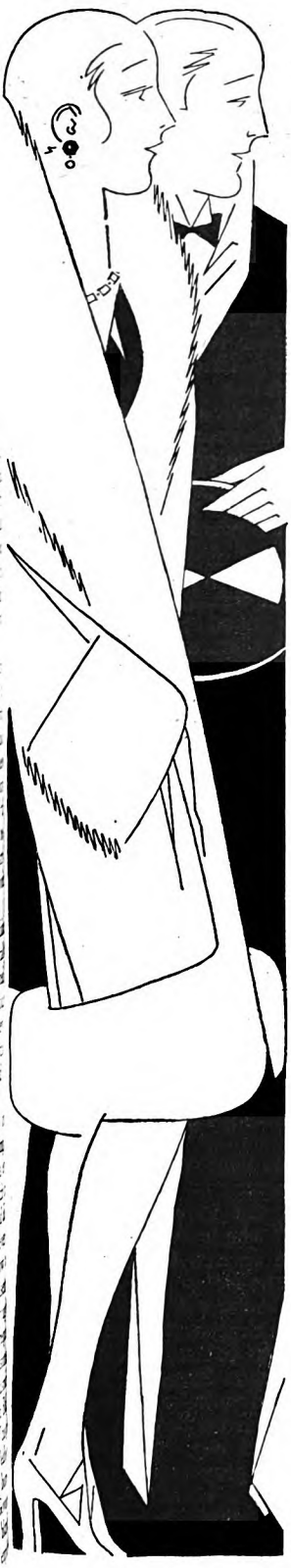
Your parties won't sparkle unless you do!



HAVE you ever noticed how much the success of your parties depends on how you feel? If the day finds you sluggish, headachy or dull, all your skill as a hostess, all your most ingenious preparations, seem to go for nothing. You cannot get your guests "started," cannot communicate to them the party spirit.

And no amount of struggling with yourself, no amount of secret, panicky effort to seem gay, confident, full of infectious high spirits, does any good. If anything, it makes matters worse. You must *feel* well in order to be yourself.

Yet feeling well, if you are normally healthy, is quite simple. You may not have realized it, but that dull, loggy feeling often results from a sluggish intestinal tract. It is here that ENO, better than anything else, may help you. A dash of ENO in your morning glass of water promotes intestinal regularity—very effectually, yet very gently and safely. There's nothing harsh about ENO, either in its taste, or composition, or its laxative action.

Thousands of hostesses have learned that some of the delightful effervescence of this famous saline is likely to get into their own conversation after a drink of it. Thousands of women find household duties easier and pleasures keener since they adopted the ENO rule of health.

Get a bottle of ENO today. A dash in a glass of water makes a cooling, delightful drink. You'll enjoy it.

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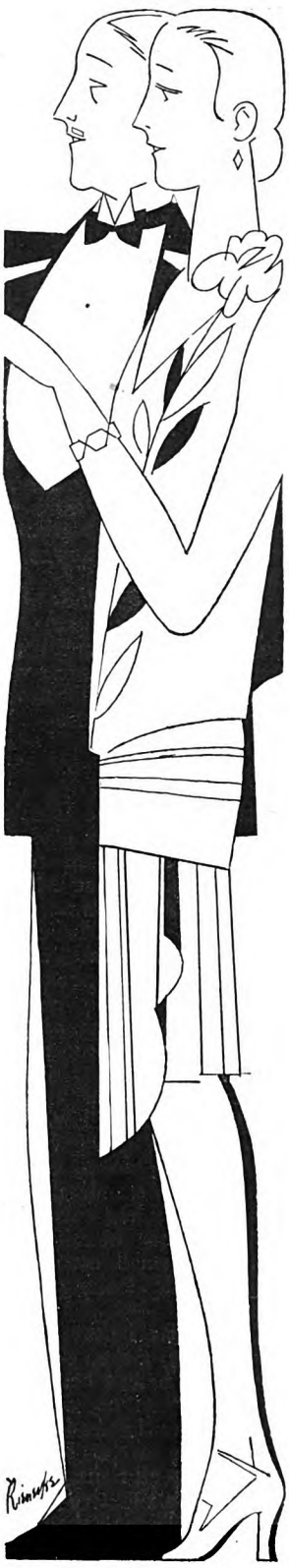

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to Blake just what ought to be done about the State Board of Health, the State Board of Charities, the prisons, the reformatories, the asylums, about enforcing the laws in regard to Prohibition—about everything.

Pedley would sit very close to Blake, lean toward him, a thin, complacent smile on his dark, bearded face, and talk on and on in that monotonous voice; Blake felt as though he were being slowly anesthetized. But he hadn't the slightest intention of appointing Stibbard; however far he might go in yielding to the spirit of reform, he hadn't lost all of his political sense; the man whom he appointed, whether Matt or another, should be his own man, and not anyone else's.

"I shall take the matter under advisement, Senator," he said.

WHEN Pedley left, Blake went to one of the tall windows and threw up the sash, and took a deep breath of the cool winter air. He wondered what was the matter with him; he felt nervous, and half sick.

He looked down into the grounds around the State House; they lay now deep in snow, and across the pure, white, glistening surface of the snow, on the other side of the tall iron palisades, ran High Street, black and grimy; people were shuffling along in the slush, an ever-streaming crowd of them.

Each person there had his problem, perhaps, but none, surely, so difficult as his. . . . Now, if Matt would only be content with some less conspicuous place, and let him make it up in some other way, maybe . . .

But there, behind him, was Squire slipping into the room, with that expression of sympathy and concern which his pink face always wore when something was the matter. Confound it! Squire ought to get over that.

"Barney McGuire!" whispered Squire.

And Blake wondered what new complication the boss of the Democratic city machine had come to add to his problem. He had been glad enough to have McGuire's secret support in the elections, and he feared that McGuire had now come to demand his reward; but that was something that McGuire should have taken up with Matt; a governor wasn't supposed to know about such things.

McGuire came in with his heavy air, his Irish face wearing the expressionless, solemn mask that concealed the thoughts at work behind it. He took his seat and sat motionless and upright, his hands lying on his knees. His large head with its close-cropped iron-gray hair gave him, when sitting down, a dignity that he lacked when standing, for his body was small and his legs were short.

"Governor," he said, in his blunt way, fixing his small eyes on Blake's face, "you aren't looking well. You look troubled."

Blake was irritated by this tactless observation; a man oughtn't to say such things; he hadn't been feeling very well for days, but he wasn't going to let McGuire see that he was troubled, and so, trying for a careless smile, he said:

"Oh, I'm all right, Barney, just a little tired, that's all. I've got this Legislature on my hands, and then I've been a good deal worried by this business of the Public Utilities Commissioner." He might as well take the bull by the horns—in case McGuire had come to discuss that ticklish subject—and there was a certain advantage in being the first to mention the thing, to beat him to it.

"What do you want to let that worry you for?" asked McGuire.

What did he want to let that worry him for! Humph!

"Why don't you tell 'em to get to thunder out o' here, name your man, and be done with it?"

"Does it seem so easy to you?"

"Nothin's easy, y'understand, Guv'nor, and the longer you put it off the harder it gets."

"But you don't know, Barney, what pressure is being brought to bear on me."

"You mean this fellow Pedley—them guys?"

The Governor nodded.

"What do you want to pay any attention to them for? If you'd let 'em name every man in your administration, y'understand, they'd only double-cross you, and have 'em all out workin' agin you the first time you wanted annythin'!"

"But it's not only those fellows, Barney; there's a wide-spread public opinion reflected in the newspapers, everywhere, in fact, a very strong feeling; I am conscious of it every day of my life. I hear it on all sides; it comes to me constantly; I get letters, telegrams—look at that—" and Blake flicked the pile of letters lying on his table. "I've got to think of the people, you know."

McGuire cast an indifferent glance at the pile of letters, and then, fixing his small eyes gravely on Blake, he moved for the first time since he had taken his seat, moved sufficiently, that is, to raise one hand from his knee, and to wave a forefinger slowly, from side to side in a negative gesture.

"Nothin' in that, y'understand, Guv'nor's. Election's a long way off."

BLAKE didn't like those little eyes to fix themselves so steadily and imperturbably upon him, or that hand to wave slowly from side to side in its dissuading, disenchanting gesture; he turned in his chair and gazed out of the window at a thick fleece of wet snow that lay along the black limb of a tree. Presently, almost to his relief, McGuire was speaking again, in his low, soft Irish voice.

"Guv'nor," he said, "it isn't any of my business, y'understand, and I don't want to butt in. It's a matter that concerns just you and our friend, the big fellow—you know who I mean. I was fer you in the election, and I'm fer you now, right or wrong. I've got eleven votes in the House and three in the Senate, and they're yours, y'understand, any time you want 'em, exceptin' on a strict party vote. There's nothin' in it for me, y'understand; but listen, Guv'nor, you can't afford to have the boys, the regular fellows, think you'd throw down a friend!"

These last words fell plump in the stillness of the room. Blake gave a start; the old, practical politician in him had been touched. He felt that McGuire had caught him back from an abyss of dishonor.

"I hope you'll excuse me, Guv'nor," McGuire went on. "As I just told you, I ain't buttin' in. It's your appointment, y'understand. Course, we'd all like to see the big 'un get it; he's entitled to it, and he expects it. Not that he cares so much about the place, but it's the recognition, y'understand, that he wants. I'm just tellin' you how he feels, y'understand, not buttin' in."

THROW down a friend! Blake thought of McGuire's words all that day. They formed the device, the motto of the politician, and they recalled to him the standard of professional conduct. You can't afford to have the boys, the regular fellows, think that you'd throw down a friend. No, decidedly not.

And yet there were those letters, those protests, the opinions, not only of reformers like Pedley and Mills, but of decent fellows, like Laurence Price. And there were the people. That night of his inauguration, the State House dome, the flag in the white illumination, and those resolutions! He was going to show them that an old machine politician could serve the people as well as anybody. How easy it had seemed that night!

He had better walk home; the air and a little exercise would do him good after such a long, hard day, seeing people, listening to their requests, their advice, their complaints. He couldn't please them all. Every time he pleased one he offended a dozen or a hundred, maybe thousands.

The State House was empty at that hour. The Senate and House had long since adjourned, the members had gone to their hotels, and all their followers, hangers-on, lobbyists, had gone with them. When five o'clock came, all the clerks punctually went home; but he couldn't, and he was the Governor. Even when he went home, he took all his cares with him, took them to bed with him.

His heels echoed loudly, lonesomely, on the marble floor as he crossed the rotunda. Overhead the vast dome lifted itself, its perpetual twilight deepened into the soft purple dusk of a winter evening; its obscurity trailed down into the rotunda, illuminated like fog with a glimmering light, through which the red lamp at the cigar stand glowed. The negro bootblack was shining a man's shoes, in rag-time, with a taut strip of cloth. One of Representative Small's fellows, that bootblack, from the Third Ward in the city.

Blake looked up into the dome; there was something mysterious in that enormous inverted bowl, something inscrutable and weird. It was like a vast mind, in brooding meditation. What it must know, that enormous mind! What a lot of things that dome had seen—and covered!

He heard the man who was having his shoes shined say:

"So that's the new Governor, eh?"

"Yes, suh," the bootblack answered, "dat shuah is de new Guv'nah. He's a regular fellah, he is."

Blake went down the long, wide flight of stone steps that descended from the portico, out into the soft moist air of a thawing evening. Regular fellow . . . You can't afford to have the regular fellows think . . . Throw down a friend . . .

He looked back over his shoulder and up at the dome, gray and blurred in the dark wintry sky, brooding, pondering something in its mind. But what?

(*To be continued*)

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THE FAMILY'S PROBLEMS

Thank the Lord, I'm No Longer a Perfect Housekeeper!

THE greatest discovery of my life came when I realized that houses are not primarily objects to be dusted and scrubbed and slaved over from morning to night.

My first experience in housekeeping was of course, thrilling, for then I was a bride. With just two to keep house for, it was like playing dolls on a large scale. And how I had liked to play dolls! Naturally, I kept my house scrupulously clean in those first few years. It was so easy then.

But when the babies began to come, how things changed!

With the first baby I began to let things lapse, at first slightly; but by the time my son reached the toddling age the lapse from good housekeeping was indeed noticeable. However, so small a matter as not being able to keep my house immaculate did not in the least trouble me. Just one smile or "goo" from my boy more than made up for the change in my home. Any old time I could clean house, but only once would I have my first baby to play with. I had sense in those days!

If my housekeeping suffered with the advent of son number one, it almost ceased to be with the arrival of number two. As the boys grew older, they played all over the house, while I looked on delightedly. And when my rancher husband entered the door, the children immediately clambered all over him, ready for a romp.

From one room to another they would go, playing hide-and-seek in and out the closets, behind tables and chairs, pulling things down as they went. Or, down on his all-fours my husband would go, with both babies on his back screeching and screaming and digging their heels into his sides to keep from falling.

OH, THEY had a marvelous time of it and all the while my housekeeping was going from bad to worse. And still I didn't worry. Finally, however, I awoke to the fact that my babies were no longer babies, and therefore no more an excuse for my poor housekeeping.

I must right-about-face, and not only improve my housekeeping but also train my boys to help in keeping things in order.

Madly and feverishly I returned to my old schedule. Now that I had no babies to take up my time, housekeeping once more became a mania with me. I was soon a slave to my house.

Every nook and every corner must be free of dust every day and every hour. No germ must show its face in my house! Day in and day out, week in and week out, it was the same mad rush to clean the house spotlessly every time. No matter if I was too tired to talk when my menfolks came in, the house they came home to must be clean.

And what was the result?

No more was there hilarity and spontaneous joy, as in the old days. I began to nag when things did not please me. My house looked stiff-starched; my children looked ill at ease; my husband looked bored. And I? I looked like a cross between an early Christian martyr and a dishrag.

Jaded and worn, tired and old before my time, the only redeeming feature about the whole thing was that I had a good conscience. I was doing my duty to my family—as I saw it.

Then I was taken ill. A nervous breakdown, the doctors said. Now, a nervous illness is the sickest sickness in the world; so I gave up. I thought I had finished my course. But, like Paul, I could say I had fought the good fight, even though my weapons were nothing more formidable than mop and broom.

THUS, sick and nervous, too tired almost to lift a finger, I did a great deal of thinking. One day the thought came to me almost as an inspiration: "Why, houses are made to live in, not just to keep clean all the time!"

"To live in! To live in!"

How the thought persisted and fascinated me. Why, we hadn't truly lived in our house since the day I recovered from my lapse in good housekeeping, and that now had been several years. But how truly we had lived those years when the babies were little and I hadn't much time for keeping things immaculate.

How I longed for the old days again!

My aim then had been to keep my family happy and comfortable; now it was to be a perfect housekeeper. I had crowded out the greatest for the least.

This new idea took possession of me, and acted like a tonic. I was soon up and able to take charge of my housework again, but not in the old way.

To an outsider my house looks clean, and it is as clean as health and comfort demand. Twice a year, with outside help, I give my house a thorough cleaning. Once a week I vacuum sweep, mop and dust. I do put things in order every day, and everything in its place. That is one bad habit even my illness could not efface.

But I have grown quite friendly with the clean dirt that just will blow in from the outside, even into the best regulated homes. Why, where I used to regard dust as my arch enemy and rush with mop to slay it, I now feel positively friendly toward it. Sometimes, with so much time on my hands, I even sit down and draw with my finger fantastic designs on the dust-covered library table.

Yes, after years I have learned that houses are made to live in, and not just to give employment to housewives every day and every minute of the day. My nerves are back to normal, and my husband feels at home again in his own house. My boys have become almost as frolicsome as when they were babies and did not feel the restraint that perfect housekeeping imposes upon everyone.

MRS. W. G. D.

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